

Abatement

by Benjamin Hanson

Introduction

I read my first age regression story some time ago and became fascinated by the concept. To one degree or another, every person wishes to relive the lost days of their youth. The unfortunate aspect of that is that it isn't so, and this is the reality that we find ourselves in. The world of fiction provides us with an opportunity to explore the realms of possibility, and while I am not typically a writer of this genre, it was an area that I wanted to explore as a personal challenge and also to bring more attention to this type of story. With that being said I hope that you enjoy my gift to you and that you take the time to write me with your thoughts and opinions. As this is a project, I will rely heavily on personal suggestions and ideas for the upcoming chapters. Feel free to email me at benhanson1980@yahoo.com

- Benjamin Hanson

Disclaimer

While this story is primarily concerned with the subject of age regression, it also contains sexual encounters between young boys and older teens and adults. If this type of story does not interest you then please don't continue. If you are under eighteen then please do not read it either. If this sort of story is illegal in your particular jurisdiction then do not continue reading.

Chapter One

A sense of exhaustion and boredom washed over me as I walked slowly through the nearly barren streets of that old town. The cobblestone beneath me carried the sound of each step into the distance, and my eyes rose to meet each echo. I can't say that I was paranoid at that time, merely someone that realized that the world isn't as safe as I'd like it to be, but certainly paranoia is a cherished friend of mine today.

At that time in my life I worked at a large company as a file clerk. I was fresh from a university education, the gift of well intentioned parents, and found the job market devoid of any opportunities for a philosophy major. Even so, it was all for the better. Certainly pondering the meaning of life was intriguing, but my conclusions were no more important or profound than anyone else's. Who was I to teach others to think when I myself was unsure how to think? If my education taught me nothing else, it

taught me that I would never know enough. With that bit of knowledge in tow, I resigned myself to whatever opportunity would come. I would live my life in simplicity, in like manner of Lao-Tzu, and I would be happy.

I told myself often that existing on mere dollars a day was an acceptable way to live. My home, a mere shack, sat in a questionable end of town. Were there a lawn to maintain, I'd do so, but sadly the home found itself surrounded by dirt and weeds. The one saving grace it provided me with was an electric stove and a good sized freezer in which to keep things. It was more than many had, and I accepted it thusly.

On this particular night, trudging back at an ungodly hour as I was accustomed, I was feeling particularly sorry for myself and my situation in life. It wasn't necessarily the fact that I had so little, but that I was nearly thirty and knew that I would spend my whole life in this repetitive cycle. My chosen profession left me with no time or money to find a partner, and that was compounded by my being gay. Every now and then a voluptuous temp would turn my way with eyes of wonder, but it was a pointless endeavor on their part.

I had heard from a confidant that there was a street where young men sold themselves for sexual favors. I never took the time to look or care, but being particularly lonely and tired of my life I felt it as good a time as any to see for myself. It wasn't in the safest of locations, but neither was my home. I would slip in quietly under the cover of darkness, observe the goings on, and return to my abode with something different to think about.

As I turned a few streets and found my way into the warehouse district nestled against the sea, the smell of salty air permeated my senses. It invigorated me to some extent, and I found my steps quicken beneath me. I knew that I had only a few more minutes to walk and then I would find myself within a new place, a place that no one dared speak of except in strict confidence. As I strolled around the final corner and my eyes strained to see what was before me, I was shocked to see very little. The various warehouses were largely boarded up, what few streetlamps that still worked only cast dim shadows on the surrounding streets.

I nearly cursed my friend for his lies when what appeared to be a pair of eyes in the distance caught my gaze. I stopped, mid-turn, but the eyes had vanished. Perhaps they didn't want to be seen, but my curiosity got the best of me. I walked towards the alleyway where they had first appeared.

Arriving with my body twitching in anxiety, I peered into the darkness to see a young boy around ten sitting on the ground. He looked up at me and smiled, exposing crooked teeth and a weather beaten face. "Hi," he muttered.

"Hi," I replied, unsure of what I was doing or what he was. I felt very strongly that he must be a street urchin.

"You picked a bad night to be here you know? This isn't a place for your kind," he spoke again, his voice clear and his eyes seemingly sympathetic for some unknown reason.

“What do you mean my kind?”

“Only the rich come here sir. Ones like you become like me. We’ve lost a few lately and the wolves are on the prowl.”

I stared at him with no concept of what he meant. I knew it was a warning, and while I regret having not heeded it now, I chose not to.

“I think I can handle myself,” I chortled.

“Very well... what would you like?”

“Like?”

“Well you came here for a reason.” He smiled teasingly, raising his shirt to expose his stomach. “Name what you want and I’ll tell you the price.”

I blinked, completely unbelieving of what I had been asked. When my friend said young men, this isn’t what I had in mind. “Not to disappoint you or anything but you’re a little younger than what I hoped for.”

The boy snickered, looking at the barely concealed moon above us. “I was afraid you’d say that. Why can’t you just admit you have no money?”

