

The Curious Case of Abbott Pendleton

By Chrono Eclipse

Part 2: Infancy

Cassandra Pendleton locked herself away in the west wing of the estate, insisting that her infant son be kept in the east wing. She had enough money to pay for nannies and wetnurses and wasn't going to risk gaining a single wrinkle on her 19-year-old face in the service of raising a child that she didn't even remember conceiving.

The estate executor Ms. Whitechapel was put in charge of the hiring and overseeing of a staff to care for the baby. Though the 35-year-old lawyer was herself anxious about getting any premature gray hairs or suddenly becoming too young to have passed her BAR exam so on the first day of Abbott Pendleton arriving at the estate she had a camera system installed in every room and along the grounds so that she could monitor the babes progress from a safe distance.

Even with his mother and his overseer keeping a safe distance, Abbott proved to be a challenge to both. A wet nurse was brought in to handle the breast feeding of the infant. Candace was a 38-year-old childcare veteran that Ms. Whitechapel had vetted and brought in hoping that a wetnurse with a bit more experience and maturity would do well under the circumstances.

And things did seem to go smoothly for the first hour that Candace engaged with the baby. She dressed him and rocked him in her arms soothingly, as Abbott settled from a crying spell. Ms. Whitechapel sighed in relief as she observed not changes in the woman as she held the infant in her arms and sang to him.

Then came time for Abbotts feeding. Candace sat down on the comfortable chair in the nursery and unbuttoned her blouse revealing her large engorged, slightly sagging breast. She held the baby up to her nipple and waited for him to latch on. But as Abbott began to suckle the breast he was feeding from

seemed to raise higher and had soon become too perky for his mouth to reach in. He cried and Candace adjusted him up to where her young firm breasts now rested. Ms. Whitechapel watched on the monitor in concern as it seemed that the experienced wet nurse who was supposed to be just shy of 40 now looked to be a young woman in her mid 20s.

The breast that Abbott suckled on began to grow smaller from a D cup to a C cup to a B cup as Candace's face grew increasingly fresher. Soon she looked like a teen mom caring for her newborn as she sat in the chair, having suddenly shed 20 years off of her age. Her chest continued to recede and soon the baby began to cry because he couldn't get milk out of the budding breast of the young girl.

"Shhh there there... your mommy will be back soon... I think?" A 14-year-old Candace said in a high pitched voice as she pulled her oversized shirt closed over her flattening chest and carefully rocked the baby in her slender arms.

She certainly didn't look like a wet nurse anymore as freckles began to sprinkle across her face. And as she began to reverse through puberty Candace didn't look like she was even old enough to care for a baby without supervision.

Ms. Whitechapel smacked her hand to her forehead as she watched the school aged girl hop down from the chair holding Abbott and looked around for an adult.

"Ugh... Housekeeping team, stand by for extraction. I'm going in." The administrator said into her intercom.

The staff, hired to clean and keep the estate in good repair heard the orders and looked to one another nervously. They had gotten a memo earlier that day stating to keep their distance from Ms. Pendleton's new baby unless otherwise directed and that they may see or experience some odd things around the house. But most importantly were instructions on 'extracting' Ms. Whitechapel from the nursery in the event that she ever needed to enter it. There hadn't been time to practice one of these 'extractions' and the instructions didn't make sense - it directed them to wait 10 minutes and then

carry the estate lawyer out of the room, noting that she may not look like Ms. Whitechapel at the time!

The maintenance man and cleaning lady both gulped and crossed their fingers hoping that they wouldn't be needed until they could find out a little bit more regarding what was going on.

Ms. Whitechapel meanwhile was walking down the steps to the nursery and steeling herself for what she was about to do. She cautiously opened the door to find an 8-year-old girl struggling to carry the infant in her hands.

"Are you the baby's mommy?" Candace asked.

Ms. Whitechapel adjusted her glasses trying to assess the situation. The girl was swimming in her adult clothing and looked to be getting even younger as they spoke.

