

# Aunt Doreen (Man to Trailer Trash Aunt TG AP)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Lottery Winner Story for Andrew Isaac

*Maxwell is a haughty rich kid who decides to pick on a fellow student for being poor. Big mistake, as karma is out to get him, transforming him into Aunt Doreen, the kid's redneck trailer trash aunt who has a reputation with the men of the trailer park . . .*

## Aunt Doreen

Maxwell sneered as he saw Hunter pass him down the hall. Hunter, what a dumb name for such a weak, malnourished-looking kid. He was eighteen - an adult, for Christ's sake! - but he still looked like he was some fourteen year-old with a slightly dirty face. Hunter kept his head down as he passed Maxwell in the hall, but the bully couldn't help himself; he placed his foot out and sent the other young man sprawling onto the ground. Several people chuckled as the books scattered everywhere. They were in their first year of college, not exactly the kind of place where such bullying even got a laugh anymore, but something about Hunter Bergnon's existence made people laugh at him.

"Whoops! Sorry, didn't see you there," Maxwell taunted as he approached Hunter. "I guess I just ignore trash in my view. Especially trailer trash like you."

The brown-haired Hunter looked up at Max with hate in his eyes, but also a helplessness. Everyone knew that Maxwell Parker was the richest eighteen-year old around. His mother was a lawyer, and his dad was a state politician. Any charges against him, any accusation, were not only dropped, but the accuser was sued into the ground and the institutions that supported him would be bullied into letting him go.

"Just leave me alone, Max," he said. "I t'weren't doing nothin' to ya."

Max giggled like a kid. "Listen to that redneck voice of yours! How did you even manage to afford to come here to college, redneck?"

Hunter blushed, standing up and brushing his clothes down as he held his books in his other hand. "I'm the first Bergnon to go," he said with pride. "My Momma says she's real proud of me. I'm gonna be a lawyer, and-"

"My 'momma' is a lawyer, and she'd eat your mother for breakfast. Besides, hard to take seriously the kind of lawyer who everyone knows has a town bicycle for a mother."

Hunter cocked his head, clearly not understanding.

"That's cute that trailer trash doesn't know trash. I'm saying your mom is a whore giving blowjobs out just to keep her caravan, you incestuous dumbass."

“You may make fun’a me all you want,” Hunter said in a thick accent. “But ain’t nobody makes fun of me ma like that!”

He launched himself at Maxwell, and the bully was surprised at this show of resistance. He fell backwards, unable to brace in time for the onslaught, and suddenly a crowd was gathering around in the hallway, looking on in shock as Hunter not only beat down upon Max, but the bully was completely unable to fend off the attacks.

“Say uncle, asshole!” the kid yelled. “UNCLE!”

Max tried to regain his dignity. “Get off me, me inbred hick! You country cunt!”

But it was to no avail. The blows kept on coming, and soon blood was on Hunter’s fists. It was only when it was clear that Hunter wasn’t going to stop that the crowd pulled them apart. Maxwell, to his utter humiliation, was left standing with some of his fine designer clothing torn, his usually perfect blonde hair all messed up, and a series of cuts and bruises on his face where he’d taken far, far more of a beating. Hunter was barely hurt at all.

“I’m going to ruin you!” Max screamed. “Just you wait! My mother will annihilate you in court, and my father will drag your name through the press with his connections! You’ll never be a lawyer, hunter! You’ll be nothing! Nothing but trailer park trash sucking dicks like your ‘momma’ just to survive! Just you wait! I’ll fuck you like the pigs fuck you each morning, you pathetic piece of hick shit!”

The crowd fell silent. One man looked at Maxwell and raised an eyebrow.

“Dude, that is some serious aura loss right there.”

Hunter had a brave face on, but Max could tell he was terrified at the long-term consequences of losing control. Max huffed and pulled away from the crowd.

“Let go of me!” he snapped. “I’ll ruin you, Hunter!”

He stormed off, furious, and utterly intending to follow up on his threat.

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The thing people get wrong about karma is in assuming that it is a natural force baked into the universe. A kind of balancing system that applies only after death. In truth, this is only *sort of* the case, because such an effect *does* exist, but only in the living passage of a very *real* and *living* entity which is what inspired stories of karma in the first place. The entity known as Karma was, to humans at least, invisible. Dogs could sense it - hence the mysterious barking one often hears for no reason from man’s best friend - and birds often take to the air when it passes through. It is no monster, however, simply something alien and strange, older than humanity yet delighting in the presence of it. Its form constantly changes, and it moves through walls and the earth invisibly and easily, leaving behind an energy pattern which, though undetectable, causes those who die there in the following year or so to

be actually reincarnated according to the karmic principles put forward by many religions. Karma is outside nature's laws, but it *is* a sentient being.

And on the day that Hunter and Maxwell fought, it was *there*.

Karma was delighted to hear one of the students speak about aura loss; for a moment it even thought it had finally been detected by human senses, which had not happened since it had come across its last psychic individual in China. This was not the case though, but the person's words were indeed accurate. There was a so-called 'aura' loss occurring here, and it did indeed belong to the one known as Maxwell Parker. The young man's aura was cruel, entitled, bigoted, classist, and unwilling to learn and change, at least so long as his pampered and padded lifestyle continued. This angered Karma. The ancient being delighted in change, in observing the ways humans could grow and transform and endlessly defy her understanding in so many ways. It had seen great kindness from them, as well as cruelty beyond understanding, and sadly it was not often always there to reward or punish as was its nature. Here and now, however, it could do both; reward Hunter with a more supported life, and punish Maxwell with what he deserved.

