

## MRS. ABERNATHY GOES TO TOWN

By Cheryl Lynn

Mrs. Abernathy settled down for a cup of tea on a comfortable couch looking out the bay window. It was a clear beautiful early summer's day. Her rental house was in an upper class neighborhood with a large green tree shaded yard. To all outward appearances she was a stereotypical grandmother. About five foot six in comfortable shoes with salt and pepper hair held in a tight bun. Around her neck on a golden chain were a pair of reading glasses. Mrs. Abernathy always wore simple cotton A-line just below the knee dresses. She didn't wear much makeup, foundation, powder, rouge and cherry red lipstick. Her demeanor was kind and loving on the surface; however, underneath was pure evil.

Up until the age of thirty Mrs. Abernathy was horribly abused by both her family and then her husband. Mr. Abernathy was an evil man but extremely talented. He was a master hypnotist and performed all across the country. He used his talent to blackmail both men and women. Using Mrs. Abernathy in very compromising and perverted positions with his chosen target, he took photos. Pictures he used to get as much money out of them as possible.

Over time Mrs. Abernathy proved to be a talented hypnotist in her own right by closely observing her husband. She had used that ability on the day her husband committed suicide. With his death, she went out on her own. Besides learning hypnotism Mrs. Abernathy understood the need to change bank accounts frequently, never stay in one place too long and quickly change identities and appearance. Another self-taught lesson was to use third parties to do her dirty work while limiting her exposure. It was much safer to get a third party to collect the victim's assets then transfer her share into a numbered foreign account.

She had many different identities over the years but settled into being grandmotherly Mrs. Abernathy when doing a con job. It was a great disguise as most people immediately trusted her and most people simply ignored her. After her last con she decided to settle down and just relax in a small rural town of about thirty-five thousand people. Just big enough to offer some amenities and small enough to offer anonymity. When not doing a con and scans her grandmotherly disguise, Mrs. Abernathy was a good looking 40 year old woman. However, she decided to stick with her disguise this time. All she wanted was to be left alone and go basically unnoticed so she could relax.

She was taking her second sip of tea when her privacy was interrupted by the door chimes. "*What the fuck,*" she thought getting up.

Opening the front door Mrs. Abernathy was confronted by a very prim and proper looking woman. She was wearing a pale green pants suit with a rose colored blouse and full day time makeup. She was about five foot eight in her three inch spiked heeled strappy sandals. Mrs. Abernathy noticed the large diamond on her ring finger and thought she was in her early thirties.

"Hello, my name is Mrs. Dickerson and I'm President of the Home Owner's Association," the woman said stiffly. "I couldn't help but notice several limbs on your trees hanging dangerously in your yard. My...err..our Association has strict rules about that and you need to get that taken care of immediately or face a significant fine. Good day Madam."

As the woman click-clacked her way back down the side walk to her car Mrs. Abernathy could only stare. "What a pompous ass!" she said closing the door. *"Interrupting my morning tea over so much bull shit,"* she thought.

A week later her morning was interrupted once again. This time it was a well-dressed young man. "Hello, my name is Daniel DeCote and I am the attorney for the Home Owner's Association. I have been instructed to serve you a demand for payment for the costs of removing dead tree limbs and a fine of \$ 1,000."

"Young man, first off you don't look old enough to be an attorney. Secondly no tree limbs dead or otherwise have been removed from this property and thirdly, I don't own the property," Mrs. Abernathy replied as calmly as she could. Inside she was fuming but kept to her friendly grandmotherly persona.

"I'm just the deliverer Madam," he said holding an envelope out. "You have the right to appear before the Association to appeal this. The next executive meeting will be held tomorrow night at seven p.m. in the club house. Good day ma'am."

Again she stared at the back of the retreating figure for a few moments. *"Another pompous asshole. For such a small town it has more than its share of stuck up pricks,"* she thought. *"Guess I need to bring them down a peg or two."*

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Mrs. Abernathy arrived at the subdivision's club house early. The club house was used rarely primarily for community parties during major holidays. It consisted of a large ball room and three meeting rooms. It didn't take her long to spot the room where the meeting was to be held. A young woman in her early twenties was setting out an urn of coffee and a box of donuts.

Seeing Mrs. Abernathy enter, said, "You're early."

"Yes dear. I'm new and wasn't sure if I could find where the group was meeting. You don't mind, do you?" Mrs. Abernathy replied smiling kindly.

"Well as long as you're here, set out the glasses and water pitchers. Might as well make yourself useful," the woman snapped clearly irritated.

*"Damn, another stuck up bitch,"* she thought then said, "Of course dear. I don't mind at all. I'm Mrs. Abernathy by the way."

"I'm Shirley, the Association's Secretary," came the blunt reply.

