

## MRS. ABERNATHY STRIKES YET AGAIN

By Cheryl Lynn

Cameron Payton Morrison was a good kid with above average good looks and shoulder length brown hair. He had a three point five grade point average and hung with the "in" crowd at school. He participated in all the right after school activities and was popular. He was on the fast track to get into a prestigious college but all that changed when his father received a promotion and new assignment. He was stressed about leaving all his friends behind. It was especially hard for him as it was his senior year.

"Dad, how could you? No one leaves mid-semester in their senior year and I'll be eighteen in two months. Come on, let me stay here. I'm old enough and I'm responsible. Richie's parents agreed to let me stay with them already. So can I, please, let me stay and finish here," he plead to no avail.

"Sorry son but since your mother passed away I have an obligation. I promised her that I would look after you until you went off to college. I'm sorry about all this but we are a family and I intend to keep it that way if only for a bit longer. No more arguments! We leave as soon as school lets out for the Christmas holidays."

Camron knew that when his father took that tone there was no arguing with him. He was a stubborn as a mule when it came to certain things and this obviously was one of them. Ever since his mother had died two years ago his father had become overly protective. Resigned to his fate he bid farewell to all his friends over the remaining two weeks of classes.

Ooo

Mrs. Abernathy turned away from her 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.

Harvey and Cameron Morrison were still removing articles from the many boxes the movers had left behind a week earlier. The house Harvey had purchased wasn't new

but in an upscale neighborhood with four bedrooms and three baths. The flooring was all hardwood except for the tiled baths and kitchen. It was definitely much larger than the two of them needed but matched the status of his new job as Vice President.

Christmas was over and had been a sullen one. Harvey missed his wife and Cameron was pissed at leaving all his friends behind. He was particularly upset at leaving his steady girlfriend Melany behind. They had started going “all the way” about two months ago and he dearly missed her. Before he left they had made a solemn promise to go to the same college come September. Waiting nine months to see her would seem like forever but it was a consolation.

Harvey didn't have to appear at his new job until January fifteenth and school registration didn't begin until a week later. So they both had plenty of time to get settled into their new home. Cameron was resentful and moody but Harvey was anxious and excited about his new position. Staying busy unpacking kept the arguments to a minimum and Harvey held the opinion that once school started Cameron would come around.

Shortly after the last box was emptied their doorbell chimed. “Hello dear, I'm Mrs. Abernathy from across the street and I'm your welcome wagon. I hope you don't mind the intrusion but I thought some hot tea and homemade cookies would warm up your day,” said a smiling grandmotherly looking woman.

Mrs. Abernathy was wearing a comfortable blue and white checked gingham dress. Her gray hair was piled up into a neat bun at the top of her head and wearing a pair of gold rimmed reading glasses on the tip of her nose. A charming smile was on her red painted lips. Harvey really wasn't in the mood for guests but he couldn't refuse. Stepping forward he took the tray and invited her to come in.

“Hi, I'm Harvey Morrison and please come in.”

They were chatting in the kitchen when Cameron came in and told to join them. He grabbed a glass of milk and picked up one of the cookies hoping that once he finished his cookie could get back to his video game. It wasn't until he finished half the cookie that he looked up and noticed both adults staring at him.

“What the....why are they staring at me? I've done nothing wrong have I?” he thought confused.

“I was just showing your father my pretty locket dear. Would you like to see it? It's very special you know. Here, see how it glimmers and sparkles,” she said letting the locket swing in her hand. The locket was nothing more than a large marble sized faceted cubic zircon but it drew his complete attention.

Ooo

Cameron was up in his room just staring at it and something just didn't look or feel right about it. The shelves were filled with his trophies, awards and various knick knacks. The walls had posters of sports heroes and pretty fold outs plastered all over. There was some dirty clothing tossed over into a corner and one of the dresser drawers was open. The action video game still on pause where he had left it. Shaking his head he got up off the unmade bed and began removing all the posters and pictures of partially nude women. Later he borrowed his dad's car and credit card. His first stop was the hardware store then off to a furniture store. The new furniture would be delivered the next day.

As Cameron was off running his errands Harvey was hiring a housekeeper/nanny. Mrs. Edna Smith was a middle aged woman of color highly recommended by Mrs.

**Abernathy. She was a very stout bowling ball of a woman with a short Afro and bright makeup. She was wearing a white nylon A-line dress that hinted at the darker colored lingerie underneath and white gum soled leather shoes.**

**“Of course Mrs. Smith I have no problem with your son moving in with us and more than happy with our arrangements. I had no plans for the other two rooms anyway and want you to feel comfortable living here with us. I can’t tell you how happy I am that you will be overseeing my Cameron while I’m busy with work. We’ve been without a woman’s influence for way too long as it is.”**

**When Cameron came home he immediately began moving the furniture from his room to the empty bedroom. They had moved with three bedrooms of furnishings and it was all he could manage getting it into the empty one. With the room cleared, he began painting. It was past seven when he finally finished and went down to get something to eat. He couldn’t remember when he last ate but only made a quick salad without dressing and took a few saltines for his meal. When he picked up his fork, he noticed the pastel pink and lavender latex paint stains on his hands. He examined his hands closely for a few moments, a look of confusion on his face then began slowly eating.**

**While Cameron was busy in his room Harvey was up in his room. He was happier than he had been since his wife passed. The fact that Mrs. Smith had agreed to move in and take control of his son was so liberating. It made him delirious with joy. There was no way he could explain it but he was so happy he did something he hadn’t done in a while. He pulled out his dick and began masturbating as he watched himself in the full length mirror. When he ejaculated into the palm of his hand, raised it to his mouth and slurped it up greedily. The climax had been so great that he fell down onto the bed and was fast asleep. After about a two hour nap he got up and went into the bathroom after disrobing. Seeing his image with the thick mat of chest hair, suddenly became upset.**

**“Crap! How could I let myself go so badly? Ugh! I even let hair grow under my arms and all over. No, no more, got to get rid of this unsightly mess right now,” he thought.**

**Standing before the full length mirror he examined his now denuded body. The only hairs remaining were a neatly trimmed landing strip above his penis, his eyebrows and on his head. Harvey couldn’t help himself as he reached down and began masturbating. Once again he lapped up his cum before getting dressed. He was starving and headed to the kitchen where he saw his son just finishing up. He wasn’t surprised at seeing the flakes of paint on his hands and arms but what he was eating floored him. His son positively hated eating salads.**

**“Cameron are you okay son? I thought you hated all that green stuff.”**

**“I guess since being in a new place and in a rush to finish my room I wanted something quick and easy. I’m surprised at how much I like this cow food though. Gotta rush dad. I still have to do the trim but before I do, I need to borrow the car again. Need new drapes,” he said as he placed the bowl into the sink.**

**“Yeah sure,” he said tossing his keys to the boy. “I don’t know what’s gotten into him. He’s never shown any interests in how his room looked much less eat what he always called cow food before. Teenagers!” Harvey thought.**

**Cameron found what he was looking for just before the department store closed for the evening. He had gone into several of the big mall stores looking for just that right look. It had taken time and patience but he found the perfect drapery for his window. Taking time to shop and the patience to really look around was never something he had ever done in the past.**

**Harvey after he completed his meal of steak and potatoes decided to go back into his**

room even though it was early. "It's only eight thirty but I'm kind of tired for some reason. Well that and I want to play with myself a bit more. Can't believe how horny I am. I haven't been this way since before Martha passed away but it sure felt great doing it earlier," thinking as he stripped naked.