I was shocked by his vibrato. “Now look here, I have plenty of money!” I lied. How dare he accuse me of having nothing? He was a common urchin, a prostitute! I froze in place as a deep voice sounded behind me.

“Give me your wallet.”

The boy quickly rose to his feet and ran into the darkness of the alley.

“Hey come back here!” I yelled desperately. I swallowed deeply as his silhouette disappeared and I knew then what I had to do. I turned slowly and looked at the figure behind me. It was a tall man, around 6’3”. He had black hair slicked back on top of his head and piercing green eyes. He wore a suit, but it did little to hide the fact he was well built.

“Hand it over.”

“Fine, just don’t hurt me.” I reached into my pocket and pulled it out, handing it over.

“That all depends on your level of honesty.” He jeered, opening it and looking inside. “Nothing... you’ve made a poor mistake.”

I swallowed and took a few steps backwards. “What do you mean?”

“You’ll understand in time.” He took a step forward and punched me in the gut as hard as he could. The world around me began to spin and twirl, what little light there was faded into darkness. I had passed out.

Chapter Two

My hands tried to reach around my stomach but met with no success. They were being held by something, and the unbelievable pain that ravaged my body made it all the more difficult to resist. My eyes managed to blink open, staring at a swaying lamp above me. I tried to sit up but found it useless, I was strapped against a table and I felt myself beginning to shake. Fear was the only emotion I felt and I had no way to escape.

“Help me!” I yelled to whoever would listen. “Please!” I pleaded, tears beginning to roll down my cheeks.

“Now, now, that’s no way for a grown man to act.” I heard a man’s voice speak from across the room.

“Who are you!?” I half asked, half shouted. I felt my fear turn into rage.

“I would suggest you lie very still or it’s going to be a difficult night for all of us. You have no more ability to escape those restraints than I have the desire to release you.”

I swallowed and bit my lip. He was correct, of course. “Then at least tell me what you want with me. I don’t have any money but I’m sure we can work something out.” I said carefully, calculating my words as much as my emotional state allowed.

“Of course you have no money, that’s what got you into this predicament to begin with.” The voice became louder and more distinct as he spoke, I could hear his footsteps as he drew nearer to me. Each muscle in my body drew up and I became even tenser than I had been. Within a few moments his face came into view. It was a young face, probably no older than seventeen or eighteen, and he had beautiful blonde hair that cascaded across his cheeks. His skin was very pale and he appeared quite fragile to be so domineering.

“You’re just a boy...”

“Well the term boy is debatable but my body is seventeen yes, do you find it attractive?” He asked, smiling as though I were some kind of toy.

“Just... just tell me why I’m here.”

He laughed in a sadistic manner, rubbing his hands together in front of his chest. “Don’t want to play? Well that’s fine; you aren’t my only charge this evening. My name is Frederick Hanson and I’m a doctor. You are Benjamin Gardner and you’re a liar.”

I began to feel anger course through me again but I managed to hold it back. "Why am I a liar?"

Frederick laughed hysterically. "You told our young James that you had money; that you could afford whatever you chose. From the contents of your wallet and your bank account I'd say that's not the case."

I thought for a moment and suddenly remembered the young boy from the alley. "Of course I lied! He accused me of being less important, he compared me to him!"

Frederick smirked, "Well you certainly have doomed yourself to be like him."

"What the FUCK do you mean!?" I asked enraged.

Frederick sighed, tapping his fingers on my chest. "As I stated before my name is Frederick and I'm a doctor. I am employed by an organization known as Purity to assist in the maintenance and acquisition of young prostitutes. With that being said, we have a very strict law code that we must adhere to. Do you have any interest in what these laws are?"

I groaned, attempting to fight against my restraints again and gave up in futility. "Do they have anything to do with me?"

"A great deal I'd say."

"Fine then, I'll hear them."

He grinned, "So feisty! Very well! You see, we have a very particular set of clientele that loves to have relations with young boys. There are a couple of problems with that of course, for one it's quite wrong to expose one so young to sex without their personal consent, and for another there would be missing persons reports, criminal investigations to avoid, etcetera..."

I nodded, still unsure of where he was leading me.

"With that being the case, fifty years ago the organization sought a solution to this very important problem. They wanted to find a way to have children that couldn't be traced or could mentally handle being prostituted. That's where I came in."

I laughed a little unable to contain myself. "Fifty years ago huh?"

Frederick smirked, "I'll have you know that I turned seventy nine last week."

My face contorted for a moment and I tried to process what he had said. I couldn't contain it any longer and in spite of myself I let out uproarious laughter. "You!? Seventy nine!? PLEASE! I wasn't born yesterday!" I would have held my stomach were I able. The man quickly began to frown and grabbed my shirt, drawing his face very close to mind. I stopped laughing.

"It is indeed very possible and is quite true. This body that you see, this physique that you lusted after so plainly, is the result of my solution for this company."

