

Mrs. Abernathy Goes to New York

By Cheryl Lynn

Mrs. Abernathy turned away from her brownstone's front window where she had been observing her neighbors across the street. The house she was renting was in an upscale neighborhood and she had moved in a week ago. She spent that week checking out her nearby neighbors and really liked the ones across the street as prospective marks. She hadn't met them yet planned on doing so shortly. Mrs. Abernathy was a full figured woman with a jovial round wrinkled face of sixty five. To all outward appearances she was the stereotypical grandmother. She kept her gray hair up in a bun and wore wire rimmed glasses perched on her pert nose. She could play the role perfectly when the occasion called for it but inside she was very immoral and evil.

The late Mr. Abernathy had been a very good stage hypnotist with Mrs. Abernathy his assistant. In those days they made a good living but the real money came from extortion. When they had a well to do gentleman or woman on stage, Mr. Abernathy always left a post hypnotic suggestion that they return after the show. He or she would be placed back under and very compromising pictures were taken. Those pictures involved Mrs. Abernathy and very pornographic. Mr. Abernathy had absolutely no qualms about making his wife do outrageous sexual acts with the men and women he blackmailed. Now that he was no longer of this world she was free to take his place. The big difference between her and her husband was that her mind was really twisted and evil. She didn't want to settle for a little blackmail money. No, she wanted all that she could get from her marks and then some preferably if it destroyed their lives. She wanted them to suffer the indignities she had been forced to endure.

David and Lisa Monroe were a successful couple with two darling children, Melissa 17 and David Jr. 18. David was an accountant with his own small firm and Lisa had a middle management job working at a large insurance company. David was a typical looking accountant with short hair and always wore conservative attire. Lisa was five foot seven, the same height as David Jr., on the heavy side and preferred pants suits to dresses. She wore a minimum amount of makeup and kept her hair in an easy to care for bob.

Melissa was pretty much your average teenager and was very pretty with golden blonde shoulder blade length hair. She was a junior and popular at school having a number of boyfriends over the years. While she was still a virgin she had engaged in some serious heavy petting. She also heeded her mother's advice about not getting too serious with any boy. She wanted to go to college and get a degree in marketing. She wanted that more than anything and getting married before achieving that goal was out of the question. She was a more girly girl than her mother who preferred pants and pant suits. Melissa loved feeling pretty and wore very feminine lingerie and clothing, preferring dresses and skirts over pants.

David Jr. was a senior getting ready to graduate and unlike his sister not very popular at school. He was scrawny and short for his age at five foot seven. He had a mop of brown hair that hung down to his collar and big brown eyes. Like his sister maintained a high grade point average but his social life didn't come close to hers. He dated irregularly but always had one for prom nights. He was all boy when it came to the fairer sex but they just weren't that interested in him. He had engaged in some heavy petting but never got beyond second base. For consolation, he like many teenagers, resorted to frequent masturbation to visions of beautiful women. All in all the Monroe's were your typical upper middle class American family and they lived across the street from Mrs. Abernathy. Plus they were not so rich as to have undo attention paid to what she had planned to do to them.

Ooo

It was a beautiful late spring Saturday when Mrs. Abernathy decided to visit her new neighbors. Before she went over she made sure that Lisa, David Jr. and Melissa were home.

Mr. Monroe worked a half day on Saturdays and she didn't want him around just yet.

"Hello dear, I'm Mrs. Abernathy and I just moved in across the street and I noticed that you have a good looking son and wondered if I could borrow him to move a bit of furniture for me?" she asked when Lisa opened the door.

Lisa returned the friendly smile and called out for Junior to come to the door after she stepped back inviting her neighbor in. The made idle chatter until David Jr. came into the room. It was obvious that he had better things to do than help some old lady but followed her back across the street. He spent the next half hour moving the sofa and one overstuffed chair around the living room until she was satisfied. By the time he finished he was sweating as the house was over heated. So he eagerly agree to the cold soda she handed him. Two hours later he returned to his house with a smile on his face and told his mother what a nice woman Mrs. Abernathy was.

Later that night when everyone had gone to bed, Junior crept down stairs to the dirty clothes hamper. There he found a pair of his mother's white cotton with little blue floral imprint full cut panties and quietly went back to his room. Safely in his room he placed the crotch of the dirty panties to his nose and inhaled deeply. His penis immediately sprang to attention and he let out a soft moan of erotic pleasure. As he breathed in the rich aromas his hand went to his penis and began stroking. The eruption was one of the best he had ever had and his pj bottoms saturated. He decided then and there that this was something he would have to do again as he hid the panties deep within the drawer of his bureau.

All day Sunday he couldn't stop thinking about what he did the night before and how wonderful it felt. That night he decided to get a pair of his sister's soiled panties and see if they worked him into the same fever pitch. The peach thong he stole looked and smelled different. They didn't have the same oomph that his mother's panties gave him but he liked the sensual nylon feel. As he ran his fingers over the smooth front panel as he inhaled the milder fragrance, they slipped a bit until the thin crotch strip touched his nose. A more earthy scent filled his nose and for some strange reason sucked the narrow strip into his mouth. The taste as his saliva soaked that thin strip of cloth made him get hard as a rock. Remembering how messy his pjs got he stepped into his mother's panties and began rubbed his upturned dick with his three middle fingers. The harder he sucked and swallowed the juices from the thong, the faster his fingers moved in a circular and up and down movement. This time when he erupted it was even better than last night. He carefully wiped up the remaining mess with his mother's panties and hid both pairs far back into a drawer.

Monday at school he had a hard time concentrating on his school work. Thoughts of what transpired the night before and the amazing climaxes made school difficult for him all day. That night he stole another pair of his mother's cotton full cut powder pink panties. Back in his room he put the pink pair over his nose after he put her white ones in his mouth then stepped into the thong. His freshly soiled panties smelt wonderful but the taste of sucking on the first pair he had climaxed in was intoxicating and he erupted almost immediately then nearly fainted from the overpowering exhilaration.

Tuesday night he replaced the first pair back into the hamper and pulled out a pair of lime green nylon bikini panties of his sister. With the new pair over his nose he stepped into the pink pair from last night and placed the thong into his mouth. It was a routine that he repeated every night thereafter. His only dilemma came on Saturday as it was wash day.

Ooo

It was Saturday and time for Mrs. Abernathy to take care of the other two family members. She made sure the two children and Lisa were the only ones home and decided to pay a visit. Picking up her tray containing hot herbal tea and plate of homemade cookies, she quickly made her way across the street. Wanting to make the right grandmotherly impression she was wearing a blue gingham dress, ecru support hose and black one inch block heeled shoes. Balancing the tray in one hand she rang the bell.

"Hello dear," she said as Lisa greeted her at the door. "I made a delightful pot of tea and

brought some fresh homemade cookies over. I thought we could have a chat over tea and your beautiful children might enjoy my cookies.”

Lisa sat at the kitchen table wondering where the time went. She had a lot of housework to do that she couldn't get to during her busy workweek. Suddenly she found herself getting very mad. She had to work while her kids just goofed around, so why should she have to do anything? Getting up she shouted for the kids to get in the kitchen. When they straggled in, she gave each a hard stare.

“I've decided that they're going to be some changes made around here beginning today. Junior you are responsible for doing all the laundry and hand washing the intimates. Plus you will be responsible for helping me prepare the meals and doing the dirty dishes after each meal. Melissa you will do all the vacuuming, dusting, mopping and keeping all of the rooms including your brother's clean. Do I make myself clear?”

Each child stared at their mother in stunned surprise. They had seen her angry but not like this. Yet for some strange reason they didn't even think of arguing with her about their assigned chores. The fact that Junior was responsible for hand washing their dirty lingerie and how unusual that was didn't enter their minds. Also they didn't recognize that Junior would be performing the most feminine of the household chores.

After they had nodded yes, Lisa sent Melissa off to begin vacuuming and took Junior into the laundry room. There she instructed him on how to properly sort, what temperatures to use and heat settings on the dryer. Once he had a load going, she had him pile all the intimates and showed him the proper way to wash each then drape the wet garments over the drying rack. Later he was shown how to iron, hang or fold the laundry and where to put them when he finished. He was completely exhausted by the time he put the last pile of clean ironed clothing in the proper rooms.

Melissa was cleaning her brother's room when she saw a used pair of his green and black checked boxers laying in a corner. She couldn't help herself and picking them up gave them a big deep sniff. The overpowering boy smell filled her brain and she couldn't stop herself. She quickly stepped out of her short flare skirt and removed her panties. Then with trembling fingers pulled the boxers up her legs until the crotch was firmly planted into hers. Looking frantically around the room she spied a pair of his dirty jeans and stepped into them. As she pulled the zipper up a feeling of euphoria swept through her.

“OMG this feels so right but the jeans don't fit. My waist is too small for these but I love this,” she thought getting back to cleaning after replacing just her skirt and leaving her panties on the floor.

When David came home he was a bit surprised seeing his children hard at work. “Now this is really different,” he thought as he walked into the den where Lisa was sitting.

She was laying down on the couch with a magazine and a half filled cup of tea sitting on the coffee table. Putting the magazine down, got up and kissed him like he hadn't been kissed in a long time. By the time the kiss ended, he was the one left breathless and didn't resist when she pulled him down on the couch beside her. She wanted to cuddle and he had no objections. As a matter of fact he was more than pleased as their sex life had really dwindled since the birth of their daughter. That night for the first time in over a month his wife performed like a nymphomaniac and he was left completely spent. Even after doing it three times Lisa wasn't fully satisfied as she rose to clean up. In the bathroom she carefully wiped all the juices from their coupling into her pale blue cotton panties until they were soaked through and through. She didn't give a thought to what she did and tossed them into the dirty clothing hamper that she would take down later.

That same night Melissa was looking at herself in the mirror still wearing her brother's boxers. No one had seemed to notice that she had them on for most of the day. She had been careful when bending as the legs of the boxers became visible. She loved the look as she gazed into the mirror unconsciously lowering a hand down to scratch her crotch. She couldn't help but notice the contrast between her upper half and lower half and frowned when

she focused on her ample chest. Something just didn't seem right but she loved how they felt and looked on her.