"Not quite... and frankly we don't have the time to get into my nuanced relationship with the infant that you're hold. Come, hand him over carefully." The 35-year-old Lawyer commanded.

The little girl nodded as her adult teeth began to disappear. She held Abbott up with her tiny arms and the adult woman leaned over and scooped him up into her own.

"Thank you for letting me hold the baby... can I go play now?" The now 5-year-old Candace asked.

"Yes, why don't you run along out to the courtyard... be mindful to take your shoes and clothing with you. I'll meet you in the lobby in about an hour to discuss your pay for the day." Ms. Whitechapel directed.

The little girl smiled and picked up the big adult shoes that had fallen off of her feet. She toddled out of the room, practically tripping over her skirt with each step.

Ms. Whitechapel held Abbott in her arm and looked down at him sternly, using the other hand to point a finger down at him.

“Bad baby! We don’t make grown adults into toddler! Naughty! Naughty baby!” She admonished him.

Abbott began to cry and Ms. Whitechapel noticed that the hand she was using to shake a finger at the infant looked a bit veinier than normal. She reached up and could feel her neck skin loosening and her jawline softening and under her jawline a second chin forming.

“Oh I just knew that’s what you’d do if I came in here...” She groaned in a huskier voice.

She quickly marched across the room as her hips widened and her thighs thickened by the time she reached the crib she was going more of a waddle. She lowered Abbott down into his crib and turned his mobile on which seemed to ease his crying, and then ran toward the door.

Shutting it behind her quickly, she leaned against it breathing a sigh of relief. Ms. Whitechapel glanced down at her now sagging chest and pooching belly thankful that it wasn’t worse. She lifted up her arm – which she often prided herself on being toned and slender, there was a notable bingo wing of flab hanging from her bicep. She jiggled it and groaned.

She made her way but up to her monitoring room, feeling how much harder climbing up these stairs would be when she was pushing 60. Her back ached and her knees popped with every step. Finally she made it back to the room and sighed in relief as she plopped her wider ass into her computer chair.

Ms. Whitechapel picked up the phone and dialed Kyle, her assistant back at her office. She squinted at the monitor, seeing that her eye glasses weren’t helping her see clearly anymore as her eyesight had gotten worse. She took them off and tossed them on the desk, and kicked off her heels propping her leathery feet on a file bin. She flexed her boxy toes and cringed at how her 35-year-old calves had turned into the puffy cankles of a 50-something woman.

“Yo, this is Kyle.” The young man on the other end of the phone answered.

“Is that how you answer professional calls young man?” Ms. Whitechapel asked sternly.

Normally she didn’t care how Kyle answered his phone but her aging mind was making her feel especially prickly about it.

“Woop sorry Ms. Whitechapel. What’s up?” He replied sheepishly.

“The wet nurse we hired was a bust, no pun intended. I need to find another one right away and some cases of baby formula in the meantime.” Ms. Whitechapel explained over the phone.

“Oh bummer... what was wrong with the one we went with?” Kyle asked.

“She was a bit too... immature for our purposes...” Ms. Whitechapel said furrowing her lined brow.

She hadn’t told Kyle all of the details of the situation with Abbott. For the sake of her employer, Cassandra, she was trying to keep things as discrete as could be managed when you have an infant that can change the ages of anyone in its proximity.

“Immature? Wasn’t she like, nearly 40? I was honestly afraid she might be too old!” Kyle replied.

“Well she wasn’t! Now this is time sensitive. We don’t want the infant suffering from malnutrition...” The older woman said curtly into the phone.

“I’m just saying – if you want more mature than Candace I’m really not sure what our options are – I mean, it’s not like old women in their 50s can breastfeed, can they?” Kyle asked with a chuckle.

Ms. Whitechapel fumed at the characterization of 50-something women as ‘old’.