I nodded a little, still very skeptical. "Let's say for a moment that I believe you. Then are you trying to tell me that you are a prostitute doctor?" I snickered a little.

"Oh my, no, I am much too valuable to do such things. I merely retain this young body so I can be of service to this company for generations."

I blinked. "Then I am confused."

He groaned, shaking his head as he circled the table and came to my other side. "You are so foolish to be nearly thirty, very well, if I must spell it out for you. I turn men into children to fulfill the demands of this company."

I felt shock enter me. I was unsure of what to say.

"Where you come into this though, and this is my favorite part I might add, is what qualifies those candidates that we choose to turn into children. You see, people who wander into our little alley who shouldn't be there have two options. They can either vindicate themselves by admitting their arriving was a mistake, that they are poor and that they will never speak of it again, OR..." His words trailed off and I became very uncomfortable.

"They can lie and prove themselves unworthy of the lives they lead. When you lie you are given two choices." He reached beneath the table I was laying on and I heard him wrestle around with whatever contents were there.

"You can choose death." He waived a syringe containing a clear liquid with his left hand. "Or servitude." He waived another syringe containing a yellow liquid with his right.

I felt as though my life had already ended. "This servitude... how long does it last?" I asked. I certainly didn't want to die, but I was curious as to what path this road would lead to.

"Fifty years assuming you live that long. Once your time is up you are made into a toddler, your age limiter is removed, and you are placed with an average family with no recollection of your time spent here. Of course the fifty years can fluctuate either way depending on how good or naughty you are." He smirked.

"What do you mean if I live that long? If you make me... like you... presumably can I not live forever?"

"There are many ways to die that don't include old age." He spoke. For the first time I felt very strongly that he wasn't lying. Looking deep into his eyes, I saw an age to him that I had never seen before.

"I don't want to die..." I whispered mostly to myself, but he had heard it as well.

“I think that’s a wise choice on your part.” He slammed the syringe containing the yellow liquid into my left arm and pushed the plunger with great force. I yelled out in pain and he merely smiled in return.

“Is that it?” I asked, feeling a burning sensation rush up my arm.

“If only it were that easy! That liquid merely stops you from aging. As of four seconds ago, until I provide you with a cure, your body has lost the ability to age.”

I nodded and couldn’t help but feel a little excited about the concept. “If this is possible why don’t you sell it to a pharmaceutical company and make a fortune?”

Frederick laughed, examining the injection point on my arm. “Do you realize what the gift of immortality would mean? It would become a valuable commodity, a treasure only the rich could attain. The political dynamic of the entire world would change. Imagine if dictators and conquerors could exist without fear of death?”

I nodded, “but what if it was available for everyone?”

“Aside from the financial implications, over population is already too big a problem.”

I sighed in acceptance. Immortality was something all men wanted to achieve but the implications of such a thing were something few thought of. I certainly never had.

“What’s next?”

He placed a needle in my arm to draw blood. “I have to run some tests to see what your system needs to re-age itself to the proper point.”

“How old will I be?” I asked.

“Well I’m not entirely sure. I have to see what the clients want and what they are willing to pay.”

I swallowed deeply.

“I will return shortly.” He removed the needle from my arm and left my field of vision with blood in hand. I laid my head back partially in frustration and partially due to exhaustion. I had largely forgotten the pain in my stomach but it was coming back to me now.

Chapter Three

When my eyes opened my stomach felt considerably better. I had no concept of what time it was but considering I was well rested I assumed it was the morning. Still strapped to the table, I tried to take account of my state. I could tell that I was still very much an adult. Whether or not the stop aging

liquid had worked I couldn't be sure, but I was surprised that my back didn't hurt from having been strapped to a table for this long.

I tried to turn my body a fraction of an inch to gain a new perspective on the room but it was to no avail. I wasn't able to move much of anything other than my head.

"Hello?"

Nothing but silence met my ears in return. I groaned and my head hit the table. I had settled on trying to sleep for awhile longer to make time go by more quickly when I heard the door open beyond me.

"We have a bidder." The familiar voice of Frederick broke the impenetrable silence.

"What does that mean exactly?" I asked, swallowing what little saliva I could produce. Speaking made me realize how thirsty I was.

"Each time we get a new... convert... we put the person on the market for personalization. If there is someone looking for a boy of a specific age then we re-age the individual to their requested age and send them packing after training. If we can't find a bidder then we select a random age and put them on the streets."

"Then you're just selling me to someone!?" I asked; my voice strained due to my thirst.

"Selling is a strong word. More like leasing for a pre-arranged period of time." He spoke with such a casual tone that it was infuriating.

"How long?" I asked, unable to stop myself.

"This contract is for twenty years."

"Twenty years? Twenty years? You have to be joking!"

"Well it's certainly better than fifty with someone much too advanced in age to enjoy you."

