



Reluctant Press presents:

What's A Mother To Do?

Cheryl Lynn



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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What's a Mother to Do?

by Cheryl Lynn

Adam Jenkins was a typical teen. Average height average weight everything about him was just typical. He was just another face in the crowd. He was average, which meant that he was either the worst of the best or the best of the worst depending on your point of view. In other words, he was pretty much like the vast majority of teens. However, even the most average person has something about them that is unique. In Adam's case, it was his long golden blonde hair and large bright ocean blue eyes. His mother insisted that he keep his hair shoulder length and well taken care of.

Everything was normal until his father passed away and his mother had to take a full time job. The best job she could find was in international sales that required a lot of travel. The first six months were considered "probationary" and she would be on the road full time. Once "established" on the job, she would have to travel at least 50 percent of the time. The pay and benefits package were too good for her to pass up.

Her only problem with taking the job was Adam. What could she do with her son? There was no other family to care for him other than an elderly uncle living somewhere in Kentucky. Unless she could find a proper place for him while she traveled, Myra would have to pass up on the opportunity of a lifetime. The other job offers were for significantly less pay and benefits with few opportunities to advance. What's a mother to do?

Myra was trying to think of someway to solve her problem. Uncle Fred, in Kentucky, had refused saying he was too old to care for a teenager. Her only other option was to send Adam to a boarding school. When she asked him about that, he absolutely refused. He even threatened to run away if she tried that. What's a mother to do?

She had asked for advice from all of her friends. Hoping secretly that one of them would step forward and say they would take care of him. Myra even asked the school councilor for any options she could offer but, alas, they all said send him to a boarding school. He was certainly too young to be left on his own. What's a mother to do?

The week before she had to make a final decision Myra met an old acquaintance at the mall. Dorothy McNabb had been a fierce rival during their high school years. They both tried out for the cheerleader squad, Myra won. They both went after Ted Wilson the first-string quarter back, Myra won. They both vied for Senior Prom Queen and again Myra won. Dorothy always came in second and she despised Myra for it. Now seeing Myra sitting in the mall's food court dressed and coifed way too fine to be in the mall, her old hatred flared intensely.

"Damn bitch! Just look at her sitting there like some regal queen. I bet she still thinks her shit doesn't stink. Oh hell, she's seen me. Guess I'll have to say hi even if it kills me," Dorothy thought as she sat her tray down on the table.

"Why, hello Myra fancy meeting you here of all places. How have you been," she said forcing a broad smile.

"OMG, if I have to sit here listening to how great her life is I think I will throw up. Gag! She is so full of herself," Dorothy thought as she sat down.

While Myra made small talk, Dorothy reminisced over their past lives. Myra went on to graduate college, married a successful businessman and had the good life. Dorothy didn't make it to college. She had to work as a barmaid and suffered the pinches and gropes of drunken men to make a living. Her life going nowhere at the bar, she finally got a break. A female customer mentioned a job opening at a gay and lesbian bar.

"Look honey, take the job. It might not be your cup of tea but you won't get pinched and groped there. The customers may be a little different but they are polite and won't do anything that you don't want them to," the woman had said.

Dorothy got the job and it took her awhile to grow accustomed to the clientele. She wasn't a lesbian but no one pestered her beyond some flattery and the occasional proposition. The job paid very well and she met some very interesting people.

Latisha Nell stood out above all the others. She was a large woman of color who dominated the bar whenever she was there. A dominant, very black woman with a full Afro hairdo stood six feet tall in her heels. She was usually wearing tight leather pants, bustier, five-inch stiletto heels and holding a red leather leash. The leash was always attached to a

sissified male. For some strange reason she took a liking to Dorothy and they became friends. Whenever Latisha came into the bar, she always made it a point to get Dorothy as their waitress and always left a big tip. There was nothing sexual between the two but Dorothy liked her style.

It was Latisha that introduced Dorothy to Mark McNabb. Mark was a lawyer and gay as a three-dollar bill. He wanted to run for public office but his sexual orientation prevented that. It wasn't until Latisha mentioned that if he would marry someone like Dorothy, he would have the necessary eye candy to run for office. Over the next few months the idea germinated into reality. Dorothy would be able to live a relative life of luxury and pretty much do as she pleased while Mark would have a politically correct background and most importantly an understanding wife.