*"This is going to be easier than I thought,"* Mrs. Abernathy mused as she took two pitchers of water from the serving cart.

As Shirley was putting the donuts out onto a platter, Mrs. Abernathy poured some brown liquid into the pitchers then swirled them around. Going back to the cart picked up some stacked plastic cups. As she was placing them around the conference table, the girl walked out of the room.

*"Just like shooting fish in a barrel,"* she thought walking over to the urn of coffee and pouring some more of the brown liquid into it.

Promptly at seven the officers of the Association walked into the room. Besides the three people Mrs. Abernathy had already encountered there was one other person. He appeared to be in his early seventies wearing khaki slacks and a blue pull over collared shirt. He was mostly ball with a fringe of wild white hair sticking out the sides. There seemed to be more hair growing out his nose and ears than on his head. A large squat

nose stood out along with many age spots on his face. Seeing Mrs. Abernathy he walked over to greet her.

“Hi there, my name is Jethro and the token resident board member,” he said with a gap toothed smile.

“*At least he seems pleasant enough,*” she thought as she told him her name.

“Mrs. Abernathy, you say? Is there a Mr. Abernathy around?” he asked.

“No, he passed some time ago,” she responded.

“All the better dearie,” he said stepping in close and pinching her butt. “How about we get together after the meeting? I brought my Viagra.”

##

She was sipping a cup of tea again looking out her bay window the next morning. Only this time she was waiting for her first visitor and there was a special pot of tea waiting on the coffee table and some cookies. It wasn't long before Shirley was walking up to the door. She wasn't alone for coming up alongside was her preppy looking husband Bill. At the meeting Mrs. Abernathy found out that they were relatively recent newly weds without any children or pets. Shirley was a stay at home housewife and Bill a rising executive. Being young they took full advantage of what the town called high society. High society here was being a member of the only private country club. These were going to be her easiest cons as their nearest relatives were few and far away.

A little over two hours later, Jethro came to her door. He wasn't alone either. Helping him was a middle aged obese woman of color, Tanesha Joans, wearing a white nylon nurse's type dress with one of those green paper surgical hats on her head. Her black full slip easily seen in the bright sun light. At last night's meeting Mrs. Abernathy discovered that Jethro had a full time maid. A maid Jethro had little opinion of and made many disparaging remarks about.

Her next guest was Daniel. He could present a problem as he had fairly well to do parents living close by. He wasn't alone either as he brought his reluctant Mother, Elaine, along. The meeting was a little dicey as Elaine had a lot of questions before she took a sip of tea.

Mrs. Emily Dickerson, her husband David and their two children were the last to arrive. The children were actually two older teenagers. One seventeen going on twenty-one daughter, Lisa, who was a carbon copy of her mother. The other an eighteen “Know-it-all” son William. They were all dressed impeccably walking up the sidewalk with their noises up in the air. This would be her most challenging group as they had vastly greater outside influences than the others.

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Since Shirley left Mrs. Abernathy's she was feeling a growing disappointment over her wardrobe. Yes, it was mostly designer clothing in rich fabrics but there was a growing discomfort wearing them. There was another compulsion as well. For the first time her maternal instincts were coming to the forefront. Both she and Bill didn't want children as they would really curtail their social activities. Plus they were expensive and the money could be put to better use at the upscale stores in the big city.

Her husband Bill was also feeling a growing disorientation. At his firm he was used to making quick decisive decisions. Lately all those decisions were giving him a super migraine. All he wanted to do when he arrived home was to forget having to make any

decisions. It didn't matter what his wife asked he quickly agreed with her. So she wanted to get new clothing, so what. She wanted to redecorate the guest bedroom, so what. Whatever she wanted it was okay by him. As long as he didn't have to make a decision his home life was good. The only thing he felt like arguing about was when his wife said his penis was as cute as a babies. However as he thought it over, he kind of wished he could go back to being so young. Babies never had to make a decision or have any worries.

The next day as Tanisha walked into the house, Jethro had a strange compulsion to compliment her. She was wearing the same outfit she always wore when she arrived only this time her full slip was a vibrant scarlet. However today she, for some strange reason, looked very attractive.

*"Such a pretty woman needed to be served, not serving,"* he thought.

Tanisha had worked hard all her life cleaning up after white people. She had never married and all her kids were grown up and out of her small house. All the people in her life had used and abused her to the point she seldom copped an attitude. She was nothing more than a servant for them and that's what she thought of herself. However, today she decided to have a backbone. Walking up to Jethro's house she decided she had had enough of his shit.

Daniel woke up as a dream faded with his usual morning woodie. *"That was some dream,"* he thought reaching down to stroke "Mr. Wonderful" as he called it.