I groaned. I wasn't able to imagine a life of twenty years spent in captivity. I couldn't be sure what I would be allowed to do, or what I wouldn't. I wasn't sure how kind or cruel this man would be. Pedophiles are supposed to be despicable creatures. The question is could he still be considered a pedophile since I'm technically twenty-nine? It was a question that I don't think anyone could answer.

"Do you have any curiosity as to your new age?"

"I suppose..." I murmured, still rolling over my thoughts.

"You will be nine years, two months of age. The only change we'll have to make as far as your appearance is concerned is that you'll be a brunette, unless of course you were a brunette as a child." He looked at me with mild curiosity.

I was struck silent for a moment. The concept of becoming younger was surprising enough, the idea of never aging was astounding, but the idea of him changing my physical characteristics was something different entirely. "You can do that?"

He frowned a little. "Surely if I have the capacity to create immortals and regress or advance age I can take care of something as pesky as hair color or nose size."

I laid my head back down again. It made sense, as much as all of these insane things could anyway.

"The answer to my question is?"

"No I've always been blonde."

"Very well..."

I watched him out of the corner of my eye as he lifted an IV bag above my head. It was filled with a strange blue liquid that I assumed would cause my age regression. He very gently removed a needle from somewhere I couldn't see and pushed into my arm so that he could soon feed me whatever was within the bag.

"That takes care of the age regression medication, now we have to deal with the pesky problem of your hair."

I nodded and watched with more curiosity than fear. It wasn't exactly my goal in life to become a child and a sex slave, but the whole process was fascinating. I had always enjoyed science as a child ironically enough. Frederick filled another syringe with a clear liquid and injected it into the IV in my arm. I felt a not so dissimilar burning sensation to the medicine that stopped the aging process. He must have noticed me wincing because he spoke shortly afterwards.

"I apologize for the discomfort, genetic mutations never feel grand. Thankfully you will be sedated for the age regression."

I nodded as the burning subsided a bit. "Has my hair turned yet?"

"It's beginning to I believe." He started running his fingers through my hair. "It's going to grow very quickly over the next few weeks as your old hair color cycles out. After that it should return to a normal growth rate though."

I nodded again. I sighed to myself, resigning myself to my ultimate fate and hoping for a good conclusion to it all. "May I ask you a question?"

Frederick nodded as he began to prepare another syringe.

"Why are you being nice to me?"

“I suppose I understand the difficulties you will face over the next many years. You aren’t an entirely evil person, just misguided. This will give you the opportunity to be thankful for the life you once had.”

“Thanks I suppose...” My voice drifted as I watched him inject the new syringe into my arm.

“When you wake up, you’ll be a new person.” He smiled a little at me as I felt myself slipping away. I mumbled something that wasn’t exactly coherent as I felt the darkness overtake me. Within moments I had passed out.

Chapter Four

As I came back to reality my mind began to spin. My eyes remained closed tight in sincere hope that the events of the past two days had been nothing more than a dream. I moved my arm as my hand rose to meet my forehead. My eyes shot open as I forgot myself. My restraints were gone. I sat up quickly and looked around me. A few things became immediately apparent; first I was no longer in the same room but in a private bedroom, I was sitting on a twin sized bed and the room was well lit by two windows with sun streaming inside. Secondly, as I looked down at the frame that I knew as my body, it became apparent that everything that had happened over the past couple days hadn’t been a dream. I was a boy.

I tugged absentmindedly at the large white shirt that covered me. My frame was tiny, even for a nine year old, and many memories of my youth began to flood back to me. I looked at my small hands, my hairless arms. My hands rose to rub my smooth face. My hair was lying in my eyes and it was definitely a dark brown now.

“I guess it does grow faster now...”

I gasped upon hearing myself speak. Even my voice was now that of a boy, high pitched with a slightly scruffy quality to it. I couldn’t remember the exact way I sounded as a boy but I was certain that it was similar if not exactly as it was. I threw the sheet off of my lap and looked at my legs. They had a bit of baby fat to them and not an ounce of hair was to be seen. I thought momentarily about looking at my penis but decided that this was neither the time nor the place. I was prepared to stand and see what was going on when there was a knock at the door.

“Come in?” I called out but it sounded like more of a question than a statement. I watched tensely as an older black woman entered with a tray of food.

“Well goodness I’m glad to see that you’re awake!” She smiled at me happily as she sat the tray on the table next to my bed. “You’ve been out for nearly three days, although that always seems to happen when you kids first arrive at the orphanage. How are you feeling?”

I blinked and looked down at my lap before returning my gaze to her. Was it possible that I was taken to an orphanage? Or perhaps she was hoodwinked into thinking that's what this was. Either way I was glad for a friendly bit of company.

"I feel okay but my body is sore." I said, smiling at her what little I could manage.

"Well honey this soup will fix you right up; made it myself from an old family recipe." She planted a wet kiss on my forehead and walked back towards the door.

"If you need anything just holler sweetie."

I smiled and nodded, "Thank you..."

"Bessie will be just fine sugar."

