

It was a bittersweet August day as Christine and Angela drove their daughter Nikki to her first semester of college. The pair of women in their late forties were complete contrasts of each other. Christine, with her long curly silver-blond hair, was clad in a sundress and knee high boots like she was off to a hippie music festival. Angela looked like she had just gotten back from a productive golf course business meeting in her khaki slacks and pastel polo, her dark hair shimmering with red to hide the gray.

They had decided to drive up in one car over two, their hands nervously rubbing against each other on the center console. It was not long ago that being this close for even just an hour would have become a shouting match—and they had been in the car for nearly three. Over the last year though, between all the college visits and prep, the wound between them had finally become a shiny scar in a relationship that defied classification.

“This makes me nostalgic, you know?” Angela said into the silence between songs from Nikki's playlist. “It feels like just yesterday we met in Klarsen's lit class.”

“Yeah, things were really different for kids going to college then. No laptops, no cell phones. It almost makes me wish I could do it now.”

“You probably would have been out sooner. We could have been girlfriends!” She laughed and playfully punched Christine's arm.

“You're probably right. I don't think Chris would have been the one to graduate. Hell, the way things are now, Chris might have never made it out of high school.”

“Were you really sure about your identity that far back? I mean, I won't doubt if you were, I just feel like you started to think about it after we got together.”

“No, you're right. Honestly, it's hard to figure out if even the me I am now would have happened had I been exploring before I met you. Either way, I didn't really figure out who I was until we had an eight year old daughter.”

There was a pregnant pause as the scar on their relationship throbbed. Even now, after years

of acceptance, talking about Christine's transition made Angela's face tighten.

“I knew it was a possibility when I married you and I've made my peace about your decision,” Angela paused.

“But?”

“But I wish we could have been more of a te-”

“MORE of a team?” Christine glanced away from the road to shoot her a withering glance. “Angie, there were happily married couples who spent less time together with regards to their kid's life.”

“Sure but,--”

“No buts,” she said, banging the steering wheel. “Nikki growing up with two moms, who lived in across town from each other, meant she ended up being raised in two homes, by two people who had to be committed to making sure our issues did not affect her life.”

Angela fidgeted with the hem of her shirt. “I...I guess. I just wish I had reacted better.”

Christine sighed and bit her lip. This was a conversation that had been hashed and rehashed all summer during college visits. It never went anywhere and it became just the two of them feeling guilty.

“Look, I'm sorry that I didn't transition sooner. I wasn't...well, you know...and I wanted us to have a family.”

A corner of Angela's mouth twitched. “And I appreciate that. I almost wish I had pushed you harder back then, when you first started questioning.”

“I probably wouldn't have ever started questioning had you not. I probably never would have started fantasizing about you getting me pregnant had we not gotten to the point where you were always topping me.”

“Not that you complained, then.”

They spent the next hour recalling escapades from their college days and arguing about the

particulars until Nikki woke up and told them she really did not need to hear intimate details about her moms fucking. Thankfully they arrived at campus shortly after and the next couple hours were occupied with carrying things up to Nikki's new living space. There was a quick tour and lunch but, soon enough though, it was time to leave.

"Don't do anything we wouldn't," Christine said from the open driver-side door.

"I promise not to raise a demon, go on a murderous rampage, or hack a foreign government but, that's about the extent I can guarantee," Nikki said with a grin.

"Just keep us in the loop," Angela added. "I don't want to come up for a visit and find out then that you had something like butt implants or a snake tattooed onto your face."

"I'll tell you about face snakes and butt expansions the moment they happen."

There were hugs and kisses, and then, two parents watched their daughter spread her wings as they pulled away from the curb. They were quiet on the drive back with Angela leaning on the door as if trying to be as far away from Christine as possible. It made sense to her in a way, today was really the last day they had any real reason to see each other. She was sure they would finally drift apart now.

