

Sister Act (Son to MILF Sister TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Badabada

Tyler and his mother Faye have a strained relationship. Faye had Tyler when she was in her teens, and now in her thirties is trying to enjoy what she missed out on, namely partying and sex. This embarrasses her shut-in video gaming son, even though she also wants to find a good 'sugar daddy' so she can give Tyler a better life. But when Tyler makes a poorly worded wish to 'understand' his mother better, he soon finds himself turning into her equally attractive MILF of a sister, also in her thirties. And that's just the beginning.

Sister Act

Tyler groaned melodramatically. "Moooooom, this is so damn embarrassing!"

"It's not embarrassing dear," Faye replied as she gently applied her ruby red lipstick. "It's perfectly natural. I'm a single woman and I have a woman's needs."

"Ugh. Fucking gross!"

She gave him a dark look. "What did I say about swearing in my house?"

Tyler just groaned again. "I'm twenty years old, Mom, not some teenager anymore. I won't even be living here for many more months, once Jason's place becomes free."

Faye sighed, putting down her lipstick. "I know, honey. But you live here *now*, which means you follow my rules. I want you to be responsible and mature. It's all I ever wanted from you."

Tyler folded his arms. "Oh yeah? Responsible and mature like *you* were, when you were only *fourteen!*?"

Faye went quiet, and even Tyler realised he'd gone too far.

"That's very unfair, Tyler," she finally said. "I made a mistake when I was young, but you came out of it, and I don't regret you for a moment. I'd make that mistake over and over because *you're not* a mistake."

Tyler had heard the spiel many times. He believed it . . . to a point. But it was clear to him that now he was grown, his mother was desperately trying to catch up on all the parts of life she had missed as a result of becoming an overburdened single mom early in life.

"I know, I know, but It's just humiliating," he mumbled. "My own mom going out on the town to catch dudes. You're *acting* like a teenager."

"Well, I've earned the right. I missed out on so much raising you. It's no one's fault, but as you say yourself, you won't always be here. I don't want to be alone. I'm thirty four years old, and so I'd like to find someone. Is that so embarrassing, Tyler?"

He looked her up and down as she contoured her eyebrows and applied some eyeshadow. "It is when you look like *that*."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said with a smug smile."

Of course, Faye *absolutely* knew what he was talking about. It was plain for anyone to see that Faye was a jaw-droppingly attractive woman. She had a wonderful hourglass figure, with a pair of wide hips courtesy of Tyler's entrance into the world. She enjoyed wearing tight-fitting shorts, pants, skirts, and even yoga clothing to show off her peachy behind, but the real attraction was her pair of perfectly teardrop-shaped breasts, which were ripe Double-D's. Entirely natural. Much like many a mother, her waist was no longer tiny, but instead had a slight thickness that only emphasised her wonderful hips and MILF-like qualities. With her dark hair and eyes, her thick yet expertly contoured eyebrows, and her full, somewhat pouty lips, she was not lacking in the face department either. Quite the opposite, in fact. She carried a raw sensuality in her expression, especially when she 'turned it on', so to speak. Coupled with the rather tight and tastefully revealing clothing she enjoyed wearing, and the way she swayed her hips and let her breasts bounce, she was the kind of woman that men lusted after, from teenagers to silver-haired foxes in their fifties. It was just an unfortunate thing that many men didn't care to stick around, seeing her as a conquest, or as a woman to be discarded once they found out about her now-adult son.

For Tyler, once oblivious, now no longer so, this had become a source of extreme humiliation. Once he had reached around fifteen or sixteen, he'd started to realise how attractive his mom was, and for a teenager, there was no greater shame. Pretty soon, his friends were constantly talking about how 'sexy' and 'what an absolute MILF' Faye was, and bragging openly about seeing her at the beach in a bikini. They even played guessing games at her boob size, and fairly accurately surmised that they were big round, perfectly natural E-cups. Even the girls giggled about it, but it was awful being picked up from school by a hot mom who the boys often waved at. There was even graffiti in the toilets about how 'hot Tyler Barnett's mom is.' All in all, surviving high school was made all the worse by his mom's hotness, particularly given that she dressed to impress her dates, and often had a habit of leaving food in the fridge for him at night while she went out to partying. Tyler wasn't stupid, he was very aware his mom was having sex, and that was bad enough. What was truly terrible was having to *hear* it, because she often brought men back to her bedroom, and despite every attempt at sound proofing, he could still hear the faint echoes of his mother's lovemaking. She was *that* vocal. He repeatedly told her that he was going to go "freaking psychotic" over it, and though she was genuinely apologetic, she didn't change.

For Tyler, this drove a wedge between them, especially since his mom was such a social butterfly now, and he was still quite the shut-in. He much preferred to play videogames all day rather than go to big social events. Well, that wasn't entirely true, he did want to be

better at interacting with others at college, and getting to know girls. He'd not been very successful with past dates, and he'd not had many of those, as much as his mother repeatedly tried to encourage him. Despite her 'expertise,' he found himself lacking confidence. This was despite him being quite average, perhaps even above average in appearance. He'd inherited his mother's dark hair and striking eyes, and while he was not immensely fit, he wasn't scrawny. He had a manly jaw and a solid build, but that lack of confidence ate at him, and he attributed it partly or even fully to his mother.

So when Faye told him she didn't know what he was talking about, he rolled his eyes.

"For God's sake Mom, your tits are hanging out!"

"Tyler! That's such an incredibly rude and inappropriate thing to say!"

"Who cares! It's inappropriate to be someone's mom and acting like some wild partygirl."

She spun around, and he averted his gaze to avoid seeing how her large chest wobbled, her cleavage pressing together. "I'm doing this for you as much as me, Tyler! Yes, I want to find a man. I'm lonely, and I deserve comfort."

"There's been plenty of men that -"

"And I want to find someone who can support us! I don't make much money, Tyler! We rely on the government. And I know you'll do well in college, but I want you to have a leg up, and to be able to help pay for some of your degree like all of your other friend's parents do. You may find it embarrassing -"

"Yeah, because you're looking for a fucking sugardaddy!"

Her expression went still. She stood closer, and he stepped back. His mother could be quite intimidating. "Yes, I am. A crude way to put it son, but I *am* looking for a sugardaddy, if that's how you want to word it. A man who can support me, and you, and even one I can have a family with."

Tyler coughed in shock, but she continued.

"Yes, a family. We're a family, and you are my son. My precious son. But I'm only thirty four Tyler, and you forget that. I'm perfectly capable of having more babies, and it's perfectly natural to want more."

"I can't believe I'm hearing this!"

He stormed off, leaving Faye to get ready for her date. As usual, he shut the door to his room, turned on his television, and began playing videogames. Despite the noise, he managed to hear his mother's knocking ten minutes or so later.

"Honey? Honey, can you hear me?"

He stayed silent.

"Honey, I know you can hear me."

He still didn't reply. There was a sigh from the other side of the door.

“I’m heading out, honey. I might not be back until later. I’ve left some dinner for you at the table. If you need to eat it later, just put it in the fridge. I love you.”

Tyler fumed, unable to bring himself to say the words back. He did love his mother, but he was angry at her. Why couldn’t she just be a normal mom? Why did she have to be such a total slut who was always chasing men and showing off her body!?

“I love you,” she repeated, and then her footsteps echoed away. Finally, there was the sound of the door opening, then shutting.

Tyler continued to play his games.

Faye had a very enjoyable night. She didn’t have a specific man in mind just yet. Sometimes she did organise dates, but other times she actually hit the town, going to bars and clubs and trying to seek out a man who was not only turned on by her still-fantastic body, but who seemed quite well off themselves. She drank, she danced, she swung her hips and let her breasts bounce in her tight top, and after reviewing a range of possible options, she settled on a dashing man who introduced himself as Marcus. He was older, roughly in his early forties, but he was clearly on the prowl for a woman like her, since they instantly began flirting with one another.

Soon, one thing led to another, and they were back at Faye’s place, making love in her room. She’d told him about her son, and so they both tried to be quiet, but with the amount of alcohol in play, their giggling and stumbling would be certain to wake even the deepest of sleepers.

“Shit!” Marcus exclaimed as he knocked over a cheap vase.

“Shhh! We can’t wake my son! Upstairs, hurry!”

Moments later, they were peeling each other’s clothes off. As always, Faye was greatly pleased by his reaction. Her body was indeed sumptuous, and she was particularly pleased with how pert and full her breasts were. She sauntered towards him, and then he was upon her, kissing her tender neck and making her moan in passion. She’d missed this, but then she always did. Tyler couldn’t understand. She loved her son, but her body had needs, and she’d always had a strong libido. She loved to party, to fuck, to have a good time, and while she still had her ultimate goal of finding a good sugar daddy, sometimes she just wanted a good lay. And in Marcus, she’d found a good lay. He had dark hair like hers, but pale blue eyes, and she stroked his strong back as positioned himself over her and readied his cock. He was quite big, and soon he was plunging that largesse directly into her. She whimpered, trying to keep her voice down but failing as usual. In mere moments they were fucking with wild abandon, him pounded her wet pussy with a wonderfully manly fury all

while he groped and kneaded her soft E-cup tits. Halfway through they changed positions: she wanted to ride him. They didn't last too much longer after that. She wailed as she climaxed, and then he orgasmed within her moments later. She wasn't an idiot - she made him wear a condom - but part of her wanted to *feel* his seed inside her. Sure, she was on the pill, but being pregnant again was something she'd finally realised she'd wanted after all these years. She felt ready. She just needed to find the right man. But for noW, there was pleasure.