"Thanks Bessie."

She nodded and left the room closing the door behind her. I pulled the tray onto my lap and looked at the contents of the bowl. It appeared to be chicken and rice soup and there was a glass of milk next to it. I smirked to myself imagining this wouldn't be enough but decided to dig in anyway. By the time I had managed to eat half of the bowl I felt like I was ready to burst and pushed the tray back onto the side table. I had forgotten how much less food you require at nine.

Just when I was beginning to feel a little more comfortable in my surroundings another knock came at the door. "Come in!" I yelled, expecting to see Bessie again. Instead, Frederick walked into the room wearing a red t-shirt and a pair of torn blue jeans. He looked even more like a teenager than he had before.

"How are you feeling?" He asked as he closed the door behind him and strolled over, taking a seat next to me.

"I suppose I feel fine, I'm a little sore though..." I admitted. It was an amazing thing looking at Frederick now. I had the memories of my previous self intact but my global perception had completely changed. He looked decidedly older to me now.

"Good to hear it. Now there are a couple things we need to discuss. Firstly, we have a standing agreement with this orphanage that they will house our new conversions for such time as is necessary. Bessie, who I know you already met, assumes that you are an actual child and there is no reason for you to tell her otherwise."

I nodded now receiving the answer to my previous question.

"You will remain here until we have received the fund transfer for your lease. During that time you will be a normal boy by day. You will interact with the others and the actual children as though you were a child. By night you can feel free to be yourself and you will receive training for two hours each evening by the more tenured converts."

He looked around the room to see if anyone was there. It seemed an odd time to do so as he had said so much already.

“Mind your manners and do as you’re told... Be a good boy.”

I smirked. I wasn’t accustomed to being treated like a child. It had been many years after all. He rose immediately and began heading towards the door.

“You’re leaving?” I asked with a mild sense of desperation that I couldn’t explain.

“I have other matters to attend to. You will be fine.” With those words he opened the door and shut it behind him. I sat there alone once more, wishing that he hadn’t left so soon. I looked out the window to try and gauge the time. The sun was fairly high in the sky so I felt safe in assuming that it was around lunch time. I let my legs slip off the bed and my feet touched the cold wooden floor beneath me, sending a shiver up my spine.

I stood much too quickly and nearly fell over. I had to become accustomed to supporting a much lighter load with much shorter legs. Just standing there made me realize how many limitations adulthood put on a person. I felt much lighter, and the pains I normally had in my lower back and shoulder were completely non-existent. I also didn’t feel as dirty as I normally did when I first awoke in the morning, although the concept of a bath did interest me. Taking my previous experience with standing into account, I walked slowly towards the window in order to peer out.

As I did my eyes surveyed the landscape that surrounded the orphanage. It was surrounded by a forest with nothing familiar coming into view. I wasn’t sure how far away from home I was, but I was pleased with the solitude I would enjoy. I didn’t see any children playing outside so I was certain that either they were eating or there was some sort of activity going on downstairs. I took it as my queue to leave the room and explore my new surroundings.

Chapter Five

As soon as I opened the door and peered out, I noticed that I was at the end of a very long hallway. I could make out a banister in the distance, and stepped out cautiously. As soon as the door shut behind me and I started walking towards it, I felt my stomach begin to tighten. How could I be sure who the ones were that were like me, and who were the ones that were actual children? I wasn’t exactly sure that I could pass for an average nine years old but I would try; my only hope in determining who was who would be that others had difficulty acting their age as well.

As I made my descent down the stairs the distant sound of boy’s voices became apparent. I had been correct in my assumption that they were all downstairs. The closer I got the more clear the voices became. One particular voice was that of a teenager, “I’m going to pound your face in if you don’t shut up!” I heard Bessie’s voice almost immediately. “Now you ain’t going to beat anybody up! You go on and sit down now!”

I smiled to myself, imagining this bully being silenced by an older woman. I never had a knack for handling bullies at the age of nine but hopefully I'd have no run-ins with this one. As soon as I reached the bottom stair I peered into a dining room full of boys of various ages; Bessie ran over to me.

"Looks like my soup fixed you right up! How you feeling sugar?"

"Good." I smiled up at her, realizing how tall she was suddenly.

"Well that's just fine. Let's go get you washed up while the other kids eat so you can go play with everybody later on."

I nodded as she ushered me away from the dining room and back up the stairs. As soon as we reached the top, she opened the door directly next to the bedroom I had awakened in and directed me inside. It was fairly simple with white walls, a claw foot tub and a pedestal sink. Bessie grabbed my shirt and ripped it off of me to which I immediately froze.

"We're just going to make you shine like the sun sugar; you been asleep for three days now so this is going to feel just fine."

I blushed furiously as she grabbed the waist band of my shorts and underwear and inclined for me to raise each leg so she could remove them. It had been so long since anyone had done anything like this for me. As I raised a leg slowly she laughed uproariously.

"Now don't be ashamed sugar you don't have anything I ain't seen before!"