So it followed him. Its alien mind brimmed with ideas. What to make of Maxwell Parker? How to punish him? There were so many lives, so many alterations it could make. After insulting Hunter's mother so many times, it briefly considered forcing him into the role of such, but that would not aid Hunter. The true force of the man's insults was to Hunter's class; this had been a distinction that had taken Karma centuries to learn, but now it understood how dominating and oppressive such treatment along such lines could be.

A member of Hunter's family then.

One who lived in the same trailer park, and was all the things that Maxwell mocked Hunter and his family for. Ah, but a few mental changes to ensure that the man would never, ever be cruel to Hunter, his mother, or anyone else again. And given his comments, perhaps a gender change was in order? Yes, and some responsibility that came with age as well. Yes, this would be most amusing, thought Karma. All the better to leave him in the dark too, and never know how or why the change occurred.

Besides, it was better this, than being reincarnated into a cockroach if Karma ever passed by on Maxwell's deathbed. Yes, this would teach a lesson alright.

It was time for Maxwell Parker to become Doreen Hughes, the so-called trailer-trash aunt of Hunter Bergnon. Karma reached out with its powers and made it so.

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Maxwell was driving his expensive Porsche back to his parent's mansion. He was brimming with anger, so much so that he almost had tears in his eyes. He'd put up with that dumb hick

back in private school, when Hunter had somehow gotten some kind of sympathy DEI scholarship or something. Now, he'd make sure that kid was kicked back into the damn trailer trashcan where he belonged.

"Fuck him, and fuck those losers for siding with him," he snarled.

But just as he was readying to head up to the richer part of town, his hands suddenly pulled right on the steering wheel, and he found himself heading down another road instead.

"What the fuck!?! Ugh, wasn't thinking straight."

He tried to indicate and turn around, but instead he kept on driving straight. It was like his arms weren't obeying him, and neither were his feet, because he couldn't slow down either - his foot literally wouldn't tap the brakes.

"Uhhh," he mumbled, panic starting to set in.

But the real panic had yet to start, because even as his body drove on some kind of freaky autopilot, his surroundings began to change too. His comfortable leather seat shifted to become harder and far less expensive, with little torn holes from wear and tear, as if this wasn't practically a factory-new vehicle. The steering wheel lost all of its complex functions, and soon had flaking rubber for its material.

"What the fuck!?" he cried, but the changes kept on occurring. His seat rose up, and so did the wheels and the vehicle entirely. The entire chassis was changing, and to his horror the backseats became a simple row that was shoved right up, a toolbox even strapped in behind him. He'd never used a toolbox in his life!

"Someone help!" he cried. "This is fucking impossible shit! What the shit is going on!?"

The entire car warped, changing into a pickup truck with a pastel blue paint job that desperately needed another furnish. Hell, there were entire sections that were showing obvious metallic rust, and the brakes squealed a little as his foot applied them on the downhill bend. It was a redneck style pickup truck, and there were even hick decorations; from a sticker on the dash that talked about 'God, Guns, and Country' to a heap of discarded beer cans on the passenger seat floor. The radio started playing country music, and it was a racket upon the man's ears.

"I must be hallucinating. I'm dreaming. This is one of those dreams!"

But it felt far too real the further he drove away from the rich suburbs and closer towards the poor ones and beyond. Soon Maxwell himself was feeling odd, squirming on the spot and gasping, even as his hands refused to let go of the steering wheel or put it in the right direction.

"G-God help me! Anybody! Please!"

But instead, he proceeded to moan in a high, nasally voice as his Adam's apple went into full retreat, pulling back into his throat and making him sound like a woman. This was

followed by the growth of his hair, which poured from his scalp at a rapid pace. It covered his vision, forcing him to shake his head just to see, not that he had a choice in where he was driving.

“I’m fucking brunette now!?” he cried. “I don’t have brown hair! And it’s not curly!”

But he did, and now it was. Worse, the rest of his body was changing too. His stature shrank a little, and he groaned as his hips widened, spreading further and further apart until he had a somewhat pear-shaped figure. His nipples flared and distended, causing him to grunt in unbearable pleasure. He realised what was about to happen around the time his fingernails developed some overly-red polish and his waist started to pull in.

“No! No! Anything but that! Don’t give me a pair of ti-aaiiiiee!”

He screamed, voice higher and more female than ever as his chest pushed forwards, surging with flesh that grew and grew and grew until he had a lovely pair of Double D’s attached to his chest, pushing out his shirt and making his new and perfect cleavage very obvious.

“GAHH!!” he cried, looking down and then up at the road, down and up again. His breasts seemed *colossal* from his perspective, though they were not altogether massive, just larger than average and rather generously shaped. But to the man’s terror, his clothing even began to shift as his body hair disintegrated; a lacy pink bra pushed up his new boobs and made them very prominent indeed.