As Melissa was checking herself out, Junior was enjoying his most favorite pastime. A yellow nylon pair of his sister's panties over his face, his mother's soaking in his mouth and the older pair of his sister's around his groin being rubbed frantically. When he had his massive organism Junior passed out on his bed.

Ooo

Over the next couple of weeks nothing much changed over at the Monroe's house. Every Saturday the kids did their assigned chores with Melissa stealing a fresh pair of Junior's discarded boxers. Mrs. Abernathy made sure to come over every weekend with her tea and cookies. The big difference however was David and Lisa's sex life. By the end of two weeks of fucking like rabbits, he was worn to a frazzle and dreaded his wife's demands. His poor dick was sore, rubbed raw and burned painfully when taking a shower. He never in a million years would have thought that he could possibly turn down sex but he was at that point. All he wanted to do was sleep but he was getting very little of that and his work was suffering from it. Somehow he had to figure a way to curtail his wife's gusto without hurting her feelings. Something that had proved impossible and she started to belittle his manhood.

Lisa was extremely upset when he first put her off and began calling him names like, "Pathetic," "Less than a man," and "Wimp." This in turn ate away at David's masculinity and ego. By the end of the second week he couldn't perform even if he wanted too. So when she told him Sunday morning that they were going over to have dinner with Mrs. Abernathy and wouldn't demand sex afterwards, he gladly gave up his major league ball game. Normally it took a major event for David to give up watching his favorite sport especially to go over to some old woman's house for supper. However tonight he was more than happy to go.

Mrs. Abernathy was more than pleased over how her evil plans were taking shape. She had planned it carefully and now her effort would soon bear fruit. Over her many years she had met a lot of people as perverted and evil as she was. She knew at least three or four in every major city and New York was one. Once she had possession of the Monroe's assets, she would turn over her subjects to four of her friends and make even more money. Her friends would pay her a lot of money or nice royalties for one of her transformed subjects. Tonight she would get her hands on the last member of the family not already under her influence.

That night Junior was surprised when Melissa sat down beside him on the couch to watch the ball game. That was something she had never done before and, for only a moment, thought it was strange. He happily answered all her questions about his favorite game. Until this night neither sibling had spent so much time together without fighting. Also, as Junior was explaining the intricacies of how the game was played, he was losing interest in baseball. Neither child thought anything weird was going on as she became a big fan of baseball and his was waning.

Another thing he noted but didn't think anything out of the ordinary was her bulky smelly jeans. They looked a lot like his but that couldn't be. His sister was a girly-girl and would never wear his jeans. Earlier Melissa couldn't hold back and retrieved Junior's smelly old jeans and took in the waist. They still weren't a good fit. They stayed up but sagged in the back leaving the tops of her boxers showing. Melissa had decided she really, really liked how boxers and boy's jeans looked and felt on her body. Come Monday she was going to buy her own boy's boxer shorts and better fitting boy's jeans.

When David and Lisa arrived back home it was late and the kids already in their rooms. Both adults were tired but feeling very happy. Mrs. Abernathy had solved and explained away their recent sexual problems. David was surprised at how simple the solution was. All he had to do was not worry or question when his wife came home late. It was also explained that his basic problem stemmed from his itty bity wiener. He shouldn't worry as he couldn't correct what nature gave him and should be happy anyway. Lisa was told that her sexual desires should be met and if her husband's little wiener couldn't satisfy, then find a real man. She

was then told that the poorer dumber the man, the more satisfied she would be. However her satisfaction would be better if she insisted they use a condom, tie the used ones and bring them home. When she emptied it into her panties before tossing them into the hamper she would experience another climax.

Ooo

Monday was the last week of school and all the kids had to do was take their finals. Melissa was so eager to get to the mall she ignored all her close friends. She didn't want them to see what she was buying. Better yet, she decided she was going to a thrift shop in the seedier part of town. There she hoped to get some that still had that boy smell.

Junior had plans of his own and waited around the gym area until he was sure no one was there. Carefully he snuck into the girl's gym and found stashed into a corner a big cardboard box. It was filled with "lost and found" garments. Quickly he searched and discovered several dirty panties which he stuffed into his backpack. He couldn't wait to get home and examine them and rushed out to catch the subway. As he rode home, Junior kept his backpack in his lap and a trickle of sweat ran down the side of his head. He had a tremendous boner and was very embarrassed.

Melissa kept her head down pretending to read her Cosmo hoping no one paid her any attention. The people riding this car were not the upper class ones she was used to being with. She kept the two large shopping bags between her legs protectively. She only had one more transfer before she would be safe at home. The thrift store had been fairly large and no one bothered her as she shopped but was nervous. Her nervousness dissolved once she found three pair of boy's jeans that actually fit that still had a distinctive aroma and a dozen pairs of similar smelly boxers. She almost climaxed when she found two jock straps that appeared to have been used. Those she stuffed into one of the jean's pockets and headed to the cashier. Now she couldn't wait to get home and try her new treasures on.

David made a quick stop at a pornographic shop on the way home. He had no idea why but felt a strong need to get some magazines. He was also wearing a pair of his wife's panties that kept him horny all day. He had snuck them out of her dresser when she was in the bath and slid them up his legs. If he was asked why, he couldn't say. It was just a sudden urge and he had to do it. At the shop he found four illustrated magazines, all of well hung gay men in various sexual positions. He didn't have a single ounce of homosexuality in him. Yet for some strange reason he felt that looking at well hung men would compensate for his little penis.

Lisa also stopped on the way home at a drug store. there she blushingly purchased several large boxes containing different colored condoms. She discreetly emptied them into her purse before heading to the subway. Before she arrived at her station, she saw a bar and decided to get a quick drink to steady her nerves. This bar scared her momentarily as it was dark and seedy looking. When she saw the type of men in there any doubts about entering left her. She wouldn't be home until well after dark and completely sated.

As soon as Junior arrived home, he headed straight to the bathroom and locked the door. Sitting on the commode, he opened his backpack and took out his trophies. The first, a bright deep satiny red nylon much too big for him to wear but the cotton crotch was smeared with dark stains. Seeing those stains had to put them over his head before he did anything else. With the gusset firmly over his nose, he stripped dropping his pants and boxers to his ankles. Breathing deeply with a raging erection, he pulled out a deep blue bikini styled pair with white lace around the leg openings. Some of the lace was hanging loose and the crotch didn't have much staining. These were a little tight but he pulled them up his legs trapping his penis pointing up. Reaching back into the backpack he removed an aqua nylon boy short style too small for him but the cotton crotch was dark with stains that looked fairly fresh. Trembling with excitement he stuffed them gusset first into his mouth. He leaned back and began to furiously rub his stiffy with three fingers. He was breathing hard sucking the crotch into his nostrils, swirling his tongue around and savoring the flavor as he swallowed the

enhanced saliva. Both the aroma and taste of the two panties were a mix of metallic and musky earth tones. The panties in his mouth also had a slight acidic tinge that had to be urine. He was in erotic overload.

Melissa went straight to her room where she quickly stripped. Taking one of the jockey straps, her whole body trembled as they slid up her legs and settled around her waist. Wadding up several pair of panties she stuffed them into the empty cup. Next a pair of red and black striped boxers that had a hint of ripeness were put on followed by the jeans. The jeans were a little tight in the ass but the bulge in the crotch almost made her swoon as she looked in the mirror. She was still wearing the white blouse and grey vest of her school uniform and the reflection was a strange one. It was from the waist down that of a boy while from the waist up all girl. Melissa was very pleased at seeing her image and absent mindedly reached down to scratch her nuts. The only thing she didn't like was her face and hair. It was just too girly. She decided as soon as school was over she would cut her long blonde hair into a short pixie and stop wearing makeup. Making that decision, she had another wild idea. Since she wouldn't be needing all the makeup and hair care products she'd give them to Junior. Neither her decisions nor idea seemed in the least bit strange to her.

When David got home he noticed that Lisa wasn't there which was very unusual but he didn't give it a second thought. He hurried up to their room and into the bathroom one of his precious new magazines in his hands. Dropping his slacks, he sat on the commode and opened the magazine. The first full page contained a picture of a big black weight lifter completely nude with the biggest dick David had ever seen. Unconsciously he began stroking his tiny penis as he began flipping the pages. His own cock was average in size but he could only think of it as being itty bitty. Looking at the way above average dicks in the pictures strongly enhanced his feelings of inadequacy. Suddenly he stopped and stared at a colored picture, his mouth hung open and began stroking his dick like mad. It was of a gigantic black cock dripping cum touching the anal opening of a young bent over white man. The anus of the white man was open and white cum could be seen dripping out. The picture blurred as David shot buckets of his own sperm covering the picture and filling his hand. In a complete daze he raised the magazine to his lips and began licking off the wetness.

It was a little after midnight when Lisa came home. Her makeup and hair a mess but she had a very satisfied smile on her face. David was fast asleep and she barely noticed as she went into the bathroom carrying her purse. Once inside, she removed her panties then opened her purse pulling out six used condoms. Cutting of the knots at the top, she emptied the contents into her wadded up lavender cotton panties before tossing them into the hamper. She slept the sleep of the dead that night.

Ooo

With school out for the summer Junior graduated near the top of his class and Melissa turned eighteen. David and Lisa still shared the marital bed but no longer had any sex except for a quick peck on the lips. David was so ashamed of his itty bitty bits that he never appeared naked in front of his wife. As far as Lisa was concerned the cheap tavern she stopped at each night after work was enough to keep her satisfied. They all delighted in their own personal fetishes while keeping them a secret from each other.

With the kids out of school and the parents well under her spells Mrs. Abernathy upped the ante. Saturday morning she brought over her tea and cookies and made some adjustments. When she left Melissa dashed off to do some shopping and get her hair styled. Lisa decided that Junior needed his unruly mop of hair attended to as well. She made an appointment with Betty's Cut and Curl using Mrs. Abernathy as a reference had one within the hour. Lisa had never been to or heard of this beauty salon but didn't give it a second thought.