As his hand moved remnants of his dream returned though faded. There was a picture in his mind of an older much older man. Before he could focus in on it, he spewed his seed into the purple nylon panties he was wearing. The rush he got from that almost made him pass out. As he was recouping his bedroom door opened and his Mother walked in.

Blushing fiercely Daniel quickly moved to toss the sheet over himself. "Mom! What are you doing here?"

"Don't you remember dear, I stayed over so I could do some shopping for you today," she said smiling broadly. In the back of her mind it bothered her that she had seen what no mother should. A son wearing her panties and obviously jerked off in them. *"Oh well a mother's love is unconditional and I accept him as he is,"* she thought displacing her shock. *"If he wants to wear panties and it makes him happy then I'll get them for him. Maybe a nice nightie to replace his pajamas too."*

William had been feeling out of sync all week since leaving with his parents to visit Mrs. Abernathy. Today it was worse than ever. It was a very strong compulsion to do something. He just didn't know what. Today he was downtown shopping to get the latest version of his favorite game. William preferred going to the town's only upscale mall but he went downtown instead. Why there he couldn't understand. It was the one place none of his friends ever went. That is unless they wanted to purchase drugs. He was walking back to his car when a middle aged Hispanic approached him.

"Senior, you got some spare change," the man said.

Normally William would walk right pass an obviously homeless person while muttering something about how worthless that person was. Today he stopped and couldn't take his eyes off the Latino bum. They were at least three feet apart yet the man's reeking unwashed smell filled William's nose. Without conscious thought he reached into his pocket, drew out his wallet and handed the Hispanic all the cash it held. He was also aware that he had a raging hard on.

As the man said “Gracias,” and quickly left, William was blushing beet red. The thoughts running through his mind were totally foreign and they only intensified as he drove home.

Meanwhile his sister Lisa was having similar problems. She was one of the most popular girls and a cheerleader. Normally wearing the latest fashions and being either adored or waited upon made her feel fantastic. That was especially true when that person was a hunk like her current beaux, the quarterback. What disturbed her was what had happened Friday after cheer practice. In the changing room for the first time in her young life she was noticing how beautiful the girls were. One however stood out amongst all the rest though. It was the chubby mousey haired girl that cleaned up once the cheerleaders left. Lisa shook her head trying to get that girl’s image out of her mind. It didn’t totally work.

Emily didn’t fare much better than her children. There were strange really weird thoughts running through her mind as well. Today she was looking out the window of her office in the community club house. What had caught her rapt attention was the Latin work crew doing the yard work. “Those people,” as she normally referred to them only caught her attention when she wanted them to do something. Today was totally different.

David was out by the family pool reading a financial journal with a glass of gin and tonic sitting beside him. He was thinking how great it was to be a trust fund baby as he scanned the pages of the magazine. Thanks to that trust fund none of his family ever needed to work if they didn’t want too. They had everything they wanted including the largest fanciest house in the subdivision. What brought him out of his thoughts was the loud roar of an unmuffled lawnmower. Both the journal and his drink were forgotten as David’s full attention was focused on the burly Latino pushing it.

*“I wonder what it would be like to actually work for a living,”* he thought mesmerized at what he was seeing.

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It was time for her weekly guests to start arriving as Mrs. Abernathy set out her tray of tea and cookies. *“It’s been a month since I started. Today I need to ramp up my control and their conditioning. Last week showed enough progress for me to get things moving,”* she thought grinning.

Daniel was the first to arrive. He was wearing a pair of black yoga mid-calf pants and a pale pink dress shirt at least two sizes too large. On his feet were a pair of pink ballet flats. The outline of a pair of women’s brief styled panties clearly showed through the skin tight pants. Fortunately the large shirttails covered that from view.

“Daniel you look very nice today. Please come in and have some tea with me,” she greeted.

Daniel was still there when Jacob and Tanisha came for their appointment. Jacob was wearing pretty much the same outfit he had on every time he came over. Tanisha however was totally different. She was wearing a fine figure hugging purple satin suit dress and expensive three inch spike heeled strappy sandals in a gold tone. Her hair was in tightly lacquered waves and sported a small purple box hat. When she held out her left hand to shake Mrs. Abernathy’s a very large diamond ring sparkled in the light.

“Take a seat over by Daniel Jacob once you’ve got your tea,” Tanisha said. By her tone and aloof manner it couldn’t be taken as anything else but an order.

As the two women talked, Daniel couldn’t keep from looking at Jacob. He didn’t

understand the attraction but Daniel just couldn't take his eyes of this old man. There was just something about old mature men that captivated him. Daniel almost had tears in his eyes when Jacob told him to stop staring and that if he liked old men so much, to get a job at an old folk's home. With that said Daniel got a gleam in his eyes, stood and left the house. When Daniel left, Jacob got up and joined Tanisha on the sofa.