“Listen here young man! I’ve been doing this job for nearly 40 years and I won’t have my directions questioned by some wet-behind-the-ears smartalec!” She snapped.

There was awkward silence for a brief moment, Ms. Whitechapel went wide-eyed thinking about what she just said and how wrong it was. Kyle began to speak but she cut him off.

“Sorry um-” He began.

“No I’m sorry Kyle. I’m just under a lot of stress with handling this new baby.” She interjected with a sigh.

“Hey don’t sweat it... also did you say that you’ve been working for 40 years? Since you were like negative 5?” Kyle asked with a laugh.

Ms. Whitechapel rubbed her face already feeling the lines on it fading.

“It just feels like it sometimes. Ms. Pendleton has completely sequestered herself so I’m doing everything over here. When I agreed to this assignment I thought I’d be assisting a 19-year-old woman run her affairs not caring for an infant and managing this whole estate myself.” She admitted.

“Well don’t forget to take care of yourself, Jen. Honestly you sounded a little rough when I first picked up the phone.” He pointed out noting that her voice sounded sweeter and more youthful with each thing she said.

“Thanks Kyle. I’ll do my best.” She said stretching her rejuvenated arms and glancing back down at her smoother feet and wiggled her daintier toes.

“And hey, if you’re not hard pressed on that whole maturity thing - I think I have a good solution for this wetnurse problem. This girl I know, Mandy, is a wet nurse and she’s looking for work. I could probably get her over there within the hour!” Kyle suggested.

She sighed in relief.

“Oh god Kyle! That’s fantastic. You’re a real life saver.” The 35-year-old Lawyer said appreciatively.

Jennifer Whitechapel adjusted her clothes again to fit better over her hour-glass frame and put her glasses back on, glancing up at the monitor for the courtyard. She saw a grown-up Candace looking confused, finding herself barefoot and barelegged sitting in the flowerbeds with no skirt on. She was holding her blouse up to collect the pile of daisies and petunias she was picking. The 38-year-old woman stood up quickly, discarding the picked flowers and attempted to brush the dirty off of the bottom of her exposed panties as she glanced around looking for where her skirt had gone.

Ms. Whitechapel inhaled sharply and shrugged, supposing it was time to go meet the woman down in the lobby to discuss her termination.

‘A mental breakdown’ she characterized it – and Candace couldn’t argue, considering the state she had found herself in in the courtyard.

“Happens to the best of us, especially when we are under a lot of stress. Best not dwell on it.” The lawyer suggested as she handed the wet nurse her severance pay, including a respectable bonus to smooth things over and even offered to provide Candace with a good job reference if she ever needed one.

A short while later the doorbell rang and a perky young woman with a sandy blonde ponytail stood at the door. Ms. Whitechapel came down to meet her.

“Hi you must be Mandy! I’m Jennifer Whitechapel the executor for the estate. I understand you know my assistant Kyle and he says that you’re a highly skilled wet nurse?” The lawyer asked shaking the younger woman’s hand.

Mandy bit her pouty lip sheepishly.

“So I... technically haven’t done it before but like... I’m totally ready!” She said cupping her big gravity defying breasts and giving them a shake. “And I loooove babies!” Mandy added.

“Okay well... frankly you’re the best option we have at the moment so follow me... this will either work out great or be a total disaster.” Jennifer said pessimistically as she led the young woman down to the nursery.

“Awesome! This is sooo exciting! It’s my very first job since I dropped out of college!... Maybe after I put the little guy to bed you and I can like have a drink together a dish about Kyle! I bet you have some stories! He’s such a cutie! We met at a club last week and have been like DMing non-stop... have you and he hooked up yet? I don’t mind if you have we could like, compare notes!” Mandy said talking a mile-a-minute.

Ms. Whitechapel raised her hand up and lowered it across Mandy’s face closing her fingers into a fist like a symphony conductor signalling for all sounds to cease.