“OOhhhhh - yes! YES! Fuck yes! Cum in me, baby! OH GOD YES!!”

As this was happening, Tyler was downstairs, curling his pillow over his ears to block out the sounds his mother was making. Their apartment was not great, and the walls were too thin, and while most of the sounds were filtered out, whenever she obviously came her screams of pleasure were too loud to *not* hear. It drove him up the wall, but all he could do was wait it out, try to erase it from his mind, and go back to sleep.

“This fucking sucks. I need to move out,” he said. It took him a long time to go back to sleep. As it turned out, his mother wanted to go another round with her latest armcandy, and she was even louder the second time around.

Unfortunately for Tyler, he received some terrible news the next afternoon when Jason called to deliver the bad news.

“What do you mean the place is no longer free!?” Tyler exclaimed into the phone.

“Yeah, sorry dude. I really want you here, but you know how my mom is. It's technically her place, I'm just renting it, and she never really liked you.”

“She doesn't like my mom!”

“Yeah, it's that, really. She thinks your mom is 'too loose' or whatever. Mom is old-fashioned. And honestly I think she's just pretty jealous of how fucking hot your mom is.”

Tyler cringed. “Dude! Can we *not* talk about my mom!?”

“You mean your *hot* mom.”

Tyler swore several times, making his friend laugh.

“Sorry man, it's just that she's a fucking ten out of ten. Remember the old jokes back in high school, about how her boobs arrive five minutes to every location before the rest of her does?”

“Dude, I will fucking end you if you continue.”

“Alright, alright! Look, the point is mom doesn't trust you by association. I'm sorry, buddy. I'll keep talking to her, but don't get optimistic. You might have to find another place to stay.”

"I don't *have* one to - ahh forget it."

He hung up the phone. It was at that moment that he heard footsteps coming down the stairs. Faye emerged wearing a bathrobe, looking very pleased with herself, whistling as she always did after she had sex with a man the previous night. She always had a shower in the late afternoon, sometimes before getting ready for a date.

"How are you going honey?" she asked sweetly.

Tyler was boiling with anger. "Have another date tonight?"

"I do, actually. I know I said I wouldn't do too many in a row, but Marcus was really nice. He owns a car dealership, you know. Perhaps if things get serious, you'd like to meet him."

"I *did* meet him. When he was coming downstairs in the morning. He didn't realise I was twenty."

She giggled. "Sorry, I must have omitted that."

"Of course, because I don't fucking matter, do I?"

Faye looked at her son with shock. The argument the previous night had been bad, but he'd been mostly just moody today. Now he looked livid.

"Honey, what's wrong? I'm sorry if I was a little loud last night -"

"Loud? LOUD!? You were bringing down the fucking house, ma! I could barely hear anything else! It's fucking traumatic! And now I find out I can't even fucking move out because of *your* reputation with Miss Stills, Jason's mom."

"Oh, honey. I know Jessica doesn't like me but -"

"But nothing, Mom! This entire situation is your fault! I'm miserable because of you and all your fucking slutty behaviours!"

She was gobsmacked. He'd said awful things before, but nothing like that. But Tyler didn't even feel fazed, he simply stormed out the front door and into the apartment yard. Faye followed him.

"Tyler! Tyler! You come back right this second and apologise! I am your mother, but I'm also a woman, and one day you'll understand what I -"

Tyler turned on the spot, whirling about to face her. "Understand, will I? Oh, I wish I could understand! I really do, Mom!"

At that moment, the darkening sky with its waking stars shimmered. Something streaked across the sky, catching their gaze but not their attention. Mother and son were too frustrated, too enraged by the other's actions.

"Oh, I don't think you do!" she cried back. Several neighbours were opening windows to see what was happening at this point. "I don't think you could handle what it's like being a woman like me, with my burdens!"

The light streaked across the sky, growing brighter. It was breaking apart, a falling star of luminescent beauty. A magical sight. Magical indeed.

But Tyler was too angry to stop and see, his blood pumping with frustration at his mother, who even now had her cleavage showing through the slight parting of her bathrobe.

"I wouldn't *have* your burdens, because I'd make better choices!" he called back. "I really do wish you could see that, Mom. I wish I could understand you mom, because right now I just don't, and it's ruining my fucking life!"

The star exploded, streaking across the sky. Later, some viewers would even report that it looked like it changed direction at the last second, flying over the neighborhood where Tyler and his mother argued. Regardless, it finally stopped their argument short, because as the luminescence reached its unexpected peak, Tyler felt a strange flood of energy through his body. It lasted only a moment but he felt it nonetheless.

And then every car in the neighbourhood began to beep and honk as if disturbed.

"Great! Now I have to go check on the car and see if it still works for tonight," Faye said. "I'm heading out still, Tyler. We are *not* done with this conversation. But I have to go get ready."

"Make sure to show off your tits as always, mom! Wouldn't want to forget to embarrass your grown adult of a son now!"

She turned. "I have a son, alright. But I'm not sure he's grown."

Faye headed back inside, tears streaking down her cheeks. Tyler, for his part, was not crying, but his stomach was twisted up in knots. He knew he shouldn't have said half those things, and already he was hit with the post-adrenaline exhaustion and regret that followed such an argument. But he was just so damn angry.

He sighed, headed inside as well. But not before looking up into the sky where that bright shooting star had been. That same strange feeling of energy coalesced upon him again, and for a moment he trembled on his feet. His chest itched a little, his scalp too. He rubbed his nipple idle, scratched the back of his head.

He headed inside, not knowing just how much his wish to understand his mother's life would soon come true.

While Faye had another night out with Marcus, Tyler felt strange. His entire body felt weirdly itchy, and his skin seemed to be covered in goosebumps. He felt overly warm, despite it being a cooler night. And his nipples! They felt like they had been bitten by mosquitoes or something, because not only were they sore and itchy, but they had swollen up in mere hours to look like little pink strawberries upon his chest, denting out his shirt embarrassingly.

“Nnghh, first I have an argument with my Mom and now my body feels all fucking weird.”

He gritted his teeth, trying to ignore it, but there were other strange sensations too. For one, his ass felt weirdly pressurised. And his groin felt a little numb, and his waist strangely tight. He worried that he was sick. For a few moments, he considered that perhaps that weird shooting star had done something to him when it gave that little starburst in the sky, but he put that out of mind fairly quickly. That was weird sci-fi nonsense. It was far more likely that he'd eaten something that didn't agree with him: perhaps Faye's leftovers from the fridge were no longer any good. Just another reason to be angry with her.

He went to bed, still occasionally rubbing his skin, which felt oddly smooth. He had a bit of a headache, and the argument he'd had with his Mom kept replaying in his head.

“Shouldn't have said those things,” he mumbled. “Went too far. But she needed to hear them.”

He went to sleep, taking longer than usual to get comfortable. At some point in the night Faye returned, and the sounds of her lovemaking woke him once more. Aggravating, he pulled his pillow around his head. There was something weird about his hair, but in his cranky tiredness he couldn't put a finger on exactly what it was. Soon he fell back into unconsciousness. He dreamed of a hot MILF of a woman being taken by a man, crying out in orgasm as he thrust his huge cock into her.

He dreamed the woman was him.

Tyler realised there was something wrong the very next morning. He woke to an aching body that felt just slightly off. The young man groaned, stretched, yawned. It felt like he'd simultaneously had the world's greatest sleep, and yet his body was still wanting more. Something about the soreness in his limbs, and in his chest, and that continual pressure in his rear.

“What the fuck was in that food last night,” he said. His voice cracked as he spoke, sounded higher and lighter, almost a little feminine. “Great, so I'm sick too.”

He coughed, but there was no phlegm in his throat.

“Maybe Mom's fucking crying out ruined my deep sleep,” he mumbled in that same too-high voice. He shifted out of bed, and only then did he notice that there was something wrong with his hair. It was longer than it should have been, hanging just past his ears, when he'd always kept it short.

“What the -!?”

That was when he fully woke up, and his heart began to beat faster. He ran from his room to the bathroom, taking pains to avoid being seen by anyone that might be in the house. He misjudged the amount of steps needed, and wasn't sure why until he came face to face with his reflection over the sink.

"What the fuck. Oh God, what the fuck!"

He had been altered, somehow. His hair was lighter, for one. The normally dark-brown haired teen now had light brown hair. It was longer, giving him a noticeable fringe, but that wasn't all. It was also softer, silkier. More well-taken care of than his usual messy mop. But that change was small potatoes compared to the others he was just now noticing.