"Do you want to come over for dinner?" Angela asked out of the blue as they pulled off the highway for the last thirty minutes of drive into town. "I'm not sure if you had plans but, I figured maybe we could talk about where we go from here over pizza."

"Sure, I would like that."

The pair of them haggled over toppings. Angela called the pizza place in town. The pizza would be there about the same time they were. When they arrived, Angela's apartment was filled with boxes.

"I figured I would downsize since it was just me now," she said in response to Christine's raised eyebrows.

"Ah, makes sense and I guess Nikki can stay with me on breaks."

"I figured you would not complain."

Just then, there was a knock on the door and the pizza arrived. The pair stood in the kitchen around the island and ate over the Formica counter top. “So, where will you go if you’re downsizing?”

“Actually, I was hoping maybe I could move in with you.”

Christine choked on her bite of pizza. “You want to run that by me again?”

Angela strut around the island. She put a hand on Christine's shoulder, her other over her hand. “You heard me. Let's try sharing space again. Just. Like. This.”

In Christine’s heart, the urge to back up fought with the ache to finally kiss Angela again. “I mean, uh, you know how I feel about us getting back together. So I’m game to giving it a try but, why the change of heart?”

Her ex-wife stepped back and Christine let out her breath. Angela rummaged through her cabinets for something. There were the sounds of shifting cans and bottles before she stretched to the next shelf. While she did so, her polo rose up and flashed off her very toned stomach. As she rose onto her tiptoes and arched her back, Christine knew Angela was flirting with her as much as she was looking for something.

Finally, Angela pulled down what looked like a sampler pack of syrup. “Something, well, a couple somethings, fell into my lap over the summer and they’ve been on my mind ever since.”

She set the box on the counter and Christine bent to look at them. There was no obvious branding, no indication of what was contained within. Just four glass flasks that looked about as big around as her forefinger and thumb. Two were filled with orange liquid, one darker than the other. The other two were the similar, but shades of green.

“What are they?” she said looking up at her ex.

“A friend from college sent them,” Angela replied, dodging the question. “You remember Kat right?”

“Was she the super tall one at the wedding?” Christine picked up the box and turned it over in her hands. The cardboard was rough but sturdy.

“Yeah,” Angela nodded. “Well, she was big into the non-binary thing back then, too, and got back in touch recently. When she found out that we were about to be kid free, she insisted I give these a try and see if I couldn’t rekindle the flame with you.”

“Are they like...aphrodisiacs? Are you saying you want to--”

“To experiment? Yes. And, our issues aside, you’re probably one of the few people I trust to be around me when it comes to this kind of stuff.”

“I’m flattered but, I fail to see how this leads into why you want to move back in with me.”

“Um, well, they aren’t aphrodisiacs. They’re...they’re transformative.”

“Wait...are you saying what I think you’re saying?”

Angela nodded emphatically.

Christine shuddered and tore open the box. She picked up the light orange vial. Angela, the green. The fluid moved like oil in its container, clinging to the glass as Christine turned it over in her hands.

Angela twisting the the lid off hers filled the kitchen with the scents of citrus. She licked her lips and took a sip. She put the vial on the counter as she rolled the fluid around in her mouth. Finally, with what was likely a deliberately audible gulp, she swallowed the mouthful.

“Tastes like cherry limeade. Oh-!”

She gripped her stomach and then just as hurriedly, undid the button on her pants. Pulling them down to mid thigh, a tiny tent sprang to attention in her lilac boy-short panties. The peak slowly slipped upwards while pushing further out until its rounded point was pointing right at Christine. Angela’s hand hovered over what seemed to be a new, smallish penis. Her new member was throbbing incessantly.

“Wow.” They said it at the same time.

Meanwhile, a similar tent was rising in Christine’s dress as a flush spread over her face. She knelt slowly and reached out tentatively. “Did that really happen?”

“I...I hope so,” Angela said as she bit her lip and hooked her thumbs into the waistband. She pulled the pale purple fabric down with agonizing slowness, revealing several inches of well trimmed, dark red hair.