Lisa showed up next with Rosita the clean-up girl from school. Behind them was a Latino family of six. Mrs. Abernathy met Rosita last week. Fortunately she proved very easy to induce a deep trance. She came from a poor migrant family and very shy. Mrs. Abernathy took pity on the girl and decided to help her and her family out. Now the family was here for Mrs. Abernathy to work her magic on.

Shirley and Bill were next on the agenda. Today Shirley wasn't wearing designer clothing but something off the rack. What she had on came from a charity shop at best maybe Wal-Mart. She had on a burnt orange with black squares A-line below the knee dress and blunt toed low heeled black shoes. Thick ecru support hose clung to her legs. Her once flowing blond hair was pulled into a tight bun at the back of her head. Shirley's makeup was minimal, just foundation, blush and a slash of strawberry red lipstick. She looked fifteen years older than her true age.

Bill was dressed just as oddly. He was wearing a pair of baby blue denim bibbed flare legged shorts, a white puff sleeved shirt and matching sneakers on his feet. His longish brown hair had what could only be a soft perm of waves. He was sucking on his thumb as if his life depended on it as they entered Mrs. Abernathy's house. When he sat down there was a distinct crinkling sound of plastic pants.

*"My two most advanced victims,"* Mrs. Abernathy thought. *"This is almost too easy."*

Emily and David showed up later. Emily had dyed her hair black and wore it in braids. A sparkling white with multi-colored floral hemmed round neck off the shoulder blouse, sunshine yellow full flare skirt with several colorful net petticoats, sheer nylons and five inch spiked patent peep toed pumps completed her outfit. Her makeup was very heavy for daytime and done in bright colors. Sapphire blue eyeshadow, long black false eyelashes and candy apple red lipstick. From her skin color it was obvious she was using a cheap tanning lotion and the perfume an even cheaper floral scent. David was wearing a pair of bibbed overalls with a white tee shirt. On his feet were a pair of brown work boots. He also had been using a cheap tanning lotion and smelled of sweat. On his hands were a pair of tan leather work gloves.

Finally it was William's turn to visit. He wasn't his usual preppy self. His hair was mussed and his clothing looked slept in. His tailored jeans were badly stained and the designer shirt just as filthy. His usually manicured nails were filled with black gunk. His body odor made Mrs. Abernathy take a step back.

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As William exited the fancy subdivision's entrance he met up with Hector. Hector was forty-eight, from Mexico and had lived on the streets for a long time. William met him a week ago downtown and immediately attracted to him. The Mexican was surprised a rich white boy would give him his money then beg to stay on the streets with him. The attraction was so strong William didn't resist the romantic advances of Hector. Hector wasn't gay but a man still needed relief and if this white boy was willing why not. It wasn't likely Hector would get a real woman any time soon.

The first thing William did was grab the brown paper bag from his Latin friend and took a healthy sip.

"Gracias me Corazon," he said wiping his hand across his mouth and giving the warm

beer back.

“You really live here punta?” Hector asked. “Den why you not stay here. It very nice place.”

“It’s difficult Hector. Just say I want to be with you and live freely on the streets, okay,” William replied. In the deep recesses of his mind William was screaming “run home, run home.”

When Emily and David arrived home they were more than happy to see Rosita and her family. “Oh David look! We finally have a family to serve,” Emily screeched as she curtsied and David lowered his head.

Ignacio, Rosita’s father stepped up to them and looked them over. “Buen,” he said then turned to Rosita. “Rosita show our new servants to their quarters.”

“Si Papa, come along Lisa I show you too,” she responded.

Rosita took them outside and into the two room and bath pool side cabana. “You all stay here. It has a small bath but it’s still nicer than some of the shacks we had to live in. Emily you now responsible for keeping the casa clean and do all the cooking and laundry. David you be gardener, pool cleaner and make minor repairs. Lisa you be my personal maid. Now school over you teach me from your school books. Mrs. Abernathy she come over tomorrow and arrange all finances. I think she gonna pay you \$3.00 a day. Emily now you get busy back at house and David the lawn needs cutting. Come Lisa I need take bath,” Rosita informed them.

“But what about our clothing and stuff?” Lisa asked.

“You wear what you have now. Later if you all good workers my familia will give you their old stuff,” Rosita stated then added, “Lisa come. I want you to wash and message my feet.”

*“Madre Duos! I can’t believe I just gave this rich white family orders and even called them by their first names. More fantastico they actually jumped to do what I say. Mrs. Abernathy was so right. They will do whatever me or my familia demands of them,”* Rosita thought.

Lisa followed Rosita back to her old room with its in suite bath. Rosita plumped her fat ass down on the bed with a giggle. “I think I like living here,” she said. “Come Lisa take off my shoes and clean my feet for me,” she added with authority. Authority and confidence plus a bit of kink that Mrs. Abernathy had given her.