Melissa first stop was the salon where she had her blonde hair cut into a short pixie and dyed orange. From there she took the subway into a seedy part of town and entered a tattoo parlor. Leaving that parlor she had a ring of black thorns around her right bicep and left wrist. She also had her lobes punched and half inch black discs with the female symbol in

silver inserted. Melissa didn't have far to walk before she found the porn shop. She was a bit nervous but purchased a strap on with a nine inch realistic dick. It took some searching before she found the right one with a clitoral stimulator. Anything larger would pop her cherry and she didn't want that. While in the store she decided to purchase several lesbian magazines. Her last stops were at the thrift store for some flannel and casual men's shirts. Then the drug store where she got some wide elastic bandages and a bottle of English Leather cologne.

Betty's Cut and Curl was located in a declining neighborhood, only had one well used styling chair and an old fashioned metal domed hair dryer. The floor was in a checker board green and black linoleum, the walls a dim white with old fashioned hairstyle posters. The small salon smelled strongly of permanent wave, acetone and sweet perfume. Betty was a stout old woman wearing a pink nylon smock, black straight skirt, ecru support hose and black flats. Her round face was plastered with heavy makeup and her salt and pepper hair in a short bob.

"Hello, I'm Mrs. Monroe and this is my son David. I called and made an appointment."

"Why yes dear, please come in. Mrs. Abernathy is a very dear friend and told me to do my best for little David here. So don't worry, Auntie Betty will take really good care of your son. Why don't you go and do a little shopping as it will take about four hours."

As soon as Lisa left, Betty locked the door and put up the closed sign. Turning to David said, "Come along dear and follow me to the back room."

David was scared being left alone with this old woman and his instincts said run. However, he meekly followed her into the room. At her direction stripped naked and got up onto the table. His eyes got wide as he watched her reach up under her dress and pull down her dingy white granny panties.

"Here dear, I'm going to put these into your mouth. I'm going to wax your body and these will help keep your mind off the pain," she said stuffing them into his mouth gusset first.

David's eyes were like those of a startled deer caught in headlights but opened his mouth. The taste was a bit funky compared to the other panties he enjoyed but they were panties. As he salivated and swallowed, Betty stripped the hair off his torso and legs. An hour later he was hairless from the neck down except for a neatly shaped heart just above his penis. Betty before letting him up dyed the patch of pubic hair a bright pink. She had also waxed off his hairy brows. Handing him a smock that barely covered his groin led him back out into the shop. There she washed, dyed, cut and styled his shoulder length hair into an old fashioned big up-do page boy with curlie-cue bangs. With the style done, she lacquered it stiffly in place telling him no matter what not to get it wet.

She had him get up and remove her panties from his mouth and put them on. They were 3xxx and would have fallen to his knees if they hadn't been so wet. Next she had him get on his knees and eat her pussy. David shuddered at that but fell to his knees as she pulled up her skirt. Staring him in the face was a wrinkled dry old pussy surrounded by a thick mat of gray prickly pubic hair. Hesitatingly he stuck out his tongue and leaned forward. David had never done this before and from the smell of dead fish emanating from that opening knew he wouldn't like this. Still he couldn't stop himself and he tentative stuck his tongue into the opening.

Thirty minutes later Betty shuttered to a climax and told him to go clean up. David was more than happy as he was about to puke his guts out. He rushed into the bathroom and vomited until all that was left were the dry heaves. Then he scrubbed his face and rinsed out his mouth five times yet couldn't get the smell of her out of his nose. David decided then and there that he hated pussy as he walked back into the salon.

Betty wasn't finished with him and had him sit at a small table where she fitted glamor length nails to his fingers, varnishing them in a vivid plum. Next she pierced each lobe and inserted large pink pearl studs. Picking up her tattooing tool filled in his waxed off brows. Using a deep black ink she painted thin high arched brows which was more in tune to the 1920's.

Finally she injected his lips with collagen giving him cock sucking lips before tattooing them several shades darker than natural. Stepping back she examined him closely checking his brassy blonde hair, his face then his nails for any imperfection. Satisfied with his campy drag queen look, she told him to go, keep her panties on and get dressed.

When Lisa returned a short time later stood stunned as she gazed at what Betty had done. A disjointed string of thoughts flashed through her mind as he looked at her son. At first she wanted to scream out in rage and fury. She wanted to lash out at this crazy old woman. The hair and nails were bad but permanent makeup was going too far. Those thoughts evaporated as she realized that she actually loved his new look. Smiling, she made weekly appointments for him to have a wash and set and paid Betty \$500 for her services. Before they left Betty handed David a pink plastic bag. Inside the bag was a fuzzy pink neck pillow, pink plastic head cover, pink hairnet, lipstick, nail polish and polish remover.

“Here dear take this neck pillow. It will help keep your hair from getting matted when you go to bed. Use the hairnet before you go to bed and make damn sure you don’t get it wet. Always when going out, make sure you carry this plastic rain cover. I will look forward to seeing you next week, bye now.”

Ooo

Saturday afternoon David arrived home to find Mrs. Abernathy waiting for him in the kitchen. She was pouring a cup of tea as he came in and sat down. David had never liked tea preferring coffee but for some strange reason loved her tea. When she left he was very mellow and content. She wanted him to come over for dinner tonight and that he would love the changes he saw in his children. Since he was left in an empty house, rushed upstairs, grabbed a magazine from his hidden stash and entered the bathroom. Dropping his slacks but leaving on the yellow cotton panties he had taken from his wife’s bureau sat on the commode. He was more than content and happy when he exited.

Ooo

Lisa used the four hours Betty needed to go shopping but didn’t get very far. As she passed an alley noticed three bedraggled dirty homeless men sitting and sharing a paper bagged bottle. Feeling giddy, she walked up to them and asked if she could have a sip. The wine was nothing like what she drank being very cheap and sweet. Smiling she handed it back then reached out to the middle aged black man.

“Hey sweetheart, I bet you would like something to repay you for that drink. Want to step back into the ally with me so I can show my appreciation?”

When she returned to Betty’s Cut and Curl she had six filled condoms in her purse and a satisfied smile. Seeing her son was a jolt but she loved it and before leaving made herself presentable. As they headed back to the subway passed a used clothing store. She stopped and stared into the dirty window for a moment then dragged her son into the store.

“We need to get you something more appropriate to wear with your new look Junior.”

The shop was dingy smelling of mothballs, material and time. An old woman sat behind a counter reading a romance novel. She gave them a nod and returned to her book. After about an hour of shopping, Lisa had what she wanted. Six pair of skin tight polyester stretch stirrup pants, three tight fitted Capri pants and floral printed shell tops to go with them were in her cart. On a whim she added four training bras and a pair of pink three inch cork heeled wedges. On the way to checkout she spotted a box of eyeglasses. After looking through the collection, Lisa picked out a pair of horn rimmed faux turtle large framed ones with a glittering rhinestone in each corner. A gold chain hung from the wide ear pieces with some of the gold flaked off.

David meekly followed his mother as she browsed around the piles of clothing. When she handed him a pair of mint green polyester skin tight stirrup pants to try on blushed scarlet. She followed him into the changing room and when his jeans slid down along with Betty’s granny panties, giggled. Automatically she reached deep into her purse and found two safety

pins. While he held the panties up around his waist, she pulled the waist band tight and inserted the pins.

“There dear that should help. Now let’s see how you look in those pants.”

They did fit like a second skin showing clear panty lines. The back seam dug into and separated the cheeks of his ass buttoning and zipping up the left side. The tight fitting pants clearly displayed the fact that it was not a woman wearing them. Next she handed him a baby blue with white lace training bra to try on. It had been used as there was some discoloration on the lace trim but fit snugly, puffing out his own flesh slightly. Lastly she gave him a pale pink shell blouse with small white daisy imprint to try on.

Inwardly they both cringed but quickly decided that they loved the mature look the hairstyle and clothing gave him. After trying all the clothing, Junior left the shop wearing a pair of skin tight white Capri’s with large red hibiscus floral imprint, yellow training bra, yellow shell nylon blouse, pink wedges and carrying a bright pink letter purse with shoulder strap. To give the purse more eye appeal a bright white with pink polka dotted silk scarf was tied in a big bow at the base of the strap. He wobbled a bit in the unaccustomed cork heels and his vision was fuzzy wearing the glasses. He looked like the gayest drag queen in the city but they both loved it.

Ooo

Melissa rushed home after her shopping spree and quickly stripped. She was trembling with excitement as she fitted the strap on around her waist. She didn’t think twice about going across the hall into her brother’s room and removed all his boxers after stepping into a dirty pair she found on the floor. She had an amazing climax as she walked to his room from watching her realistic penis and scrotum bouncing up and down freely as she moved. Back in her room she stepped into a pair of bulky boy’s jeans and then wrapped the elastic bandage tightly binding her C-cup breasts. Next she put on a black cotton boy’s pull over shirt before adding thick boy’s white socks and stepping into a pair of black biker boots. A denim vest decorated with chromed chains finished off her new look. She had another orgasm when she viewed the bull dyke with a prominent bulge in the crotch image in the full length mirror. Now all she had to do was move some of her stuff into Junior’s room and what she didn’t want of his into hers.

She was just finishing up when Lisa and Junior returned home. When she saw the changes in Junior it didn’t faze her in the slightest but giggled. “Yes,” she thought, “he will just love his new room as much as I love his.”

Melissa’s room was very girly-girl with lavender and pink striped wallpaper, thick shag beige carpeting and bright lavender satin quilted comforter covered twin bed. The walls were covered with posters of her favorite bands and actors. A large cork board near her vanity was covered in various mementoes from her dates, dances and other feminine bric-a-brac. As Junior entered he cringed as he usually did when entering such a feminine domain but quickly decided that he just loved it. He was even happier that she had left all her lingerie behind along with her skirts, blouses, shoes and dresses. Even better she left all her cosmetics and hair care products. His only disappointment came when he discovered that her panties and bras didn’t fit plus they were all clean.

They didn’t get all together until late afternoon in the kitchen. When David saw the changes in his kids his mouth dropped open and gasped. The initial shock quickly evaporated and a smile creased his lips. He was very surprised but liked the changes as they seemed right for some strange reason. So far this Saturday was one of his better ones. His kids looked great, his wife had stopped asking for sex and he was going over to Mrs. Abernathy’s for dinner.

That evening as Lisa was primping to go out, David walked up to her dresser and selected a pair of her translucent violet cotton panties. Neither party thought anything unusual about it as he went into the bathroom to get ready to go over to Mrs. Abernathy’s. When he came out Lisa mentioned that he could have all her panties as she wouldn’t be needing them anymore. Again neither of them thought anything was weird about the exchange. It also didn’t seem

out of the ordinary to see Lisa dressed in a short black flare skirt, red silk ruffled low cut blouse, ebony hose and three inch red spiked heels.