“Wait, did you dye your bush?” Christine said with a cocked eyebrow. “Are you really that worried about admitting you’ve gotten older?”

“Maybe,” she stuttered, looking away with a blush. “What does it matter to you?”

Christine gently grabbed her arms. “It matters because I’ve never stopped loving you, never stopped believing you to be the most beautiful person I know.”

“Also...” she added with a grin and and uplifted brows. “You being a firecrotch is so very fitting.

Before Angela could reply, Christine kissed the staining fabric. The contact dragged a moan out of her ex. A moan that became a gasp as Christine lightly slid her teeth against the stiff flesh.

“Okay-Ah! Yes. That’s really a penis,” Angela said between breaths. “Which means...” She tossed back more of the viscous fluid. The jar was half empty when she set it back down.

Almost at once her shaft twitched against Christine's mouth. The organ grew in cycles, surging longer before recoiling slightly as it thickened. Both women gasped at each gained inch. Pushed to the side by the increasing length, her burgeoning cock formed a ridge in the front of her panties. The head of Angela's new endowment stretched against her pelvis towards her hip as it strained against the waistband.

Unable to hold back any more, Christine pulled her ex-wife's panties down to reveal a cock that was a little below average but, it was still growing. If anything, its enlargement had hastened, like her member was feeling a sense of freedom now that it was no longer constrained by cotton and elastic. As her shaft surged towards six inches, Angela's gasps became moans, as if the growth itself was intensely pleasurable.

Still licking and nibbling, Christine slowly ended up sitting back on her heels as she was

literally pushed back by the gains of her once-again lover. Angela gripped her pole at its base, as if in disbelief. Her face was beat red, as was her neck, and sweat was starting to bead on her forehead and cheeks.

From her position on the floor, Christine watched as Angela's fingers and thumb slowly slid past each other. Scooting back and rising up once more, she grabbed hold in the middle and wrapped her lips around the head.

“Fuck...” Angela stammered from above before her eyes rolled back in her head and she bit her lip. Encouraged, Christine slid further down her lover's length and began bob against the stiff member, stroking it with her lips and tongue. Angela's hands tangled in her hair. Her hips began to thrust in harmony. Her moans became more emphatic.

Her grip on Angela's cock slid down and then into her panties. With curious fingers, Christine probed for the wetness of Angela's pussy. Her fingers slipped over the rise of her lover's button which rewarded her with a huge throb in her mouth. Her ex-wife had become a futa!

Stating to lose herself in a haze of lust, Christine used her other hand to grip her own shaft under her dress. She was hard for the first time in days and her dick throbbed in her hand as she alternated strokes between herself and her lover.

Surprisingly, it was she who came first as spurts of cum landed on Angela's feet and she moaned around the cock in her mouth.

“Oh...what a naughty girl, cumming so fast, I hope that wasn't all.”

Christine glanced up and shook her head, gently dragging her teeth over Angela's skin.

“Good, because I have to know if I can cum.”

Suddenly she was tight against Angela's crotch as hands and hips both pushed against her head. She gagged as the tip slid over her soft palette and yet, she shuddered with excitement. She had dreamed of this moment ever since Angela first did her with a strap-on all those years ago.

The cock in her mouth throbbed and Angela's screamed her name as two somethings began to

push against Christine's chin. Before either realized what was happening, Angela had grown sizable balls. Balls that then clenched as another throb coated Christine's throat with cum.

Angela was gibbering and swearing and saying I love you as throb after throb rocked her whole body. Trapped almost in a cycle of male and female orgasm, her grasp on Christine's hair relaxed as her hands went to the counter to keep herself up. Her still half-on pants were increasingly damp with glit as more and more of the lubricant ran down her legs. Finally, her locked knees gave out and she slid down the cabinets to the floor.

“That was intense,” she gasped.