They were married in a civil ceremony with Latisha giving the bride away. Mark ran for city councilman and won a close election. Life was good for her now and Latisha stayed a close friend. Over time, Mark became a significant force on the city council and was thinking of running for mayor. Dorothy had the wealth to be a woman of self-indulgence. The only thing that blighted her existence was sitting across from her in the food court.

Dorothy was brought out of her thoughts when Myra mentioned having a problem. "Err....what was that dear?" she heard herself ask.

"I was talking about Adam. If I can't find a way to see to his care I won't be able to take that job. Weren't you listening Dorothy?" Myra explained.

"Sorry darling, I was just thinking. Now tell me your problem once again. I want to make sure I fully understand the situation," Dorothy replied. Inwardly, she was pleased that "oh-so-perfect" had problems.

As Myra repeated what she was going through and how Adam refused to go to boarding school, Dorothy had a brilliant idea. "Revenge would be so sweet," she thought.

"Myra I may have a solution for you but I need to think it through and talk to someone before I can say anything. Give me a bit of time and I am sure that I can help. I'll call you tomorrow and let you know what I think. Besides, what are old school friends for if not to be of help when asked," she replied.

When Dorothy got home, she immediately called Latisha and explained her idea. After a long discussion, Latisha and Dorothy agreed to an elaborate evil plan. It was a plan that would bring the pompous campus queen down several notches and her son with her.

"Myra darling, I think I have the solution to your problem. Have you given any thought to hiring a full time nanny? Yes, I know he is too old to have a real nanny but he doesn't have to know that. Just call her a housekeeper or something. I have just the person for you. She comes with the highest of recommendations and I have known her for years. You're just lucky that she is between jobs at the moment. You'll have to decide quickly as she won't be available much longer. Yes, she is in that great of demand. What's that dear? Oh, yes, her name is Latisha Nell and she has worked for some of the city's elite. My Mark can vouch for her as well, being on the city council and all. Well, he is privy to a lot of things most people aren't you know," She couldn't help but smile when she bragged that her husband was influential and alive.

"I'm better than you now, bitch," she thought before continuing her conversation.

"Yes, I can arrange a meeting. How about three this afternoon? Why don't you come over to my place? No sense letting Adam know before you actually decide. Alright, see you then," Dorothy finished.

Hanging up the phone she turned to face Latisha. "That went well. She'll be here. All we have to do now is get Mark to print out all the legalities and then we can have some fun," she stated then gasped in pleasure.

Dorothy was seated on a swivel stool with her legs spread. A red headed mass of curls with a large emerald green satin bow was bobbing up and down between her legs. The figure kneeling between her legs was wearing a bright emerald green satin dress with white floral lace embellishments, full gleaming white petticoats, white hose and green satin pointed toed pumps with a four inch heel. A loud sigh of contentment escaped her lips as she looked at Latisha.

Latisha sat on the sofa dressed conservatively in a grey silk pants suit. Her bright red painted lips in a broad smile as she observed her sissy slave working away at Dorothy's pussy.

"You sure Mark has all the doctored references and legal documents ready. I can't wait to meet this miss goody two shoes you've been talking so much about. Hope she brings a picture of that kid of hers. I like to see what I have to work with. You sure you don't want me to take them both? I could have them working the streets in no time. They ain't got no relatives, so who's to know if we just take them for our pleasure?" Latisha asked.

"Darling, I want her to suffer. If we just drugged them and turned them out where would the fun be in that? No, I want her to see what we do to her kid. Then, if you want, you can take care of her too but not until she fully grasps what happened to her brat. I can

wait. Seeing her face when she comes home so full of herself, successful international sales rep, to see what's become of her son. Just to see the look on her face will be worth a million dollars to me," Dorothy replied.