I nodded, still violently red as I raised my other leg and found myself standing naked in front of this unfamiliar woman. She reached behind me and turned on the water faucet so that the tub would begin to fill.

"I'll be back in a minute with some fresh clothes, go on ahead and get in."

I nodded as she left, leaving the door wide open. I walked over and closed it quietly before walking over to the tub. I actually had to hold the side with my hands in order to step over and get in without falling. As soon as I did, taking my place in the water, I felt a soothing sensation roll over me. I let out an audible sigh and began to get comfortable when the door flew open again.

"Now we don't shut doors in this house, I have to be able to hear you at all times." Bessie scolded me and I blushed in reply.

"Sorry..." I muttered.

"Oh you didn't know before but now you do! Don't even worry about it sugar."

I smiled as she sat next to me and turned off the faucet. She had me lay back enough to get my hair wet as she grabbed a bottle of shampoo and poured a small amount into her hands. She worked the lather through my shaggy hair and scrubbed my scalp deeply with her long nails. It was surprisingly more

relaxing than I had imagined. Once finished she rinsed my hair thoroughly and grabbed a bar of soap and began to lather up a rag for me. I watched with mild curiosity as she did so.

“You really like your job huh?” I asked. It was apparent that she was very good with the children she took care of.

“I most certainly do! I have never had any kids of my own so all of you boys are my children.” She smiled at me, exposing a full set of pearly whites.

I nodded as she directed me to stand. She rubbed the rag across my arms and chest, across my legs and had me raise my feet to wash each one. When she reached behind me to wash my back and then my bottom, I jumped a little from the unexpected sensation.

“Simmer down now.” She laughed a little.

I nodded and allowed her to do so. It required such little effort on her part and her hands were so large in comparison to me. I wondered if she would be so large if I was still an adult. As she reached around the other side and began to wash my penis I immediately went into shock again. I looked down and watched my very small three inch penis completely erect within the confines of the rag. Not a single trace of hair could be seen and my balls were tucked very close to my body. To say that it didn't feel good would be a lie but the awkwardness over powered any pleasure I could get from the moment.

She finished washing between my legs and had me sit back down, making sure to rinse my body as well as she had my hair. She patted my head as my gaze returned to hers.

“Are you about ready to get out?”

I shrugged and stood up, looking up at her as I did so. For some odd reason the feeling of shame I had experienced from my exposed body when she first undressed me had vanished. Either her being there was somehow comforting, or I was regressing in more ways than one.

She wrapped a large towel around me and lifted me from the tub, planting me firmly on the tile below. My teeth chattered as I adjusted to the air hitting my wet body. She set about drying my hair and body, making sure that I was plenty warm, and helped me into a new outfit for the day.

“There we are and I think you look mighty handsome in blue!” She said taking a look at the finished project. I smiled and was prepared to leave when she grabbed my arm.

“Now you need to brush those teeth and your hair before you go downstairs now!”

I laughed a little in spite of myself. She handed me a toothbrush as I began to brush and set forth combing through the tangled locks upon my head. I managed to finish rinsing as soon as she made the last brush.

“Alright you can go play now but no running in the house!”

I nodded and walked back towards the banister and down the stairs. I could hear Bessie letting the tub drain and collecting my things behind me. I saw a couple of boys, younger than myself, running from the dining room and towards some other area of the house. As soon as I neared the very bottom a familiar face sprung into view.

“How’s it going?” The haunting voice of five nights ago spoke.

“You’re...” My voice trailed off as I tried to recover from my shock.

“James. We’ve met...” He held out his hand.

This boy that looked so much younger than me now seemed so much older. Perspective truly is a bitch. Regardless of my lack of affinity for him before I realized that what had occurred was hardly his fault. I reached my hand out as he shook mine.

“So do you want me to show you around?”

I nodded; I supposed it would be good to know what was what before I began trying to fit in, if that were even possible. He led the way into the room where the two younger boys had run previously.

“This is the playroom for the younger boys. There are lots of toys in here to mess around with. Since you’re nine you could hang out here or in the electronics room if you chose to.”

We immediately left as he led me back to the hallway and behind the stairs. There was another room with a large television, a few older video game consoles and a myriad of handheld electronic devices.

“This is the electronics room obviously. You have to be at least nine to play here but the older boys tend to bully anyone under thirteen. I have a bit of credibility so I’d be able to protect you if you needed.”

I smiled a little. “Thanks.”

He nodded and turned back towards the main entrance. He slipped on a pair of flip flops sitting by the door and gestured towards a slightly smaller pair. I slipped them on and noticed that they were still a tad too big for me, but would suit their purpose. As his hand wrapped around the door knob and flung it open, a warm breeze hit us both and I couldn’t help but smile a little. The freedom of being outside was something I didn’t think I’d get to enjoy again.

We marched into the yard, circling the property as he pointed out a playground, a picnic area and a trail that went into the woods.