He'd grown breasts. No big ones, barely noticeable as ones, in fact, but breasts all the same. Little A-cups that just slightly jiggled, with womanly areolas and berry-like pink nipples atop them, clearly larger than any man's would be. His shirtless body had lost all of its hair, and his waist looked a little thinner too. His slight facial scruff had dissipated, leaving his features smooth, and his lips looked inflated. Not much, but they definitely looked fuller than they should have been.

"Oh, fuck! What the hell is this?"

He pinched himself, only to find that his arms were soft and smooth, almost feminine. He was not dreaming.

"What could have caused this? Oh God, I'm even shorter now as well!"

He had been a tall man. According to Faye, the man that was his father, a figure she'd never managed and perhaps didn't want to track down, had been a mighty 6'3 in height. Tyler was 6'1, or at least he was meant to be. It was a slightly lanky look, leaving him feel a bit awkward at times. But now, he looked as if he'd lost a couple of inches of height.

"Shit, I look like a woman. Crap!"

He pulled his boxers down, only to sigh in relief. As weird and utterly wrong as everything else was, he hadn't lost any girth or length down there.

"Thanks heavens for small favours," he muttered.

It was at that point he heard a conversation, and footsteps coming down the stairs. His mom was giggling, and some man was also with her, one who sounded like this Marcus fellow. Tyler cringed, hoping they would leave, but instead he overheard something that made him panic.

"Tyler won't be up yet. You go have a shower."

Heavy footsteps approached. A sudden lightning strike of terror ran up Tyler's spine, and he barely made it to the closed door in time to hold it shut and lock it. It twisted slightly from the other side.

"Occupied!" Tyler called.

“Oh, uh, sorry lad, you must be Tyler” came a deep, sonorous voice. For reasons he couldn’t understand, the sound of that low, syrupy voice made him tingle slightly. “Your mother thought you were still asleep.”

“Well, I’m not! And I’m showering!”

Faye’s voice echoed as well. “Honey, since it’s a Saturday, do you mind if Marcus uses the shower first please?”

“I *do* mind!” he called, trying to lower his voice as much as possible to its usual tone. “I don’t want to be disturbed!”

“That’s okay, kid,” Marcus said. “I should head out anyway.”

“Thanks! You can go now!” Tyler said, voice cracking.

Faye gasped on the other side of the door. “Tyler!”

“It’s okay, Faye. I’ll head. It was good to meet you Tyler. Well, sort of.”

There was a good-natured chuckle from the other side of the door, again making Tyler tingle deep inside, and then footsteps leading away. Tyler stayed in the bathroom, not knowing what to do. There was a strange sort of energy thrumming within him, like there was something urging to escape. He couldn’t make sense of it, but it was getting stronger, and pooling around his chest and rear, and his groin as well. Even his face did not escape it. He stared at his unfamiliar appearance in the mirror, emotions threatening to overwhelm him.

“What is happening t-to me?”

He was jolted from his miserable questioning by a series of raps upon the door.

“Tyler! Tyler? That was very rude of you, before. I understand if you really wanted to use the shower first - you live here after all - but Marcus is a good man and -”

“Good in bed, you mean?”

“How *dare you!* What an utterly horrible thing to say to your own damn mother! What is *wrong* with you, Tyler!?”

In a fit of pique, Tyler threw open the door to face his mother, who was still in her bathrobe. “What is wrong with me? What is fucking *wrong with me!*? LOOK AT ME!”

Faye went dead silent, shocked at the appearance of her son.

“What - Tyler, are you wearing a wig?”

Tears formed in his eyes. “N-no. I’m not. I don’t know what’s happening. I woke up like this, Mom. I don’t give a shit about Marcus because something weird is fucking happening to me!”

Faye had always struggled to maintain a maternal closeness to Tyler. She loved him deeply, but in the past few years there was an ever-growing distance. But she was still his mother, and she strode forth without thinking to embrace her son, who cried into her shoulder.

“Shhh, it’s okay. It’s probably just some cold or something, honey. I’m sure that it’s okay. We can go to the hospital, or book a GP appointment, or - something!”

He pulled away, wiping his tears away. Why was he crying so easily? He steadied his breath, trying to ignore that thrumming of energy rising within himself again.

“Yeah, yeah, you’re right Mom. It’s just, I woke up like this, and I was scared as shit, and - Eeguguh!!”

The energy spiked, and that same sensation from the previous night overcame him. Faye reached out to steady her son as he shook and pressed against the wall. To her astonishment, the features of his face bubbled and shifted and altered, stretching to become more feminine. His nose became a little more arched, his eyebrows thinner, and his jaw became noticeably softer and more rounded. He groaned at the strange sensations, but far from clutching his face, he was far more concerned with his bare chest. The pressure expanded, flowing in behind his nipples and exerting itself with increasing strength. His nipples distended, expanding in length and size, but also feeling strangely aroused.

“NGNhh . . . oh G-God! What’s f-fucking happening to - OHhhhh!”

He cupped his chest to stop what was coming, but nothing could. Slowly but implacably, fatty tissue began to grow where there had been his light pectoral muscles. Tyler groaned in a mix of discomfort and reluctant pleasure as a pair of breasts bloomed outwards, expanding beyond mere little A-cups to B’s, and then to what had to be ample C-cups. They became full and rounded, with a defined weight and jiggle to them, filling his hands in a manner that was utterly foreign. Already he could feel how strangely sensitive they were: his nipples hardened, sticking outwards further.

“Holy shit,” Faye gasped. “Tyler, you’re growing breasts!”

‘I kn-know!” he gasped. “I’m more than aware - I can f-feel them! AAhhhh!”

His waist pinched inwards even as his hips flared. The bones cracked, causing him to squeal in an uncharacteristic fashion. Faye was yelling something, but he could barely hear what she was saying when his focus was on all the weird ways his body was changing. He held his boobs, but his hands lowered quickly to his ass where the flesh was trembling.

“Oh God, my ass! My ass, Mom! It feels like it’s about to explode!!!”

He grunted as it pushed outwards, expanding in little bursts to match the widening of his hips. It was all wrong, made even worse by the tugging on his cock. He could feel it shrinking, and it made him whine in his increasingly feminine voice.

“Nooo! No that! Anything but that!”

“What is it honey?” Faye pleaded. She tried to hold her son at a safe distance, panicking as any mother would.

“My d-dick! GOD OH GOD!”

It pulled in again, this time even more. It made him clench his eyes shut. In perfect timing, his eyelashes extended, and while he moaned his lips became poutier and fuller as well.

“Too much!” he cried, shaking his head. “T-too much!”

As he continued that motion, his hair snaked out longer, becoming a dark blonde that curled slightly to his shoulders. His ass swelled, becoming bloated and peach-like. He fell against Faye, who managed just to just barely catch her son. His spine cracked audibly, causing him to shrink down another couple of inches. Faye was shocked to see her son not only looked nearly her height, but also looked more mature as well. Even as he became more feminine, his features gained the look of a woman at thirty, not twenty. His cheeks were prominent and even sexy, but he lacked the baby cheek fat and smoothness of a woman who'd just entered her twenties.

“Tyler! You're getting older too!”

“What? What are you talking - NGGHH!!”

He grabbed at his crotch in response to yet another terrible tugging, but he was too late this time: his cock pulled up into his body, followed shortly after by his two testicles. They squeezed back into him, and for just a moment stars flew in his vision, threatening to send him unconscious. Instead, he squealed again, this time with a voice that sounded not just womanly, but positively *sensual*, as if he were an orgasming starlet instead of a transforming young man.

“NNooo! NO! OH FUCK N-AAHHHHH!!!”

His legs became softer, shapelier, and once again Faye had to catch him. But even as his fingers became dainty, his arms softer, and his eyes wider, one change above all consumed his attention, and caused him to shake with horror and arousal. Between his thighs, the flesh rippled, and something *opened* up within him. His intestines lurched, pushed aside by the formation of a new organ, one he already suspected he knew the nature of. But that was nothing compared to the feeling of his testicles separating within him, reforming on opposite sides of his body into what could only be fallopian tubes and ovaries. With one final, terrible, and deeply *orgasmic* change, his vulva formed, connecting to a wet passage that now connected to his new womb.

“F-Fuck! I'm coming! Mom, get away! Don't f-fucking look at meeeee!! MMHHM AAHH!!”

He shuddered, collapsing back onto the carpet of his adjacent room. Pleasure pulsed through his body, from his throbbing nipples to his seeping vagina to his curling toes. Faye couldn't follow his order: she could only stare at the impossible sight of her son.

Tyler had become a woman, one who no longer even looked twenty years old. In fact, the woman shivering in front of Faye looked to be her own age, something that shocked

her. The woman was not as attractive as Faye herself, with smaller breasts and a figure that was not yet an hourglass, but it was certainly more female than male in shape, and the hair that nearly reached to the woman's shoulders only emphasised this further. Her face was cute. Not striking, but certainly cute. She almost looked like a sibling to Faye in looks, with blonde hair and lighter eyes, but otherwise quite similar, like the plainer sibling of sorts.

"Mom?" the woman asked. "What's happening? Why am I girl?"