Ooo

Myra was a little surprised when they met. She wasn't expecting to see a well-dressed large black woman. Latisha's manner and language impressed Myra as being very commanding and authoritative. Traits that she thought would be needed in raising children. Myra had to admit that Latisha's references were very good but she deferred making a decision.

"Ms. Nell, \$3,000 per month plus expenses doesn't sound unreasonable to me but I would like a day or two to think this over. Adam is such a dear child and I want to do what is right for him. Just turning him over to a nanny, especially at his age.....well...I just need time to think this thru and Dorothy. I need time to read all these legal documents. It just doesn't seem right turning over legal and medical guardianship. I'm his mother after all. Oh, yes, I understand the reasons for doing so but can I have a couple of days to think this over?" Myra said.

"Miss Myra, I have another interview tomorrow afternoon. I've sorta promised them that I would take the job but Dorothy here, being a close friend and all, convinced me to talk to you first. I'd like the job but can't keep them waiting. I can give you until noon tomorrow. I'll have to know what you are going to do by then. Taking care of an older boy would be a lot easier on me than the Wilson's two youngsters," Latisha replied.

"Myra darling, you have nothing to worry about. Those legal documents are for emergency purposes only. What if something happened to Adam and you can't be reached? Traveling who knows where all across Europe and Asia. Signing these documents should ease your mind so you can concentrate on getting that big sales job. You'll have a couple of days with Latisha settling in before you have to leave. Besides, I'll check up on them too make sure everything is okay. You can count on me," Dorothy added.

In another part of the house, Mark was enjoying his reward for assisting in Dorothy's plans. As the women completed their meeting, he was looking down at a beautiful creamy white rounded butt. His dick planted deep within its warm confines. The delightful red headed creature was bent over his desk with her white ruffled panties bunched around her knees. She was wearing a bright red satin party dress with several layers of white net petticoats. Her tight boy pussy was clinched tightly around Mark's thick shaft.

"Alright, just let me have until tomorrow morning. I need to talk this over with Adam. I have to be in New York by Thursday and then it's off to London on Sunday. Are you sure you can move in Wednesday afternoon Latisha? That is, if I decide to do this," Myra said.

"Of course honey. You talk it over with your Adam and don't call me nanny. I think he would be more accepting of me moving in if he thought I was the housekeeper," Latisha replied.

"Mom! Come on! I'll be a senior next year. Please let me stay here by myself. I promise to be good and keep the house in order. You know that I have never been in any kind of trouble. Please, let me stay here by myself," Adam begged.

"Adam I am taking this job and you will have to accept that. Miss Nell came highly recommended and it's either her or the boarding school. Yes, you are old enough but you are still a minor. You just don't have the maturity to be on your own. That's why I have decided to hire a housekeeper to watch over you and keep the house half way decent. If you tell me right now that you will go to one of the boarding schools we discussed, we won't have a problem. Living here alone, well, that is a big problem and I will not hear of it. So, what is your decision?" Myra demanded.

By Wednesday afternoon, Latisha Nell was settled into the spare bedroom. She was dressed in a grey pen-striped straight skirt and white cotton long-sleeved blouse. She looked every bit the friendly housekeeper that she wished to appear.

"Only a minor inconvenience, I just have to play nice-nice to these people for one more day. When the bitch leaves, I'll take over the master bedroom and start teaching that kid his proper place in the world," she thought as she perused the small room. Tying a white cotton bib apron on to complete her deception, Latisha left the room.

Thursday Latisha pulled out her cell phone as Adam waved goodbye to his mother at the terminal gate. "Dorothy, she's on her way. I'll be back with the kid in about an hour. I want you to keep my Prissy at your place until after Sunday. Ha! I didn't think you'd mind keeping her occupied until I know for sure the bitch is on her way to London. We'll move everything in and get set up Monday while he's in school. No, I don't think it wise of you to see what happens. Plausible deniability, you know. You'll get to see him in a few months time. Yeah, by then he should be willing to do whatever I tell him and it'll look like his own doing. Sure Mark can have his cherry. After all you did to make this possible, it's the least I can do. Okay, talk to you soon, bye."