Standing before the full length mirror Harvey reached up and began pinching and pulling on his nipples with one hand. The other was busy trying to get his limp penis to full attention. After a few frustrating minutes he stuck his forefinger into his mouth getting it slick with spit. He did something next that he had never done nor thought of doing, he stuck the slick finger into his asshole. As he worked that finger in and out of his bottom his dick came to full erection. He was so caught up in the sensations coming from his anal ring that he let go of his erection. As he began rotating his finger as he pushed it in as far as he could, precum began leaking. Cupping his hand under the bobbing dick head, he worked his finger even harder. It was the most erotic feelings he had ever had. His knees buckled from the force of his explosion but he caught all the juice in his palm. As he lapped at the slightly salty gooey ejaculate his whole body shuddered in delight.

Ooo

That next morning Mrs. Abernathy came over with her pot of tea and another batch of her delicious cookies. As promised the new furniture was delivered by midmorning and Cameron was thrilled. He was almost as thrilled seeing his new furniture as he was watching the big muscled men bringing the furniture in. It didn't bother him in the least when the movers gave him very weird looks when he told them it was his room.

Harvey noticed the white French Provincial styled delicate furniture but just shook his head. "Kids, go figure. I'm so glad that Cameron will be Mrs. Smith's responsibility from now on," he thought going back into his bedroom for a second session playing with his asshole. This time he carried a cucumber with him.

Cameron spent the rest of the morning arranging his furniture. The four poster spindle bed went into one corner and the large bureau against the wall. The skirted vanity he wasn't sure about but decided to put it where it would get the most light from his window. The lighted three mirrored vanity with its plum satin pleated skirt and matching pillowed bench seat confused him. He had no idea why he purchased it but it did go with the other furniture. The two bedside tables were a no brainer but looked plain to his eyes. He was exhausted but shrugging his shoulders decided he had to do some more shopping.

That afternoon Mrs. Smith arrived with her son Aaron. Aaron was at least six foot tall and chiseled. He had a strong chin, large nose, thick lips and intense black eyes. His muscles were well defined with little body fat and his shaven head glistened in the light. He was carrying a suitcase in each big hand and another tucked under each arm. Harvey stood a moment seeing them at his door.

"Well Harvey are you just going to stand there or are you going to let us in?" Mrs. Smith barked.

"Oh, sorry, Mrs. Smith, here let me take a couple of those," he said reaching out for the two bags under Aaron's arms. The two suit cases felt like they weighted a ton but he managed to half drag half carry them to Mrs. Smith's room.

"Damn, he sure is a big one considering he's only nineteen," Harvey thought as he left them to get settled.

Cameron got home in the late afternoon and it took several trips to the car to unload all the packages. From the noise coming from the two bedrooms he knew Mrs. Smith and

her son had arrived but wanted to get his room looking nice before meeting them. He was confused that he father had not only hired a housekeeper but allowed her and her son to move in with them. Sure it was a large house but not that large. When his father had told him about the arrangement that morning he complained bitterly but Mrs. Abernathy had said it was a very good idea.

“Cameron you should be ashamed of yourself complaining like that. Your father had a great idea hiring Mrs. Smith to be your nanny and bring her son. Aaron is a super nice young man, I think about a year older than you, who you will learn to love. I’m sure of it once you see him. Now you listen to me, you will obey and do whatever Mrs. Smith tells you, understand? Good, your poor father has enough on his plate as it is with his big promotion without you causing any problems,” she admonished.

Cameron sat on the violet satin quilted comforter on his bed looking around the room. It now looked perfect with its pink and lavender striped walls, the white with gold piping accented furnishings, the lavender chiffon billowing window treatments and the white fluffy throw rugs adorning the wooden floor. Delicate feminine pink lamps sat on the bedside tables on lace doilies. Even the new pictures of butterflies and hummingbirds and posters of nearly naked, beef cake black muscle men seemed just oh so right to him. Still something just didn’t seem correct but try as he might couldn’t find an answer to the nagging itch. Giving up he decided it was time to meet his new nanny and her son.

They weren’t in their rooms so ambled down to the kitchen. They were all in the kitchen but on entering froze. Mrs. Smith and Aaron were sitting at the table while his father, wearing a pink gauzy apron with white lace ruffles, was preparing dinner. Mrs. Smith was sitting at the head of the table while Aaron at the foot. They were sitting at the places he and his father always sat. His shock was overcome when he glanced at Aaron.

“OMG! He’s a hunk!” raced through his mind as he broke eye contact with the handsome young man and blushed. Blushing was another first for him and the tingle that formed in his stomach didn’t help his deepening blush.

“Nice enough for you to finally join us. Now show some manners and give us all a nice curtsy,” she stated irritably.

“Huh? Errrr....I....I don’t know how,” he replied to her stunning demand.

“That’s easy enough to fix. Here watch me closely then copy what I do. Take your skirt hem between the thumb and forefinger, lift it until a bit of the lace on your slip shows then place your right foot behind the left and dip. I know you’re not wearing a dress but pretend. We’ll fix that up tomorrow. See, easy as pie but you need practice. Don’t forget to keep your chin and eyes down. Count to five then rise up keeping your eyes humbly looking down. Do it again then sit over there by my Aaron.”

Harvey not only prepared the dinner but served as well not sitting until everyone had all they wanted. Mrs. Smith and Aaron’s plates were piled high while his and Cameron’s were very small portions. While his portion was small Cameron had a difficult time eating as he couldn’t stop glancing at Aaron. The fluttering in his stomach didn’t help matters. When everyone had their fill, Harvey removed the dishes and began the cleanup. Mrs. Smith stood and told Aaron to go watch television while she took Cameron back to his room.

As she gazed around the room a broad smile creased her lips. “Yes, it’s very appropriate for a boy like you. However don’t you think that how you are dressed is completely inappropriate for such a lovely room? Never mind that now but I think you

should go get some trash bags and get rid of all your tom boy clothing. Keep what you have on and dispose of everything else. We'll go first thing in the morning to get you something better suited for this room. When you get all that hauled to the trash, I want you to practice your curtsy for an hour then get to bed."