“It’s important that you don’t go any further than half a mile down that trail. Beyond that Bessie will get very angry with you and that’s one person I can’t protect you from.”

I nodded. He looked contemplative for a minute as he pointed up at the house. I turned to take a good look at it for the first time. It was an oversized Victorian, completely white, and seemed to be in

good shape considering its purpose. The upstairs was lined with a great number of windows and there was an additional story that I hadn't been aware of.

"The second story where you woke up is for the older boys and Bessie. The top story is for pre-teens aged nine to twelve, and the basement is for the younger kids. I think that about covers it... do you have any questions?"

I looked at him and raised a single eyebrow. There were so many questions that I wanted to ask but I wasn't sure if it was the appropriate time or not.

"Can I ask THOSE questions?" I asked as carefully as I could.

He smiled a little, "Sure but wait for tonight. Right now we're kids okay?"

I nodded. He patted me on the back and turned to walk back towards the house.

"Hey wait up!" I yelled, sounding a tad younger than I had wanted to. I could hear him laughing as he drew closer and closer to the porch. As soon as I was about to follow him two twin boys jumped in front of me from behind a bush. They were younger than me, probably around seven or eight.

"Hey what's your name?" They asked in unison. Both were a few inches shorter than me with short red hair, blue eyes and just a light sprinkling of freckles. They wore matching green shirts, blue jeans and white sneakers. I found it slightly amusing how identical they were.

"Ben, what's yours?"

The one on the left spoke first, "I'm John but you can call me Jack."

Then the right, "I'm David."

"It's a pleasure to meet you." I said, smiling a little. They both looked at each other as though I had spoken in an entirely different language.

"Sure...." Jack replied.

"Do you want to play with us?" David asked.

I shrugged, "Maybe later, I want to go check out the inside for a little bit if that's okay."

"Yeah sure," Jack said as David and he burst past me and started making noises that mimicked the firing of a gun. They didn't seem too upset by my disinterest. I watched them for a brief moment before I shrugged and ascended the stairs to go back inside.

Chapter Six

I set out on a journey to try and find James. I knew that I would have to start acting like a kid at some point but I wasn't sure how to do that. I wasn't even sure that I remember how to play. Playing required imagination and my years spent at my now previous employer robbed me of that. I walked into the electronics room in hopes of finding him when a much older boy stopped me at the door and poked me in the chest, nearly causing me to fall down.

"Where do you think you're going shortie?"

I looked up at the boy who was probably around fourteen or fifteen. He was extremely tall, from any perspective, and had black hair that hung lazily in his eyes. He had deeply set brown eyes that looked at me cruelly and his brown skin led me to believe he was probably Latino.

"I'm just looking for my friend." I swallowed deeply feeling an irrational fear rise within me.

"James..." I added in desperation feeling myself begin to shake.

"He's not here. This room is just for teenagers, got it?"

I nodded and nearly stuttered as I spoke. "Y..y..yes sir!"

He laughed and turned to look at someone behind him that I couldn't see before turning back to me. "I think I like you kid, what's your name?"

"Ben." I replied, I began to feel tears rising in my eyes but I fought them with all of my strength.

"I'm Jose, pleased to meet you shortie. Say, how would you like to play a game?"

I took a step backwards before his hands flew down and grabbed my shoulders. "No reason to run off! We're going to have TONS of fun. I think you are going to be my best friend."

I nodded nervously. Every part of me told me that he was up to no good but the childishness within me wanted to be trusting. "Okay Jose," I said.

He led me into the room and sat me down on a fairly weathered sofa. He took a seat right next to me and placed his arm around my shoulders. I finally got a look at the other boy. He was probably about the same age as Jose but was much scrawnier. Her had short blonde hair and green eyes and was probably about the same height.

"Introduce yourself dummy!" Jose said to his friend.

His friend laughed, "I'm Jake."

I smiled a little, "Hi, I'm Ben."

"Cool," Jake replied.

Jose began to run his fingers through my hair. "So what do you like to play?"

I blushed furiously as my mind fought hard to formulate an answer. "Uh, I like video games."

Jose nodded, "Yeah video games are cool. Don't you ever like to play other kinds of games?"

"Like what?" I asked suddenly as though by reflex.

"Well I don't know what about truth or dare?" He asked as I heard Jake snickering across the room.

I looked down at my feet. "I've never played it." I lied. I wasn't sure what he was up to but I was fairly certain that it was no good.

"Well I can teach you all about it. If you win, I'll let you play in here anytime you want!"

I looked up at him, my eyes tearing up a little, "Really?"

He nodded, grinning from ear to ear, "Absolutely!"

I sighed, finding no available outlet to my predicament. "I'll play."

Jose nodded to Jake who immediately went and stood in front of the doorway. I felt my stomach sink deep inside me.

"Basically this is how it works. You ask me any question you want and I'll answer it honestly, then I get to dare you to do something. If you do all five dares then you win."