“Yeah,” Christine said, wiping her lips and then sucking on her fingers. “Should we maybe...move to your bedroom if we plan to do more?”

“In a moment, I can't feel my legs. Help me get these slacks off...”

Christine helped Angela peel the khaki pants off then offered a hand up. They both looked at the half of the light green left.

“Do you want-” Angela began.

“Would you mind if-” Christine said at the same time.

They both laughed and Angela raised her hand. “You go first.”

“Would you mind if I had a sip?”

“A sip? I thought you wanted to get rid of you penis, not grow it.”

She picked up the light orange fluid. “I get the feeling that will not be an issue. You're still packing a pussy down there behind that wonderful set of cock and balls. I'm willing to bet this will to the same for me.”

“And if that's not the case? Why not save this just so there is an option if things don't turn out exactly the way you expect.”

“Hard to argue with that. Now, which way is the bedroom?”

They carried the four vials into Angela's room. They stripped naked. They settled down into



bed, fondling not only each other's cocks but nearly every inch of exposed flesh. Touches became kisses, became tightening grips and passionate making out. Eventually, Angela kissed her way down Christine until she was between her legs.

“Well? Why not take the orange drink and see what happens?” She asked as she gripped Christine's shaft and stroked softly.

As Christine opened the jar, the smell of spearmint permeated the air. The smell was so strong, the air felt chill causing both women to get goose bumps. She shuddered as the jelly-like substance touched her lip. The first taste was overpowering and then, she could not get enough. There was a moment, as she guzzled past the half way point, where she considered stopping but, the immensely pleasurable sensations already coursing through her was hard to resist. Seconds after opening it, she downed the whole vial.

Angela had started licking her at some point. Her lover's tongue traveling along her sensitive taint to then cup her balls. With each pass, the stimulation grew even more powerful. Vial forgotten, she gripped the bed with both hands as a chill blossomed inside her. There was a feeling of swelling in her pelvis that spread outwards as the chill matured into the warm snap of mint.

The feeling of Angela's tongue grew more and more pronounced as the swelling sensation began to push back. After a moment, it felt like her tongue was slipping between something. All of a sudden, she was nibbling at swelling labia as fingers probed a slit growing deeper by the second. Muscles that had never existed before flexed for the first time, gripping those fingers, pulling them deeper.

All the while, the swelling within grew more insistent. Something was growing inside her, something she had wished desperately for. Subtle vibrations gripped her lower body as her hip bones reshaped, their forms shifting to accommodate her new organs. The pressure reached critical levels and her fingers shifted to Angela's head. At the same time, something very sensitive sprouted against her lover's lips.

As her clitoris blossomed, it was like her brain lit up. All she could feel was Angela's lips on her button as it swelled larger, pushed to inflate by the impossible density of nerves growing within. It did not gain length, just girth. In a couple seconds it was already thicker than her thumb, then two fingers.

“Angela! Fuck me already!”

Angela sat back, rubbing her face with the back of her hand. “Oh? Do you want my cock?”

“Yes...I want it. I want you in me.”

She leaned down over Christine, her fingers caressing her slight breasts. “How much do you want it?”

“More than anything.” She wrapped her arm's around Angela's shoulders, her hands grabbing hold of her muscles. “Please, I can feel that I've changed inside. I've grown a womb so please...fill me with your child.”

Angela's eyes went wide for a moment then she smiled. “Don't you want to try the other jars first?” She said, nibbling an ear. “Don't you want to know what they do?”

“Mix them up for all I care! We'll each drink half as soon as you fucking fill me.”

With that, she rolled them onto Angela's back. In the brief moment of conversation, her vulva had inflated further, almost like she had been pumped. She rubbed the plush, nerve filled flesh against Angela's hard on, lubricating it with her juices. Reaching down, she held that cock straight up as she slowly lowered herself onto it.