When David arrived at Mrs. Abernathy's he was introduced to Adam Fletcher who he took an immediate liking to. Mrs. Abernathy told him to call him Mr. Fletcher and to go and put on the apron and mop cap she had left for him in the kitchen. It would be his job tonight to serve them dinner. The apron was a ruffled white pinafore with delicate pink flowers trimming along the inside hems. The mop cap was a gauzy white chiffon with thin pink satin ribbon detailing. As he served he blushed like a love struck school girl as Mr. Fletcher complimented him.

With dinner over and the kitchen cleaned he joined them in the living room still wearing his apron and mop cap. There he happily mixed cocktails, scotch for Mr. Fletcher, white wine for Mrs. Abernathy and a cup of tea for himself. A tingle went up his spine as Mr. Fletcher patted the seat beside him on the couch. David was thrilled to be invited to sit by the handsome elderly gentleman and goose bumps ran up and down his spine. For just a split second doubt flared up in his mind but was quickly replaced by desire.

Mr. Fletcher was in his middle to late sixties, quite distinguished looking with a full head of gray hair and neat goatee. As soon as David sat with their hips touching, Mr. Fletcher placed a casual arm around David's shoulders and gave him a quick squeeze. David blushed and didn't take his eyes off his shoes.

"Well David you really impressed me tonight and might I add you're quite the handsome young man. I would like to get to know you so much better, so please tell me everything about you."

David hazarded a glance into Mr. Franklin's black as coal eyes, blushed and did as requested. As he told his life story he didn't realize that his head was leaning on the man's shoulder, his left hand casually placed on his upper thigh. When David explained that he owned a small accounting firm, Mr. Fletcher's eyes lit up and interrupted.

"You know David I used to be a very highly regarded financial advisor before I retired. Have you ever took advantage of an advisors recommendations? No, well with the kind of assets you are talking about you really should find one."

"Yes, you are probably right Mr. Fletcher but I never had the trust to look into it further. Until now I thought I was doing reasonably well but....you're right, I should find one. Like I said, I just don't know who to trust."

"You trust me don't you David? While I'm not practicing anymore I might consider helping you and your wonderful family out but....."

"Oh would you please Mr. Fletcher, I'd do anything for you to help us."

"Anything David? What an unusual and interesting proposition."

"Oh yes sir, anything. My son David Junior will be going to college this fall and I could use all the help I could get."

"I'll tell you what dear boy, it's been a very long time since I've had a decent blow job. Would you consider doing that and if you're good, I'll take you on as a client."

David left Mrs. Abernathy's place with a broad smile, wiggle in his walk and a signed contract in his hand. He was happier than he had been in a long while and almost started to skip the rest of the way home. Mr. Fletcher's request shocked him at first, he wasn't a homosexual but he was so manly and attractive. He watched as his hand slowly reached out and touched the zipper of Mr. Fletcher's zipper and the rest was history. He absolutely loved taking that large penis in his mouth and as he entered his house enjoyed the aftertaste.

The kids were in their rooms and Lisa nowhere around despite it being after eleven. In the bedroom he stripped down to his panties, grabbed a magazine and entered the bathroom. As he began scanning the pictures he was surprised to see that all the men had the same face. The face of Mr. Fletcher. Totally excited he slowly masturbated to a tremendous conclusion.

Exhausted, he donned his pajamas and fell into a deep sleep. He barely moved when Lisa slid in next to him reeking of sex.

Ooo

Over the course of the week nothing much changed as each of them settled into their new personas. Junior was constantly sitting at Melissa's, now his, vanity practicing makeup techniques as his sister advised him. Usually he was wearing a cute nylon and chiffon nightie as he practiced and preferred the more the better approach to cosmetic application. He used only two shadows either bright blue or green which made learning how to blend unnecessary. Also his lipstick choices were limited to either a glistening scarlet or vibrant plum.

His eyesight was still a bit fuzzy but seeing better than when he first put the glasses on. His eyes were adjusting to the lens after wearing them constantly over the week. Now when he took them off to go to bed everything became a blur. When he was dressed in his stretch pants with a floral decorated shell blouse he made Melissa giggle as he swished and swayed around the house doing all the household chores.

“What a fruitcake,” she thought.

She of course was wearing her butch clothing and transferred all her chores to him. She spent her time watching sports, reading sports magazines or looking through her collection of lesbian magazines. Most of her time however was spent on the internet perusing the lesbian web sites. She wanted a girlfriend but it had to be just the right one before she would try and actually contact one. Friday afternoon she spotted an intriguing personal ad. “BBF, 30, looking for younger w chick for partying and good times, Latasha.” The attached full body picture was of an obese black lady, dressed in pink satin hot pants and white satin balloon sleeved mid-riff blouse perched on five inch platform heels. She looked like she measured fifty-four Double E, fifty and fifty-eight. She was as black as the ace of spades and her plaited hair filled with colorful beads.

“OMG! That sounds and looks like the perfect girl for me. Let's see what is that email now. Oh wow I hope she responds quickly.”

Thirty minutes later she got the wished for reply and a meeting was set for Saturday afternoon. She had no idea that Latasha was a set-up by Mrs. Abernathy. During last Saturday's tea session she had instructed her to go to that specific site and look for Latasha. Melissa was happy to have gotten such a positive response so fast. She couldn't wait to meet the girl, rather woman of her dreams. The only misgiving was that Latasha lived in a bad neighborhood. Oh well, she figured, anything for love.

Ooo

After Mrs. Abernathy's Saturday visit, Junior followed her back to her house. He had just gotten back from seeing Auntie Betty and scarfed up most of the cookies to get rid of the horrid taste in his mouth. He had been waxed, washed and set and on his knees for thirty minutes before she redid his nails and sent him home. Today he was wearing a pair of dull yellow stretch stirrup pants, slightly faded peach shell blouse over a yellow training bra and pink wedge sandals. Before he joined Mrs. Abernathy he went up to the bathroom and taking a tube of lubricant, several super tampons and maxipads from the storage closet put them into his purse. He felt stupid for not doing that sooner, after all, he would certainly need them sooner or later.

Once there he cleaned and put away the dirty plate and tea pot while she grabbed her purse. From there they went to the subway and headed into another declining neighborhood. Linking elbows she led him to an old folk's home for elderly men run by the state. There David was given employment forms and dutifully filled them out as Mrs. Abernathy directed. He filled out the name space, Mildred David Monroe and the sex box he checked off “other.” Being state run it was an equal opportunity employer. Mildred was hired on the spot to fill in the night shift with a minimum wage starting salary as an aide. He would start first thing

Sunday night at eleven p.m. and issued a set of hospital greens. He turned down the greens saying he preferred his own clothing if that was okay. The administrator only shook his head but agreed he could wear whatever he wished. Getting someone to work the night shift at minimum wage was nearly impossible and if this weirdo wanted to get his own clothing dirty, who was he to argue.

After tea Lisa had a lot of shopping to do and hurried off to the inner city. She had seldom worn a dress or skirt and blouse until she started seeing other men. Now she just had to upgrade her clothing. She needed much shorter dresses and skirts, sexier undies, sexy garter straps and real hosiery plus some sexier heels. She decided that she wouldn't need any panties as they would only get in the way. She would give all her panties to her worthless husband. She thought briefly about going braless but her modest C-cups could use some help. No, she decided she's give her old cotton ones to David and replace them with sexy colorful satin uplift bras and corselets.

The clothing she needed didn't show up in the finer malls and stores she used to shop. She needed something more trashy but not slutty. After all she still needed to go to work. Short leather or pvc micro-mini skirts for going out and woolen or cotton mini-skirts for work. In addition she needed translucent frilly low cut blouses, figure hugging short dresses and platform four inch or higher heels for both work and play. She soon found a shop that catered to the local whores and hookers. She had four full bags as she left there and headed home. She still needed to get to Betty's Cut and Curl for a new hair style and dye job. Leaving Betty's she had platinum blonde locks flowing down to mid-back. Betty had spent hours weaving extensions into her short bob to get the right look.

That night after dousing her body down in a cheap floral perfume, she put on her new scarlet with black lace balconete uplift bra. The matching embroidered garter belt with six suspenders and satin ribbon bows on the tabs was next followed by the black fishnet hose. She didn't bother with putting on panties, she had already given them to her husband for his amusement. A white satin cap sleeved blouse with a low "V" neckline was buttoned leaving the top two free. Next she stepped into her new black leather skirt that just covered her garter tabs and zipped it up the side. Finally, she put on her new red fuck me five inch platform stiletto heels. It didn't take her long to put on a heavy night time coating of war paint, grab her purse and head out the door. Mrs. Abernathy had told her of a place where many of the homeless hung out and she couldn't wait to try it out.

Ooo

Melissa was wearing black boy's cut jeans over her boxers, black tee with "Death Angles" in white on the front and her biker boots. Her pixie cut had been swept back with a greasy cream and her breasts tightly bound. Splashing on her English Leather cologne, stuffing her men's wallet into a back pocket and cell into the other was ready to go. She was more excited to go on this date than she had been on her very first with a boy. As she was about to go out the door raised an arm and sniffed. She hadn't taken a shower today and thought she smelled okay. The shower could wait another day she figured and stepped out the door. Her pits bothered her some as she hadn't shaved there in over a week and the same for her legs causing them to itch.

Latasha lived in an old slum lord apartment building that seriously needed repair and the hallway littered with filth. She found the right apartment three stories up and knocked on the steel door. The woman that appeared in the doorway was everything she said she would be, big, black and beautiful. Melissa entered in a daze, she was awestruck by this big woman. She was surprised however to see Latasha wearing tight white leather leggings and matching halter top. Her attire left her pregnant looking belly exposed and her red patent leather stiletto ankle boots had her towering over Melissa. This was not the same woman who posted that profile on the dating site. That woman did match the picture but she had assumed Latasha was a submissive lesbian. She hesitated only a moment before entering the apartment. She wanted to turn and run during that moment but was irresistibly drawn to Latasha.