“Stop. Just stop talking. Go right in there. The baby is in the crib.” Jennifer directed the girl bluntly.

Mandy looked concerned.

“You’re not coming in with me?” She asked, thinking that Ms. Whitechapel would observe her with the baby for a bit.

“No.” The lawyer said matter-of-factly before swift turning and marching toward the stairs. “I’ll be watching on the monitors.” She added as she got to the other side of the room.

Ms. Whitechapel sat back down into her chair in front of the screens, shaking her head as she watch Mandy walk into the room and go over to Abbott’s crib.

“Hi baby... My names Mandy! Are you hungry little guy?” She asked him as she lifted him up into her arms.

“His names Abbott.” Ms. Whitechapel said into the microphone which echoed through the speaker in the nursery.

Mandy looked up, startled by the voice speaking to her out of nowhere.

“Uh thank you!” She said waiving toward the camera.

Jennifer watched as the 22-year-old blonde fuck-buddy of her assistant set Abbott down on his changing table and then proceeded to pull off her tight tanktop and lacy bra, folding them neatly on the table and then scooping the baby up again and walking topless over to the chair.

Mandy’s breasts were frustratingly perky, Ms. Whitechapel thought. The 35-year-old Lawyer looked down at her own C-cups which were obviously riding a lot higher than they had earlier that day but were nowhere near as pert as the college drop-out’s were. Jennifer sighed trying to remember if her boobs had ever been that flawless and round.

But as she glanced back at the monitor to Mandy attempting to get the baby to latch onto her nipple, Jennifer saw that the girl’s chest wasn’t as perfect as she had thought it was. A wicked grin crossed the lawyer’s face. She of course, wanted Abbott to have a wet nurse that worked out but from the moment she met Mandy she had secretly hoped that the girl would fail. And now she was watching a race to see if Abbott would get his fill of breast milk before aging Mandy here shriveled and dried completely up.

The extra years were actually to the rookie wet nurses advantage at first as each new year meant more experience and knowledge. So while she had struggled to figure out how to get Abbott to latch when she was in her early 20s, by her late 20s she knew plenty of tricks and easily got the baby to put his mouth around her nipple and begin breast feeding.

However with each suckle it was like the baby was draining the youth from the poor girl as she surged forward into her 30s. Her babyface was growing more mature and angular and her legs were getting their first dimples of cellulite. Jennifer couldn’t help but grin as she watched Mandy meet her in her mid-30s and then continue to grow older. Her thin waist began to expand ruining the girl’s perfect hourglass figure and giving her a more boxy middle-aged appearance. Laugh lines were creasing across her face from all of those extra years of giggling like an idiot.

Her large melons were slowly descending down her pudgier chest like a pair of zeplins falling from the sky. The fat boob that Abbott was sucking on kept sagging further down, tugging the nipple down out of his mouth and the middle-aged wet nurse had to continually adjust the baby every time he let out a fussy cry.

Grey streaks began to work there way through Mandy's dulling blonde hair and creased cheeks drooped a bit. For a girl who had just started her career as a wetnurse she now looked like she was at the very tail end of it. Where Candace had gained freckles from Abbotts powers, Mandy was gaining sun damaged skin and liver spots.

Abbott continued to suck greedily on the woman's sagging breast even as it began losing its round shape and flattening against her chest. They gray was spreading through her hair and her back was hunching forward a bit.

Mandy passed into senior-citizenhood as she continued to hold the baby up to her pendulous teet with jiggling leathery arms. Her eyelids growing hooded and some whiskers growing on her nobby chin. As she approached 80 the loose skin of the once pretty girls neck dangled and swayed.

Abbott was growing fussy again as the empty dangling breast in his mouth was coming up empty as he sucked on it. The old woman pulled him away from her shrivled tit and attempted to rock him to sleep in her frail arms while shrilly singing a nursery rhyme.