“This can’t be happening!” he cried. “This can’t be happening, *God dang it!*”

He gasped again. His thighs were thickening, his lips plumpening, and his ass was starting to grow as well, but it was his vocal change that had his horrified attention.

“What in tarnation!?! Why do I sound like some trailer trash hick, y’all? T’aint fair! This ain’t fair, I tell ya!”

But whoever or whatever had changed him simply didn’t care. His stomach gained a slight pooch, and his skin started to wrinkle in a way that made him all the more alert to his bodily changes. Maxwell screamed as he saw further wrinkles appear upon his fingers and hands, and he could quite literally feel crow’s feet forming at the edges of his eyes. When he looked up at his rear vision mirror, his changing face demonstrated something deeply wrong.

“I’m becoming *older!?* I ain’t older! I’m only twenty! Dang it all, now I’m madder’n’hell!”

He couldn’t stop sounding like some country hick or trailer trash, and it was getting worse as his facial features started to align with the words he was saying. His lips were womanly but now had an obnoxiously red lipstick coating, while blue eyeshadow made him look tacky and cheap. He was easily in his thirties, perhaps even his mid-thirties by that point, and it was undeniable that he was female.

“FUCK! T’weren’t supposed to be like this! Y’all change me back, y’hear!? Y’all change me back now or I’ll get my shotgun!”

He squeezed his eyes shut and groaned. More changes were taking place. His organs were being pushed aside as something new grew in its place; a new organ. At the same time, he could feel his penis and testicles starting to pull back inside of himself.

“No! NOOOO! Ohhhhhh, G-God! Goddamn it this ain’t riiiiight! NGHH!!”

As they did so, a new tunnel was formed. His labial lips formed. His *pussy* formed. It caused him to shriek in terror, not even focusing on the winding road as it headed to the very edge of the city. Maxwell was too busy moaning and groaning with a horrid mix of despair and unwanted delight. His nipples stiffened, and soon even his clothes were changing; no longer did he have just a bra, but his top reformed into a red and black checkered flannel shirt with the top buttons undone to show off too much cleavage and parts of his frilly pink bra. His pants turned to a cheap and torn set of denims, one leg cut shorter than the other, and tight enough to cause his belly to pooch a little over the side. His shoes became a pair of dirty and worn cowboy - cowgirl? - boots, and a pair of cheap aviator sunglasses were suddenly perched atop his head.

“Change me back! Damn y’all, change me back! Whatever I did, I’m dun sorry, y’hear!?”

But instead, the changes tore through his mind, coursing in his brain and rewriting his very sense of being. Maxwell cried out even as his body shape finalised into that of a well-endowed pear-shaped woman in her mid-thirties. His maleness was seized and replaced with a feminine identity, right down to the pronouns that he believed he should possess. Now *she* was a woman, and not just any woman, but one with a new name.

“D-Doreen!?” she cried. “My name is Doreen Hughes!? That ain’t ma name! I’m Doreen! I mean, I’m Doreen, dang it! Shee-it!”

More neurons were severed. The entitled, self-serving bully could only continue to drive on autopilot as her law and political science degree disintegrated to mush in her mind. Her IQ diminished, and her knowledge base was replaced. No longer did she understand complex financial matters or how to invest in businesses or where to source political favours from. Instead, she knew how to keep the raccoons from eating her trash, how to keep the veggie patch growing, where the cheapest smokes could be purchased from and how to keep the foulest and cheapest moonshine down without throwing up. She knew how to fix up issues in a caravan, how to deal with engine repair, how to deal with a rat infestation and how to make a campfire; a thousand ways to survive in a trailer park with little to no money to come in.

And she also knew how to get a sugar daddy from time to time, and developed a healthy appetite for one too. The new woman moaned a little, biting her lip and imagining

some rough and dirty sex, probably half in public up against her caravan, or inside of it on the meagre little bed where she would cry out so loud that everyone in the park would know she was a total ride. Her nipples stiffened and her pussy became wet for the first time. So arousing. So hot. She wanted her engine revved.

“No! Hell naw!” she cried, snapping her eyes open. “I ain’t no gay!”

But she wasn’t. She was straight. She was a woman and she was into greasy, muscly, hairy men, and she wasn’t too discerning about their education or even their hygiene, so long as they had big dicks and enough in their wallets to help her keep going.

“I can’t - I’m not! HOW CAN THIS BE HAPPENIN’ TA MEEEEEE!?”

She would never receive an answer, not that she knew that yet, but she at least knew her destination. The trailer park at the edge of town loomed into view. It was the area for the poorest of the poor, and she knew it from sight, though she’d only seen it once in person. This was where Hunter Bergnon lived, along with his trash family.

“Oh God,” she groaned. Doreen Hughes took in the sight as she drove her pickup in, still on autopilot. She passed two naked children playing in front of a sprinkler, then a man chucking roadkill into the back of a trailer for some reason, followed by several couples who were lounging in front of their caravans smoking what she *hoped* were cigarettes. The place felt like she’d stepped onto a plane and landed in the most hopeless rural area of Mississippi. The poverty here was alarming, and it disgusted the transformed woman to her core.

“Is this some kinda goddamn message!?” she yelled to the sky even as her body forced her to drive. “Are ya tellin’ me something up there? I ain’t staying here a second longer than I have to, ya know!”