"I don't know, honey. I just don't know."

Tyler was miserable. For whatever reason, he - *she* now - had become a woman. And not just any woman either, but one that was clearly in her mid-thirties in age. He had big boobs - at least to his perspective - and a vagina between his legs. He was several inches shorter, and each time he moved his more feminine hips swung a little, just as his breasts bounced. His mother had offered him a bra to use, but he definitely pushed back on that. Strangely, the smallest temptation to actually try one on remained, but he did his best to ignore that.

Mother and 'son' were sitting on the couch in the living room together, trying to puzzle out what was happening. Tyler's boobs pressed against his shirt, which was otherwise too large for him, and he squirmed occasionally due to the discomfort of his shorts, which cut into his womanly hips.

"It was that shooting star," he finally said after a prolonged silence. "It just has to be. There's no other explanation."

"It could be a medical condition, honey."

"This!?" he exclaimed, gesturing to his female body. "I've aged like fifteen years and grown boobs in seconds, Mom! That's beyond any medical condition."

Faye thought about it as her son leaned against her. It wasn't a terrible feeling. One she had missed, actually. She didn't want to admit it, but despite the horror of her son becoming a MILF of a woman, she was pleased to actually be spending time with him that he didn't want to push her away from.

"I made a wish to 'understand you', and now I'm a fucking woman."

Faye held her child, though it didn't really feel like holding a child anymore, even if that child was twenty. No, it felt like holding a friend, perhaps even a sister. The realisation stumbled her a little, and she had to get up and get some fresh air.

"I just need a moment, honey. I'm sorry."

Tyler stayed on the couch. He knew his mother was going for a smoke out of her bedroom window. He sighed, not loving how his boobs rose and fell with each breath now.

“This is fucking insane,” he said, turning on the television. He intended to play a videogame on the living room console, but before he switched to the console screen, something caught his eye. It was one of those reality shows his mom liked to actually watch. The one where a rugged farmer type is having trouble finding a wife, and so numerous episodes pass as he interviews and plays games with various girls. Normally, the only appeal to Tyler was that some of the women were pretty hot. But now, for reasons that escaped him, his eyes were drawn to the tough, rugged, dark-haired figure of the farmer himself. Brennan, that was his name. He had a smooth drawl, and a deep voice just like Marcus. In this scene, he was going swimming with a blonde bimbo type, but rather than caring about her own boobs (hot as they were), Tyler found himself drooling at the sight of the muscled pecs of the man, and his developed abs.

“What the fuck . . .”

He continued to watch. His nipples stiffened purely at the sight of this Brennan character, particularly when his firm shoulders were displayed from behind. Tyler bit his lip, shivered as his tunnel began to self-lubricate. He couldn't believe it, but the figure on screen was turning him on. Turning him on *hard*. He'd never been so aroused in his life, and that arousal was only getting stronger. He began to moan under his breath as he slowly squeezed his breasts, letting his fingers sink into the flesh and play with his sensitive nipples.

“Mhmmm . . . ahhhh . . . yesss. Oh yesss, that feels good. Mhmm.”

He couldn't help himself. It was like an entirely new sexuality had been hurled on top of him, and he was drowning in it. Drowning in that lust. His pussy, which he'd been too frightened to even look at and explore, throbbed with need. His new clit bulged, desiring to be touched.

“I can't believe I'm d-doing this. Ahh”

Slowly, but with only a little hesitation, he lowered his hand down underneath his shorts. They were already zipped slightly open to give 'breathing room' to his hips, but now he shimmered them down further to access his new womanhood. His fingers traced over his clit and wet entrance, and his shoulders shook a little, causing his boobs to shake.

“Oohhhh - s-so sensitive! Fuck!”

It didn't stop him. In fact, it only encouraged him further. Brennan was too damn hot, and his body yearned to feel a big strong older man like him against his soft flesh. He circled his outer lips, getting a feel for his new equipment, and soon the pleasure rose and rose. It didn't take long before he was gasping and crying out, almost as loud as his own mother often got, as he fucked his pussy with his bare fingers. His nipples distended, becoming even harder in lust, and he took the time to rub and pinch them too.

“Mhmm . . . Brennan. He's too f-fucking hot. Want him in meeeeee.”

He closed his eyes, unbelieving that he was imagining it. Something had taken over his mind, upped his libido times a hundred, and switched his desires to older men. Every rational thought told him to stop, but instinct was more powerful. More powerful, and *pleasurable*.

He rubbed faster, more furiously, sticking his fingers into his wet passage and fucking his glorious new vaginal passage. Dozens of pulses of pleasure rocked his core, and soon they built to an earth-shattering orgasm.

Just as Faye came back down the stairs.

“Tyler, I’m sorry. I was just overwhelmed. But you need to know, I found something in my room that we need to discuss, and I’m afraid - what the fuck! What are you doing?”

Tyler looked her way, utterly humiliated. But it was too late. The orgasm was rocking through his core, replaced by another, and then another.

“I couldn’t help mysseeeeeelf! OOoHhhhhOhhhhoOOhh!!! YES, YES!!”

At the highest point of that unimaginable bliss, the thrumming, coursing energy of change came over him, just as it had several times already. Suddenly, his breasts surged forward yet again. He held them, moaning wildly as they swelled well beyond C-cups to full D’s, and then onto his own mother’s impressive size, becoming cantaloupe-like E’s that looked nearly the size of his own head. His nipples pushed against the shirt, making him drool with pleasure. His waist pinched in yet further, his hips cracked several times wider, forcing him to remove his shorts entirely, and his hair grew out longer and more luscious. Even his face moulded further, looking like a megahot MILF’s, though only Faye could see it at that moment.

“M-More!” he begged, so turned on that he actually *wanted* the changes. “More!”

It took a long time for his breathing to steady, by which point his overly developed female body was complete, and he looked like his mother’s own lighter-haired sister, with a similarly attractive body shape.

Faye looked to the screen, where her television crush Brennan was currently posing in nothing more than tight board shorts. She blushed, feeling quite aroused at the sight herself, before looking back to her ‘son’, who was in the throes of orgasm. She was horrified, but part of her felt more inclined to simply sigh and admonish him instead of being so aghast. She quickly grabbed the remote and turned it off.

“What . . . ahhh . . . what is wrong with me?” Tyler managed to say. “I couldn’t help myself. The man on the screen was too hot. I couldn’t look away. And now I’m even more of a fucking woman! You have to believe me, Faye. I mean Mom!”

Faye tried to assess the situation. She took a slow breath. “Come upstairs, I need to show you something.”

Tyler wasn't even used to his body yet, but already other changes had occurred that made his head spin. Putting up with the wobbling tits and sashaying hips was one thing, but it was somehow far stranger to discover that all the photos in his Mom's room that had once contained him now showed the woman he had become. There were various photos that had been altered: one of Faye as a young girl on a bike now had a blonde-haired sister alongside her. Another of Faye in a revealing bikini at the beach, with him as a little six-year old, now had him standing alongside her in a matching bikini, posing in such a way that his huge boobs were nearly spilling out of his cups. All the pictures were altered in this way, and the truth was obvious. But saying it was impossible, and it was up to Faye to give it air instead.

"The wish you made, Tyler, it's changed not just your body, but who you are. You're no longer my son. You're my little *sister*."

"No! It - it can't be!"

Faye nodded. "I think if you see your room, you might -"

But Tyler was already running down the stairs. He nearly tripped a couple of times, not used to the feeling of his boobs slapping against his chest, jiggling with each hurried step, nor of how his feet wanted to plant themselves on in front of the other. Nevertheless, he practically *slammed* open the door to his room.

Only to find it utterly changed.

It was no longer blue, for one. In fact, it was a pale pastel pink. His posters now contained images of hot dudes (and he certainly couldn't help but feel a thrilling shiver at their masculine appearance) and there was a dresser with lipsticks and makeup. The room was neat, not obsessively so, but it lacked that smell of testosterone. He was thankful that his videogames were still present, and his television too, but so much else had changed. Slowly, he moved to his cupboard. His heart beat faster and faster as he drew closer to it, not wanting to see what was inside, practically *knowing* already what he would find. He dreaded it anyway.

Panties. Bras. Tight, sexy dresses. MILF-type outfits. A too-small bikini. Short shorts. Tight shirts. Crop tops. Gone were his clothes, replaced by all the kind of outfits his mother would wear. He held up a sexy red dress and realised at once how much it would match *her* figure. Something snapped inside Tyler's brain looking at it, as surely as the message on his now-open door.

He wasn't Tyler in this new reality. He was *Tayla*. And as much as he tried to fight the insanity of the thought, he couldn't help but think of how totally sexy he'd look in that tight red dress, especially with how it would show off his big, perfect tits. He bit his lip, imagining a handsome man around his age or even older pursuing him. Pursuing *her*.

“Oh God, oh shit. I really *am* going to understand Mom’s life now, aren’t I?”