They were both babbling messes at that point, their words replaced by moans and sighs. Christine felt her lips press against Angela's crotch. She circled around once, twice, before pulling slowly back up. She dropped forward, her hands pressing into Angela's hard shoulders. She increased her tempo.

“I always...always dreamed of havingggg...sex like...like this. It feels so...so wonderful!”

Angela's fingers dug into her rump, her hands grabbing hip and thigh to gain leverage. Soon

she was thrusting in counterpoint to Christine's movements. The sound of wet flesh meeting grew louder. Moans, groans, and swearing become omnipresent.

“I'm so close!” Angela yelled before bending upwards.

“Do it, love!” Christine screamed back.

Angela's second orgasm with her cock was even more impressive than the first. Christine could almost feel the sticky fluid hitting the back of her canal. That Angela kept thrusting, even as she pumped more and more spunk into Christine, pushed her over the edge in a big way. Collapsing to the side, Christine shuddered as her entire body twitched.

She felt her leg get lifted. Felt Angela, still hard, enter her again. Her hands went up to grab hold of her lover's back. She rode the insistent, powerful thrusts in a haze of pleasure. And then, she passed out.

It was dark out when she woke up. Angela was standing in the bathroom. She had a large cup in her hand. She swished it a few times and then took a swig. Smacking her lips, she took two more gulps before turning back to the bedroom. A grin spread across her face when she realized Christine was up.

“So...yeah, went with your plan. And I..I think I should put this down because I can feel it starting.”

It started, as expected, with her cock. In an instant it was hard. The next instant, it was noticeably larger. Then, larger again as each beat of her heart spread the mysterious mixture. Her sac inflated as her balls swelled from the size of walnuts to a volume Christine did not have a reference for. Veins stood out under her skin, spreading outwards as her toned body began to throb.

Before her eyes, Christine watched Angela bulk up like she had been working out for months. Steadily, her shoulders moved up in relation to the door frame behind her, marking changes in her height. At the same rate, her hips and stance widened, her legs thickening with power.

Her boobs grew in last. The orbs ballooning spreading out over her rock hard body until they

hung to her waist and her cock curved up between them. Her areolae rose a bit off her curve of her bust, the darkened skin puffing up as it spread. Through all of this, it was like she had gotten younger. Her skin was brighter and fuller. The red dye job in black hair spread to become brilliant red instead.

“Well, love?” Her voice was just a touch deeper. A hint of aggressive growl in an otherwise lilting tone. “Am I satisfactory?”

“I...More than words can describe.”

“Good, because if you didn't like it I was going to drink your share and who know what fucking insane proportions I would grow to if that happened.”

“Do you not like your--”

“I love it! Don't get it twisted, I didn't do this solely for you. Don't forget, you weren't the only one of us with a futa fetish.” She picked up the cup and walked to the bed.

“I mixed in what was left of the light green as well. So...expect to get bigger.”

Christine could not get the cup to her lips fast enough. As she drank, she could see Angela working her now foot long pole, keeping herself ready for round two.

Feeling the changes was almost more arousing than watching them. As she felt her dick growing, her ass thickening, and her arms and legs tightening. All she could do was moan. Angela began to caress her as her boobs grew in. Unlike Angela her growth did not just stop at her ribs. Inch after inch, pound after pound, her bustline expanded until her girls would fill her lap.

She quickly felt as young as Angela looked. A burn scar from six months ago faded back into pristine skin. A scar from a camping accident three years ago twitched and repaired itself like new. Her energy levels spiked, back to how she felt in her twenties.

“I feel amazing and not just because of these. I feel like I must be-”

“Under thirty again? Yeah me, too.”

“This is really...weird. Good, but weird. Like, we're getting to start over almost.”

“Well, if we're starting over...”

“Yes, you can live with me. Now, get over here and let's see what these new lives of ours feel like.”

As Angela pushed inside her for the second time that day, Christine pulled her wife close. “I love you.”

“Yeah, I love you, too.”