Lisa knelt down and removed the well-worn shoes from her feet as directed. As she lowered her lips to caress Rosita’s left big toe her mind was screaming. Still her lips engulfed the fat toe and began licking and sucking on it. Lisa could do nothing else but comply with whatever Rosita demanded after all she was just a servant. A mere criada now.

Later as Lisa knelt beside the bathtub completely naked at Rosita’s orders, her mind screamed even louder in helpless protest. “Lisa I think you need to look more like a proper Latina criada. From now on you will not shave your body hair. Migrant women cannot afford such luxuries and neither can you or your madre. Make sure you tell her to do the same. Another thing I noticed working in that changing room was how wasteful you girls are with sanitary pads. From now on you and your madre will only get five pads each month. Me and my madre and hermanas have done so for years. Now scrub my back.”

When Shirley and Bill got home, she went straight to her computer. Mrs. Abernathy

**gave her some web sites and she was anxious to check them out. Three hours later she got up with a very pleased smile.**

**“I don’t know if I can wait three days for all that to get here,” she said going to check on Bill.**

**Bill was where she left him sitting in a corner with his nose pressed against the wall like any errant toddler. He was sucking loudly on his thumb.**

**“Come along baby. It’s time I get you some nice din-din,” she said turning towards the kitchen.**

**Bill’s mind was screaming, “No be a man! Don’t do this!” Yet helplessly he began crawling after her retreating back. His meal didn’t take long to prepare, four large jars of Gerber baby food and a large bottle of warm milk. With the meal done, he crawled back to his room. The room use to be the guest bedroom but now it had baby blue walls with stick-on decorations of balloons, rabbits and clowns. The twin bed had a plastic cover under the white sheets and a baby blue quilted comforter. In a corner was stack of adult diapers and colorful plastic panties along with wipes, rash cream and baby powder. All within easy reach of a baby blue changing pad.**

**Like a good mommy Shirley took off all his clothing and tossed his wet diaper into a pail. She checked to make sure his body was free of any hair and rubbed him down in baby oil. It didn’t take long to clean him and put on his thicker nighttime diaper. A baby blue footed all-in-one that she had sewn using a soft cotton followed. Before putting him to bed she put his hair onto pink sponge rollers and covered it with a pink nylon cap.**

**“Nightie night baby,” she crooned before kissing him on the forehead and popping a pacifier into his mouth. The pacifier was way too small for him but that would be remedied within the week.**

**As soon as Jacob and Tanisha got home she sent him to go change. When he came back, she smiled broadly at what a sight he made. Picture a seventy year old man wearing a black satin mid-calf length maids dress with a frilly white organza tea apron and lacy cap on his bald head. He was also wearing black patent leather pumps with a five inch stiletto heel and white ruffled wrist cuffs. Underneath he had on a black long-legged girdle with satin panels and side zips. A black satin Bali full coverage bra stuffed with DD gel pads and four white net petticoats. His shaven legs were covered in white support hose.**

**“You’re a pitiful fool but you be my fool. Now get on with ya chores but first I needs some relaxing,” she stated sitting on a kitchen chair, pulling up her skirt and spreading her legs.**

**Jacob lowered himself down in front of her and shoved his head forward. As his mouth came into contact with her wire like bush, she covered his head with her skirt. “Dat be a good fiancé. You suck and lick really good now,” she said.**

**Daniel had been more than happy to turn in his resignation at the law firm. He got the greatest job on earth as an orderly at one of the town’s older nursing homes. Today was his first and while he wasn’t happy to wear the standard white trousers and shirt his job made up for it. He did have all the trousers tailored so they fit tight across his butt and dug into the divide separating his cheeks. There was no restrictions on his underwear so he could still enjoy wearing panties, his training bras and pantyhose.**

**The most difficult time that day was when he gave a sponge bath to Mr. Hamilton, an elderly black man. Mr. Hamilton suffered from dementia, had a magnificent cock and it**

was all Daniel could do not to stuff that fat sausage into his mouth. At the moment he was being supervised but he could wait. After a month he would no longer be supervised and then he could have all the old cock he could handle.

Two days later he met Mr. McDonald, seventy-two years young. Mr. McDonald was sound of mind but his knees and joints were severely impaired with arthritis. He and Daniel hit it off almost as soon as they met. Daniel was helping him eat his lunch when Mr. McDonald reached out and grabbed Daniel's groin. Daniel's supervisor had stepped out to check on another patient.

"Not much of a package down there, is there boy," Mr. McDonald said grinning.

"Well sir I do tuck. It makes my front so much smoother but you're right it's kind of small. However I have some wonderful lips if you know what I mean," he replied.