In the following weeks, Tayla and Faye tried everything they could think of to turn him/her back. But no superstition, no online book purchase or meeting with a suspicious so-called wizard in an alleyway could help them. Tayla had made her wish, and now she was stuck with the consequence of being a sexy early 30’s hottie comparable in age to her own mother, who was now apparently her own freakin’ sister! Each morning she woke up to her huge boobs upon her chest, her perfect peachy rare, and her long hair. Worse, she also woke up feeling horny, particularly after nights of sexy dreams in which she was ravished by strong, well-muscled men. It explained a lot about why Tayla had always overheard her mom’s cries in the morning, much to her chagrin. But now those cries were her own: she’d soon discovered a large dildo and vibrator in her cupboard, and like any man who turned into a woman would have, she began savouring the climaxes that came with filling her new pussy.

These sessions of self-pleasure started as a stress-reliever for the poor Tayla, but soon it became evident that her lust was equal to her mother-turned-sister’s, and just like Faye, she couldn’t help but cry out very, very loudly, something which embarrassed Faye.

“I can’t complain,” she noted to Tayla an hour after the echo carried through the walls. “I now get what you’ve been going through all these years. I didn’t realise I was so loud.”

“You were. But I guess I sorta understand, now that I’ve got a body like yours, how hard it is, you know, not to scream.”

“Right!? How do other women do it?”

“I know! Seriously Faye, this is weird to say, especially since you’re meant to be my mom. But while you’re my sister, I might as well say it. You seriously have such a horny body, and your climaxes are crazy.”

Faye giggled. “I’m just glad you have something to enjoy about this crazy turn of events. I’m so sorry, honey.”

Tayla nodded a little glumly. “I know. I keep hoping I’ll turn back but I think I might be stuck like this, all because of my stupid wish.” She paused a moment, looking down at her own cleavage. “But I guess I am starting to understand you. Would you . . . no.”

But Faye drew closer, placing a hand on her ‘sister’s’ soft shoulder. “Hey, what is it?”

Tayla was blushing quite red. “I’m thinking, I’d like to be able to go out, and feel a little normal, even if I’m a woman in her thirties. Would you help me learn, you know, how to do it? Be a woman, I mean. Like, the bras and the makeup and stuff. I’m sick of being cooped here feeling sorry for myself.”

Faye smiled, hugging her child-turned-sister warmly.

“Of course, honey. Sis. Whatever helps you come to terms with all this. Whether I’m your mother or your sister, I want to be here for you.”

Soon, Tayla was being taught all the basics of womanhood, from period care (and just in time for that one too, as it turned out) to how to properly fit her E-cup monsters into their cups and do up the clasp. Faye helped teach her feminine habits, like how to walk, to avoid spreading legs in a dress, and feminine hygiene around Tayla’s new ‘equipment.’ The two women soon found a rhythm in a teacher-student mentorship, centred around the importance of what it was to be a woman. Faye was particular on this point, particularly lessons about how to avoid creepy men in public, how much cleavage was acceptable, and what makeup and clothing matched what occasions. To her surprise, Tayla positively lapped up this information. She yearned to know it, as if her new female instincts were driving her. Everything about presenting herself was particularly fascinating. It was embarrassing too: she often looked at herself in the mirror, or stared down at her cleavage (like when she dropped ice cream on it) and for a moment could barely believe she was now a total busty blonde MILF type, complete with ridiculous curves. And yet . . . there was an aching need. A desire to look not just feminine, but downright *hot*.

“I can’t let her know,” she murmured to herself. “It’s too embarrassing. I’m meant to be in college, studying how to be an architect, not playing dress up like some bimbo!”

And that was the other thing. Now that she was no longer in college, Tayla found herself with an actual job suddenly thrust upon her. Tayla helped pay the rent by working as a fitness trainer. She was shocked to learn this was the case, but after a bit of a fumbling start to her new job (one she attributed out loud to her period) she surprisingly fell into a rhythm that was quite natural to her. It didn’t pay much, but she found joy in keeping fit, healthy, and of course, looking sexy as all hell in her sports bra and tight exercise shorts. Men stared at her, including those in her class, and though the sports bra did its best, nothing could quite contain her big beautiful tits, which all eyes were upon. She found the workouts quite instinctive, and couldn’t believe she had mocked them as pointless as a boy. Soon, she loved taking her classes, though the embarrassment of her nipples getting hard at the sight of a hot man grinning in her direction was something she didn’t want to confront just yet.

That arousal was only getting stronger over time. Even as she and Faye grew closer together, feeling more comfortable in each other’s company than they had for a long time as son and mother, she still felt the need for something more. Her constant masturbation, no matter how slow or quick, impassioned or repeated, was simply not enough. She needed something more, and with great shame she was beginning to realise what that was. Her dreams were filled with images of her in sexy tight dresses at parties and clubs, dancing up

against men and letting them fuck her in all kinds of ways. She would wake in climax, desiring that experience, until finally in the post-coital clarity that came afterwards she simply became humiliated she'd ever had the thoughts.

"It's a nightmare," she finally confessed to Faye after several months of being a woman. "I really *do* understand you, now, and not in a way I wanted! I can't stop thinking about going out and partying, and - and having sex with men!"

Faye held her sister. It was getting harder already to think of the woman as her son. After all, the two repeatedly gossiped about their shared work, and even complimented one another about their sexy outfits. More than once, Tayla had even interrogated Faye about a date night she'd had with Marcus yet again, and joked about how 'big' he must have been, judging from the moans that echoed through the apartment walls.

"It's okay, honey. Sis. None of this is your fault. You made a wish, but you couldn't have known. A silly quirk of fate means you get to understand a lot about me, and now you know how I feel about some of my own hobbies."

"I know, but it's so embarrassing!"

Faye grinned. "As you often reminded me when I went out."

Tayla went red. She realised then just how many times she had mocked, belittled, or tried to embarrass her mother for having a healthy sexual appetite and wanting to enjoy her own life. "Fuck, I was a terrible son."

"You were an amazing son, but we just had difficulties. I missed out a lot on life, and now I have this need to not miss out any further. But I never wanted you to be ashamed of me."

"I'm not ashamed of you anymore," Tayla said, tearing up a little. "I feel guilty that I ever came across as I did."

"Tell you what, why don't we go out together?"

Tayla pulled back. Her big boobs had been pressed against her new sister's, and it came as a slight shock that there hadn't been anything strange about it. "What - really?"

"Of course! We girls can go have fun. I've been wanting to go out more often for weeks, but I didn't want to leave you feeling alone, or drive you up the wall with all my sex."

Tayla groaned. "God, it just turns me on now, as fucked up as that is. I don't even think of it as my mom having sex. I'm jealous that my big sister gets way more dick than I do. It's so wrong."

Faye giggled. "Sounds like we need to get used to our new dynamic anyway, little sis. Let's get you into that hot red dress you can't stop looking at. We'll put those big MILF cans of yours on display, and have a great night. You don't have to snag a man - I'll invite Marcus for me, but you can just focus on having a good time on the dance floor, showing off your

sweet bod and having a drink. If you're anything like me, which you are, you'll have a good system for dealing with alcohol. A lot of women our age are."

Tayla pouted her perfect lips. The temptation was too strong. She really wanted to feel free in her curvaceous body. And the thought of so many cute men looking her way . . .

"Fine, fine!" she said. "But don't push me too far. This is all still so weird to me, and I swear I'm only just getting used to matching all my colours and doing my makeup well. If I say we're done, we come back and we watch *Farmer Wants a Babe*, okay?"

"Deal," Faye said. "You know, we may have struggled as mother and son, but at least now we're on the same page with our reality shows, right?"

"Ugh, don't remind me. I'm actually getting *invested*. Let's just get me looking hot as hell before I summon my male ego back and wither into the ground."

Tayla could barely believe what she was doing. With her former mother's help, she was all dolled up in a scarlet dress with matching lipstick and smokey eyeshadow. It revealed just how curvaceous her new form was. Just like Faye, she had that sexy hourglass figure, with a slight thickness around the waist due to her age and MILF-like body. Her vast hips were quite pronounced by the clingy material, which cut off mid-thigh, leaving her perfect legs on display. A pair of smart red heels and a fake pearl necklace completed the look, her hair clipped so that it fell over one shoulder. All in all, the former young man looked like a sexy mid-thirties woman on the prowl for a man, and she had to continually remind herself that she was just looking for some *fun*, not anything more than that.

"Don't we just look gorgeous?" Faye said as they headed to the club. It wasn't the kind of place Tyler would have gone to, even if he had been a confident sort of man. This was the club for an older crowd, men and women in their fifties looking to pair up. It made the new Tayla shiver in excitement.

"We do. Is this dress too, umm, revealing?"

Faye laughed. "I think that's the old Tyler talking. You look spectacular, honey. Remember, when men are struggling to look you in the eye, it's only because you've given them a *spectacular pair of reasons* not to."

That did make Tayla giggle, even if a little awkwardly. She couldn't believe that she was actually going clubbing . . . with her former mother. And yet, after spending so much time enjoying Faye's company, watching silly reality shows, getting to know what it was like being a woman, and generally helping out with the apartment more, it was getting easier and easier to think of her as a sister. Particularly since she was occasionally looking at her with slight jealousy. Why hadn't she gone with golden hoop earrings as well?