Jennifer, who had watched gleefully as the annoying girl had aged 60 years in a matter of minutes now decided that she had had her fun and it was time to call it.

"Mandy? Can you hear me?" She called over the speaker.

The elderly woman cupped a shaky hand to her ear.

"Eh? What? Speak up dearie..." The former 20-something quavered.

“Okay Mandy, I want you to carry the infant over to the crib and lay him down gently and then leave the room...” Ms. Whitechapel directed.

The old woman shook her jowly head causing her thinning gray ponytail to toss from side to side.

“I can’t do that young lady... my old tired legs don’t work as good as they used to and... I’m afraid I’ve had a bit of an accident... can you help me?” The aged Mandy rattled from the chair.

Jennifer gritted her teeth and closed her eyes.

“Oh for godssake... Why can’t anything be easy...” She mumbled to herself. “Okay ma’am, wait there and I’ll be right down...” She added into the microphone.

Ms. Whitechapel got up to head down to the nursery, knowing that if she dallied she ran the risk of Mandy growing too old to hold Abbott and potentially dropping him.

As she got to the bottom of the stairs the doorbell rang and she thanked the lord, rushing to go answer it. At the door was one of Cassandra’s rich young friend’s Victoria, another spoiled 19-year-old girl in fashionable clothes and a gorgeous face and body. She was chewing gum and pushing her sunglasses up into her dark brown hair.

“I’m here to see Cassie... don’t worry, I know where to go.” Victoria said disaffectedly as she shoved her tiny purse and jacket into Ms. Whitechapel’s hands.

“Um... before you go... Vicki? Is that right? I’m Ms. Whitechapel, by the way, we met at Cassie’s parents wake... I’m the executor of the estate...I was wondering if you could do me a tiny favor... and you’ll get to meet little Abbott!” The lawyer offered giving a pleading grin to the vapid young woman.

Victoria thought it over for a moment and then shrugged.

“Sure whatever.” She said following Ms. Whitechapel to the nursery.

“Okay so just go right on in there – there’s going to be a senile old woman, ignore her for now and just scoop up the baby and bring him to his crib and put him in there and then, on your way out if you could help the granny up from her chair and bring her out here that would be aces!” Jennifer explained.

The teenage girl looked at her skeptically.

“Um no offense but like, why don’t you just do it? Isn’t that like, your job?” Victoria asked pointedly.

“Uh, first of all, *no* it’s not. And second of all, experiencing menopause once is enough for one day.” Jennifer replied coolly.

Victoria shrugged and rolled her eyes.

“Whatever. What a weird thing to say. You’re like, really weird.” Victoria replied.

“Uh huh. Fine. I’m weird... will you help or not?” Jennifer asked impatiently.

“Fiiiiine...” Victoria replied in exasperation as she opened the door and strutted into the nursery.

Ms. Whitechapel ran up the stairs to watch on the monitor, cursing herself that she didn’t stress ‘be fast’ enough. She tossed Victoria’s stuff on some bins and sat down watching on the monitor as the rich girl made a disgusted face at Mandy who was sleeping in the chair with Abbott in her lap. She looked close to 90. Victoria waved her hand in front of her nose, clearly put off by the smells coming from the baby or the aged woman or both.

“C’mon... c’mon... what are you waiting for? Pick up the baby and get out of there...” Ms. Whitechapel muttered under her breath as she watched on the screen.

Abbott was reaching for the young woman who reminded him of his own mother but Victoria was busy looking around for something to protect her fancy clothes while she held him.

“Victoria, just pick up the baby and get out of there.” Ms. Whitechapel said urgently into the microphone.

The teenager jumped at the sound of the voice coming through the speaker.

“What if it like... pees on me? This whole room smells like piss...” The girl grumbled.

“He’s not going to pee on you. Just put him in the crib and let’s all move on with our day.” Jennifer said with exasperation through the soundsystem.

“This is like too weird. I never should have agreed to this. Who is this old lady? Is she dead?” Victoria asked.