As Melissa walked into the room, Latasha shut, locked and latched the door closed. Without warning she slapped Melissa on her tight ass making her jump and yelp in pain. Before she could do anything else, Latasha pulled her tightly into her vast bulk and planted a deep throat wet kiss on her lips. She was left gasping for breath as the kiss finally broke, Latasha's purple lipstick smeared across her lips.

"Oh dear," she managed to gasp.

"Turn 'rond bitch, I's wands ta see ya boody!" Latasha snapped.

Not knowing what else to do, she did a quick embarrassing twirl. "I....I errr..I thought you... you were the the fem," she started to reply.

"Shut da fuck up bitch! Youse my bitch now n do what's I's tell ya or else," Latasha yelled then slapped Melissa soundly across the face.

Melissa had been a fairly strong confidant woman before Mrs. Abernathy entered her life but now she found herself cowering before this old behemoth of a woman. "I'm sorry, please don't hit me anymore," she replied fighting back tears.

"I's gonna make ya plenty sorry bitch if'n ya doan do what I's say. Now git dem clothes off, I's wants ta see dat booty. Come on I's aint gots all fuckin; day."

Melissa hesitated removing her boxers and received another stinging slap. Standing nude except for the strap on burning in shame, she couldn't look Latasha in the eyes. Her humiliation worsened as Latasha laughed loudly while pointing to Melissa's crotch.

"Bitch, wha da fuck ya doin' wearin' dat? Ya gots it on backwards. Take dat off n give it ta me! Now!" she yelled.

Latasha grabbed it from Melissa's trembling hand and gave it a quick look. "Ya dumb bitch, dis aint even gots da other end. Doan ya knows its pose ta have another dick on dis end?" she said tossing it across the room.

With that Melissa couldn't hold back the tears. Tears of mortification and shame poured down her cheeks. Latasha stepped up to her and leaning down with her broad tongue licked the tears from her right cheek then the other.

"I's like my bitches ta look all butch, da bitchier da better on da outside but all femmie on da inside. Now Latasha is gonna teach ya how ta be my bitch."

When Melissa returned home that next morning, she had big bags under her blood shot eyes, a very sore pussy, mouth and ass. Yes Melissa discovered that she was butch but not the dominant she thought she would be. Rather, she became the submissive partner in this relationship losing all her virginity in one long night. She had spent almost the entire night either sucking or being penetrated by a very long and thick black strap on. She would be wearing a maxipad for the rest of the day and walk funny through the next two.

To Be Continued

MRS. ABERNATHY GOES TO NEW YORK

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

On the way home Saturday David had a strong compulsion to buy some new clothing. Instead of taking the subway home he headed for Greenwich Village. It was one of the places despite being a noted tourist location, he swore he would never go. When he arrived he wondered why he had never been to this beautiful place before. By the time he left overloaded with his purchases, he promised that he would be back more often.

He felt uncomfortable as some men gave him an ugly sneer when he boarded the car on the way home. He guessed it was because of all the bags he was carrying and the space they

would take up. The fact that he was wearing a pair of purple satin skinny slacks, pink polyester shirt and wearing black patent leather pointed toed shoes was drawing the attention didn't enter his mind.

The only one at home when he arrived was Junior. For a microsecond David was shocked seeing his son but smiling broadly said, "Hello Junior."

"Hi daddy but pretty please call me Mildred. I feel that darling name fits me so much lovelier. Promise me daddy," his son replied in a lilting slightly lisping voice.

"Sure thing son, I think Mildred is a really sweet name for such a sweet boy," he replied before heading up to his room.

On the way up the stairs, he shook his head as if something didn't seem right but didn't give it any thought. He tossed the bags on the bed, found some nipping shears and began removing tags and labels. Holding up a pair of black velvet slacks that he just loved, hung it neatly on a hanger. He had four new unisex pants suits for work cut and colored more in a feminine than masculine style but really loved his new satin and velvet slacks and the wonderful silk shirts he purchased to go with them.

When he had finished putting away his new outer wear, he stripped down to his panties and headed into the bathroom with one of his magazines. He was so excited over his new clothing that he had to have some relief. Again all the men's faces seemed to be that of Mr. Fletcher. Now that he thought about it all the men he had seen that day had his face.

"That's weird but he's just so handsome. I guess I can't stop seeing him everywhere."

Lisa didn't get home until close to midnight looking like she had been on a three day drunk. Her hose were shredded, her white satin blouse stained and most of the buttons undone revealing cum splashed titties and bra. Her hair was a mess with clots of drying semen and her makeup smeared all over her face. Staggering into the bathroom she removed twenty used condoms. They were all that she had originally had in her purse. She emptied the condoms into the dirty panties David had worn that day before replacing them in the hamper.

Getting her pink rubber syringe from the closet she gave herself a good douche. Two of the ugliest and smelliest vagabonds, a pockmarked Latino and some old toothless man had cum inside her. She had insisted that they wear condoms but neither she nor they had any. She had refused but four of their friends held her arms and legs so the final pair could get their rocks off. As she lay in the ally recovering from the most amazing climax of the night, the four others jerked off spewing her chest, face and hair with their seed. She was fortunate that some do-gooder came by to check on the homeless people and offered her a ride home. Of course she didn't mind giving him a blow job in thanks even if he was some kind of priest. Again there was no condom, so she swallowed his load something she hadn't done since she gave up on her husband.

Ooo

David when he got up that morning wrinkled his nose from the stench of sex coming from his wife's side of the bed. He barely glanced at her as he hurried into the bathroom grabbing a fresh pair of her underwear as he went. He was looking forward to putting on his new black velvet pants and pink polyester ruffled shirt. Dressed he went downstairs and fixed a bowl of cereal and a cup of coffee. The only other person stirring around was Mildred. He entered the kitchen wearing a peach confection of nylon and chiffon and a matching pair of fuzzy slippers wearing a pink hairnet and green night mask. He minced over to his father and kissed him on the cheek.

"Good morning daddy, oh what a cute outfit. It looks darling on you but way to straight for me," he said and scampered over to get his breakfast.

They didn't say anything as David had buried his head in the Sunday newspaper's Life Style section. Junior left him sitting there to get ready for the day. He was anxious to check out the dirty clothes hamper in his parent's room to find a new pair of dirty panties. He tip toed

past his sleeping mother, noticing the delicious aroma coming from her. Opening the hamper he saw the white cotton panties on top and groaned in erotic pleasure at the rich fresh smell and how wet they still were. He was in full erection as he rushed to his bathroom drooling with anticipation.

Finished with the paper David headed into the den to watch the LifeTime, We and Ophra Channels for the rest of the day. Mildred dressed in hot pink Capri's, bright lime green shell blouse and his pink wedge sandals did his household chores. He loved the way the dirty panties from three days ago felt on his groin and the sensations coming from his training bra as he worked. They did not see either Lisa or Melissa all day not even for lunch. In the evening David left to go visit with Mrs. Abernathy and Mildred went to get ready for his first night of work. He didn't have to be there until eleven but was having a very difficult time deciding what to wear.

Arriving at Mrs. Abernathy's David felt his heart jump seeing Mr. Fletcher was already there. Tonight after he served them dinner, they would sign all the documents giving Mr. Fletcher control over all his assets. David just hoped Mr. Fletcher would spend some personal time with him. Drinking his delicious sperm would more than compensate for the meager leftovers that he would get for his dinner.

Sitting at the cleaned off dining table, a cup of tea beside him, David examined the many legal documents Mr. Fletcher had given him. They all seemed very reasonable and thorough until he came to the section about selling his house and contents. He had some very valuable paintings and antiques he inherited when his parents died. Looking up into Mr. Fletcher's beautiful eyes, David lost his train of thought for a moment.

"Errr Mr. Fletcher....errr..I'm not sure about this here where you have the power to sell my house and contents," he finally managed.

"Oh that you dear man, that section will only apply should you no longer want to live there, that's all. It give me the power to sell it on your behalf. All those documents make it legal for me to do the job you asked of me. Now, the sooner you sign the sooner we can be together on the couch."

Without further ado David signed all the documents and handed them to Mr. Fletcher. All he could think about was sitting beside him on the couch, nestled into his arms, feeling their tongues playing tag and hopefully more. Two hours later he swished his hips as he walked home with a big happy smile. He was surprised to see that Lisa was still in bed. She apparently got cleaned up and into a nightgown but was fast asleep.

It had been an interesting night for David. This time as they made out on the couch, Mr. Fletcher opened up David's shirt as they held a deep passionate kiss. Feeling the thick hair on his chest, Mr. Fletcher broke the kiss and pushed him back.

"Dear man, what's with all this disgusting hair? Please ask Mrs. Abernathy if you could borrow her hair removal crème and get rid of all your body hair."

Thirty minutes later David was back sitting on the couch completely hair free from the neck down. Mrs. Abernathy told him to be sure to put plenty of the crème around his groin and ass. The crème had stung those sensitive areas but if it would make Mr. Fletcher happy he didn't mind. This time he was in heaven, feeling like he was walking on air and his body tingling with delight. He was sitting in just his scarlet cotton bikini panties on Mr. Fletcher's lap while being covered in hot wet kisses. Best of all his nipples were being kissed, sucked and nibbled on sending lightning bolts up his spine. The attention being paid to his body by those lips gave him an immense erection. It was at that point when he didn't think he could get any harder that Mr. Fletcher pushed him off his lap.

"Dear man what is that disgusting little thing poking out your pretty panties? That's completely turning me off! Please put your pants back on and leave," Mr. Fletcher stated looking angry.

"Bu...but...I...I'm so sorry Mr. Fletcher. I...I couldn't help it.....you...you're so masterful I

couldn't help it. Please I'll do anything but please don't send me home," David stuttered in fear.

"Dear man, did you say that you'd do anything? Well if we could hide that little bit of nothing away I might reconsider."

"Oh yes sir, I would do anything to be with you."

"Well in that case, I have something in my briefcase that should do the trick. Take off your pretty panties while I get it. Mrs. Abernathy would you mind getting me a bag of ice?"

David had been so involved with Mr. Fletcher, he had totally forgotten she was still in the overstuffed chair watching. Moaning in despair David clutched his chin with his palms and let a few tears trickle down his face. He didn't look up until both of them had returned. He took the bag of ice and looked at Mrs. Abernathy.