But reality proved her wrong once again, because suddenly she tapped the brakes and slowed her advance, turning her car onto a trailer park lot that had a rather roughshod caravan on it. She parked beside it, and suddenly some modicum of control was returned to her. Well, the newly-christened Doreen Hughes wasted no time at all practically *leaping* from the vehicle. Her Porsche had been ruined, twisted into a run-down vehicle that had more tools and, quite randomly, some sheets of corrugated iron in the back of it. But that was of less concern to Doreen than her own body and mind. Her breasts jiggled a little despite her bra, and she could feel the extra padding in her backside. Even as she moved somewhat hurriedly away from the car, she struggled not to wiggle her wide hips; she had a pear-shaped kinda figure, and her longer hair swished from side to side as she moved.

“This ain’t right,” she muttered. “This ain’t right. I gotta - I gotta get out of here!”

“Hey Doreen!” shouted a voice. “You okay, honey?”

She blinked, pausing a little as she saw a woman walking past, brown-haired like her. She looked similar to her new appearance, albeit not quite as trashy and covering up any potential frilly pink bra, unlike Doreen.

“I - do I know you?”

“Aw, jeez, Dor, don’t tell me ya getting soused in the middle of the day again? How many sisters are ya seein’ right now, two or three?”

Doreen had no idea what to say. This woman looked familiar somehow, with her toned down features and much lighter makeup than her own. In fact, she almost looked like she was related to . . .

“Mrs *Bergnon!*?” she spluttered.

The other woman actually snorted with unexpected laughter as she approached. “Doreen, since when did my own sister call me Mrs Bergnon? Hell, you were the one that said never to take my man’s name!”

Sister. *Sister*. The revelation of it all finally unfurled and spread through Doreen’s mind, infecting every synapse with sheer, unrestrained horror.

“I’m your *sister!*?” she said.

The other woman reached out and placed her hand on Doreen’s forehead.

“Oh jeez, Dor! You’re burning up like a cracked egg on a highway road during a high summer heat! Let’s get you back inside, shall we? I bet you haven’t hydrated after another wild night, am I right? Who was it this time?”

“I - I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“It’s okay. You can trust your sister Cassie to get you sorted. I swear, you are too wild for your own good at times. I at least hope he was worth it!”

Doreen had no idea what the woman was talking about, but she was starting to piece things together, and the picture wasn’t pretty; Cassie was leading her back into the caravan she’d just walked away from, the one she’d parked beside.

“Oh God, this is my home, ain’t it?”

“Early drinking, I swear!” Cassie complained. “Go on, get. Let’s get you lyin’ down and hydrated. I swear, I want you presentable when Hunter gets home. He’s all excited ‘cause he doin’ well with that lawyer stuff, so no histrionics, y’hear?”

Doreen could only vaguely nod. The space inside the caravan was cramped. There were numerous tacky decorations, more than a few empty bottles and cans of beer, and what looked to be some very cheap ingredients stacked in a very small kitchen space. The bed was a mess, but there was something else too, a smell she recognised. The smell of cigarettes, yes, and booze too, but most powerful of all was the reek of sex.

“Okay, let’s get a window open. I can smell far too much of last night’s action, or this morning’s. You better not have been layin’ with Gregory. He’s a married man these days, y’know, and I ain’t havin’ my sister be a housewrecker.”

Doreen saw that there was a more sacred space in the caravan, right by the folded down bed. There were photos tacked onto the wall, perhaps with cheap putty, but they displayed her new ‘family’ - Cassie and her husband, Cassie and Doreen, Doreen holding up a child that had to be Hunter, because the next photo showed a boy that was *definitely* Hunter on her shoulders.

“I’m Hunter’s aunt,” she said, mystified.

“Exactly! That’s what I been sayin’, sis. Ya gotta set a better example. I’m not sayin’ give up the men, I know you got your tastes and won’t be givin’ them up, or even the cigarettes and the drink. But I’m just askin’ ya to moderate a bit, the drink especially. Now go on, get ta bed, will ya? I’ll tell Hunter that you’re sick as hell, and you’ll congratulate him on his mighty fine test scores tomorrow. How ‘bout that?”

Doreen was already being forced into bed by her sister, who was changing the sheets hurriedly and taking away the smelly ones and saying she’d ‘sort them out.’ But the former man was borderline catatonic, and feeling quite faint. This had to be a dream. This *had* to be some kind of nightmare. It made no sense otherwise. How could she suddenly be not just a woman, but one in her thirties and a redneck trailer trash aunt to boot? She wanted to throw up, but her aching mind won out instead.

“J-just need ta sleep and then wake up,” she murmured. “Sleep and then a bit of wakin’. That’s all I need . . .”

“There, there, sis. Exactly. And don’t overexert yourself. I’m sure even your libido can take the night off. No offence, we all know how you get around a strappin’ man, but maybe let sleeping dogs lie tonight, or sleepin’ men as it were. I’m sure yer body will thank ya.”

Doreen’s eyes opened wider for just a moment as certain puzzle pieces clicked into place. “I’m a - I’m a slut?”