They arrived at the club, and instantly a number of men inside turned and looked their way. They were obviously sisters to the outside world, and as far as they could tell, everyone remembered them that way. The two of them looked at each other, took a deep breath that emphasised their busts, and headed on in. Tayla followed her new sister's lead. Faye was well-practised in these arts, and she had worn a cute little Audrey Hepburn-style black dress that really showed off her perfect behind. The low cut of the top meant that her breasts curved gently, threatening to nearly spill out. She certainly knew how to move her sexy body so that it gave every man in the room the impression that a wardrobe malfunction could happen at any moment. The music of the bar was loud and excitable, and the dance floor had a number of laughing men and women dancing together.

"Drinks first," said Faye. They approached the bar and sat together. Faye ordered a nice girly drink for both of them, and Tayla was astonished to find out how much she liked it. They drank and chatted for several minutes, giggling at how every man in the bar who wasn't with a date - and a few who were - were staring at the hot sisters. It was only a matter of time before they approached.

"I thought we were here to party?" Tayla asked.

"Can't party without company. Besides, I always wanted to help set my son up with a cute somebody. Even if you're my sister now, at least I can set you up with a total hunk."

Tayla blushed red. "Faye, I'm not sure -"

"Up to you! Up to you!"

Tayla nodded in thanks, but at that very moment, a handsome man with brown hair and a firm jaw sat on the stool beside her.

"Is this seat taken?"

She went a little-wide eyed, and looked to Faye for help. But the former mother was already moving away with a smirk on her face, moving to a table of other interested men.

"Um, no. Take a seat."

"I'd offer to buy you a drink," he said in his wonderfully deep voice, "but you appear to already have one."

On an impulse, as if driven by instinct, Tayla downed the rest of her daiquiri, and smiled sheepishly. "Oops," she said.

The man grinned. "I'm Darren."

"Tyler. I mean, Tayla."

"Lovely to meet you Tayla. Would you like another?"

She nodded. "A pina colada, thanks."

He ordered her the drink, and as she drank it, she began to feel more comfortable. Darren's eyes were struggling to meet her eyes, just as Faye had said. Instead, he was

constantly looking over her curves, his gaze continually returning to the vast cleavage that looked as if it was about to burst through her tight scarlet dress.

“Hey, my eyes are up here,” she said with a grin. The man was quite hot. It felt so wrong and weird to be attracted to a man, but he had such broad shoulders, such a masculine jaw, such powerful eyes. It was doing things to her: already her nipples were poking through the fabric a little.

“Sorry, I was just - I’m punching above my weight a little here. I’m a little nervous in your presence, to be honest.”

Tayla was genuinely shocked. She’d never had the confidence to ever feel in anyone’s league, and one this absolute hunk of a man considered *her* out of *his* league. She took another sip, pouting cutely as she used a straw. Then she licked her lips, perhaps a little deliberately in her sensuality.

“Well, if you’re nervous, why don’t we dance?”

After all, Faye was already heading to the karaoke section of the club, where drunken and excited clubbers dancers or simply sat back laughing.

Darren smiled. “I’d love to. I must warn you, I’m a very good dancer.”

“Good, because I have no idea what I’m doing in heels!”

He stood, extended his hand. “Well, just hold onto me, and I’ll keep you steady.”

She took the hand, relishing the warmth of his strong hands. He took her to the dance floor, and the closer they got, the more her heart beat rapidly. She had no idea what she was doing, and was terrified of how badly this could go. She was meant to be a young man, not nearly the same age as his own mother and partying with men alongside her!

As if psychically receiving that thought, Faye made her way past with a man on her arm. To Tayla’s surprise, the handsome hunk she’d secured was not Marcus at all, but a silver-haired gentleman whose gaze was transfixed down upon her top, taking in the sight of her full, bouncing chest.

“Holy moly,” she mumbled, causing Faye to grin smugly.

“Don’t get ahead of yourself, big boy. I want to see if a fox like you knows how to treat a lady. And I want to see your moves. Isn’t that right, sis?”

Tayla nodded awkwardly, blushing in a cute manner. Her former mother was enjoying herself a little too much at the sight. She’d often harangued Tyler to get out of his room, stop playing games for a bit, and meet a nice girl. Now, strange as it was, she was getting to finally play wingwoman to her son, except now she was her sister, younger by just one year. But she still had a familial instinct, regardless of how they were now related. And she could tell that Tayla was attracted to the man on her arm. She just needed a little push.

“C’mon, Tay!” she called. “We’re not getting any younger honey, so hurry up and join us!”

And with that, she practically *yanked* her man up onto the dance floor with her. Tayla watched as Faye began to dance with her man. This was the older crowd, even if it was a club. So rather than ridiculous gyrations and twerking, it instead had a different style, one that was no less sensual. Faye expertly extended her arms over her date's shoulders and pressed her body against him. He placed his hands on her hips, and the two began to rotate to the romantic music. Soon they were holding hands, and he was twirling her excitedly, clearly enjoying the sight of her breasts and behind as they wobbled in her black dress.

It made Tayla jealous. The urge was rising to feel that same freedom.

"C'mon, Darren," she said. "Show me what you've got."

What followed was awkward, odd, unfamiliar, and oh-so-wonderful. True to her word, she wasn't fully used to heels yet, but she was getting better. And each time she made a little stumble, her strong date was there to catch her. Something about his strength was making her horny as hell, and she leaned into that arousal, allowing him to hold her waist, then her hips, and then even briefly to hug her ass as she drew near. Finally, almost out of nowhere, as the third song came to an end, she caught Faye making a move in the corner of her eye, and decided to outdo her older 'sis.'

She leaned forward, standing on her toes to kiss him fully and deeply on the lips. She moaned slightly, even lifted one leg in utterly female fashion. They held the kiss for a long time, long enough for her to taste the scotch in his breath, and the way it mixed with the mints he'd had. It was unexpectedly quite nice. *Very* nice, actually.

When they parted, he put his hand behind his head and chuckled. "Wow, that was sure something."

She bit her lip. She was on a threshold, but she didn't want to turn back now. She placed a hand on one hip, and thrust her large, full E-cups outward.

"Say, do you wanna get out of here?"

Across the floor, Faye was saying the exact same thing to her dance partner. An eerie similarity, but then again, they *were* sisters.

Tayla moaned as Darren made out with her. They were in the main living room on the couch, while Faye and her man - someone called Tim - were already getting serious upstairs. Tayla couldn't believe she was actually letting a man nibble at her neck and run his hand down her smooth back, but there was no way she could stop it now. She was too damn horny, and the feeling of his firmness against her softness felt far too right.

"Mhmm . . . that's nice. Kiss me again. Use your tongue. I like that."

“As you wish,” he replied. He pulled her against him, so that her boobs flattened a little against his chest, stirring her nipples to become even harder. They kissed, tongues intermingling, and it lit a fire under her bonnet that could not be tamed unless it was fed even more. She kissed him again and again, overhearing the echoing moans from upstairs. Her own damn Mom - no, her sister - was pulling ahead. She felt a cheeky competition of sorts, and it gave her the impetus to take the next step, one she was still nervous about.

“Why don’t we go a little further?”

“Oh yeah?”

“Mm-hmm. Why don’t you help me out of this dress?”

Darren wasted no time doing exactly that. He unzipped her, and she slid out of the dress, shimmying it off so that her perfect body was on display. It had a built-in bra, so her gorgeous E-cups were freed, resting slightly lower on her chest but still pert and full and needing his attention.

“Holy shit,” he managed.

“Are you gonna stare, or are you going to hurry up and suck on them before I regret it?”

He took her up on the suggestion, and began massaging and stroking her huge tits. She moaned, breathing sharply in response to the pleasurable sensitivity. He pushed her back onto the couch, and her big boobs wobbled heavily. Her heart raced, her loins tingled in desire, and she began unbuckling his belt with a maddening excitement. She needed his cock. She needed to see it. God, she needed it between her legs. Her pussy was already wet as all hell, and when he began sucking and licking her big nipples, sending shocks of ecstasy through her form, it only made her crave his cock more.

“You have the most fuckking spectacular set of tits,” he groaned, lifting his head up before diving back in to motorboat her.

She giggled, only to transition to a horny whimper as he removed his trousers and underwear, unleashing a very impressive, very hard cock. “I know, I’m still getting use to them?”

“Still? They look natural to me.”

“Er, I mean that they’re always moving. Don’t worry, they’re natural.”

Sort of, she thought, though she didn’t tell him that. Even if she wanted to she couldn’t, because he parted her thighs and shifted further on top of her. All her attention fell on that cock. She reached out and grabbed it. It was impossible to fully believe she was willingly doing this, but now she was understanding better than ever how sex-crazed her mom had been, and how hard it was to fight these urges. She didn’t want to fight them. She wanted to *fuck*.

She guided him in.

“Oh G-God! S-so big! So s-strange!”

“I can go slow.”