"That so boy. Well why don't you come by later and read me a bed time story. No one ever seems to come by then and I do get lonely," Mr. McDonald said giving Daniel a sly wink.

"If you think no one will bother us, sure, I'll be back."

At eight Daniel made his way back to the nursing home. It was an hour until the mandatory lights out for all patients. Just to be safe Daniel brought a book in case any staff member questioned why he was back after his shift. Mr. McDonald was very pleased to see him enter his room and shut the door. As Daniel reached the bedside, he pulled the sheet away revealing that he was naked from the waist down.

"Boy take your time. I took a Viagra and my willy is standing at attention," Mr. McDonald said smiling a toothless grin. His dentures were sitting off to the side in a glass of water. His dick was indeed standing at attention but not by half as big as Mr. Hamilton's limp one.

Daniel lost no time going down on Mr. McDonald. Once he had the old man's erection slicked with his spittle, Daniel pulled down his pants and pink satin panties in one motion. Getting up on the bed he straddled Mr. McDonald's groin.

"I just can't let this luscious pole of yours go to waste sir. I hope you don't mind taking my virginity away from me. I've never done this before but your magnificent cock is demanding that I do this," Daniel heard himself say as the objections screaming in his mind were ignored.

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Mrs. Abernathy was lounging pool side at the community swimming pool. It was early July and she had been living in the neighborhood since mid-May. Coming to the pool was a good way to hear all the local gossip. For the past month the community was abuzz over the strange behavior of certain once powerful members. The rumors she heard were sometimes even better than what happened in real life. Back in June a big to do was made over Emily and David Dickerson's decision to let a bunch of wet backs move into their spacious home. This month it was about Lisa dating some Latino hood from the other side of the tracks. If they weren't gossiping about the Dickerson's the comments centered on that black uppity woman living with Jacob. Earlier Shirley's new frumpy look was questioned and that Bill was seldom seen. Daniel and David's absence was barely noted by the gossips.

*"If these people really knew what was going on behind closed doors they would be scandalized into having an apoplexy," she thought. "I've heard enough for today. Best get back and prepare for my visitors."*

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As Bill arrived home from work he was happy to be leaving all that behind him for the weekend. He loved how his wife had taken over their private lives and made all the decisions. Shirley met him as he entered the house. She was wearing a vintage blue cotton double breasted A-line full skirted dress and several white net petticoats. Under the dress she wore a white spiral pleated cup bullet bra, white rubber lined vintage panty girdle and tan support hose. Her feet clad in comfortable black blunt toed low heeled shoes. Her makeup and hair style had the appropriate 1950's look as well. Mrs. Abernathy had shown her an old magazine from that period. The Suzy Homemaker look greatly appealed to her. Thanks to the internet she found what she was looking for. Finding a salon that would dye her hair brassy blond and style it so out of date wasn't as easy.

"Come along Billie it's time to change," she said kissing him on the forehead.

Bill immediately dropped to his knees and began crawling behind his mommy. The spare bedroom had been completely redecorated into a toddler's room. The walls were still baby blue and the decals were the same but the furnishing new. An adult sized mahogany crib filled one side with a Buzz Lightyear comforter. A large blue bouncy seat hung from the ceiling. There was a changing table taking up the other side of the room and a large rocking chair sat off to the side. In addition there was a pile of toys only a very little boy would enjoy sitting in a toy chest at the foot of the crib.

Shirley soon had him divested of his three piece suit, tie, shoes and socks. "Was my baby a good little boy at work today?" she cooed as she checked his adult diaper.

"Yesth mommy," he answered blushing slightly.

For the past month Bill's only underwear had been the diapers. He carried spares in his briefcase and the cause of some stress. He needed his die-dees but couldn't let his fellow workers find out. For some reason Bill had become incontinent.

"Get up on your changing table and let me change your adult diapers for your baby ones Billie," she said smiling.

Shirley was very happy having her baby back. She and Bill hadn't had any sexual relations, other than letting him suckle just before bed time. She was for some reason happy with just letting him suckle but he still got big erections. To curtail his continuing signs of manhood, thanks to a suggestion from Mrs. Abernathy fixed that problem. A chastity tube designed to not only stop erections but also cause significant pain if it so much as tried. Shirley absentmindedly, tossed the two keys into the trash. Toddler boys certainly didn't need to be getting erections.

However turning her husband into her toddler baby boy sent sexual thrills running up and down her spine. Watching him in his bouncy chair or sucking on a large nipples baby bottle sometimes made her actually have a climax. Putting him into his new mail order diapers however always gave her sexual pleasure. These diapers were expensive but more than worth it. Made of soft toweling and filled with very bulky absorbers left his bottom looking like a giant beach ball. Those diapers could be left on all day if she wished but also their thickness prevented Billie from walking. Then there were the baby blue vinyl soft ball sized mittens that made his hands totally useless and the extra-large bulb shaped pacifier to keep him quiet. Once dressed in those Shirley always had a climax. The only other item of clothing was one of the adult sized tee shirts with some cartoon character that left his cute belly button exposed.