I swallowed deeply with all of my prior fears now assured. I knew very well that this wasn't how the game went, but what could I do? If I said that I knew he was lying then I would probably be beat within an inch of my life. I had to relent and that was all there was to it.

"You go first." Jose said, still smiling that shit eating grin.

"Uh... what is your favorite color?"

"Blue." He replied, patting my head before he drew back and leaned back on the sofa.

"Are you ready for your dare?"

I nodded despite the fact I wasn't.

"I dare you to lick the bottom of your sandal."

I smirked a little. This was certainly better than some of the alternatives I could imagine. I feigned disgust, as children ought to do, and licked the bottom of my sandal. Jose applauded me as Jake stood firmly in his position at the door.

"Only four more to go and you've won."

I smiled a little, averting my gaze as much as I could.

"It's your turn." He reminded me.

"What is your favorite food?"

"Hmm, probably hamburgers."

I nodded as he began to tap his fingers on the arm of the sofa.

"I dare you to take your shirt off."

I shrugged; it seemed a harmless enough dare at the time. I slid it off and placed it gently between us. Jose seemed satisfied with himself.

"Three more to go."

I nodded already prepared with my next question. "How old are you?"

"Fifteen," he replied.

I bit my lower lip; he was considerably older than me and by extension that much more powerful.

"I dare you to lick the sofa."

I once again managed to feign a fair amount of disgust and licked the sofa between us. I noticed Jose shift and make some sort of a motion towards Jake who seemed to stand stiffer than before. I sat up and looked at Jose.

"Two more right?"

Jose nodded as I prepared to ask my next question.

"Do you really want to be my friend?" It was a childish and foolish question to ask. He wasn't exactly anyone that I had any desire of befriending, but I hoped that had he any dark plans for me with the next two dares that this would make him take it easy on me.

"Sure I do Ben! Why wouldn't I?"

I shrugged; I didn't exactly have a prepared response for that.

"Alright here's the big one buddy are you ready?"

I nodded, my stomach churned uncomfortably inside of me. Jose leaned over so he could whisper something in my ear.

"I dare you to suck my dick."

I felt my face become extremely red as he began to stand. He towered above me with the zipper to his pants directly in front of my face. I can't say that Jose is an unattractive boy, but him utilizing his

position as a teenager to bully me into this encounter seemed largely unfair to me. I wondered how many others he had done this to. He began to unzip them and looked down at me with a huge smile on his face.

“Are you going to chicken out like a little baby?”

I blushed furiously looking down at the floor. If I backed down then I would receive the brunt of his anger for the remainder of my stay. If I consented, he may choose to make me the object of his sexual frustrations for awhile. Perhaps it would be healthy to resist a little, to not give in so easily. Then again, I may learn to regret that if I do. I had few options, telling Bessie was certainly not viable. Without James here to protect me I was at a complete loss. I felt hatred, I felt fear and I felt arousal. I had never been so confused before in my life.

I shook my head violently.

“That’s a good baby.” He smiled as he finished unzipping his jeans and pulled them down to his knees. A particularly large uncut erection came into view. He was probably around six inches long, which considering his age was fairly significant. I leaned forward with my mouth open and prepared to suck him when his hands found their way around my head. He slammed his dick into my mouth before I had a chance to respond.

I could feel Jose’s hips thrusting forward and backwards as my mouth fought to contain him. At each point that he hit the back of my throat I nearly gagged, but I fought hard to maintain my composure. My hands reached up to try and grab his, to try and relay that he was going too fast. Instead of being able to convey my message his fingers found themselves intertwining in my hair, pulling it tightly as I winced in pain. This child was a sadist.

Despite the discomfort and the inability of my small mouth to handle him well, I remained incredibly still. I knew that it wouldn’t be much longer before he finished and if this gave me any degree of acceptance I could take the abuse. I held my throat as tightly as I could when suddenly he began to pickup pace. I heard him breathing hard as a torrent of warm cum began to fly into my mouth. I nearly gagged, but he held me tightly forcing me to swallow each drop as it came.

Jose let go of my hair, simply holding my head close to his body as the last few streams escaped. His breath was quick and I could see tiny beads of sweat collecting on his stomach. He backed away from me and looked down, using his hand to raise my chin up to him. He wiped a few tears from my face that I hadn’t realized I’d cried.

“That was great. You swallowed it all huh?”

I nodded not really certain what else there was to say.

“That’s good. I think you have a real talent kid.”

I tried to smile a little even though I found it difficult to do so.

“Well I really don’t feel like playing anymore. I’ll save that last dare for later.”

I swallowed deeply, the salty taste still prevalent in my mouth.

“Are we friends now?”

“Sure kid, but if you want to hang out in here you still have to do that last dare okay?”

I nodded as he zipped his jeans and collapsed onto the sofa next to me. Jake, who finally relinquished his post, motioned for me to leave the room. I pulled my shirt back on and watched my feet as I walked out into the hallway and felt every bit as cheated as I should have.