



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Unwanted Changes

Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATIONS BY COLLETTE ZASTROW

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A 'YOUNG ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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# Unwanted Changes

**By Cheryl Lynn**

This is a work of the author's imagination. All characters, places, or events are figments of a wild imagination and fictional. The author does not condone the events taking place in this story and vehemently would oppose any such actions taken by real individuals. In other words don't do this at home.

Our story begins in the early summer of 1958 when Chris turned sixteen. His parents managed to get a long weekend off and decided to take an overdue second honeymoon to Acapulco. This was Chris' dad's second marriage and he wanted to make sure this one worked. His real mother had been unable to cope with a newborn and left them when Chris was not yet two years old.

Chris's dad was determined that his second marriage would not end like his first. His second wife, Connie, was a soft, sweet feminine woman. Her parents had passed away and her only living relative was a sister who lived in San Francisco. Since she had had "female surgery," as they called it back then, Connie would not be able to provide him any more children. He was both glad and disappointed when she told him. Glad that he wouldn't have to face another woman with post-partum depression and sad that he would not be able to provide Chris with a little brother or sister to play with.

The wedding was at City Hall with no formality and only a few friends in attendance. Due to his work commitments, he could not take a honeymoon. So he promised her a really great second honeymoon as soon as possible. He had to build his company first. Finally that day came, many years later and he made plans for a long weekend in Acapulco.

"Look Chris, I really would like to take you along, but this is important to me and Connie. I talked to your best friend, Robert Fulton's parents and they have agreed to let you

stay with them for the weekend. Look, we'll only be gone till Sunday afternoon and you get to sleep over at your buddy's place. Is that okay with you?"

What else could he say but okay? *Besides*, he thought, *spending the weekend with Robert will be a lot more fun than staying around the house*. Connie was the only mother he ever really knew and he was happy that they would get to spend some time together. Thursday afternoon, they dropped him off at Robert's - and with grateful appreciation and some sadness, they left for the airport.

"Come on, Chris," Robert's mother said to him. "Let's get you settled in Robert's room and then we'll all go to the club pool first thing tomorrow morning. How does that sound to you?"

"Great!" he responded and, picking up his bag, he followed them into the house.

"Now boys," she said as she entered Robert's room the next morning, "why don't you go ahead and change into your suits? Then meet me in the kitchen for breakfast. After that, we'll go spend the day at the club. Robert, your father wants to play a round of golf and I have a bridge tournament, so I want you two to be especially good today. I don't want to hear any complaints from the lifeguards. Robbie dear, just sign the chit for anything you all want. Okay, honey?"

Robert hated being called Robbie, but nodded his head and said "okay."

Robert and Chris were soon poolside enjoying the water and looking at the girls. Robert and Chris were about the same age and had been good friends all their lives. Chris, olive-complected with brown hair and sparkling blue eyes, was still developing slowly for his age. He was about five foot one in height and maybe 85 pounds. He was somewhat shy but possessed a good sense of humor.

Robert was about three inches taller, weighed more, had freckles and bright red hair, and was more outgoing than Chris. About the only thing Chris disliked about Robert was the fact that Robert was beginning to sprout a beard. Well, Chris *called* it a beard, but in reality it was just a few dark red hairs sprouting from the corners of his upper lips and on his chin. Chris cringed every time Robert bragged about his dad telling him that he would be shaving soon. Chris's cheeks were still as smooth as a baby's butt.

"Man, Chris, this is so cool! Like, wait till you see Rebecca at the pool. She's here almost every day and when I say she is hot in a bikini, man, you can bet on it."

"Yeah," Chris responded. "She's real pretty, but she's stuck up, you know. Besides, we're only sophomores and you know that she dates seniors. We're nothing but fly specks to her."

"Well Chris," Robert replied, "she may be out of our league but that don't mean we can't use her as eye candy, now does it?" Chris blushed at the thought. He was just becoming aware of what girls did to boys and was embarrassed by his feelings.

Rebecca was the school heartthrob and just about every boy in her class would do anything just to get her to smile at them. The only real problem with Rebecca was that she knew it. She was only sixteen but looked eighteen. When she showed up at the pool, she was wearing a really skimpy outfit that really didn't hide a thing. It was a yellow bikini and daringly cut, meaning that her naval was exposed. She casually strutted her stuff

around the pool, stopping at each lifeguard station and talking briefly with the lifeguard before moving on. She finally settled down between two of her girl friends and began to apply baby oil mixed with iodine to her body.

Chris and Robert couldn't take their eyes off the scene. Chris finally had enough and, standing, said to Robert, "Come on! Let's go swimming. It's getting hot." He needed to get his inferiority complex and emotions bathed in cold water.