“God I hope not... She’s breathing right?” Victoria asked, her mouth going dry for a moment.

“Yeah... like barely. She’s so old and gross!” Victoria groaned.

Mandy opened her sunken eyes and looked up at the new person in the room.

“Oh hello young lady... are you here to help me get back home?” Mandy asked in a slow rattling voice.

“As if, granny!” Victoria huffed. “Okay I’m going to pick up the baby!” She yelled up toward the camera.

The teenager reached out and put her nicely manicured hands under Abbott’s chubby arms lifting him off of Mandy’s thin bony legs and holding him away from her clothes as if he were a bag of smelly trash. The infant, desperate for some affection from a maternal figure became frustrated by how cold Victoria was being and started to wail.

“Hurry up Victoria! You’ve got to hurry!” Ms. Whitechapel shouted into the microphone.

“Why? It’s not a bomb. It’s just a baby.” The teenager said rolling her eyes.

And that’s when Ms. Whitechapel noticed the growing bump on Victoria’s stomach.

“Aw shit. She’s pregnant.” Jennifer hissed, tossing her hands in the air in defeat.

Victoria stumbled and knelt down on the ground setting the crying baby down on the carpet as her belly swelled up to a basketball. She waddled toward the other chair in the room to sit for a moment as Jennifer paced frantically around the monitoring room trying to work out how to deliver a baby in the nursery in the next 5 minutes.

“Oh god! I think my water just broke.” Victoria cried over the speaker.

“My word! That girls having a baby!” Mandy gasped.

Ms. Whitechapel slammed her hand to her forehead, feeling completely unprepared for this. She made a mental note to hire a team of doctors to the staff that can handle births and geriatric medicine. But there was no time to deal with that today because–

“OH GOD! THE BABY’S COMING!!! THE BABY’S COMING!!! AHHHHH!!!” Victoria screamed followed by a second pair of infant wails to rival Abbott’s.

Jennifer slumped in her chair, bewildered. She opened her drawer where she kept a bottle of gin for after hours and opened it to take a swig. She was too afraid to look at the monitor and see what catastrophe awaited her in the nursery.

“What a precious little one. What’s her name?” Mandy rattled over the monitor.

“Her name is Aubrey. She’s my little angel...” Victoria replied.

Jennifer swallowed hard and looked over to the monitor where she found a completely naked Victoria sitting in the chair opposite of the elderly topless Mandy, breastfeeding a new baby girl. It was as if the birth had happened weeks ago (with exception for why she had no pants or panties on).

The lawyer sighed in relief and put her bottle away but when she looked back up she gasped at the sight of a 30-ish year old Victoria breastfeeding a 10-year-old girl. And they were both still growing. The girl quickly entered her teen years as Victoria approached middle-aged. Soon little Aubrey was resembling the spoiled rich girl that had come to the door a few minutes ago and had a pair of perky breasts of her own while she continued sucking greedily on her mother’s drooping teet.

Things got decidedly weirder as Aubrey hit her mother’s real age of 19. Her belly began expanding into a baby bump as she sat naked on her nearly 40-year-old mothers flabby lap.

“What... the... fuck.” Ms. Whitechapel mumbled with her jaw hung open as she watched a 20-year-old woman give birth to a newborn while continuing to breast feed from her middle-aged moms floppy tit.

There was a popping sound and the baby pushed out of Aubrey’s vagina and then was suddenly in her arms, clean and no longer attached to an umbilical cord. Abbott giggled and clapped as he watched from the floor in the middle of the room as Aubrey began to breastfeed her newborn baby and suckle on Victoria’s droopy boob simultaneously.

And the aging continued. Soon the newborn grew into a little girl and her mother matured toward her 30s while gray streaks began to color Victoria’s straight brown hair. She was soon grunting in discomfort as she had her 35-year-old daughter sitting in her lap and her 15-year-old granddaughter sitting on top of her daughter.