Ooo

As Adam went to school Monday morning he was fairly happy. Miss Latisha pretty much left him to his own devices and was a good cook. She even prepared his favorite meal Sunday evening. It was a meal of Southern fried chicken, mashed potatoes and biscuits all made from scratch. He couldn't remember having another nearly as good.

"If that meal last night was an indication of what was to come, I have no problems with Mom being away. Having a housekeeper isn't all that bad. I probably can talk her into letting me have some cool parties. My friends will just shit when they see that I have a servant," he thought as he got on the bus.

As the school bus drove out of sight, Latisha's wrecking crew arrived. It took them until early afternoon to finish but she was pleased with the results. Adam's room was totally redesigned and furnished. She was positive he would hate it as soon as he saw it.

The walls were painted in a soft lilac and trimmed with a brightly colored red, green, pink, yellow and blue floral patterned border. The floor was covered in a soft pale pink pile carpet. The solitary window was nailed shut and the glass panes replaced with unbreakable plastic ones. The window was draped in a rich violet satin with soft pink chiffon overlay.

A changing table with built in drawers had been constructed against one wall. It had a thick bright florescent pink plastic covered mat decorated with ballerinas and had white leather restraining straps. In the middle of the room was an oversized crib. It was painted in bright white enamel with pink piping. The rungs of the crib were painted in alternating pink and white. The base of the crib was shrouded in a pastel pink satin ruffled skirting. The mattress was thin, covered in white plastic and had several pink leather restraining straps. Under the crib sat a large lilac with white lilies decorated chamber pot. The pink enameled wooden seat over it had white bunny rabbits painted on the backrest and wide white leather strap.

Next to the crib was an IV stand to one side and a tall round table on the other. A flopped eared bunny rabbit lamp sitting on a white lace doily was placed on the table. There were three other pieces of furniture in the same white enamel with pink piping in the room. One was a large dresser, a straight back chair and a lighted vanity with lilac satin-pillowed bench seat. Tucked into a corner was an old fashioned metal hooded hairdryer.

The only things taking away from the picture of a perfect girlie nursery were the three framed posters and what was sitting below the dryer. It was a lilac enameled stool with a five-inch realistic looking pink silicon dildo in its center. One poster was of a naked muscle man clearly pumping into another smaller man bent over at the waist. It hung on the wall

directly opposite his bed where he could see it. The second was of three naked muscle men standing frontal in different poses. The third poster portrayed a boy dressed like a little girl holding a book and sitting in the lap of a naked muscle man. As a final touch, Latisha placed an oil lamp on the table and lit it. The overly sweet smell of lilacs began filling the room with its essence.

"Oh yes, my new sissy will certainly enjoy this. I can't wait to see his expression when he comes home. There is no better feeling than breaking in a fresh new sissy. Now all I have to do is make sure all the video cameras are focused and running," she thought as she left the room.

When Adam arrived home he was called into the kitchen. There he found Latisha sitting at the table with another younger Goth looking woman. The stranger had raven black hair styled in stiff spikes. The tips of the spikes were dyed a bright purple. Her lipstick, glossy black, matched her long black varnished nails. She was wearing a tight fitting black tee, black jeans and black combat boots. Her bare arms had several tattoos, an intertwined black barbed wire on her muscled right bicep and colorful floral bracelets above both wrists. She looked strong and mean; yet, alluring to Adam's eye.

"Holy shit," he thought as he entered the room.

"Adam, darling, I want you to meet Drusilla. She's an old friend and she's volunteered to help you. Isn't that sweet of her?" Latisha stated.

"Errr, help? What do you mean Latisha?" he replied confused.

"Why, help with your image darling. I've decided that you need to reinvent yourself and I have the perfect plan. I think that you will agree once you have seen your room that a change is in order. Drusilla here is a wonderful beautician and I'm sure a few hours under her care will do wonders for you. Now, come along, I can't wait to show you to your new room," she said.

As they passed the living room, Adam caught sight of what appeared to be a young girl sitting on the sofa. She had curly red hair with a large white chiffon bow. She was wearing a white with red polka dotted satin party dress and lots of white petticoats. She appeared to be reading a book and did not look up as they went by.