As Cameron was practicing his curtsy Harvey was finishing mopping the kitchen floor. He didn't understand why he had a raging hard on the entire time he was acting like a housewife. As soon as he put on the gauzy pink apron his member sprang to full attention. It had stayed that way all through dinner and the cleanup. It was now demanding more personal attention. In a frenzy, he removed the apron and pink rubber gloves and ran to his room. He quickly stripped, grabbed the petroleum jelly coated cucumber and stood before the full length mirror. Squatting he carefully worked the vegetable for the second time in his life into his bottom. His eyes never left the mirror's reflection as he pushed and pulled on the cucumber in a sexual frenzy. His climax was mind blowing and he passed out on the floor.

Ooo

When Harvey woke the next morning he felt disorientated and that something was horribly wrong. His anus was burning and the memory of what he had done last night sickened him on reflection. That disgust and confusion quickly faded away as he went into the bathroom. He hurriedly finished his morning toilet wanting to recapture the delight of last night. The erotic feelings of acting like the housewife while wearing that frilly apron had replaced his earlier misgivings.

Cameron had a difficult time eating his half grapefruit as Aaron was only wearing a pair of green and black checkered boxers. His mind totally occupied on what a hunk Aaron was. He was positive that he wasn't gay and shouldn't be having such thoughts but he couldn't stop. The few times he managed to get his mind off Aaron left him even more confused. He couldn't reconcile why his father was acting like a housewife while the housekeeper sat in the place of honor.

His confusion didn't end until after Mrs. Abernathy had left. She had come over with her pot of tea as breakfast was ending to have her morning chat. Neither Harvey nor Cameron noticed that they were the only ones drinking the tea. When she left they were both very happy and couldn't wait to begin their day. Harvey went to retrieve the vacuum while Cameron left with Mrs. Smith. Harvey had a strong desire to clean the entire house while his son was eager to get his new wardrobe. Mrs. Smith was the perfect person to guide him in his selections and personal appearance. Plus he needed her guidance if he was going to get Aaron to like him.

The first stop was at Betty's Cut and Curl salon. His shoulder length brown hair was dyed a raven black and permed into small tight spring curls. The curls were so tight that his hair was well above his shoulders. As his hair was being styled, ceramic one inch extensions were put on his nails and varnished a deep plum red. His toe nails were painted in the same glistening polish. In addition his face and eyebrows was treated with a powerful depilatory, cosmetics applied and his lips enhanced with a plumping gel.

Four hours later they were at Beverly's Prosthetics. Very realistic DD breasts with prominent nipples, hip, thigh and butt pads and a functional artificial vagina were attached to his body. The padding and adhesive used was a new synthetic flesh that actually breathed allowing for extremely long wear. With the padding his boy clothing would be impossible to wear fortunately Beverly had a wrap dress available. It was a plain cotton dress in a blue and white floral pattern that reached knee level. His measurements were now 40-DD, 32, 42 and no one could tell the artificial from the real

body parts.

**“My Aaron just loves big busted big assed girlie boys like you dear,” Mrs. Smith commented on the way out.**

The misgivings Cameron had disappeared with that comment. However he doubted that he would ever get use to the massive bouncing breasts on his chest or the strain they put on his lower back. His large round butt would take some getting used to as well. Not getting access to his cock was a major worry as he thoroughly enjoyed masturbating and sex with his girlfriend Melany. At the moment, his long nails gave him the most problems. The fact that he was not the man he had so recently been didn't enter conscious thought.

The last stop was in a ghetto thrift store. There Mrs. Smith had him outfitted with a lot of skin tight polyester stretch pants mostly in bright neon colors. The tops she selected were fuzzy equally bright colored sweaters and satin blouses. For around the house she purchased short-shorts and shell blouses or ribbed midriff tank tee-shirts. Many of the sweaters, blouses and tees were in vibrant reds, purples and greens. Of course she got him some mini-skirts, dresses and an orangish-yellow fake leopard print fur jacket to complete his outer wear.

The lingerie department was a nightmare for Cameron as he tried on full figure support bras and girdles. The long nails almost making him cry in frustration. Mrs. Smith made sure he had several long line underwire support bras including a couple of old fashioned way outdated bullet styles. She was pleased to find several open bottom girdles with pink rubber lining to match the bullet bras. With his large ass only the full cut brief style nylon panties would provide any decent coverage. Most of the foundation garments were in basic black, white and beige but one set stood out. It was a matching pair of long line bullet bra and open bottom rubber girdle in a vibrant purple. Of course for when he went out on dates she selected some pretty satin bras but they didn't have the support features of the others. Seven full slips in lustrous fabrics with great embroidered and lace detailing were added to the pile. Finally Mrs. Smith selected four nylon and chiffon double layered nighties with thin translucent robes to complete his lingerie purchases.

Moving to the shoe department she decided he would wear flats or flip flops around the house. For more formal wear she picked three strappy sandals, in silver, gold and black, with a four inch spiked heel and half inch padded sole. One pair of patent leather red pointed toed pumps with a five inch stiletto heel and one inch platform sole made it into the overflowing cart. While there she added four bulky purses, some wide leather belts, three pill box styled hats and two dozen pairs of support panty hose and a half dozen pairs of thigh high hose.

The car was practically overflowing with their purchases but still had to stop at the nearest outlet mall. The first shop was a uniform outlet where she had him try on a yellow nylon with stiff white winged cuffs. When he asked why the uniform, he was informed that she had gotten him a job as a waitress.

**“What? I can't be a waitress! I've got school starting the first of the month.”**

**“Sorry Cameron but if you want to please Aaron then you have to take this job. He adores girly boys like you in those cheap diner waitress uniforms. It's a real turn on for him especially when he knows other men are pinching your ass or copping a feel. You really want to please him now don't you?”**

**“Yes, of course but what about my schooling. I need to get into collage this September.”**

**“Aaron don’t care about any schooling and you shouldn’t either. Now if you want his attention go put that on and let me see how it fits.”**

**“Crud! I promised Melany that we would meet back up but Aaron is such a hunk. For some reason I really want to please him and he does make my stomach tingle like crazy. I think I love him and that’s crazy because he’s a guy. I guess it won’t hurt to just try this stupid uniform on though,” he thought taking the garment.**

**When they left Mrs. Smith had convinced him to wear the uniform. He was embarrassed as his black lacy slip could easily be seen through the translucent material along with the wide shoulder straps of his black Playtex eighteen hour minimizer bra. The final stop was a cosmetics outlet where she practically filled up another cart before calling the shopping trip to an end. By now they were both totally exhausted from the day’s activities.**

**“Whoa there momma, who’s that hot looking bitch with you? Cameron!! Hot damn girl! You one fine lookin’ bitch now,” Aaron said as they entered the house.**

**Cameron blushed beet red as Mrs. Smith told her son he could flirt all he wanted once he retrieved all the packages in the car. Turning to face Cameron she commented, “See, I told you he would be impressed. Now come on, we need to put this away then get some dinner I’m starved.”**