The unnamed granddaughter was aging through high school and maturing into a young woman as Victoria aged through her 50s and her once flawless

dewy skin grew leathery and over-tanned. Once again, as the granddaughter turned 19 her belly swelled and rounded and within moments she was a 20-year-old woman holding a newborn in her arms.

60-year-old great grandma Victoria was stroking her middle-aged daughters dull brown hair as the matronly woman continued to suck on her moms sagging tit. Aubrey continued to hold up her own flabby tit to her own adult daughter while that young woman breastfed the youngest girl in the family.

As Victoria entered her 70s her hair went completely gray and she grew deep lines on her gaunt face. She struggled literally under the weight of her 3 generations of progeny that were sitting on top of her - especially Audrey who was now a pear-shaped grandma in her 50s.

Aubrey's granddaughter meanwhile was looking more and more like a highschool cheerleader as she suckled on her 36-year-old moms drooping breast.

"Oh god Abbott... how far are you taking this?" Jennifer groaned from the monitor room as she watched the youngest woman approach 20 and grow pregnant.

Victoria was growing extremely tired as she aged into her 80s. Her now retirement aged daughter had her pruned lips puckered around the old woman's empty sagging sack. It was shriveling to the point where the 60-something woman was taking more than just the nipple into her mouth as she sucked.

The unnamed middle-aged granddaughter, herself now a grandmother, began gaining a bit of weight as she aged through her 40s and continued to suck on Aubrey's floppy old tit.

"Abbott please..." Ms. Whitechapel pleaded over the intercom.

The women all aged up another decade. A 90-year-old Victoria was stroking Aubrey's gray hair with a bony trembling hand as she hunched forward. Her 50-year-old granddaughter tried to shift the weight of her big chunky ass off

of her elderly mother and grandmother's laps without removing her lips from around Aubrey's wrinkly 70-year-old nipple.

"Abbott..." Jennifer said in a warning voice. She could see the baby smile mischevously.

The women all aged another 5 years. Now even Victoria's great-granddaughter was beginning to resemble a soccer mom in her mid 30s.

"Abbott Pendleton!!" Ms. Whitechapel snapped through the microphone.

Abbott pouted and cried a little but the aging seemed to stop leaving Victoria a senile woman of a whopping 98-years-old, her daughter Aubrey a wrinkled 78-year-old resmembing Mrs. Claus, her granddaughter a frumpy 58-year-old, her great-granddaughter an aging mom of 38 and her great-granddaughter a sexy 18-year-old that vaguely resembled a young Victoria.

The women all suddenly stopped breastfeeding, awkwardly noticing that their mother's breasts - all at various stages of sag were in their mouths and scrambled to leg go and get up from one another. The only woman left was the frail ancient-looking Victoria whose shrunken shriveled body sank into the chair as the senile crone sighed in relief.

Her offspring all gawked at one another in confusement as they stood around like some nudist family reunion.

"Uh excuse me ladies... uh you, the young one. Vickis great-great... however many greats granddaughter?" Jennifer asked over the speakers.

The 18-year-old pointed at herself and looked up at the camera in inquiry.

"Yeah you... sorry I don't know your names... mostly because none of you had any a few seconds ago... anyway, can you just uh pick the baby up off the ground and bring him to the crib?" Ms. Whitechapel asked feeling completely emotionally exhausted.

The teenage girl followed the instructions and put Abbott back in his crib. The rest of the women all stood around looking for their clothes.

Jennifer wracked her brain over the legal ramifications of having 4 women with no recorded births between the ages of 18 and 78 living in the US. She called up Kyle.

“Hello? This is Kyle.” He said into the phone.

“Yeah so... I need you to send over some transportation, preferably with a wheelchair or two... Oh! One of those elder care buses! Send over one of those and place an order for some adult diapers along with the baby kind.” Ms. Whitechapel directed.