After his probationary period Daniel was assigned to the night shift. Most of the staff hated that shift but he relished it. He was the only person on the ward at night and the

supervisor seldom ever bothered him. She was as dependable as clock work. Nurse Smith was there when he checked in, again at mid-night and then at the close of the shift.

While Mr. Henderson never remembered the wonderful blow jobs or anal sex, Mr. McDonald took full advantage of Daniel. After working nights for a month Daniel's bottom was truly stretched. He so enjoyed having his butt filled that he was using super tampons to keep as much inside as he could. If he wasn't wiggling his butt for Mr. McDonald there were two others on the ward that didn't turn down his requests. By the time his shift was over Daniel was quite full. One morning in July, he was removing the expanded tampon. For several minutes he just stared at it, then came the compulsion. Slowly he brought it to his lips and began sucking the juices out of it. While sucking happily, Daniel had the most satisfying climax of his young life.

*"I'm such a sissy faggot,"* he thought as he spewed his seed. *"Mr. Jimmy seemed so down today. He's a nice man and I should do something to cheer him up. I know I'll get a tattoo like the one his departed wife had. He mentioned how much he loved that tattoo. Heck, I might as well get one for each of my men."*

Getting so many tattoos had really hurt but Daniel was pleased with the results. Across the saddle of his back was an elaborate floral design. Spread evenly spaced slightly above the flowers were five hearts outlined in vivid red and white lace. Inside each heart in black script were the names of each of the men. For Mr. Jimmy Daniel had a violet rose bud with bright green stem, three petals and black thorns tattooed over his left breast. He liked the tattoos so much he got one for himself. It was a pair of very cute Disney looking rabbits doing something no Disney rabbit ever did tattooed just below his belly button.

Emily, David and Lisa were cramped in the poolside cabana and wearing old hand-me-downs from Rosita's family. Still it was so much more than mere servants should expect. They were paid three dollars a day plus meals and housing for whatever personal items they needed. A fair amount of the money went to pay for David's addiction to Tequila.

They had responsibilities now and with Rosita's family in control of all their assets surprisingly happy. David had lost a lot of fat and sported a dark tan from all the hard outside work he was doing. Being poor he couldn't afford protective sun screen and his skin paid for it. He had wrinkles on his face that aged him and his hands were callused and rough. The fact that he couldn't afford to take care of his family bothered him so he turned to cheap tequila. Drunk most nights, he further took out his frustrations by forcibly fucking his wife.

Emily wasn't much better off though she worked entirely inside. Protective rubber gloves weren't available and her hands showed it. They were always red and rough from doing housework. Her knees were in similar condition from scrubbing the floors. Still she was satisfied that she could be of service to the family. Emily was even proud that she could speak Spanish almost as good as her daughter. At one time she believed that Spanish was a language spoken only by ignorant people. Now she curtsied every time one of the Latino family were near. The only thing that bothered her but accepted as her due was David's sexual demands. Fortunately after Lisa was born David had a vasectomy. The last thing Emily's family needed was a new addition.

The only task she was not thrilled about was having to take care of Raphael. He was Ignacio's oldest son and mentally retarded but big and strong as an ox. There was just something about the way he looked at her that gave her goose bumps. As much as she disliked helping him dress, eat or cleaning him up afterwards, he was as much her

boss as Ignacio. As a mere criada she would do as she was told.

In mid-July as Emily entered Raphael's room he was naked something not that unusual. This time however he was masturbating an impressively large and thick penis. She guessed it was at least nine inches long and better than two wide. Before she could turn and leave, he jumped out of bed and grabbed her arm. With his great strength there was no way for Emily to resist. Soon she was bent over the bed, her skirts and petticoats around her waist, panties torn from her body. When Raphael was done with her, he roared like a lion and falling to the bed was sleeping like a baby. Emily despite years with her husband could barely walk out of the room. She had never been so stretched out and sore from just having sex.

At first Lisa was disturbed having to listen to her parents do the dirty almost every night and the total lack of privacy but was used to it now. Even wearing Rosita's discarded old clothing while limited were normal for her. Of course they had hung loosely on her at first but she was beginning to fill them out. Eating rice, black beans and tortillas almost every day helped fill out her thin frame.