After their swim, they got some cold drinks and popcorn. As they settled back in their lounge chairs, Rebecca came up the poolside ladder, wearing a white bathing cap, right in front of them. She was smiling, and then it happened. She emerged from the pool. Robert's drink fell from his hand and his jaw dropped. Chris dropped both his soft drink and popcorn to the ground and had to rub his eyes. Rebecca did not notice either the boys or the fact that her new yellow bikini had turned almost completely transparent. The mass of pubic hairs could almost be counted and the nipples on her full breasts stood out in their entire splendor. She started walking to the nearest lifeguard stand and her firm round ass floated before the boy's enraptured eyes. Then Samantha ran up to her friend and told her what was going on.

"Man! Why did Sam have to do that?" Robert muttered as Rebecca ran all the way into the girls changing room. "Man that was sooooo cool!" Needless to say, that event made the boys' day and was a topic of conversation long into the night.

On Saturday, they were back at the pool, but Rebecca didn't show. "Probably won't ever come back here anytime soon," Chris said as they were leaving to go home.

"Yeah!" Robert replied, "I am going to miss seeing her though. Get it? Seeing her!!!"

Robert's snappy reply sent both boys into convulsions of delighted laughter. Finally, as Chris managed to get back some control, he said in a more serious tone, "Did she look great or what yesterday? Oh well, I guess we'll just have to settle for something less from now on."

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They spent Saturday evening watching television. By late Sunday evening, Chris and the Fulton family were getting worried. Chris's parents were due back by 2:00 PM. The airline said that they missed their plane and were not scheduled on a later flight. Around midnight, the Fulton phone rang.

On Monday morning, Chris and Robert entered the kitchen for breakfast but only found a very sad greeting. Robert's mother, looking like she had been up all night and had been crying, ushered Chris into the living room and sat him down beside her on the couch.

"Chris, I want you to be very brave and listen carefully to what I have to say. "Your parents...your parents are dead. I'm sorry, but there is no easier way to say it, dear. Apparently, Saturday night, they decided to take a midnight swim and didn't see the dangerous undertow and No Swimming signs. They...they were swept out to sea and drowned. I'm so sorry, dear." Mrs. Fulton broke down in sobbing while Chris just sat there, a grimace on his face and tears in his eyes.

Chris had never met his stepmother's only living relative, Aunt Margaret. Her name was seldom mentioned in the household and there were no pictures of her. All he knew about her was that she was "an eccentric bitch" which he had overheard his father say. Now here she was, standing at the Fulton's front door.

Chris was staying with the Fultons until something could be done about him. Mrs. Fulton did not want him staying alone in his house and had insisted he stay until some relative or the State could figure out what to do. The Fultons were an enormous help to Chris as he prepared for the funeral.

The bodies had been flown back on Wednesday. If it had not been for the Fultons making all the arrangements and stepping in to bring order out of the chaos that filled Chris's mind, he was certain that he would have gone bananas. They had accompanied him back to his house to get his best suit; it had been hard very hard going into the house that was no longer a home.

While Robert went to Chris' room with him and helped him pack his clothing, Mr. and Mrs. Fulton rummaged around the house, trying to find an address and phone number for Aunt Margaret. They found it in Connie's address book and called when they got back to their house. Aunt Margaret told them that she could not get there until Friday of next week and to go ahead with the funeral. She also asked them to set up the probate and estate formalities for that week as she had to get back to work as soon as possible.

Chris later over heard Mr. Fulton say to his wife, "She certainly sounded put out and it's just not right that she would not make an effort to attend her only sister's funeral. I know darn well that *I* would!"

The funeral services were held that weekend. Chris was still reeling from the loss of his family, but with the help of the Fultons, he was making progress in dealing with his loss. The rest of that week went by in a haze and he forgot all about what Mr. Fulton had said about his Aunt. In his mind he assumed that he would just stay with them. So it came as something of a shock when Mrs. Fulton called him into the living room to meet his Aunt Margaret and told him that he was going to live with her.

When he first saw Aunt Margaret, he was stunned. She did not look anything like the feminine Connie. She was five-foot eight and big-boned with short cropped black hair. Some would call her fat and squat. She was wearing a starched white cotton blouse and navy skirt with practical navy flats on her feet. Her face was strong-featured and she wore red lipstick as her only make up.

"So you're my step-nephew, are you?" she said as he walked into the room. "Turn around and let me get a good look at you. Okay, go on about your business while we adults talk some business. We'll get to know one another soon enough."

*No hello, no hug, nothing,* Chris thought as he left the room. *Well, I hope she leaves soon. I don't think that I want to get to know her anyway. I'll go ask Robert if he wants to go bike riding.*

When they returned from their bike ride, Aunt Margaret was gone and Chris sighed with relief. He spent that night with the Fultons, but was told that he would be going back to his house tomorrow. The next morning, he sadly began to pack his belongings. After lunch, he asked Mrs. Fulton if he really had to go back to his place and live with Aunt Margaret.

“Oh, my darling, I wish that we could keep you here, but I’m afraid it is quite impossible. Your Aunt Margaret has been named your guardian by the Court. Since your parent’s will did not stipulate who would care for you, the judge had to make the decision. We tried, of course, to get custody. I even begged the judge to let us keep you, but since your Aunt is legally a relative...well, there was nothing we could do. I am so sorry for that but we will remain friends and even come visit.”