**Cameron was so absorbed in his thoughts that he didn’t notice his dad staring, mouth agape from the kitchen. “OMG! What has she done to my son?” flashed through his mind. The thought along with his building anger quickly evaporated as Mrs. Abernathy’s suggestions took control. “Well, it’s for the best really and I did give her total control over him. Mrs. Smith knows what’s best after all.”**

**For his part Cameron was very confused. He hated what had been done to him and mortified with the clothing but Aaron’s reaction sent ripples of delight running up and down his spine. “He really likes me! Maybe now we can become friends. He hasn’t spoken more than a few sentences to me since he got here but....Wow! He got so excited seeing me like this. I can’t believe it but Mrs. Smith was right about making me look and dress like this. Still despite all this, I’m a guy an...and I shouldn’t like any of this. So why is my tummy doing flip flops and my whole body is all tingly like? Look at me, I’m blushing like a love struck school girl.”**

**“Since you’re dressed like a waitress, why don’t you serve supper then clean off the table tonight. It will be good practice for your job at the Moon Lite Diner,” she said as the last of the bags were deposited in the room.**

**Her comment brought Cameron out of his thoughts. “Mrs. Smith, errr...are you sure I have to do that? I really think I need to stay in school otherwise I’ll never get into college.” The transition from deep thought to needing to reply made some of the real Cameron respond.**

**“Don’t be silly. Of course you need this job and you saw how Aaron reacted to seeing you in that uniform. You just forget ever wanting to go back to school. I done told you he doesn’t care about learning and you want to please Aaron. Now come on girl let’s get something to eat. We can unpack and remove all the tags later.”**

**The next morning after Mrs. Abernathy left any thoughts of school were erased from Cameron’s mind. His once sharp mind was pushed back into the deep recesses where his real self was hidden. He wasn’t quite the bimbo but not far from it.**

**Now that he was wearing a dress and appropriate undies, Mrs. Smith had him curtsy to her and Aaron as they sat at the table. A hint of blush appeared as he raised the**

hem to reveal the lavish floral lace trim on his slip. When Cameron placed Aaron's plate down, he felt him slide his hand up his thigh, rubbing the nylon clad leg. For a moment he froze enjoying the sensations radiating from that touch. Mrs. Smith saw his blushing face and told Aaron to pay attention to his eating.

"Leave the girl alone and eat your dinner. You can play later after she gets her chores done."

Later after putting away all his new clothing Mrs. Smith showed him how to remove his makeup, perform a night time regimen of facial and hair care before giving him a nightie. It was a black nylon with translucent chiffon overlay baby doll that just covered his large behind. It had a square neckline cut low enough to expose a fair amount of his large breasts and spaghetti straps with a wide lace trimmed hem. Matching ruffled full cut panties completed his nightwear. He was asleep as soon as his bristle covered head hit the pillow. The sharp curler bristles pricking his scalp didn't bother him as he was too exhausted.

He was dreaming of being kissed by Aaron feeling his thick tongue forcing its way deep into his mouth. He responded by sucking on the intruder, swallowing the spittle as it filled his mouth and moaning. The feeling was so real that his eyes fluttered open. The room was dark but there was Aaron leaning over him, their lips meshed together and Cameron's groin was being massaged. He felt his dick trying to get hard beneath its synthetic flesh covering. This was no dream and for a second tried to pull away then allowed himself to enjoy the demanding lips and tongue. It felt so right and it was that gorgeous hunk kissing him. He moaned in pure delight as his tongue was sucked into Aaron's mouth. The tongues swirled and probed as the kiss lingered.

Cameron was disappointed when the deep kiss broke as Aaron straddled his chest. He started to say something when the mushroom tip of Aaron's dick pressed against his lips. It slipped into his mouth, spreading his lips wide and pressing down his tongue. A strong hand gripped the back of his head forcing it upward as the thick shaft went deeper into his mouth. The hand began pushing and pulling on his head the shaft moving with the rhythm. Cameron was giving his first blow job and there was nothing he could do to stop it. Deep within a high pitched wailing scream tried to reach out and stop the madness without effect. Instead Cameron found himself sucking and licking at the invader with gusto. He did his best to relax his throat and was rewarded when his nose plunged deep into the coarse pubic hair. Aaron groaned loudly, pulled back some then erupted filling to overflowing Cameron's ravished mouth.

"Hot damn that was some great head bitch. You that good I bet when I tap that fine ass of yours you're gonna go wild. Now give it a kiss and I gotta go. Momma said this was all for tonight."

Cameron lay panting as he left the room. The taste of cum filled both his mouth and nose. He had swallowed as much as he could but some dribbled out his nose. Slowly he licked around his lips catching a few drops before swallowing that down. His instincts told him that he should be sicker than a dog as he hated the taste and consistency. However he couldn't stop knowing how much it had pleased Aaron. Reaching down he stuck two fingers into his pussy and began rubbing up and down, circling around within his hole touching the buried head of his penis. He let out a sigh as he felt fluid and a satisfying pulsing.

As Cameron was being tended to, Harvey was in his room the cucumber half way up his ass. A look of anticipation on his face as he held the palm of his hand under the tip of his cock. His eyes locked on the reflected image, he didn't notice Mrs. Smith enter.

**“What the hell do you think you’re doing Harvey? Don’t you know doing that will make you go blind? Stop that immediately!” she demanded.**

**On hearing that Harvey froze in mid-stroke. His face flamed bright red as he turned to face the imposing woman. He could only stare at his feet embarrassed to the core feeling like a teenager caught by his mother. His mortification increasing as he saw her sit heavily on his bed. A box was in her hand and she removed the lid.**

**“Get your sorry ass over here right now you naughty naughty boy. I’ve got something that will stop you from harming yourself from now on.”**

**Harvey briefly wanted to tell her to get the hell out of his room but shuffled over to stand before her. He yelped in pain as she brought the box down hard on his still erect penis making it shrivel. From the box she removed a stainless steel contraption. Pushing his testicles back up inside his body none too gently making him gasp, she quickly attached the device. Sliding his limp penis into the tube that was fastened to a triangular plate then turning him around connected the three narrow soft coated bands into a ratchet drew the straps taut. He was securely fastened into a chastity from which Mrs. Smith never intended to release. From now on he would have to sit to pee and the pins inside the steel tube would eventually make an erection impossible.**

**“Harvey I don’t want you injuring yourself so that will stay on until I say otherwise. However I’m not completely unsympathetic to your needs. Now get on your knees,” she stated pulling up her dress and slip.**

**She wasn’t wearing panties but a large black dildo bobbed up and down in front of him. “You get that nice a wet Harvey then I’m going to fuck your ass and you’ll never go back to using vegetables again.”**

**Once the dildo was soaked, she stuck the cucumber into Harvey’s mouth, spun him around and took him doggy style. She wasn’t gentle as she thrust into him until her pelvis met his rump. The pain was so sharp that he bit the cucumber in two. With tears flowing down his cheeks she had her way with him pumping herself to three climaxes before collapsing on his back. Between her weight and his exhaustion, they both fell flat on the floor. Rolling off him there was a loud popping sound as the dildo came out of his tortured backside.**