Cassie smiled down at her, kindness and sympathy in her eyes. “Dor, I’m meanin’ no offence here, but you’re the biggest slut in the whole dang world of trailer parks, honey, not just this one but all of them. You rest up now.”

The woman closed her eyes, this information was simply too much to take.

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Maxwell woke up, and all was fine. He was back in his bed, king-size of course, and everything was normal. He got up and chuckled to himself. What a laugh! What a ridiculous nightmare! He was going to make Hunter pay for that too, not that he’d ever tell him, but the

loser had clearly made him think too much about those trailer park rednecks and their incestuous, sister-fucking ways. He got out of bed, stretched his limbs, and moved to the bathroom to relieve himself.

Only to see the busty, pear-shaped figure of Aunt Doreen smiling back at him.

*“Hey, handsome,” she said. “Wanna know what it’s like to be with an experienced woman?”*

Doreen screamed as she woke. Her mouth was dry, and there were two heavy weights upon her chest. It took her a moment to realise they were her large DD-cup breasts, and that she was still wearing a bra and matching underwear, though her other clothing was gone. Cassie must have helped undress her after she fell asleep, but that gave no consolation. The woman choked back a sob. There was a solitary light in the caravan, but outside it was getting dark. She could hear an argument taking place, and several dogs were barking due to their poor training, while kids were scurrying past and shrieking with laughter. Someone was playing shitty country music, and the sounds alone were just too much.

“No, no, no! I was back! I was me again! This ain’t who I am! I’m Doreen Hughes! Shit, I mean I’m Doreen! Why can’t I say who I am? I ain’t no inbred trailer hick with big tits and too much makeup. I ain’t wearing daisy dukes and flannel shirts, God dang it! I ain’t gonna be eating roadkill or whatever shit these good folks shovel down their craws.”

And yet her stomach growled, and her throat was dry. She’d never felt so parched. Frustrated and hating every moment of this continued experience, Doreen got out of bed. She looked down at her delectable cleavage and groaned.

“Shit, why do I gotta have a big pair of tiddies on top of it? And these hips are way too much.”

After a moment’s curiosity, she lowered her hand down and slipped it beneath her trashy pink thong, only to suddenly shiver and pull her fingers back.

“Fuck me!” she exclaimed in a sharp twang. “F-fuck, that was sensitive.”

It was like her new clit had responded instantly. Her dick was gone. Her big dick that girls loved, and had sucked upon, was gone. Now she had a pussy, and it was already feeling wet and flushed. It caused her nipples to stiffen, and the woman moaned.

“Goddamn it! No way am I putin’ up with that! No way!”

She tried to ignore the alien sensations of arousal that her body now possessed, but it was damn near impossible. It was like a second hunger had awaited, and she started to cup and feel her breasts, licking her lips a little until she reached back for the straps of her bra and-

Her stomach growled again, and it caused Doreen to snap out of it.

“Shit! Bad enough I’m not just a woman but some trailer chick, but I gotta be a total slut too?”

She did her best to ignore the wetness in her pussy as she got herself a glass of water. She banged her head on the upper shelf and cursed her tiny surroundings - who could honestly live like this? She was meant to have a dang *mansion!* - but managed to find some steaks in the fridge and some eggs too. She was no cook, but her father had always enjoyed running a barbecue, so she was able to start sizzling herself up a dinner, standing there in just her bra and underwear while the liveliness of the trailer park played outside. Doreen rubbed her temples, trying to think of what to do.

“Is it a curse? A lesson? Some kind of simulation? What the fuck can I even do here?”

She quickly thought of an idea, and hopefully one that would stop making her touch her breasts and squeeze them together. She found a phone - an older model with lots of scratches on it - and unlocked it with the new knowledge in her Doreen-centred brain. From there she dialled her own number, just to see what would happen.

*“The number you have dialled does not exist, if you wish to-”*

She dialled three more times before it was certain. The curvaceous older woman winced and instead put in her father’s phone number. To her immense relief, her father answered quickly.

*“Hello, this is Jeremy Parker speaking.”*

“Howdy, y’all,” she said, wincing at her compelled choice of words. “This is Doreen Hughes speakin’, mister.”

There was a rather disgusted pause on the other end of the line. *“I believe you have the wrong number, Mrs Hughes.”*

Doreen’s mouth started to get away from her, some kind of magic forcing her to say all the wrong things. “Oh, I ain’t no miss, mister, much as some men might like ta put a ring on me, I like all kinds of men too much to go exclusive, if ya know what I’m sayin’!”

*“Again, state your business, Miss Hughes. I assume this has a point?”*

“I - I’m your - I’m Doreen Hughes!”

*“You’ve said that. I’m hanging up now.”*

“Wait!” she cried. “Your son! Your boy, his name is Maxwell, right? Maxwell Parker? He’s not long from turning nineteen and he-”

*“I am childless, Miss Hughes.”*

“But - your wife is Martha, right? She gave birth to a baby boy named Maxwell-”

*“I don’t know what kind of scam this is, but next time try to get your information right first, and avoid speaking in such a guttural excuse for an accent second. Don’t call me again, I’m blocking your number.”*

The line went dead, and it left Doreen adrift.

“Reality changed,” she murmured, tears forming in her eyes. “They don’t even have a son anymore. Everyone thinks I’m Doreen ‘cause I always been her. Oh God, what in the Sam Hill do I do?”