"Go ahead and press it tightly against your groin. We have to do something about that little tent you were making in your panties."

He grimaced as he placed it into his crotch. Mr. Fletcher held out a strange object in front of him when he looked back up. "This dear boy is a chastity device similar to a CB 6000. It locks around your little scrotum and the tube prevents any possibility of an itty bitty erection. Once on, you will have to pee sitting down as your clitty will be tucked back between your legs. Another thing you should know is that this particular device has small pins inside the tube which can become very painful if you should attempt to get another erection. If you agree to put it on, it's never coming off. As soon as I lock it, I'm cutting the key in half. I don't ever want to experience what I saw again. Now did you really mean you'd do anything to please me? If yes, stand up and let me put it on."

Ooo

Mildred showed up at the old folks home thirty minutes before his shift started wearing his white Capri's with the large red hibiscus floral decoration with a pink and white vertical stripe shell blouse. Underneath he was wearing his favorite pink with little daisy print satin training bra and the still damp from his saliva white cotton panties. There he met the charge nurse and four male aides. They had been informed of his pending arrival and what to expect but their jaws still dropped when he walked in. It took all their will power not to laugh outright. The charge nurse, Mrs. Hernandez, managed to get through the orientation program then gave him his employee ID badge. She assigned Otto to get Mildred familiar with the night rounds. Once out of ear shot, she broke out into a serious fit of giggles.

Otto was big, standing six three and weighing in at a muscular two thirty-five. He didn't like homos but had to put up with any of them in the workplace. Tonight he decided to put Mildred through enough shit that "it" would never come back for a second night. As they made their rounds, Mildred emptied all the urinals and bed pans, changed the dirty diapers or bandages and did all the work needed as Otto looked on. One of the worse patients was Mr. Boone who was suffering from a bleeding ulcer and needed frequent checks. To handle his constant bloody stools he had a potty by his bed and a five gallon bucket under the seat. The combination of blood and feces gave off a very rank stink and Mildred almost threw up emptying it. Other than his ulcer, Mr. Boone was a lucid robust seventy year old toothless black man. He was also the only known gay man in the complex.

"This here is Mr. Boone. He will be your responsibility for the rest of the night. Make sure he is comfortable and do whatever he says. Understand? Mr. Boone this here is Mildred the new aide. I'm sure you two will get along famously. Now Mildred if you have any trouble just push that button there on the bed. It will alert the nurse's station. You two have fun now, ya hear."

Mr. Boone stared at Mildred the entire time he had been there and as soon as Otto left said, "My you some pretty white boy n ya chere all night long. Poss ta do whatever I done say too. Ya know boy, my old dick itches n width dis blood drippin' inna my arm, I's can't reach down ta scratch. Do me a favor boy n scratch it fer me."

When Mildred got home after seven that morning he was very happy. While the job was everything Mrs. Abernathy told him it would be. All the aromas and tastes he was hooked on from smelling and sucking on panties were there, only magnified a thousand fold. At first Mr. Boone's room was a little more than he could take but he quickly got used to it. He didn't think he would like scratching that old man's dick but he was an aide and helping patients was his job. Before the night was over he did more than just scratch his dick which proved to be surprisingly large and functional. Once he had tasted fresh hot sperm for the first time, Mildred was hooked. Plopping down in his bed, David had vivid dreams of doing more for poor Mr. Boone.

Ooo

Monday morning David dressed in fresh baby blue cotton full cut panties and pulled the matching camisole over his hairless chest. Since he no longer had any hair on his chest he thought a soft cotton camisole would be better than his rough undershirts. For outer wear he decided to wear his new gray pinstriped pants suit with a baby blue polyester shirt. With the shirt's rounded collar a tie just didn't look right. So for the first time ever he discarded wearing a tie.

He left as Lisa was coming out of the shower. Despite sleeping almost 24 hours she was still hurting. Both her vagina and anus were still burning and felt like she had been run over by a train. She had never climaxed so hard or for so many times in her life and hoped she had the energy to go out again tonight. She could still see the face of that old black man as he spurted his cum deep into her womb with amazement. It had been the last and very best organism in her entire life. Her only worry was that she had been off birth control for some time. However, it wasn't a big worry as she'd gladly do it again if she could achieve such a high.

"Maybe if I can get that old janitor at the office to do me again, it would help keep my mind off Saturday night. If not him, then...maybe Jason. He's always hitting one me. He's young, handsome, on a fast track with company management, smells clean and I just don't like that type for some reason. Why am I so drawn to those ugly, old and unwashed men? I guess the uglier and dirtier the sex which I crave, the uglier and dirtier the man is what drives me so wild. That reminds me, gotta get a lot more condoms today," she thought as she left for work.

Lisa couldn't concentrate on her work. The computer screen was just a blur in her mind as she kept thinking about last Saturday. Her mind was filled with remembered smells of filth, urine, sweat and sex and being completely stuffed by three men as she kneeled on the ally asphalt. Without thinking about it her hand reached up under her mini-skirt and began rubbing her bared pussy. The ringing of her phone brought her back to the here and now. It was Evelin, her best friend, from accounting wanting to know if she was going to join them for lunch. As soon as she said, "lunch" Lisa immediately pictured the old black janitor in her mind.

"Thanks, Evelin but I just can't get away today. Maybe tomorrow, okay, bye."

She glanced down at the time stamp on the computer wondering where the day went without getting a single thing done. All she could think about now was finding that janitor. She hurried to the restroom and put on a fresh coat of Revlon's super lustrous Fabulous Fig lipstick and spritz of Channel before going to the janitor's small office. It wasn't until the janitor's pants and stained boxers were at his knees that she realized she didn't have a condom.

It was probably the noise coming from the janitor's office that made Mr. Mac Adams open the door. He was the Senior Vice President of Human Resources. He stood in shocked disbelief seeing the old janitor furiously pumping between the legs of Mrs. Monroe who was pinned over the desk. It wasn't until the janitor had his dick all the way into Lisa's vaginal canal and exploding that he recovered enough to yell, "What the hell is going on here! Mrs. Monroe, to my office NOW!"

She had only time enough to stuff a paper towel up her pussy to stop any leakage before

leaving a scared looking janitor. Lisa was crying as she packed the last of her personal belongings into the box. She couldn't believe that after fifteen years of faithful service she was fired over just having a bit of fun on her lunch break. Upon leaving Mr. Mac Adams' office she stopped in the restroom. As much as it disturbed her, she squatted over the commode and splashed water into her gapping pussy.

"OMG! I hope he didn't get me pregnant but he did feel wonderful filling me," she thought.

As she left the building, tossed her box of personal stuff, mostly pictures of her family whom she no longer recognized into the dumpster. "Crap! I need a drink," she muttered and headed to the low class bar she liked to visit after work.

Ooo

David was surprised when he swished into his office. Instead of the usual good mornings all he saw were gapping mouths. It wasn't until after he bid them good morning that he received a few muttered replies. The rest of his day didn't go much better. The two potential clients he met with decided not to engage his services and one of his better bookkeepers gave her severance notice. During the course of the week he lost his best customer and didn't get a single new account. As far as he was concerned nothing had changed and wondered why the sudden loss of clients and personnel. On Friday he called Mr. Fletcher who told him to come to his house that evening.

David took a leisurely bubble bath and made sure no body hair remained in preparation for his meeting with Mr. Fletcher. The chastity device had been a royal pain ever since it had been put on. Every time David saw a good looking man, the pins imbedded in the tip of the penis cover brought sheer agony. It was doing so now as he thought about his pending visit with Mr. Fletcher and browsing through his panty drawer. He selected a purple cotton camisole and matching panties hoping Mr. Fletcher would like them. For outer wear he pulled out his gray/silver polyester pants suit and powder pink silk shirt with a hint of ruffled collar. The outfit didn't look quite right so he went looking in his wife's bureau and found a pretty white and pink checked silk scarf. He wrapped the scarf around his neck and tied it in a big loose knot. He liked the look and grabbing his man purse, he headed out the door telling Mildred to have a good night at the home.

"Okay, daddy. I'm sure it will be another really fun night. Mr. Boone is such a wonderful patient, he makes the night just fly by. Now that he is feeling better, he's thinking about moving back to his house. I'm really going to miss him so much."

Ooo

"Hi Mr. Boone, how are we feeling this evening...ooohhhh...I see they removed your IV."

"Yeah pretty boy, said da ulcer done healed n l's doan needs it no mor. Been thinkn' some. If'n ya wans ta, l's could take ya wyth me. l's gotta have someun ta take care of me den. What ya think pretty boy?"

"Oooohhh, Mr. Boone sir...I'd love to work for you. I don't know what I'd do if you weren't here."

"Well den pretty boy git over chere n scratch my dick. We kin move out dis Saturday."

At the end of his shift Mildred told the charge nurse that he was quitting and going to take care of Mr. Boone at his house. Nurse Hernandez was both pleased and bothered hearing that. On one hand she needed the help but on the other he was too much of a distraction.

"Well Mildred, I err we will hate to see you go but Mr. Boone will need a live in care taker. He's scheduled to be discharged at noon today. Will you be here to accompany him to his place? Good and I wish you all the best."

After getting about two hours of sleep Mildred happily accompanied Mr. Boone to his place. Mr. Boone's home was in a tenement building on the fifth floor. The apartment was a small one bedroom piled with filth and smelling strongly from being locked up for four months. The only reason he had been sent to the old folk's home was that he couldn't managed the stairs

or do the heavy cleaning. His younger sister was incapable of helping so off he went over his stiff objections. Now that Mildred had agreed to be his live in aide, there was no reason he couldn't go home. It was also cheaper for the State. Mildred was now considered a Medicaid employee paid minimum wage and the high cost of a nursing home eliminated.

Mildred quickly cleaned up the bedroom and once Mr. Boone was taken care of left to get all his things from home. It took him two trips to gather all his clothing and few personal items but was thrilled to be out on his own and making his way in life. He left a letter on the kitchen table telling his family of his new situation and how to contact him. As he was doing that Mrs. Abernathy came over with her tea and cookies.

“So you're moving out Mildred. I'm happy for you but here, let's sit, have a cookie and some tea and you can tell me all about it. You know I used to know a Jamel Boone some time ago. Is this Mr. Boone of yours the same? Good, it is. Well give him my best regards dear. I know you will take good care of him.”