**“Don’t just lay there Harvey. Lick and suck my dick good and clean,” she gasped.**

**It was the last thing in the world that Harvey wanted to do especially after seeing the mess coating it. “Now Harvey!” she barked and he quickly moved between her massive thighs. Mrs. Smith just had to be obeyed. When he was done, she took him into the bath and introduced him to the enema and super tampons. Before she left him she removed a pair of bright scarlet satin full cut panties to put on.**

**“Since you like getting it up the ass so much you can wear panties from now on. Tomorrow we’ll go do some shopping. I’ve decided you also need a change in wardrobe.”**

**Ooo**

**With Mrs. Smith and Harvey gone to the mall, Cameron was in his room about to remove his waitress uniform. He had worn it to serve the family breakfast after Mrs. Smith helped him put on his makeup and do his hair. The back zipper was giving him fits as his long nails refused to get a grip on it. As he was struggling with the zipper, Aaron walked in still in his tartan boxers. The large tenting immediately caught Cameron’s eyes.**

**“That’s right bitch, we got the house to ourselves and I intend to take full advantage.**

**Now get on your knees. You know what I want from a hot momma like you.”**

**Pulling up his skirt and slip, he fell to his knees before imposing figure. With trembling hands reached up and pulled down the boxers. Leaning forward, Cameron first kissed the massive head then began licking the thick semi-hard shaft. As he pulled back noticed the bright red of his lipstick staining the shaft. He paused sucking greedily on the head as he admired how far down that shaft his lip imprint went. Feeling it pulse Cameron slowly began going back down twisting and thrusting his tongue as he went. Once it was good and hard, Aaron pulled back freeing his quivering cock.**

**“Alright bitch get up on the bed on all fours. I’m going to make you my bitch today. Since nobody is here you can scream all you want and it’ll just make me all the more horny,” he said slapping Cameron on his fat ass as he arose.**

**Aaron positioned Cameron so his ass was sticking slightly over the edge of the bed then rolled a red lubricated condom on. Without any preamble he grabbed each round cheek, spread them apart and thrust into the puckered virgin hole. The shaft bent from the resistance but made entrance amid Cameron’s howl of pain. Grabbing Cameron’s wide hips pulled fiercely back imbedding his dick deep into the tight pulsing anus. Cameron’s cries and pleas fell on deaf ears as Aaron was lost in the pleasure of the moment. He pulled back almost letting the tip come out before thrusting even deeper. Aaron had never had an ass this tight and was loving every second. Cameron’s cry’s only made the experience that much more erotic for him. Aaron had masturbated before coming into Cameron’s room wanting to make this first time really last. Last he did, not exploding his discharge until a full twenty minutes had gone by. Pulling out he removed the filled condom and shoved it into Cameron’s mouth.**

**“Shit that was the best ass I’ve ever tapped bitch. I know how much you love eating my cum so here it is. You suck that all out bitch then you’ll know that you’re my bitch now,” he said slapping the exposed ass before pulling up his boxers and leaving.**

**Camron lay collapsed on the bed, his panties hanging off one ankle, the dress and slip up over his back crying and moaning in pain. His poor asshole felt like it had been ripped apart and burning fiercely. The latex of the condom feeling disgusting in his mouth the taste even worse. He lay there for an hour before he could force himself out of bed and into the bathroom. He took the pink ball douche bag from the linen closet and filled it with warm water. The notched douche nozzle went in smoothly but the wash burned as it was expelled. Next, he found some medicated suave and maxi-pad. He went back into his bedroom to change walking a bit stiff and bowlegged.**

**His first scream nor the second wasn’t just from the sharp pain but rather his subconscious wailing out its horror and objections to being raped. The other screams were becoming less painful and hints of pleasure mounted with each succeeding thrust. As the tip of the dick touched deep inside against his prostrate, Cameron felt an erotic thrill. As Aaron was reaching his threshold, Cameron’s dick began seeping seminal fluid at a faster rate. No, he didn’t have that male mind blowing orgasm but a pulse of pleasure in his brain and tightening of his stomach. After he had cleaned up there was still a sense of something missing. Laying back on the bed he slid three fingers into his faux pussy and began rubbing fiercely.**

**To Be Continued**

**Part Two**

**By Cheryl Lynn**

**“Harvey listen to me closely. I want you to go into Betty’s Cut and Curl and have your hair styled and your nails tended to. Betty is expecting you and knows what needs to be done. You let her do her job with no complaints understand? You remember that you wanted to look more distinguished and doing this will help your image. Don’t forget to set up monthly standing appointments with her. Now scoot,” Mrs. Smith instructed.**

**Harvey stared at her for a moment then nodding his head got out of the car. “I don’t know why she picked this out of the way place. We were going to the mall and I could have used one of the style shops there. Going to a beauty salon sounds stupid but Mrs. Abernathy said to do whatever Mrs. Smith told me. I guess she’s right and I know a lot of men who get manicures too,” he thought entering the old fashioned beauty salon.**

**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.**

**Mrs. Smith was waiting as he came out of the salon. His hair was solid gray and set in waves. His finger nails were in rounded ovals and varnished a light pink. His lips looked slightly puffy and pinker than they had been.**

**“Very becoming Harvey. I’m sure once we get you some new suits you will look quite distinguished when you go to work on Monday. Here, put these on. I want to see how they look on you,” she said handing him a pair of black horn rimmed glasses.**

**“Mrs. Smith I see just fine. I don’t need glasses,” he replied looking confused.**

**“They’re not prescription Harvey. Wearing them will enhance your looks. Trust me and put them on. Yes, they give you more character and you will wear them all the time.”**

**Harvey pulled down the visor and looked into the mirror. “With these glasses and fruity gray hair I look years older. Why did I let Betty put those waves into my hair and lacquer them down like that? I’m only forty-two but look at least fifty, maybe older and so gay,” he thought.**

**The first stop at the mall was the Victoria’s Secret. Much to his embarrassment she made him select twenty pairs of full cut satin panties and matching camisoles. Selecting the lingerie wasn’t what humiliated him. Rather it was telling the sales girl they were for him and needed to know his size. The blush was still on his cheeks as he walked out of the store carrying that bright pink bag.**

**“I can’t believe that I just did that! I should have refused even going into that place! I’ve never been so embarrassed in my life. Why that sales girl couldn’t have been much older than my son. Hell! I’m a forty-two year old man and vice president at my company. So why couldn’t I stop? Anything Mrs. Smith tells me I am compelled to obey. Shit! I’m sure this stop is only the beginning,” his mind screamed.**

Niemen Marcus was next and Mrs. Smith led him to the women's department. There he purchased several fashionable but very conservative men's cut pants suits. As with the VS store he was mortified having to be measured and then try on the items. To outward appearances most men wouldn't note the different cut but many women would. The jacket had a longer waist, sleeves tighter and the buttons on the wrong side. The pants fit tighter around the butt and hips, the cuffed hems hung a bit more over the shoes. Most were a woolen blend but one pair in a dark pewter color was made of silk. To go with that particular pants suit he had to purchase a pink silk long sleeved blouse with a ruffled neck and cuffs. Mrs. Smith assured him that this ensemble would only be worn away from the office.