"She seems awful big to be wearing that outfit. I wonder who she is." Adam thought.

"Latisha who is," Adam started to ask, ...He didn't get to finish as Latisha grabbed him by the earlobe and squeezed saying, "That is Mistress Latisha from now on squirt and I don't want to hear another word out of your pie hole," she snarled.

"Ouch! That hurts! Let go of me," Adam screamed as she pulled him to his open bedroom door.

Seeing his room, Adam forgot all about the pain and just stood stunned.

"Wha... what have you done to my room? This has got to be some kind of sick joke. You can't do this," he stuttered before Latisha pinched and twisted his ear.

He screamed in pain as she twisted her sharp fingernails deep into his earlobe. "What the fuck didn't you understand about calling me Mistress and keeping your trap shut? Now get your ass in the room. We have a lot of work to do," she spat.

He tried to struggle. He tried to kick and fight his way free but the two women easily overpowered him. Drusilla had him in a full nelson before he could do much of anything, his toes dangled just off the floor. Latisha had a death grip on his groin and he was seeing stars. The fight was soon out of him. Latisha released his groin but Drusilla maintained her hold on him. As he hung in her arms gasping like a guppy out of water, Latisha quickly stripped him of all his clothing.

He was dragged into the adjoining bath and tossed to the floor. Automatically, he curled into the fetal position and began crying. His arms, shoulders and balls were throb-



bing in pain. As he lay there, the two women donned full plastic aprons and rubber gloves. Drusilla turned on the taps in the tub while Latisha picked up a large jar. Soon he was covered in a stinking burning cream from his neck down to his toes except for a small heart shaped pubis. After what seemed like an eternity, he was shoved into a cold shower and his body hair and the cream scrubbed off.

Out of the shower, he was quickly towed off. Drusilla grabbed him in a full nelson painfully forcing him on tiptoes. "You move even a single muscle or try kicking, I'm gonna break both your arms. So you best behave," she whispered harshly into his ear.

"Let go! You can't do this to me!" he shouted.

"Oh, but we not only can, we can do anything we want. Since you haven't learned to keep your trap shut, I guess we'll have to do it for you," Drusilla said looking at Latisha.

Latisha reached into a bag and removed a black rubber penis gag. She had to pinch his nose to force his mouth open before shoving it home. With the elastic straps secured behind his head, Adam could only mumble.

Latisha took another item out of the bag and knelt down in front of Adam. His shrunken penis was forced into a small stainless steel tube that had a stainless steel "V" shaped outer cover. As the "V" shaped metal was pressed down between his legs, it forced his balls back up inside his body. Thin metal straps connected to the "V" went around his hips and between his legs. They attached to a locking disc in the small of his back and tightened by a small key. Once tightened, his groin was flat and smooth.

As Latisha stood she patted the metal cover saying, "That should take care of any immediate problems. The tub is almost full, let's get the new sissy washed up and smelling real pretty."

After a short bath in the heavily floral scented tub and his hair shampooed and conditioned, he was dried, wiped down in lilac scented moisturizer and dusted with lilac scented talc.

"Okay, let's finish up. Bend him over the tub while I get everything set up," Latisha instructed.

Soon a quart of warm water was filling Adam's gut. Latisha shoved a tampon into his butt and stepped back. "Okay let the sissy up. That tampon should hold everything in for awhile. It's time we dressed him for bed," she stated.

Back in the bedroom, he was forced up onto the changing table and strapped in. As Latisha poured baby oil and powder over his groin and backside, Drusilla pulled pale violet plastic ball mittens over his hands and secured them with double knotted ribbon bows. Thick cotton diapers were then pinned in place with large pink bunny rabbit pins. Over the diapers, a pair of crinkly violet colored translucent plastic panties with rows of wide white ruffled lace covering the bottom, leg and waist were pulled up and locked in place.