What ambitions Lisa had in her past life were almost gone. There was the tiny voice at the back of her mind that kept screaming objections but it was ignored. She enjoyed being Rosita's personal criada though some of the tasks required of her were mortifying. One of the most was when giving Rosita her bath. She was required to be naked as well. What made it humiliating was letting Rosita see all the thick mats of hair under her arms, on her legs and especially the thick mat at her groin.

Last month Rosita remembered an insult Lisa had made about her hairy upper lip. Now Lisa was required to dab Rogaine on her lip twice daily. After only a month she had a very noticeable mustache. Lisa was a natural blond but Rosita also demanded that she dye the body hair and mustache black. Now her arms even looked like a hairy ape.

A duty she didn't mind was teaching Rosita from her high school text books and helping with her English. Rosita in turn taught her Tex-Mex Spanish and demanded she speak it all the time. When she wasn't with Rosita, she was with her mother learning how to make tortillas by hand along with the other foods Rosita's family enjoyed. With each passing day Lisa was looking and sounding more and more like an impoverished migrant.

In July Rosita introduced her criada to a distant cousin, Juan Ramirez. He worked in a garage on the other side of the tracks, the barrio. He was in his late twenties and was a very dark reddish-brown skinned man with thick cropped black hair. With his squat nose and short bulky stature he was obviously more Mayan than Spanish. Juan was a world apart from her old quarter back boyfriend. As a lowly criada Lisa was told by Rosita she should be thrilled to have a man like Juan in her life. Juan was surprised all to hell when two weeks later he popped Lisa's cherry. After taking her cherry Juan cemented their relationship by carving his name into the first knuckles of her left hand. He filled the letters with India ink to make them permanent.

In July Jacob and Tanisha were officially married. He was wearing his only suit. A blue polyester two piece, white dress shirt and red tie. All his other clothing had been given to charity. Besides this suit all he had were women's wear and maid's uniforms. Tanisha was done up in a crème satin halter wedding gown with a tight pencil skirt. The dress' fit emphasized her DD breasts and big booty. Her daughter and two sons were there but Jacob had no one. His children wanted nothing to do with their father. The very idea of him marrying Tanisha made them sick.

Tanisha's kids and their kids had moved into the house last week and relished seeing him wearing his maid's uniform and doing all the chores. Jacob didn't like the vulgar comments or teasing they subjected him to but they were Tanisha's and he had to put up with it. Among the documents he signed after the ceremony were those transferring all his wealth to Tanisha and a name change. From this day forth he would be Mr. Jacob Joans taking his wife's surname. As he signed the last form, a shrill voice screamed in his mind but again like all the other times ignored.

Jose was huddled into the corner of the wall and dumpster out of the bright hot sun. William was kneeling in front of him, his head bobbing up and down as he sucked the thick cock. Oscar was behind William's lowered pants, his dick buried to its base between those white cheeks. Oscar had given most of the money he earned from discarded cans for the privilege. Now Jose and William had enough cash to buy a couple of bottles of cheap vodka. They had eaten earlier at the McDonald's dumpster so weren't worried about buying food.

Since the middle of June Jose was pimping out William to any bum with a couple of dollars. William was reluctant at first but getting booze on a regular basis worth the sacrifice. Living on the streets was both hard and dangerous. With Jose's help and advice William so far had managed to avoid going to jail or having his head bashed in. Besides there was just something about Jose that William could refuse him nothing. The fact that Jose didn't suck cock or get reamed didn't bother him. Today was going to be better than most as there was an old Shell station around the corner that had its restrooms on the side of the building. He could sneak into one and get cleaned up this time. Sometime he spent a few days with cum leaking out his bottom before he could clean up. By now the smell and filth no longer bother him that and eating out of dumpsters. Seeing the repulsion on people's faces when he was near no longer upset him either. Not even when he went for his weekly visits to see Mrs. Abernathy when she made him stay at the back door. It was just everyday life as a homeless person. At least he had Jose to protect him even if it meant he had to whore himself out.

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*"I think I've had my fun and it's time to move on," Mrs. Abernathy thought. "I came to get rested for my next con but this one proved to be one of my better ones. I got sixty percent of the Dickerson's estate and trust. Ignacio and his family are living a much better life and a bunch of pompous assholes got what they deserved. It would be interesting to see how they react when in about three months they remember everything. Oh well, I'm sure both Lisa and Emily will love their babies in any case. Never thought Ignacio's retarded older son would have been able to do that with Emily. William's aids is under treatment and Daniel, well I doubt such large tattoos are easily removed. Bill will be in diapers permanently since Shirley gave him those drugs I told her about on-line. He can no longer control his bladder or bowels but that comes with being a toddler. He should be thankful he's still a boy though from what I understand will never be a real man again. Jacob on the other hand will be in quite a shock. Being as big a bigot as he was, I just hope it doesn't give him a heart attack. In any case Tanisha should be very happy with her life now."*