The shoe department was no easier on his ego. Again the shoes were in the women's section. He wore a size nine but in women's he was a size ten medium. The six pairs he purchased looked like men's except in patent leather and one and a half inch block heel. He also got two handbags one in black and the other in brown. They looked a lot like computer carryalls except they were made of leather instead of the more common canvas. The final stop was the hosiery department where he selected two dozen pairs of knee high nylon stockings in opaque brown and black.

The last stop of the day was at a vintage clothing store. As with all his other shopping the blush never left his cheeks. This time he had to try on full skirted dresses dating back to the late fifties early sixties. Nothing outlandish just plain everyday housedresses. To make the dresses hang right she insisted he purchase several stiff net petticoats with nylon yokes. These she informed him were to be worn whenever he was doing his household chores. She had him get four brightly colored, heavy lace frilled and beribboned baby doll double layered nylon and chiffon gowns. The final items were two pair of clear plastic two inch spike heeled Malibu slippers with feathered plumbs. To help him get accustomed to wearing the slippers, he would wear them when doing the chores.

When they got home Cameron was wearing a pair of bright lime green polyester stretch pants that had very visible panty lines and a shocking pink shell blouse. He was sitting in Aaron's lap and it was apparent they had been caught in a heavy petting session. There were hickies on Camron's neck, his lipstick smeared and several buttons undone on the blouse. Aaron had a big shit eating grin of pleasure on his face.

"That's enough of that you two. Aaron get your ass into the den and watch some TV. Cameron you sit right there. I have some forms you have to fill out for the diner. Harvey go to your room with all your new clothing and start removing all those tags and labels. Then get your ass back here and start dinner and don't forget to change into one of your new dresses."

Harvey wanted to object but hesitated only a moment. As much as he would hate putting on a dress and petticoats he had to obey Mrs. Smith. He hoped that later she would remove the painful chastity device so he could indulge in his favorite past time. The chastity had been very painful all day and he knew his poor dick head must be rubbed raw by now.

It didn't take Mrs. Smith long to place several pieces of paper in front of Cameron.

"These are your job application, new social security card request and W-2 forms. Before you start, remember your name is spelled Kamryn Peyten and check the F for gender."

"Yes Mrs. Smith I know. By the way, Mrs. Abernathy was over earlier and we had a nice chat over tea. She wanted me to tell you hello."

**“Good girl now fill out the forms. You start first thing Monday working the breakfast and lunch crowds. So you need to get to bed early as you will get up at three and Aaron will take you there for five. He’ll come back at three to pick you up.”**

**Ooo**

**Monday morning came early indeed for Cameron as his pink Kitty Kat alarm went off. His poor bottom was hurting but not nearly as bad as after that first time. Aaron had snuck into his bedroom as soon as dinner was over. They spent several minutes pawing one another as they locked lips. Then bending Cameron over the bed, pulled down his panties and rolled on a pink lubricated condom. He seemed even more eager than yesterday morning and came quickly. It had hurt but not nearly as bad since Cameron had used petroleum jelly to ease the ache. Still Cameron had to ball his fist and stick it in his mouth to quell the screams of both pleasure and pain. He wanted to be physically sick as he lay recouping bringing himself to climax sucking on the pink condom and rubbing his groin.**

**Mrs. Abernathy had told him that he would hate everything he did with Aaron but would do anything to please him. He should always do his best to make Aaron happy. She had also said that like most women after sex would be left unsatisfied. However if he messaged his pussy with his fingers could achieve a pleasant orgasm.**

**“She’s absolutely right. I hate having to debase myself like that but it makes him so happy. Having his tongue down my throat sickens me and it takes all my control not to vomit when I suck his dick. I hate everything from the way I look, dress and have to act but can’t stop it,” he thought as his own cum began seeping out of his fake pussy.**

**Coming out of the bathroom he saw Aaron sitting on the bed dressed in jeans and wife beater shirt. He smiled and pointed down to his crotch. Knowing what he wanted Cameron sank to his knees and pulled down the zipper. He felt Aaron’s hands on the back of his head and opened his mouth.**

**“You’re getting better bitch. Now get dressed or we’ll be late getting to the Moon Lite.”**

**It didn’t take him long to remove the curlers and night mask then make himself look presentable. Mrs. Smith had worked hard with him so he could apply glamour night time makeup and fix his hair. Under Mrs. Abernathy’s hypnosis he was a quick learner. He put on the glimmering black satin lingerie Mrs. Smith had put atop his bureau earlier. He wasn’t too happy with the open bottom rubber lined panty girdle but shook some baby powder into it and pulled it up. Of course the matching bullet bra with its wide band and six hook and eye closure was a pain with his long nails. The black hose were seamed and that took even more time to get straight and hooked to the girdle’s garter tabs. He then stepped into his black three inch spiked heels then slipped the black full length elaborately embroidered and lace embellished slip.**

**“Damn if momma wouldn’t beat the tar out of me I’d fuck you right now. You so friggin hot bitch but you can’t be late. Come on get that uniform on and let’s go.”**

**They arrived at the Moon Lite Diner a little before five and as he exited the car, Aaron reminded him to swish that booty and stick out his tits to get great tips. Mrs. Smith had already dropped off his employment papers and his name tag, “Kamryn” was ready. The owner, Mr. Amos, was a fat old black man with a fringe of gray kinky short hair.**

**“Alright Kamryn ya got dem tables over there,” he said pointing to six booths at the back. “Ya new n Tanisha will show ya da ropes fer da first week den ya kin keep da tips. Jest makes sur ya keep da customers happy. Tanisha! Git ya ass over cher n meet da new girl.”**

Once Mr. Amos left Tanisha gave Kamryn a good looking over. Then with her hands on her hips stated, "Look bitch, you do everything I tells ya n doan be sneakin' off with any of dem tips. Understand? Good, follow me n let's get dem tables set up."

By three Cameron was exhausted and his panties soaked from the perspiration caused by the hot girdle. He had two thirty minute brakes much of that time spent taking a leak. Getting the girdle and panties down took effort and time. The rest of his breaks were spent eating some of the soul food the diner specialized in. As soon as he got into Aaron's car, he pulled off his heels and began rubbing his feet. His feet, especially his ankles, ached terribly. Mrs. Smith had him practice walking in heels but throughout the day he had problems walking.

"So how was your first day?"

"God awful. I felt like a piece of meat at the butcher shop. One old bustard actually slobbered on my cheek. I can't count the number of times my ass was pinched or slapped. Besides dealing with the customers, I didn't realize just how hard it was to be a waitress. You not only have to serve the food but clean up the mess left behind too all the while keeping a big smile on your face. I hate it."