“Uh... elder care bus? Wheelchair? Depends? Who is all of this for? Cassandra doesn’t have any surviving elderly relatives.” Kyle asked in confusion.

“It’s actually for your girl Mandy.” Jennifer replied with a smirk.

There was a pause and then Kyle chuckled.

“Oh I get it - because she’s so mature for her age that she needs an elder care bus to get home...” He said thinking that he understood the joke.

“Just send it over as soon as you can all right and... look into how hard it would be to get first time identification documents for a 78-year-old woman born in the US.” Ms. Whitechapel replied with no hint of humor in her voice.

“Wait... your serious? What’s going on? Is Mandy okay...? I didn’t want to tell you this before she worked out but... we’re kind of seeing each other.” Kyle admitted.

“It’s been a loooong day Kyle. I’ll explain everything later... over drinks okay? Just get the stuff I asked for and call me back.” Jennifer sighed rubbing her temples.

She directed directed Victoria's daughter and granddaughters to meet her outside of the room so that she could get them a change of clothes. 30 minutes later an eldercare bus arrived set to bring the two 90-something women to a nursing home. They were cleaned up and placed into wheelchairs while Jennifer talked to Aubrey about having her and the younger women stay on the estate for the time being.

Victoria's 18-year-old great-great-granddaughter insisted on seeing Cassandra, believing herself to be the heiresses BFF instead of her 98-year-old great-great-grandmother. She looked enough like Vicki that Ms. Whitechapel wondered if Cassandra would even notice the difference. She instructed the teenager to go by Victoria while she was there.

It seemed to go fine under suddenly as Cassandra and Victoria II were gossiping and braiding one another's hair in bed, the brunette teenager began rapidly regressing. Soon she was a tween and then a child and then a babbling infant as her rejuvenated mother burst into the room and the baby shot up between her legs into her uterus.

Cassandra screamed staring wide-eyed as the new woman now resembled her friend Victoria. Two other women rushed over looking like they were Vicki's mother and grandmother. All three of them continued to regress before Cassandra's eyes and the youngest one was soon a baby again and like her daughter before her, shot up into the 20-year-old vagina of her mother (The real Victoria's granddaughter). A now 30-something Aubrey looked at her teenager daughter in alarm as that girl grew younger and younger and finally sucked up into Aubrey's belly which swelled up and then slimmed down as the formerly old woman regressed back to a teen and then a middle-schooler and then a kid and finally a new born baby.

Ms. Whitechapel came and retrieved the infant girl from an inconsolable Cassandra. The whole ordeal made the lawyer wonder if her young employer would ever mentally recover from all of this. She brought baby Aubrey down to the nursery and cautiously entered.

“Hey Abbott... don’t... you know... I’m just here to bring you a little playmate... this is Aubrey...now you two play nice...” Jennifer said as she set the baby girl down into the crib and looked at her hands - as smooth as when she came in.

She hurried out of the room not wanting to look a gift-horse in the mouth. That evening Victoria found herself 19 again getting her nightly sponge bath from a very lucky orderly while Mandy found herself laying in a nursing home bed in a house coat and a diaper. Both young women were very confused and alarmed to find themselves there and after a quick phone call Kyle picked them up and drove them home.

The next day Ms. Whitechapel delivered the infant Aubrey to Victoria’s parents explaining that the young woman had left the child on the Pendleton’s doorstep and that a simple DNA test would confirm that their daughter was the child’s mother. The couple, looking to avoid a scandal and with plenty of resources to care for the baby took her in without question.

And finally Jennifer Whitechapel devised a system for breastfeeding Abbott - a team of wet nurses lined up outside of the nursery door. As soon as one woman grew too young or too old to continue the next was sent in until the baby was completely fed. Once this solution proved to work the young lawyer turned her attention at drafting up NDA forms for all staff and workers to sign as too many people were bearing witness to Abbott’s amazing abilities.

NEXT: Childhood