She nodded hurriedly. “Just slide it in - ahhh - slowly. P-please.”

He complied, and she was treated to the incredible sensation of his huge dick parting her new tunnel, and her wetness clinging to him lustily. Hungrily. It was like nothing she had ever felt before, and it was *magnificent*. Her desperate pussy took his entire length in, making her shudder in delight and unfamiliarity. She'd never had sex as a man, and now she was losing her virginity as a woman.

She wouldn't have it any other way.

“Mmhmmm . . . God. Fuck, so big! Start m-moving. Please. Slow at first, but you can s-speed up when you - ahhh - f-feel like it.”

“Oh, I definitely feel like it,” Darren said, smirking as he groped her huge left tit, rubbing his thumb over her nipple. She groaned at the twin pleasure of his ministrations. She wrapped her legs around him, and soon he was thrusting. His dick slid in and out as pumped into her, and she clung to him, overwhelmed by the pleasure. Just like her mother, now sister, she cried out aloud, a banshee in the act.

“OOhhhhhh - Yes! Yes, oh God, faster! F-fuck me! Don't stop! Fuck me! OHHHhhh!”

She cried out, and he was silent but for his grunting. Occasionally he dipped his head down to suckle at her tits or kiss her deeply. The pleasure rose, but she wanted to hold out for the biggest orgasm possible, and so she grasped his back, gripped the cheek of his ass and pushed him even further. His balls slapped against her skin with each great thrust, and somehow that only made her further aroused.

“I'm close!” she cried after a couple of minutes. “Oh fuck, I'm s-so close! I want you to cum in me! I want your hot cum insiiiiide meeeeeEEEEE!!!!”

Her words were clearly too hot for Darren, because with one last thrust he climaxed, groaning much more loudly. His cock throbbed within her, sending her to greater heights as well. She lost complete control over her body, which spasmed in imaginable pleasure. Long streams of hot, sticky, wonderful cum shot into her pussy. It should have disgusted her, but she smiled widely, relishing the feeling of his jizz pouring into her tunnel. Another orgasm hit her just at the moment of release, and then another, and then another. She pulled him close, squashing her breasts against him. She was in an ocean of ecstasy, and he was the only liferaft available to keep her consciousness afloat.

“Mmhmmm . . . ahhh . . . nngnhh . . . fuck me, that was amazing. That was the best feeling ever. Holy shit.”

Darren managed to lift his head off her prodigious, pillowy chest. “That good, huh?”

She nodded a little deliriously. “Yeah. That good.”

Suddenly another high-pitched wail echoed through the house, and both she and Darren laughed.

“I guess Faye is having a good time as well,” he mused.

She snuggled against him, still enjoying the feeling of his softening cock within her.

“Mhmmm . . . that’s my sister all right. She’s quite rowdy.”

“You’re quite rowdy too.”

She grinned, kissed him. “Just wait until you’re ready to go again. I’m feeling hungry for your cock already.”

“Is that right?” the older man said. “And here I was told only younger ladies could be so randy. I’m going to give your tight pussy a wild ride again.”

She giggled. “Who said anything about my pussy? I want to suck your big cock off next time.”

Tayla felt him harden again already within her. She licked her lips in anticipation.

From that day, Tayla never looked back, and Faye embraced her former son as her sister completely. The two were closer than they had ever been, and they soon delighted in going out partying, dancing, and finding hot guys together. More than once they acted as wingwoman to the other, though with their looks, such an approach was hardly necessary. After all, with their dress sense and their spectacular MILFy figures, they were always the centre of attention, particularly for richer types who were always on the prowl for a woman to become their trophy wife.

Soon sex was a regular occurrence for Tayla, and she happily gave herself over to her incredible libido just as her former mother had. She loved getting her brains fucked out too much not to, and it was an incredibly feeling to have a huge cock thrust into her pussy all while she moaned like a whore in heat. She especially loved riding cowgirl on men, so they could grasp her big, bouncing boobies while she in turn bounced on their lap. Feeling them cum inside her was better than any masturbation, particularly a male masturbation. And having lovers in their thirties and forties, and even one in his fifties, was totally different from what she’d expected. It turned out that such men knew what they were doing with the female form, having had plenty of practice, and so it was rare for her not to be practically screaming in pleasure as she climaxed. Indeed, her and her sister seemed to have a psychic connection when they brought men home, as they both cried out in bliss around the same time if both couples were doing it.

Far from feeling awkward, their mutual nymphomania only brought the two closer together. Tayla was learning how to be a woman at her age, even if she was a total vixen of

one, and besides, thirty three wasn't all that old at all, actually. She had many years ahead of her, and thanks to Faye, she knew how to maintain and take care of her curvaceous body. When the two of them weren't fucking their respective booty calls and one night stands, they were devouring silly, trashy shows together, or bingeing the latest HBO runaway hit. Tayla found herself a lot more emotionally invested in the characters these days. And surprisingly, she even got her sister to try videogames, and Faye herself was surprised to find out how much she enjoyed them, even if by her own admission she wasn't very good at using the controller. The pair were often out on runs, or at the gym together. While Faye worked at a retail store, she enjoyed keeping her figure trim, and it was another reason to be close to her new, amazing sister. In just a couple more months, Tayla was grateful to be a woman. She may have lost a mother, but she certainly had one amazing BFF, even if the two were quite cock-hungry at times! Tayla had even developed a bit of an addiction for giving blowjobs, something that would have horrified the old her. But there was just something so enticing and tasty about having a powerful man blow a load down her throat.

However, it was still a wild thing for Tayla, to suddenly be in her thirties on top of being a woman. Sometimes she felt a little too silly and young for her age, but then her older sister had always been the same, and she got by just fine. Lots of guys liked that, in fact, particularly hot foxes in their forties. Increasingly, Tayla found herself drawn to those types, as if searching for a hunky sugar daddy of her own just as Faye was. But while Marcus turned up on occasion, and was clearly wanting to be serious with Faye, she always put him off. It annotated Tayla, because the tall, dark and handsome older man had been perfect for the woman she once called 'Mom', and that hadn't changed. He loved her passion, craved her body, and got along with Tayla very well, obviously liking her body but clearly interested in Faye for more than just that. He had a dry wit, and was easygoing. Oh, and he was quite wealthy on top of that. Quite wealthy indeed. And so, after yet another night where Faye and Tayla were out on the town expecting fun, she had to ask the question.

"Is Marcus coming?" she asked.

Faye shook her head. "Couldn't make it. We're not exclusive yet. I'm still not sure about him."

"Still? Are you serious?"

"Of course! Just because you're not my son anymore doesn't mean our monetary concerns are gone. We need to be careful with who we -"

"Mom! I mean, sorry. I still do that occasionally. I mean, sis, he's perfect for you! He's rich, her sexy, and I'd fuck him in a hot second if he wasn't head over heels for you."

Faye frowned, even blushed, which was very unlike her. "Honey, you don't - that's wonderful he loves me, but there are other considerations, like your approval."

"I do approve him! I know once I wouldn't have, but now I do!"

“Yes, but there’s other things too . . .”

It hit Tayla suddenly, something she’d never quite considered as Faye’s son, but now understood as a woman. It was clear as day.

“Oh my God! Oh. My. God! I can’t believe I didn’t see it sooner. This is why you date so many men, even when some of them are perfect for you.”

Faye frowned, placing her hands on her perfect hips. In her sexy blue cocktail dress, she was quite a vision and proud of it, but Tayla’s reaction was making her cautious. “What do you mean?”

“I mean you’re afraid of commitment! You had me young, and Dad ran off, leaving you alone to raise me. And now you’re terrified that if you actually do take that step, you’ll not only lose me, but your new man might walk away. This isn’t just about sex.”

Faye felt a stab from Tayla’s accuracy, but she had a need to deny it. “You have no idea -”

“Faye, my wish literally makes me understand you. It’s not just orgasms and your crazy high libido or how much you love partying. I also understand your hesitation. I feel it too. For different reasons, since being a girlfriend is still a bit weird to me. But you need to commit. You need to call him. Right now.”

“What? Right now?”

Tayla crossed her arms, arched a perfect eyebrow. She was in a matching green dress to her sister’s, though it had an even lower cut to expose much of her bosom.

“Right. Now.”

Faye huffed. “Fine. But only if you call Darren.”

It was Tayla’s turn to feel out of place and embarrassed. “What do you mean?”

“Oh please, I now have a maternal *and* sisterly instinct. The man is all over you, and you have him round more often than any of your other booty calls. Not to mention he loves those videogames you love, *and* you two can’t shut up about science fiction books you read. Plus, he’s not exactly poor himself, is he?”

“N-no, but I’m so young -”

“Practically the same age as me, honey. You’re a grown woman now, and if I have to try and go steady and overcome my own anxieties, maybe you need to try to defeat yours, too. You want to understand me? Invited Darren out for the night, and you and I can both be girlfriends to our respective hunks.”

Faye and Tayla were locked in a brief battle of wills, but Tayla knew she had lost. Truth be told, she thought about Darren more than any other guy. He loved to party, and in her new body that meant she was the centre of his tipsy affections, and the two loved having drunken sex *constantly*. They were two party animals, but each morning he stuck around as long as he could to get to know her more.