"Make sure you tell all that to Mrs. Abernathy when we get home. Now get those lips of yours busy on my cock. Talking about all them guys hitting on you made me horny as hell."

Ooo

While Kamryn was at the diner Harvey went to his office for the first time. Mrs. Smith had really laid into him last night with her strap on and his bottom was still flaming. He wasn't happy putting the butt plug in but she had said it would help and she was always right. His dick was burning from the abuse it took last night and she outright refused to remove the chastity. This morning he put on a pair of red satin panties, the matching silky camisole and a pair of black knee highs. As he put the hosiery on he was sickened to see his brightly painted scarlet toe nails.

"I still can't believe I let all this happen. I hate looking and dressing this way. It's so friggin gay but Mrs. Smith insisted. I'm not gay and I despise and abhor letting her use that strap on. Those damn pins inside this fucking chastity tube are killing me. Why can't I stop myself from doing all this shit!" his mind screamed.

With his underwear on, he reached into his closet and removed the new gray with black pin striped pants suit. In his bare feet the slightly flared cuffs covered his feet. He noticed that the seat was so tight that his pantie lines showed.

"Crap, I hope the jacket covers those up," he thought pulling out a starched white dress shirt.

The shirt was actually a white cotton woman's blouse but other than the buttons being on the wrong side and the darts, looked like a man's. Sliding his feet into the new black patent leather block heeled shoes he began sorting through his ties. These were also new. They were silk, very narrow and in solid colors of black, navy, red and green. A shudder ran up his spine as he tied the red one. Picking up his black purse gave a quick look into his full length mirror and shuddered again.

Settled into his corner office after he made the rounds meeting with all thirty employees, he let out a sigh of relief. He knew they were having a field day talking about "the new boss" but there was nothing to do about that. He just hoped they bought his explanation of being a metrosexual guy. He didn't have the faintest idea of what a metrosexual was but Mrs. Smith told him to use that term.

The first thing he did was go through every employee's personnel records which took up most of his morning. His personal assistant, Susan Bates, had an impeccable record but he was going to reassign her. Mrs. Smith had informed him that a young man, Tywand Washington would be coming to see him and be given that job.

Tywand was obviously a gay Afro-American. He looked the look and his manner of dress and speech shouted "gay." While his resume wasn't the greatest he had the qualifications to be his personal assistant. Even if he didn't have the knowledge, Harvey would have hired him anyway and his starting salary was higher than Susan's. After all, Tywand was a nephew of Mrs. Smith and family had to come first.

After dropping Kamryn off Aaron was thinking about getting back into bed but Mrs. Smith was waiting for him. "Aaron in the kitchen we need to talk," shouted.

She was sitting with Mrs. Abernathy at the kitchen table when he ambled in. Grabbing a cup of coffee he sat to join them.

"Aaron you're not falling for Kamryn are you? You know the plan and we don't want any fuck ups," Mrs. Smith stated looking him in the eye.

"No mamma I aint. She's just a bitch to pass the time with. I know Mrs. Abernathy plans to sell her off to that pimp down in the projects. I have to admit she's got one fine booty though and be damn tight."

"Enough I don't need to hear all the details. We just wanted to be sure you kept to the plan. Once I marry Harvey and get control of all his assets we won't need Cameron hanging around. We'll get some good bread selling her ass off but only if you don't keep banging that ass. We want her loose but not gapping understand. So back off tapping his butt."

"But mamma..."

"No damn but's. Get as much oral as you want but as of today, you're limited to once every other week. I catch you doing more, I'll cut your dick off myself. Now get your black ass out of here."

When he left she went back to her conversation with Mrs. Abernathy. "Well I got him off to work just like we planned. Tywand will have a good paying job by this afternoon and you'll get your ten percent cut every week. In a couple of weeks he'll hire Mr. Amos' daughter, Jannell, as well like you wanted. I'm not so sure that getting him to bring one of his single associates over so you can make him fall in love with Jannell would be advisable. At least not in the short term. I don't think doing too many changes at his office in a short time is a good idea. It might bring too much attention."

"Yes, we'll give it some time after you marry Harvey. His getting married will certainly create an uproar at his office. They're all a bunch of stuck up conservative honkies there. We'll have to give the rumor mill time to settle down before Jannell further upsets the staff. We have to go slow to keep Harvey's bosses from discovering what we have done. A few calls from disgruntled employees would be all it would take. So, first you get Harvey to have a "welcoming dinner" inviting his top associates over. The dining room should be big enough. Cater it but I'll be serving. Once they're drugged I can work my magic on them. One session should be enough. All I want to do is make them very happy with their new boss and his soon to be wife."

Ooo

The dining room was filled with buzzing conversations as the twelve associates mulled sipping drinks. There were ten men varying in age from mid-twenties to late fifties and two women. Both were in their mid-thirties, professional in both look and demeanor.

**They were all WASP's and very curious about their strange new boss and upset. The boss was probably gay which was insulting enough but meeting his fiancé Edna Smith a shock to their systems. All of them were discussing and thinking the same thing. First thing in the morning they were calling the home office demanding an explanation.**

**Mrs. Abernathy dressed in typical cater white uniform weaved in and out of the small groups handing out appetizers. She was smiling broadly as the guests took the small pigs in a blanket snacks. Everything was going as planned. After Harvey introduced them to his fiancé and escorted them into the dining room, had left the group pretending to greet other guests. A pretty French maid passed out the drug laced drinks and now more of the drug was delivered in the snacks.**

**Reaching the last group of three people, she said, "Look I know you three don't like this appetizer. Please follow me into the kitchen. I have a little something I know you will love."**

**She repeated this until all twelve were very happy with their new boss and soon to be bride. Over supper they all had high praise for both Harvey and Edna. Each was vowing to call the home office and tell them how happy they were with the new vice president.**

**During those small group meetings Mrs. Abernathy had trouble with only one woman. Norma Jean was proving to be a bit difficult and needed some one-on-one discussion before she came around. Her resistance had pissed Mrs. Abernathy off and as a final instruction ordered her to come to her house the next morning.**

**When she arrived Mrs. Abernathy added a little more of the drug to her tea. "Well Norma Jean, you put up quite the fuss last night didn't you. Yes, but now you just love your new boss and his adorning wife to be don't you? Of course you do. Now that you have discovered how nice a big woman of color can be, you find that you are sexually drawn to them. What? You're not a lesbian? Of course you are Norma Jean. Why else do you get so sexually charged eating a BBW's snatch and having those fantastic climaxes? There is a great lesbian bar down on Fifth Street you will just fall in love with. Yes, it's not in the best of neighborhoods but you will find plenty of big black women there. I'm positive you will be dripping with desire just thinking about eating out all that black hairy snatch. Make sure you dress as slutty as you can before going so you can make lots of new friends."**