The answer was get her burning steaks off of the stove, because the fire alarm went off moments later. She shrieked and quickly dealt with the issue, opening up more windows and turning off the stove. She realised she had a barbecue extension on the outside she could have used, and that only made her curse more.

“How do I know that!? Oh fuck me, this ain’t fair! I’m meant to be rich! I’m an alpha male! I can fuck any hot stud of a hunky guy that I want and -”

She froze, realising what she’d just been thinking about. It sent another shiver through her core. A hot stud of a hunky guy. Not a busty blonde, not some cute Asian chick, not a redhead with a fine ass to grip as Maxwell took her from behind. No, Doreen was imagining a strong, muscly biker type. A guy with rough features, some nice tats, perhaps some hot scruff and a lot of chest hair, and a big fat dick to shove right up into her hungry pussy and make her moan, moan, and fucking *moan*.

“Ohhhhhh,” she whimpered, clutching her chest. “Why does that sound so good? Worse, she could imagine putting her mouth to use as well, lowering herself down and planting her lips on a huge dick and sucking so hard she could take the chrome off of a trailer hitch. Wasn’t that what people said about Doreen?”

Again, the stomach growl saved her. She pulled her hand away from her underwear once more and started fixing up her eggs, which she did messily but quickly. She shovelled the food into her mouth, trying not to think about *other* fine sources of protein, though it was almost impossible not to after she opened her window briefly and saw a rugged looking shirtless guy walking past while sucking on a cigarette.

“Aw, fuck,” she muttered, closing the window and returning to her food. “Maybe if I just feel myself up a little. That wouldn’t be so bad, would it? Just have a quick fondle, get myself off, and then I ain’t gotta deal with all these . . . thoughts . . .”

She finished up her food and threw the dishes in the miniature sink, her thoughts ablaze. Doreen once more went to the bathroom - which for a caravan was a space she could barely fit in - and then checked her reflection. God, she was pretty. Not in a classy way, mind, far from it. She *looked* like a trailer park whore, but worst of all she was the kind that even her Maxwell self would have wanted to fuck. Nice ripe titties, some hot hips, and an ass that hadn’t yet started to sag. She was older, and she put on too much blue eyeshadow and her lipstick was too vibrantly red, and the piercings - particularly the belly button stud - just looked cheap and trashy as hell, but she could see why men would be drawn to her. For just a moment, the bully smiled before catching herself.

“No, no,” she reminded herself. “Nothing like that. You don’t go bein’ proud of yerself. This is a shit sandwich y’all are caught in. Tomorrow I’ll walk out of the trailer park and maybe find some kinda book or track down who made me into a trailer slut or-”

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door of her caravan. Doreen paused, hoping it would pass, but then the knock returned, and so did her seemingly magical compulsions. The woman quickly grabbed a hanging bathrobe and put it on, though much of her cleavage was exposed due to her poor tie job. She moved to the door and opened it, despite how much she didn’t want to, and her jaw almost fell at the sight before her.

It was a man.

Worse, it was a man just like she’d imagined. He looked to be in his late twenties, definitely younger than her new self. His hair was almost as long as hers, though it was blonde in colour. He was wearing just a loose white singlet and torn jeans, his feet just in a pair of flip flops. But God, he was handsome. Trashy, with a stupid tattoo sleeve on his right arm depicting naked ladies, but he was handsome. When he smiled at her, she didn’t even care that his teeth were a little crooked or that he smelled of cigarettes; all Doreen could care about were his muscles and what he was packing between his legs.

“Well, good evenin’,” he drawled, tipping an imaginary hat. “We still on tonight for a bit of fun?”

Doreen blinked. She wanted to push him away. To slam the door shut and scream. She wanted a fucking cock between her legs again. But instead, whatever had transformed her made her say what her *body* was already hungry for.

“Come on in, sexy. What’s yer name?”

“Oh, we playin’ it that way, are we? Well, I’m Randy.”

She grinned despite herself, pulling back her bathrobe to show her lovely flesh a little more. “Funny that,” she said. “Cause so am I.”

He stepped up into the caravan and shut the door behind him. Randy placed a hand on her shoulder and delicately pulled back her bathrobe. “I dun heard a rumour you was sick. Ya don’t look so sick ta me.”

“Just sick of not havin’ ya in me,” she purred. It was a nightmare, but every sexy word she was forced to say only made her busty female body all the more aroused. She placed her hands over his shoulders and grinned.

“Ya want a more experienced woman, don’t ya?”

“What can I say? I missed you from the last time. Been gettin’ jealous of all the other boys skipping the line.”

“I’m a girl who likes to taste the whole platter, not just sample one dish, son. But if ya got the good tonight, then I’m all yours, honey.”

He kissed her. It happened so quickly, but suddenly his lips were on hers and hers were on his, and she couldn't stop moaning as his tongue slithered into her mouth. She did the same into his mouth, and in moments she was yielding to him. Doreen was so lost in the moment that she lost track of when her bathrobe was discarded or when his singlet came off; all she knew was that her bare flesh was against this younger man's and she was loving it.

"Oh God, I needed this!" she moaned as she squeezed her breasts together and then moved to undo her bra. "I can't b-believe it, I c-can't help it! But I need it!"