“What do you mean come visit? You live just a block away,” Chris said with tears filling his eyes hoping that he had heard her incorrectly.

“Oh, we didn’t tell you with all the rush but you know that your Aunt lives in San Francisco. You’ll be living with her now, dear. I understand that, once she has gotten the house on the market and settled with the probate, that you will be leaving us. Just remember that you will always be welcome at our home and that we really care about what happens to you. Write and let us know how you are doing. I know it will just break Robert’s heart to see you go. You are such great friends. Now go get your suitcase and be ready for when your Aunt shows up.”

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Aunt Margaret showed up around 4:00 PM to pick Chris up. She thanked the Fultons for all their help and assistance. She told the Fultons that everything had been taken care of and that they were leaving now to go to California. “It’s a long tedious drive back and I really would like to get a head start,” she said. “Chrissy, baby, why don’t you go on and get into the car while I have a quick private chat with the Fultons?”

After Chris left, Aunt Margaret told the Fultons that she didn’t think it would be a good idea for them to try and contact Chris. “Look,” she explained, “Chris is shaken up by all this and the move to my place. I think it would be best if he forgets about this tragedy as soon as possible. Hearing from you, while I’m sure it would be welcome, would only bring back bad memories. I’ll call when I think he has had enough time to readjust and forget the worst. Till then, I know you will respect my wishes. Well, thank you and good bye.”

It wasn’t until the car drove off and turned the corner that the Fultons realized that Aunt Margaret had forgotten to get Chris’ suitcase. As Mr. Fulton picked the case up to take to the attic, he commented, “You know dear, there is something just not right about that woman. She’s as cold as a fish. Remember when she first showed up? I thought for sure that she would let us raise the boy. Wonder what changed her mind? I hope we did the right thing by letting him go. I’m worried about that poor boy.”

Mrs. Fulton nodded her head in full agreement. “I agree, darling, but the court decided. Guess there is no point worrying any more about it now.”

It wasn’t until Aunt Margaret turned onto highway 90 that Chris realized that they were not going back to the house. “Aunt Margaret,” he said, “aren’t we going to the house?”

“No Chrissy, we’re headed back to California. We have a lot to do in a short period of time and I think it best to get started now. The house and all of its contents will be put on auction. I’ve made all the necessary arrangements. Now sit back and enjoy the ride.”

“But....but what about all my stuff? I thought we were going back to the house. And my bike...I left it at Robert’s and I got to use the bathroom.”

“Chrissy! I said that every thing has been taken care of! Besides, I don’t have room in my car for all your stuff and your bike. We’ll get you all new stuff very soon. Now sit back and hush up. I want to hear the radio and your ninety questions will just have to wait!” she said roughly.

Chris was upset and tears began to form in his eyes. He wanted to ask her some more questions, but his Aunt scared him. Choking back his tears, he sat back and did as she said. Although like most teenagers he had to have the last shot and said, “I still gotta use the bathroom.” He did not pick up on the “Chrissy” part yet.

They were driving through a small town about an hour later when Aunt Margaret spotted a general store near a gas station. She pulled into the station and told the attendant to fill it up and check the oil. Looking over at Chris, she said, “Here’s your chance. Go do your business while I check out the shop next door. I’ll be back shortly and I expect to see you sitting in your seat.”

The store was still open and Aunt Margaret began her shopping. She came out with three large shopping bags and put them in the trunk. “Do you want a Coke?” she asked Chris. “Okay, let me pay the attendant and I’ll get us one. Just sit there and be quiet.”

It was getting dark and they were still driving down the highway in the middle of nowhere when Chris said that he had to go to the bathroom again. His Aunt told him to hold it in as she wanted to drive for another hour or two. When he complained that he couldn’t hold it that long, she gave an exasperated sigh and pulled the car over.

“Well, if you are determined to be difficult, Chrissy, then I have the solution for it right here in the car. Get in the back seat. Now!” she commanded.

Not knowing what else to do, he got out, opened the passenger side back door and got in. Aunt Margaret pulled out two of the shopping bags and came around to his side of the car. “Strip!” was all she said. When he did not respond, she slapped him hard across the face. With tears streaming down his face, he started to comply.

“Now Chrissy, I did not want to do that. However if you do not follow my commands immediately, you will get more of the same or worse. I’ll not hesitate for one second to pull down your pants and give you a bare bottom spanking right here alongside the road. So don’t push me! Understand? Now strip, and I mean everything off!” she ordered, almost shouting at the sniveling boy.

Confused and dazed, Chris started to comply, but pausing, he looked at his Aunt and said, “My name isn’t Chrissy! It’s Chris.” That earned him another hard slap which sent him to the floor boards. Then he was being pulled back onto the seat and his remaining clothing was pulled off. Before he knew it, he was being put into a cloth diaper. Aunt Margaret pinned it tight with two pink plastic-tipped diaper pins. Next she pulled a pale violet plastic panty with purple ruffles arrayed in six rows across the bottom up his legs.