**Ooo**

**The bright pink neon sign read, "The Dyke's Pad." Norma Jean stood on the sidewalk looking at it trembling with excitement. She was standing under the street light in front of the used furniture store next to the bar. Turning to face the plate glass window she examined her reflection for the tenth time that night. Her blond hair was done in an elaborate French braid and her glamour makeup perfect. She flicked her tongue across her bright lavender lipstick as she checked out her mini red flare skirt and white silk low cut lace frilled blouse. They were the sexiest clothes she owned and the red leather three inch pumps her best shoes. Pulling her mink jacket closed, disappointed that she didn't have anything sexier to wear and opened the door of The Dyke's Pad.**

**"I don't want to go into this place! It's in a disgusting part of town and a lesbian bar at that. I'm not a lesbian but I can't stop myself. I certainly don't want to mix with these people either. Oh please turn around before it's too late!" she thought stepping over the threshold.**

**Her legs almost turned into jelly with lust as she surveyed the people inside the bar. It was mostly all Afro-American women with a sprinkling of Hispanic and Anglos. From**

the looks of them none could ever afford the price of her precious mink. Feeling her pussy spasm and begin leaking she seductively wiggled her butt over to the bar. There was a really BBW sitting there looking at her that she just had to meet.

Ooo

June Teenth was coming up and the plans for the wedding just about completed. Mrs. Smith was old and smart enough not to spend big on her wedding. She did however go overboard on her haute couture Dior dress. She hired a small reception hall as she only invited Harvey's senior associates, Mrs. Abernathy and a few of their mutual friends like Mr. Amos. She also planned on being married there by a Justice of the Peace. No sense in hiring a limo. She wanted as much of Harvey's assets as she could get.

She made sure that Jannell was seated by Oliver Davenport of the Ohio Davenports. He was the senior manager, forty years old, single and from a wealthy family. Mrs. Abernathy would make sure that he would begin getting serious with Jannell. Jannell was Mr. Amos' twenty-four year old daughter and receptionist at Harvey's office. She was overweight, had a short Afro and blacker than midnight. Once married into the Davenport clan Mrs. Abernathy would get a very nice matchmaker fee. Of course his WASP family would strongly object but Oliver would be hopelessly in love and under Jannell's thumb.

Kamryn was happy working at the diner, flirted outrageously with the male customers and obliging to Aaron's needs. Her tips were the biggest and she was happy to give them and her paycheck to Mrs. Smith. Instead of eating during her breaks gladly met a customer out back for a quick \$20 blow job. Mrs. Smith and Abernathy were more than happy to split the income. When compared to everything else Kamryn's few bucks were nothing but cash was cash.

Over the ensuing months Harvey had changed little maintaining his exaggerated metrosexual appearance and popularity. His senior staff admired him greatly and as far as they were concerned could do no wrong. However the lesser employees held mostly negative views of the boss and did their very best to avoid his oh so gay administrative assistant. There were numerous rumors going around the secretarial pool that Tywand was banging the boss.

The fact that Tywand was sticking his eight inch dick into Harvey's ass wasn't true until about a month before the wedding. Now Harvey used every opportunity to meet up with his new lover. He craved having that big dick up his backside then sucking it clean afterwards. It was a craving he hated more than Mrs. Smith using that dildo of hers or dressing like a woman to do the chores.

The only problem Harvey had at work was Norma Jean. Out of the blue she marched into his office one day and demanded to have her administrative assistant reassigned. In her place she had brought in Selina Jefferson. Selina was at least three hundred pounds of black flesh with a major attitude. Everyone including some of the senior associates were afraid of her. All the service staff hated her. Some had even tried to get her fired but Norma Jean steadfastly stood by the obese woman. During one of his regular morning briefings with his assistant, Tywand told him the latest rumor going around the office. Apparently someone saw Norma Jean on her knees behind Selina with her face buried between those fat naked cheeks. The witness mentioned that she had heard farting sounds as well. Harvey dismissed the rumor with a wave saying it didn't matter.

Ooo

The big day had arrived and Harvey was wearing his pewter silk pants suit and pink silk blouse over virginal white silk lingerie. Besides his normal everyday panties and camisoles, he wore a frilly white training bra, fancy wide embroidered garter belt and silver seamed hosiery. He knew that his marriage to Mrs. Smith was only a matter of form and wore the lingerie for his love, Tywand. Once the marriage and reception were over he planned on taking Tywand on a lavish honeymoon to a gay resort in Jamaica.

The new Mrs. Harvey Morrison with his full power of attorney would take care of his affairs. Plus he would have a wife on his arm for office and other social outings to please his stuck up bosses. He was a bit disappointed to hear that Kamryn would be moving out instead of going to college. They had a small argument over it but his son was more than old enough to legally be out on his own.

Over the last two months Cameron was losing interest in Aaron. Something he blamed on the relationship becoming boring and the lack of attention to his bottom pussy. Thankfully Mrs. Abernathy had been there through the difficult times and now he was ready to be off on his own. She had introduced him to a flamboyant man with a very weird name of Percy de Mercy. He drove a pink Caddy with white rolled, pleated leather seats and gold spinner hubcaps. Cameron became immediately infatuated with the tall thin black man and agreed to work for him. Two days after the wedding he was more than happy to pack his belongings and move into the projects with Percy. Before he left with him he had a long talk with Mrs. Abernathy. As Kamryn was putting her bags into the trunk, Percy handed Mrs. Abernathy a very thick envelop.

“So what if’n da bitch has a fake pussy? Jist means dat da bitch doan miss no time off fer her period n da customer’s won’t mind. Plus what’cha doan did ta her mind, I doan need ta fill da bitch width drugs. I’ll make dat twenty five G’s back n no time. Yeah, I’ll ‘member ta take da bitch ta those two places fer monthly treatments,” he commented leaving.

Later she met with Mrs. Morrison. “Hot damn Mrs. Abernathy this is some haul we made. Just transferred to your Cayman account a bit over one and a half million. Cashing in his retirement account will take a week or so to go through but another million will transfer when that happens. I also set up the automatic transfer of fifty thousand to your account every year.”

“You said he might start remembering everything in about six months. You sure this drug you gave me will keep him compliant? At least once a week? Yeah I can do that. It’s been great doing business with you.”

As Mrs. Abernathy was leaving with a big smile, she was thinking, “Ha! All you had better hope that when all those people that I hypnotized start coming out of it in about six months they’re so buried into their new existences can’t get revenge. Oh well, that’s not my problem.”

Ooo

Mrs. Abernathy was sitting by the pool of her large Greek Island mansion very contented. She never stayed in one place nor kept bank accounts open too long. If nothing else Mr. Abernathy had taught her was that mobility and anonymity were the keys to staying both free and rich. She shook out her naturally black full head of hair as she put down the burn phone. She had just received a tip about a nice family living in Florida. Standing up in her florescent fuchsia bikini which showed off a nice older woman’s trim figure, smiled.

“Guess it’s time I visited the States once again,” she said going into the house.

The End...