"I bet you do," Randy said, throwing the bra aside so that her large breasts sagged just a little. He took in the sight of them, then leaned in to suck on her nipple. Her heart skipped a beat and her lungs skipped a breath. The sensation was all wrong, yet so divine. She could feel the scruff on his face against her bare breast, and it only made her moan all the more.

"You're such a sexy trailer slut," he said. "You love it, don't you?"

"Y-yes," she admitted, ashamed of what she was feeling but unable to stop. "And I'm gonna fuckin' *ride ya, honey.*"

She pulled down the caravan bedding and then threw the man on top of it. Together, they removed his jeans and then his underwear, revealing a very long and very hard cock that had her licking her lips. It was right there. She needed it. God, she fucking needed it more than anything, she was such a goddamn trashy slut.

"My turn," she said, sliding out of her underwear so that she was naked. "I love a younger man like you. But then, I like most men so long as they make me cum. You ain't one of those men who just leave a girl hangin', are ya, Randy?"

"No siree, ma'am. You know I always like to hear you moan."

"G-good," she said. Was she even under the influence of compulsions anymore? It was impossible to tell. It was like her body had gotten so lustful that the decision would have been made for her anyway. The words coming out of her mouth just felt right, and her pussy was so fucking wet that she *needed* something to fill it. This younger man with all his muscles and eagerness was just *doing* it for her, and it made her male pride scream in horror, powerless to stop what she was doing. It was so fucking wrong, but as she crawled on top of this fellow trailer park member, she wanted his *member*. Doreen lowered herself to kiss him, and she moaned again as her breasts hung pendulously and rubbed against his chest. He caressed them, then forcefully shifted her so he could suck on her nipples. At the same time she grabbed his cock. Part of her felt that if she could just hurt him, snap it to one side, do *something*, then she could avoid this horrible fate.

Instead, she straddled his hips with her thighs and guided his big dick right to her entrance.

"I can't b-believe I'm fuckin' doin' this! I ain't like this! I just need yer fuckin' cock in my slutty trailer trash cunt!"

"Fuck, I love it when y'all talk dirty," Randy said, and then he grunted. He entered her. It was enough to make Doreen's eyes go completely wide, her body rigid with shock as he slid all the way in, inch by marvellous and terrible inch. It was annihilation. It was horror. It was wondrous though, too. He parted her walls, and all her sensitive new folds and nerves lit up like a dang Christmas tree inside of her. And what followed was a tremendously loud moan that would be sure to let everyone in this area of the park know that once again, Aunt Doreen was getting laid, the damn bicycle who was always getting ridden by another man. And yet, she couldn't stop the flow of pleasure.

"Yessssss!" she moaned. "Y'all are s-sooooo big! Mhmm! Ohhhh God!"

"That's right, loud as ya can," Randy said, gripping her hips and beginning to thrust up into her. "I like ya loud. I like everyone knowin' I got my spot with sexy Doreen tonight."

"Mhmmm! But I'm not - ohhhh, I'm your trailer park slut! I'm your g-girl tonight, Randy! Fuuuuuck! Fuck me! Don't stop! Suck my titties and make me wake the goddamn dogs from screaming so fuckin' loud, y'hear!?"

"I hear ya, ma'am. Loud and clear and as hot as hell. Now lean forward so I can suck on your MILFy titties."

She did so. Even his words didn't insult her. She was older now, and was the MILF, even if she wasn't thankfully a mother. Her body was on birth control - something told her that - she'd have to be, wouldn't she? It was only a minor consolation for the former rich young man, because now she was banging it out with a coarse, rough young trailer man, and she couldn't help but cry out again and again as he sucked on her lovely nipples and fucked her dripping pussy. He was buried deep in her snatch, thrusting over and over, and it was driving her to the very edge of ecstasy. The moment was coming, she knew. It was rising, and her male ego needed to avoid it. She couldn't survive as Maxwell Parker if she let it come. If *she* cummed. She had just one moment to get off this man and save herself.

Instead, she gripped his shoulders and rode him harder, letting him squeeze her soft ass as she milked him for all she was worth.

"OH GOD, DOREEN!" he grunted, thrusting again.

"OHHHHH, YESSS! FUCK ME! FUUUUUCK MEEEE! YESSSS!!!"

And then it was too late. She was cumming harder than she ever had in her short but frequent sex life as a man. It hit her like a series of nuclear detonations, thrumming through her core and causing her to lose control. She flopped onto Randy, her breasts squeezing against him as she moaned and whined and whimpered and wailed.

“Doreen, don’t be so dang loud!” someone shouted outside, but she ignored whoever it was. She simply rode out the orgasms, helpless as she felt stream after stream of semen enter into her.

“Ohhhhhh God,” she moaned. “Ohhhhhh, f-fuck. It happened. I did it. I’m D-Doreen. I’m your D-Doreen.”

She was stuck in that post-coital haze as Randy caressed her body and chuckled.

“Yeah you are, ma’am. You absolutely are. God, I gotta say, that was the best time yet. Think y’all are up for another round in fifteen minutes or so.”