A white long-line, heavily starched, bullet bra with a D cup was fastened with eight hook and eye closures around his chest. With the bra and diaper on, only a brief strip of skin and his navel were left exposed. The empty cups were filled with cotton balls giving them shape. A fluffy white chiffon petticoat was pulled up into place around his hips. Next, a bright fuchsia colored dress was pulled over his head. The flare skirted dress was heavy bridal satin overlaid with knife pleated chiffon. It was empire cut with a high bone supported ruffled white chiffon collar and puff sleeves tied off with pink satin ribbons. A wide white satin ribbon tied just under the bust in a floppy bow with long streamers. White ruffled pink nylon socks were pulled up to his ankles and the frilly lacy ruffles fluffed out. White leather baby shoes were then tied tightly to his feet. They were at least one size too small and cramped his toes painfully.

Released from the table, Adam could barely stand. The diapering was so thick that it forced his thighs wide apart and the tight shoes with their flat soles were inflexible. He was forced to waddle over to the vanity where his hair was tightly wound in wire mesh rollers. After the rollers were covered in setting gel, Drusilla placed a large pink baby bonnet with a wide brim on his head. The bonnet was decorated in lots of white floral lace and satin ribbons. When it was tied securely beneath his chin, the brim forced him to look straight ahead. He was forced to stare at his reflection in the vanity mirror.

Through out his ordeal, the women took both video and digital pictures. "If you give us any trouble, these will find there way all over the Internet highway and your school's bulletting board," Latisha informed him when she showed them to him.

"I'm dead! I can't let them post those," he thought as the women took his mitten covered hands and led him to the kitchen. There he was placed in a white enameled highchair with baby's breath and pink rose's decoration. The tray locked in place, Adam could only squirm and turn his head.

The curly red headed girl sat down beside him. She had wide brown eyes and extremely long black eyelashes. Her eye brows were thin arches and the eyelids were heavily frosted in earth toned eye shadows. Her Cupid's bow lips were painted in a glossy butter-

cup pink. A small gold ring was inserted through the septum of her nose. The makeup she wore and nasal ring looked out of place on such a young girl. As Adam stared at her something else didn't seem right. Her chin was too square and the nose a little too big for a girl. His attention was brought back from observing the girl as Latisha placed a bowl of something green and slimy looking and a baby's bottle on the tray.

As Latisha tied a large white terry bib with a little chicken embroidered on it around his neck, she said, "Prissy I want you to feed your new little sister. Make sure she eats all of it."

By this time Adam's face was almost as pink as his dress. Not only was he dressed like a baby doll but was going to be fed like one. He sputtered and garbled as best he could with the penis gag in place trying to protest what was happening. His movements were totally hampered by the snug fitting tray and his hands just as useless in their confining mittens. Tears of frustration began filling his eyes and drool began to run down his chin.

Prissy stood up beside him and lifted a corner of the bib. She dabbed it under his eyes and wiped his chin. "Don't cry baby. If you're good and do what you are told, maybe Mistress Latisha will let you wear big sissy clothes like me," she said in a falsetto voice.

Drusilla came over and placed another bowl of something that didn't look good at all. "Now, I am going to take out that gag. If you so much as say one word, I'm going to take you outside and down to the park. I'm sure all your neighbors will love to see the newest sissy baby on the block," she stated.

Adam could tell that she wasn't kidding. The last thing in the world he wanted was to have all his friends and neighbors seeing him dressed like this. He stretched his jaw and wiggled his tongue as the gag was removed and placed into the bowl Drusilla brought over.

Adam forced himself to swallow the green gunk that Prissy fed him first. The taste and texture reminded him of spinach which he hated with a passion. As he was being fed, the two women sat down to a delicious smelling steak and potatoes dinner. As another spoon full of the green stuff was pushed into his mouth, Adam's stomach growled loudly and he felt like throwing up. Prissy was insistent and soon the bowl was empty. Next, came the bottle. As it neared his lips, Adam saw that the nipple was extra large and shaped like a penis. He tried to turn his head away but Prissy grabbed his chin and forced the nipple into his mouth.

"Suck it all down sissy baby or you'll be spanked," Prissy demanded as she placed his mitten covered hands to support the bottle. He resisted and the bottle fell to the floor, bounced twice and settled on its side.