“Okay, I’ll call him. But if I’m committed, that means *you’re* committed too.”

“Naturally, little sis.”

“Gah, I’m still getting used to being called that.”

Tayla made out with Darren again, this time with a lot more passion than usual. Yes, she loved sex with this tall and handsome man, but things were a little bit different after Faye’s urging. In fact, it almost felt like she was making *love* to him. Still, making love didn’t mean she wasn’t really, *really* fucking horny for him as well.

“Jeez, you are full-on tonight,” he said, chuckling. “Is this another ploy to get me to watch a terrible B-movie with you again?”

She nibbled his ear. “You love those movies, don’t pretend you don’t.”

“Well, maybe this is my reward for beating you at *X-Battlestars*?”

“Mhmm . . . maybe. Or maybe I just really wanted you tonight, Darren. Maybe I’ve been wanting to spend more time with you.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Oh, really?”

She shrugged, a little sheepish. “Yeah. Maybe . . . go steady for a while. Only if you want.”

He pulled her into a passionate kiss. “Oh, I want. I’ve wanted that for months, Tayla. I was afraid you were one of those women who loves them and leaves them. A future cougar who has no time for an older man like me.”

“Well, I’ve lost a bit of time recently,” she said. “But I’m thinking of making it up now. But first . . . why don’t you fuck me”, just to show me how much you really like me?”

Within moments, her pants were off, and his trousers unbuckled. She grasped his big cock, manoeuvring him as if it were a joystick so that he was on his back, and she atop him.

“I want to be on top, sexy,” she said with a playful grin. “And don’t pretend you don’t like it. You can play with my big, soft titties.”

“I’m not complaining at - ahhh - all!” he gasped, as she lowered herself onto his fully erect cock. He held her hips, helped guide down until his throbbing member was all the way inside him. She moaned with him, shivering a little at the wonderful tingles of pleasure already coming from her wet tunnel.

“MMmhmm . . . fuck me, I never g-get tired of this! Ohhh! OOHhhhhh!”

She began to ride him in full, bouncing with aid from his own buck. She loved the feeling of his big dick sliding in and out of her, her own thrusting bringing her increasing bliss. The ecstasy was unbelievable, and she realised that Faye was right: she did like Darren.

She did want to spend more time with him. As they fucked harder and harder, she also realised something: she had forgotten her birth control pills lately!

“F-fuck! We should s-stoop,” she groaned. “I f-forgot the pill! You could g-get me pregnant!”

But both of them were too overwhelmed with the act that they were undertaking, especially since Darren was caressing and squeezing her perfect bouncing tits, which wobbled heavily with each motion. She sighed at the sensations, loving how he cupped them.

“I m-mean it!” she continued, even as she bounced more aggressively, milking his cock for all it was worth.

Several moans came from nearby, but they ignored them, locked in this moment.

“Let’s r-risk it!” Darren exclaimed. “I want to cum in you too much!”

“OOHhh - me too! I want your cum in me! Don’t stop!”

It was crazy and she knew it. She could well get pregnant! But even as she thought about it, it sounded hotter and hotter to her. She was coming to understand her sister more and more, and part of that was the desire for babies. She had been repulsed by the idea of her mother getting pregnant when she was a man, but now she realised how enticing it was. To not only grow with child, but to have more meaning in making babies and raising them in a position of comfort, supported by a tall, strong, loving man.

“Yes! Let’s risk it!” she cried. “I want you to cum inside me! Cum in me, baby!”

It was at that very moment that a suspiciously similar sentence came from the living room just outside. The door was open, and as Faye and Marcus carried on with their quite aggressive, passionate sex, they came into view of Tayla. The two sisters briefly locked gazes - Tayla as she rode her man, Faye as she climbed atop her own - and something seemed to pass between them. A sisterly recognition, perhaps. An understanding that everything would be alright, and that they had found a fun, happy new dynamic with themselves and their lovers. Or perhaps it was just a primal recognition of each other’s absolute arousal, an exchange of grinning smiles. The female equivalent of two dudes fistbumping each other over scoring two hot babes. Faye winked. Tayla winked back.

And then they were both lost in pleasure again, two wild sisters having a wild night. Tayla squealed as she gripped her man with her thighs, bouncing on him again and again until finally it was impossible to hold off the coming orgasm. She came wildly, and he came within her as well, and her womb was flooded by spurts of his hot seed. She arched her back, and cried out again and again.

“Thank you! Yes, thank you! Oh God, thank you!”

Darren had no idea that she was not talking to him, but the night sky far above the roof of their little apartment. But her sister knew.

And Faye was thankful too.

Seven years later, and both Faye and Tayla were getting out of their respective minivans. It was a slightly harder effort for Tayla, given the rather large bump in her belly.

“Oof!” she winced, clutching her rounded stomach. “You can stop kicking in there, thank you! I’m forty years old, little bub, and even if I haven’t experienced those years, you can at least respect them!”

Unfortunately, her newest little baby wasn’t exactly a good listener, and so punted another good kick into her ribs, making her wince. She just sighed.

“You’re lucky I love you so much, and that you’re making my boobs even huger.”

She chuckled to herself as she opened the minivan door, which held the rest of her progeny inside. Matthew, Hannah, Nate all poured out, but she had to get little Jesse out of her capsule and connect it to the stroller.

“Okay, are we all here? Head count!”

Her oldest two groaned, but accepted the family tradition.

“C’mooooon Mom! Let’s go already!” Matthew said. “Stop embarrassing us!”

That made Tayla laugh. “Oh, how the worm turns! Looks like it’s my turn.”

They looked at her quizzically, but she didn’t explain. Instead they set out for the soccer field, where Matthew and Hannah were set to play in their mixed team. After all, it was only a cute little junior league, and they were just a year apart. They ran ahead of her to meet their friends, while she walked with Jesse in the stroller and Nate by her side, keeping close. Now that she was in her third trimester again, walking was difficult, and her back occasionally ached. But she didn’t regret it for a second, despite the discomfort. Despite the immense shock of finding herself pregnant to her babydaddy following that wonderful night, she had come to love the feeling of life growing within her. Not only was she so excited to have yet another baby on the way, but her now-husband treated her like an absolute queen. This was a good thing, because her lusts had only risen, particularly in her second trimester, and preggo sex was a regular feature of their lives once the kids were all asleep. Something about carrying her sugar daddy’s babies just turned her on, not to mention she had a wonderful maternal glow and now-F cup breasts to boast.

“Tayla! Sis! I’ve saved you seats!”

Tayla squealed in delight, moving faster to park the stroller and hug her sister. The rest of her kids embraced their aunt Faye, never knowing that she was, in a way, actually

their grandmother. Like Tayla, Faye had cut her hair shorter, and now both of them looked like the total stereotypical soccer moms, albeit drop dead gorgeous ones.

“Awww, I’m so jealous, sis!” Faye declared, rubbing her former son’s swollen stomach. “I miss my babies. Now all they do is cry for the boob!”

She gestured to her currently sleeping babies in their little stroller pods. Faye had likewise gotten pregnant that same night to Marcus, and had since married him in a double-wedding ceremony that was paired with Tayla and Darren’s own nuptials. The two sisters were now very well supported by quite wealthy husbands, and regularly featured in each other’s lives. And given how much the wish had made Tayla understand Faye’s life, it only made sense that the original mother had become pregnant several times herself, most recently with a pair of twins. Her body had recovered spectacularly, something she was greatly proud of. After all, having lost Tyler to Tayla, there was a brief period where she could not technically claim the title of ‘total smoking MILF’, a fact which she was quick to rectify.

“Are little Jared and Mia out there already?” Tayla asked.

Faye pointed to her two other children, who were laughing and giggling with Tayla’s kids. “Look at those little fiends!”

“Fiends all right, I’m starting to get some bark back from Matthew, that’s for certain.”

Faye giggled. “Well, now you can finally know how it feels to have a moody son. Trust me, it’s an effort.”

Tayla sighed. “Okay, okay, you got me. And I - oh. Yes, Nate, you can use the tablet, but just for ten minutes, okay honey?”

The two women sat down together, watching their children getting ready to play. Both of them were attired in fashionable yet sexy clothing, rich dresses that emphasised their still gorgeous bodies, even in their forties. In fact, as both of them mused, they had matured even further into a kind of older sexiness that simply intoxicated their husbands.

The whistle blew, and the game began.

“You know, do you ever wonder if that star will return?” Faye asked her sister.

Tayla shrugged. “You know, I don’t even think about it. But even if it did come back, I wouldn’t wish for a thing. I’ve got all I want right here.”

Well, that wasn’t strictly speaking true, she knew. She was loving the life of a rich, hot soccer mom. But even with her impending expectation of another childbirth, she was still a deeply horny woman.

Faye winked at her, recognising the small omission. Tayla winked back. She’d get the rest of what she wanted that night, back in the bedroom. She had no doubt her sister was the same. After all, they had an understanding, and always would.

The End