She lay against him, numb to what she’d just done. How had she given over so easily? No. She couldn’t do it again. No, she’d resist. She had to. She vowed to herself that this was just one time, and that she would be Maxwell Parker again and put all of this behind her.

Instead, just fifteen minutes later, she was on her knees with Randy’s dick in her mouth, staring up at him as she began to suck him dry.

It was humiliation incarnate.

And it tasted so fucking good.

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It was the next day when once more there was a knock upon Doreen’s caravan. Randy had left last night, but not before they’d fucked a total of three times. The last time, he’d bent Doreen over against the bed and fucked her from behind. Somehow, that managed to be even more shameful to her than sucking his dick, perhaps because of how much it made her feel like a dog. A *bitch*. And yet she’d *howled* with pleasure when her orgasms had arrived.

And so, this morning, she’d woken up to this living nightmare and made herself breakfast using the knowledge the transformation had left in her brain. She walked to the shower block, saying hello back to several other residents, some of whom were looking at her judgementally for all her loud sounds last night. Others, of course, were men. One guy named Duke was in his forties and had a gut, but God he had the biker type down.

“Y’all free later today, Doreen? I know you ain’t got work. I could help you out a little if we, er, had a couple of days together.”

Doreen sighed, but only within her mind. Somehow, this was her new reality. She already felt a little lustful just from his proposal.

“You fix up my broken fan belt in my pick up, Duke, and you can have me for three days. How ‘bout that?”

They actually shook on it, and he slapped her ass as she went, but that only made her giggle like she truly was a slut. She fumed when she returned to her caravan.

“Fuckin’ great! Now I really am a slut! God dang it, what am I gonna do!? I think I’m really stuck like this. No job, no prospects, just suckin’ dick and riding cowgirl for a livin’ like a trailer *whore*.”

And yet it felt so nice. God, her body wanted more of it. That, and perhaps to do a little fishing and hunting, and maybe go shopping for some cheap outfits with lots of denim and the potential to wear and tear in all the right places. It aggravated her how much her new self wanted to be cheap, sexy, and live like a hillbilly.

And then the knock came upon the door.

“That better not be you already, Duke!” she shouted in her nasally tone. “I ain’t feelin’ up for much jus’ yet, I’m going through some serious shit and-”

And it wasn’t Duke waiting outside. It was Hunter. Her hated victim. The young man she had bullied and mocked relentlessly, and who had beaten her up.

The man who was now her very own nephew. Cassie’s son.

“Howdy, Aunt Doreen!” he proclaimed in a happy voice. “I was wonderin’ if ya still wanted to go fishin’ today. I could tell ya all about how I’m goin’ in college lately, and we could talk about how I can help ya get back on the unemployment benefits scheme and all, since the government kicked you off - I think they were mighty wrong about that, and I can prove it. Sorry, I’m rambling. Did y’all wanna fish with me, first of all?”

Hatred rose up in Doreen, and she prepared to shout. But then something else rose up as well. Something warm. A connection. A spark. It made it impossible to displease or dislike her new nephew. She could see the kindness and eagerness on his face, the desire to do and be better, to improve his lot in life and damn well *earn* it. It eclipsed any pride she’d had in her old life, which had been built on such an unearned foundation. It galled her to feel it. She *wanted* to tear him down just to make her feel good, but that *pride* was now in him, and she found herself getting a little weepy at the edges of her eyes.

“Well, if it ain’t my favourite nephew,” she found herself saying, the compulsions mixing with these new feelings. “Yer timing couldn’t be better, kid. I’m all for a bit of fishin’, and maybe a bit of huntin’ as well. Let’s you and Aunt Doreen make a day of it, huh? I’d say you damn well earned it, Hunter.”

The young man beamed and so did she. She stepped out of the caravan and grabbed some of her fishing equipment from the back of the pickup, and the two of them started to head across the park and towards the river where they would hopefully, and somewhat illegally, make some good catches.

“Y’all enjoying college?” she said awkwardly. “No bullies, I hope?”

“Nah, nothin’ like that, Aunt Doreen. It ain’t that kinda place. I’m lovin’ it. Ma is real proud of me. She said you’d be, too.”

Doreen smiled awkwardly and looked straight ahead. She had no idea what to say to that. Everything had been taken from her, and Hunter had won it all, and the most humiliating part of it was that he would never even remember Big Bad Maxwell. Instead, now and likely for the rest of her life until menopause finally hit, Doreen would be stuck as the trailer trash slut of the park, a redneck woman who loved to drink, smoke, and fuck, and not even in that order. She'd spend her days with no real prospects, looking forward to the next night when she'd be wailing while a man thrust into her pussy or when she'd be sucking his big hair dick. She'd wear trashy clothing and cheap jewellery and show off her tits however she could, and the men of the park and beyond would absolutely love her for it. And she had no idea if she'd ever find out why . . . though looking at the joy on Hunter's face, she was starting to get an idea.

"Everything alright, Aunt Doreen?" Hunter asked. "Y'all lookin' a little contemplative."

Doreen sighed and looked down at her curvy mid-thirties body in her new flannel shirt and tight denim shorts.

"I was just thinking, Hunter."

"Yeah, what about?"

The woman pouted, her future life in all its redneck glory playing out before her.

"Oh, nothing much. Y'all ever heard of something called 'karma'?"

**The End**