A little over an hour later Mildred was back at Mr. Boone's, happier than he had ever been, scouring the tiny apartment from top to bottom. In between his various chores would stop and tend to Mr. Boone's throbbing Viagra inspired erections. Mildred didn't think things could be better but missed his access to dirty women's panties. One afternoon Mr. Boone had a visitor, a Miss. Lucy, who answered Mildred's sexual need.

“Yo, ya must bees Jamel's new boy toy. Hi, I's Miss. Lucy and wees has a mutual friend. Mrs. Abernathy done toll me bout ya and I's has sumptum fer ya. Being dat ya takin' cares of my friend Jamel I's gonna see dat ya git dees on a regular basis. Dees bees from me n my hoe friends. Nice meetin' ya Mildred,” she said tossing him the bag and leaving.

Inside the bag Mildred found four pairs of very dirty panties. The aroma coming from the bag gave him an immediate raging hard on. He rushed into the bath and dumped them on the counter top. Picking up a bright leopard print pair, he pulled them to his face and breathed deeply. His head reeled in pleasure at the smell. He stuck out his tongue to touch the crusty gusset for a quick taste before putting them down. The next pair was a white lacy thong, the back strip very dark as it joined the front panel. The third pair were boy shorts in a vibrant green and pink striped pattern with large dark stains covering the crotch. The final pair were sheer black bikinis with the lower front and back still freshly damp and stained. He couldn't wait any longer as he was about to burst and thrust these panties into his mouth. Quickly he stepped into the leopard pair, pulled the thong so the dark strip and lower crotch part covered his nose. The green pair he folded and placed over his dick. Sitting down he breathed in great gulps of air as he circled and rubbed his finger tips on his panty covered dick. Shortly he had one of the greatest organisms of his young life and his first since moving in with Mr. Boone. As he bathed in the afterglow, Mildred wondered why the only time he could actually ejaculate was when he did it this way.

Ooo

Melissa got up early Sunday evening in some pain radiating from her groin and ass. The hot shower helped but she needed a pad as her bottom hole gapped. She put some Old Spice deodorant under her arms, splashed English Leather on her face before going to get dressed. In the past it had taken her almost two hours to get ready. Now it only took her twenty minutes and she was out the door. Not long after she was knocking on Latasha's door.

“Bout time bitch, git ya white ass in here n clean dis place up. I's got friends a comin' over n need dis place lookin' bitchen.”

About two hours later the guests started to arrive. They were a mixed grouping of lesbians' half doms and subs, black, latino and white. Melissa was introduced as “My Bitch” and would be the maid for the evening. For the next six hours she served drinks, snacks and serviced whomever wanted their pussy or dildos licked. By the time everyone departed she was totally exhausted and could barely stand upright.

“Ya done did good tonight bitch n l’s needs ta relax. Git dem clothes off n on ya back in da bed. l’s gonna pump dat pussy of yours fer a while den ya can eat me out.”

Melissa was too tired to argue and knew it would only get her beaten. Soon she was moaning in pain as the thick shafted black dildo rammed in and out of her sore pussy. Her legs spread wide and over Latasha’s shoulders as the dominant woman savaged her pussy. What made this humiliating was that she had to keep her mouth open while Latasha dribbled spit into it. When she wasn’t doing that she was demanding Melissa say who she was. She was “Latasha’s Bitch and Whore.”

“Dat’s right bitch, ya ma hoe now n ya gonna earn me sum good green,” Latasha lashed out as she plunged the dildo all the way in. “Ya gonna work da club fer me from now on aint cha bitch. Ya gonna move in chere wyth me n take care ma crib aint ya bitch. First l’s gotta open dem holes of yours so ya can work all night. Sum dem bitches at da club kin be rough. l’s just loves breakin’ bitches like ya.”

Ooo

David experienced a number of stares as he rode the subway but didn’t let it bother him. However, he did grimace as his chastity bit into his penis when he saw a handsome older gentleman. He managed to stop his growing erection by counting backwards from 100. When he arrived at Mr. Fletcher’s two bedroom upscale condo, he was impressed. It also reinforced the decision of giving him control of all his family’s assets a sound one. He was surprised to see Mrs. Abernathy when Mr. Fletcher invited him in sitting at the dining table. He sat and accepted the cup of tea and took a sip. He didn’t think it odd seeing them drinking coffee.

“David, I did some research after you called me earlier and I have a solution. You are losing both employees and clients because you are distracted and no longer effective in your job performance. I know this from interviewing your former employees and clients. So the only viable solution is for you to sell your business. By selling you can concentrate your efforts on doing and becoming your real self.”

“My real self’ Mr. Fletcher?”

“Yes my dear man, your real self. Mrs. Abernathy would you please explain to David who and what he is?”

“David do you like looking at my locket? Yes, I know you do, so look closely. You are obsessed with a deep longing to please Mr. Fletcher and all his friends. You already know that you have an itty bitty penis. You know that you love men, preferable older ones like Mr. Fletcher. You know this to be true as you can’t stop looking and desiring men. As a matter of fact, your chastity has been causing you pain whenever a man attracts you. That is the reason you were put into chastity so you would constantly be aware of your lust for another man. You now relish that reminder and never want your chastity removed. You trust both myself and Mr. Fletcher completely. From now on, you will serve Mr. Fletcher as he demands. In return for your services, he will ensure that your lust for other men is satisfied. David you are a campy homosexual who adores older men especially Mr. Fletcher and will do anything to please them. This is all you ever wanted to be.”

David looked down at the document and signed his name giving Mr. Fletcher the right to sell his assets including his house, its contents and his business. It still needed his wife’s signature but that wasn’t his concern. What he wanted was for Mrs. Abernathy to leave so he could spend time with Mr. Fletcher.

It was past midnight when David left to go home so happy it felt like he was walking on air. Mr. Fletcher had been an animal that night and, while losing his boi-pussy cherry had been most painful, loved every second. Getting on the subway headed home, the car was practically empty except for three others. Two got off three stops before his leaving only one other male passenger. As David looked at him he felt a sharp pain and immediately looked away as the man looked back at him and got up from his seat.

“What the fuck you looking at faggot?” he said walking up to where David was sitting.

“Please, I....,” he started to reply but a stinging slap stopped him.

“Shut the fuck up faggot. I know what you were looking at. Go ahead and open my zipper and take it out. I know that’s what you want. Now give me a great blow or I’ll slap you silly.”

The man’s cock was big, bigger than Mr. Fletcher’s which was impressive at seven inches. This one must have been nine and David couldn’t help not taking it into his mouth. The strong odor of urine and sweaty musk filled his nose as he engulfed the walnut sized tip. The man grabbed the back of his head and with a trust shoved half that imposing length into David’s mouth. It was too big, too thick cutting of his air as it plowed to the back of his mouth and into his throat. It retreated and he took a deep breath before it went even deeper than before. The man came quickly in large gobs spilling out David’s nose and dribbling down his chin but most gushed down his throat. He was left in a daze, eyes glazed over by the violence of the act. Coming back to his senses he was aware that the car was stopping at the next station. He watched blankly as the man gave him a sneer, spit at him and got off.

Arriving at his house David went straight to the medicine closet and found a bottle of sore throat medicine. Taking several swallows to ease the pain, he stripped and stepped into the hot shower. He felt much better and his throat was better. After stepping into his pink silk pajamas he collapsed on the bed and quickly asleep. His only regret was that the man on the subway didn’t take his time so he could have enjoyed it more.

Ooo

Lisa entered the drug store down the street from the bar. She needed to get more condoms and decided she probably needed a home pregnancy test. After having three men fill her womb she was worried. She put enough condoms into the cart so that she wouldn’t run out anytime soon. Stopping in the feminine aisle she tossed in two boxes of super tampons. She used the regular sized tampons during her period but these she needed for her ass. For some strange reason a lot of the homeless men she bedded preferred her bottom and she really got off when all three were filled at once. She didn’t like the look the woman cashier gave her but she needed a drink and didn’t say anything.

She was disappointed when she entered the bar as the three men were not to her liking. All were about her age and fairly handsome. There was Duke the bartender but he too was not old or appealing enough. Finishing off her gin and tonic decided to see what she could find in some of the nearby allies. She didn’t have to go far before finding a heavily bearded ragged man digging into a dumpster. She could smell him ten feet away and smiled broadly thinking how good a fuck he was going to be.

The man turned hearing her heels click clacking on the pavement holding a half-eaten hoagie in his hand. The sandwich fell to the ground as the woman grabbed his head in both hands and proceeded to give him a deep passionate kiss. He watched in startled disbelief as she dropped to her knees, dug through the layers of his filth incrustated clothing to expose his dick and swallowed it in one gulp. The last time he had sex was a day ago with his friend Albert’s backside and he hadn’t washed. He seldom ever washed.

Lisa didn’t get home until the wee hours exhausted and totally sated. Her tummy was full of high protein sperm and twenty-five used condoms were in her purse. These she emptied into David’s used panties sitting in the hamper before pulling on a nightie and falling into a deep sleep. She didn’t awake until noon Saturday. She found Mildred’s letter on the table and sighed as she read it.

“Oh well my eldest has left the nest. I knew it had to happen but I will miss him,” she thought tossing it aside.

She had just finished eating when Mrs. Abernathy came in with her pot of tea and sat down. She listened as Lisa told her about being fired with a sympathetic ear.

“Lisa dear I’m so sorry to hear that but I think I can help. I have a very dear friend who could

use your help. He's a film maker and needs someone like you. His name is Amos Washington, this is his address and will expect you at eight tonight. While I have you here, I have something you need to sign. As you can see your husband has already signed, so you just sign right here. No need to read it dear."

Lisa left the house dressed in her favorite velvet little black dress with the low rounded neckline, bubble mid-thigh skirt, black fishnet hose and six inch platform spiked heels. Mrs. Abernathy said that Amos was totally trustworthy and would hire her but she wanted to make a good first impression. She was used to going into the seedier parts of town but hesitated in front of the tenement building where Amos resided. It was a slum, dirty, stinking and the young people standing or sitting at the entrance looked dangerous. She had no choice but to pass through that gauntlet, keeping her eyes straight ahead marched up the stairs blocking out the comments and suggestions as she went.

After the stench and squalor she passed through, meeting Amos was like a breath of fresh air. He was as tall as she was in her six inch pumps, close cropped gray crinkled hair, large flat nose and thick blue black lips. He was wearing a yellowed stained white undershirt that left half of his large hairy belly exposed and brown khaki pants that had seen better days. As soon as she saw him her face flushed in lust and she would do anything he wanted if he would only fuck her.

Lisa got home in early Sunday morning and found another letter on the kitchen table. It was from Melissa and simply said she was moving in with her girlfriend and not to worry. Lisa read it shaking her head.

"Now I've lost my only other child and she didn't bother telling me how to contact her or where she was going. Oh well, now it's just me and my fairy husband. Might as well do what Amos asked and pack my shit and move in with him. At least he's a real man and can take care of my sexual needs," she mused as the letter fell back on the table.

She was filling the steamer trunk when David awoke. Seeing him looking at her with a confused expression, she frowned. "David let's face it, you and I are no longer compatible. Our children have all left the nest and I want to move on. So I'm moving out and you can do whatever you want. You can send the divorce papers to Mrs. Abernathy, she'll know how to find me."

"Yeah, sure, whatever," was his only comment as he went into the bath.

"I should feel something sad about all this but I'm thrilled. Now I can move in with Mr. Fletcher without have to explain anything," he thought sitting on the toilet and removing the tampon. He smiled broadly as he felt Mr. Fletcher's remaining fluids drain from his body.

Ooo

Mildred was standing beside the bed his stirrup pants and panties around his ankles as Mr. Boone sucked greedily. The feelings from Mr. Boone's toothless gums and tongue playing over his dick was making him tremble in delight. The only thing better would be having Mr. Boone's big cock plowing deep inside him. Despite how much he enjoyed this, it was always a disappointment that he couldn't cum. He was hoping that Miss. Alice would show up today with a fresh set of rank used panties that her whore friends donated. Swallowing the erotic flavors as he suck on an encrusted pair of panties, breathing in the fabulous scents of those over his nose while rubbing through another pair always gave him fantastic eruptions.

He had been living with Mr. Boone for a week now and didn't mind the demands placed upon him too much. Cleaning the apartment and cooking were no biggies but the sexual demands were. One of the first demands was very painful. Mr. Boone complained that his boi-pussy was just too damn tight and called Miss. Alice. She arrived soon after with a box containing six butt plugs that increased in size. Mr. Boone skipped the first three which were relatively small and selected the fourth. This one was pink, looking like a small lava lamp with a rounded tip. It was five inches at its widest, three the smallest and seven inches long. It was heavily lubed but extremely painful as Mr. Boone forced it into his anus and rectum. Mildred

cried, begged and pleaded as it was worked all the way in but was ignored. He had been wearing it constantly for a week and finally was beginning to feel comfortable. He wasn't looking forward to the next one which was six inches wide, four at the narrow neck and nine long. The last butt plug really scared him as it was six inches wide, five at the neck and twelve long. Once he graduated to that one Mr. Boone assured him he would be able to take his fist and lower arm all the way in without any trouble.

Ooo

Melissa had been living with Latasha for a week and things had changed. She still looked butch and wore men's clothing but major changes had been made to her body. One of the first things Latasha did was take her to a local tattoo and piercing parlor. There her inner and outer vaginal lips were pierced a number of times. What made it horrible was Latasha had a very small very pink artificial prick and scrotum attached to the small ring piercings. She could pee standing up and the device could be lifted up enough to allow for her menstruation and cleaning needs. It would be uncomfortable for her but a dildo could also be inserted into her vagina. The artificial male organs were no bigger than what an eight year old boy would have when erect. Next she had a skull and crossed bones tattooed that covered her right breast. Next week Latasha planned on getting her tongue pierced and her lips tattooed black.

At night Melissa worked the lesbian club Latasha managed. When she wasn't waiting tables she was doing a strip tease dance on stage. Unlike the other girls who wore pasties and thongs while dancing, she had to expose her pussy covering and pretended to masturbate using her finger and thumb. She was very popular with the customers in a derogatory way. All her tips went to Latasha along with any money for trips into the special services room. Special services included eating pussy (\$20), giving a rim job (\$35) and getting fucked vaginally (\$50), anally (\$15).

When Melissa asked why anally was so little, Latasha laughed and replied, "Yo bitch dat hows two guys git it on n dat makes da real dykes feel mor like guys. I's like ma dykes ta feel good bout demselfes. Dat way days all ways come back."

Ooo

After a week living with Mr. Fletcher, David was happy but highly frustrated. Due to the chastity device David never reached a climax as the pain was just too much. The best he could manage was a dribble when anally penetrated. When he wasn't entertaining Mr. Fletcher or his many friends, he was cleaning and cooking for him. He was quite happy mincing around the condo in his frilly peach organza apron and matching mop cap.

He was getting sexually used every night if not by Mr. Fletcher then one or two of his friends. When he was orally or anally satisfying one of the friends, Mr. Fletcher was filming the action.

The only problem he had encountered was Mr. Fletcher's demand that he have very long thick nipples. To make that possible he was forced to wear nipple extensions of increasingly longer length and thickness while his nipples were injected with silicone. Mr. Fletcher wanted nothing less than two full inches in length and three quarters inch thick for him. Another change was that he now used a plumping pink lip stain. If that didn't plump up his lips enough he was going to be taken to a cosmetic surgeon and have them altered into cock sucking lips.

Saturday afternoon Mrs. Abernathy came for a visit and brought him some of her tea. The only thing he remembered after her departure was seeing Mr. Fletcher give her a check. That evening as he was getting ready for a big party Mr. Fletcher was hosting, he was informed that the house, contents and business sale had closed that Friday. He was troubled hearing that but brightened as soon as he was told that he would be the featured entertainment.

Ooo

It was early October when Mrs. Abernathy's lease on her brownstone was up. She liked New York but it was time to move on. She had made her final rounds to Mr. Boone, Latasha, Amos and Mr. Fletcher during the week tweaking and reinforcing her desires on her subjects. She

was most pleased with this visit to New York and how very profitable. She received 90% of the proceeds of the sale of the Monroe assets plus a hefty share of the profits from her clients. She was a damn good hypnotist but knew it was only a matter of time before her subjects came out of it. By that time she planned to be far away just in case. Her husband had always cautioned her to never stay in one place for too long. It had been very good advice. She wasn't worried about the Monroe's remembering everything, no, they would be stuck in their new lifestyles. What her clients had done to them was just too permanent to allow any change. No, she was more concerned that those clients might get too big for their britches and start talking. The last thing she needed was publicity. She moved in a circle of ambiguity and anonymity. That's what kept her safe and very wealthy. No it was time to move back to her real home in the Caymans. Her job here was done.

Ooo

Lisa was in heaven surrounded by a dozen stinking, hairy homeless men with every opening filled with pumping dicks. She was happy that it was a warm early spring as she hated the cold winters under some makeshift shelter. Amos brought her to various known homeless places every couple of days and collected what money he could for her services. Word spread quickly among the homeless and a chance to have real sex with a woman didn't come around all that often. Tonight Amos left without telling her goodbye. Mrs. Abernathy had warned him this day would come and he had to move on. In a way he would miss the bitch. She was a good money maker and while her holes had stretched a pretty good fuck and sucker. He grinned as he approached the subway, he had forgotten to give her any condoms. Hopefully she'll be too worried about her pregnancy to try and find where he moved.

Ooo

Melissa was bent over the couch's arm while one of the bull dyke was reaming out her ass with a ten inch strap on. The legs of the dyke's partner were over her shoulders as she ate the fem's dripping pussy. Latasha had brought her over to this place blindfolded. The blindfold wasn't taken off until they were inside the door and an envelope given to Latasha. Before she left she told Melissa that she had better do whatever or face a brutal beating when she came to pick her up.

Latasha had no intentions of picking Melissa up or going back to her management job at the club Lesbos. She was taking a very good deal of cash and heading out of town. Melissa had been worked all that she could have been and now it was time to get out of Dodge. Mrs. Abernathy's warning not to be greedy as hogs got slaughtered and pigs got fat still fresh in her mind.

Ooo

David was sitting in Mr. Olsen's broad lap facing the old man with his bare ass pressed as far down on the fat Viagra enhanced penis as he could get. Mr. Olsen was sucking and nibbling on David's two inch long and three quarter inch thick nipples for all he was worth. Biting hard enough to make David moan in pain and pleasure. Mr. Fletcher had sent him over earlier that day to spend the night with his good friend Mr. Olsen.

While David was getting royally fucked, Mr. Fletcher had packed his bags and left his rented condo. It was time and he would dearly miss David but it had to be done. He had made a killing selling the DVD's of David in action to the gay production companies and gotten some pretty great sex himself out of the deal. It would be only a matter of time before David came out of his induced state and remember everything. He wasn't too worried about what David might or could do once that happened. He had no money and the physical and mental changes would be pretty ingrained by now. No David would probably have to find another older gay man to take care of him. Mr. Olsen would probably agree but also had some strange tastes. He liked having his lovers in diapers, plastic panties and dependent on them. David wouldn't like that but Mr. Fletcher felt like he was doing him a favor. He could have just left him with absolutely nothing.

Ooo

Mildred was in her favorite place, the bathroom with a fresh pair of Miss. Alice's still dripping panties over his nose and an equally ripe pair in his mouth. He was furiously rubbing his fingertips over and around his panty covered dick. He was really horny today as Mr. Boone had arm and fist fucked him three times and sucked his unresponsive dick just as many. Miss. Alice had brought over the bag with these fresh panties an hour ago and he was ready to bust his nuts.

Suddenly his eyes flew open as his mind filled with remembered thoughts. He ripped the panties from his face tossing them into a corner, stood turning around and vomited the panties and contents of his stomach into the bowl. Falling to his knees began crying.

Melissa and David had equally rude awakenings except they were occupied at the time. Up until then their horror was in nightmares but now the reality of their dreams was staggering. Mr. Olsen and the amazons were aware this would happen and took appropriate actions. David was forced into thick cloth diapers and locked in a nursery. Melissa on the other hand was given a choice. She could either stay or go but if she left would do so only wearing a pair of boxers.

The End...