

# MILFED

COMMISSIONED BY

# NATALIE



“Look,” I said as I parked. “Balloons.”

My wife, Cassie, looked over the balloons that read Bride 2.0 in glossy pink and shrugged. “I was expecting worse.”

“Like “Same Penis Forever?” I asked.

“Exactly,” Cassie said. “That would be my sister. This party is going to be hell.”

I gripped her shoulder, massaging as I looked past the trees and up at the home of my sister in law, Tara. From the day she and her husband, Sam, had bought the house, she’s begun decorating, declaring to the world she was the uber-suburban housewife, smothering walls with meme-type slogans like “Live. Laugh. Love.” Did some people, including and especially my darling wife, Cassie, think it was, to use her word, tacky? They did, and the funny thing about Tara is that she knew it.

“Maybe it will just be purgatory,” I said.

“It will be Hell,” Cassie repeated. “What could be worse than a house full of sexually frustrated middle-aged moms unleashed for a, gross, bachelorette party?” She stared at the house, eyes slit. “No husbands? No kids? It’s like catnip to them. They start wilding. Lose their minds. And when they get drinking? You have no idea, trust me.”

“You could always say you’re sick?” I said, the supportive husband.

“No,” Cassie sighed, grabbing her purse. “She’s my sister.”

“You’re so noble.”

Cassie glared at me. “Sarcasm is beneath you.”

Oops. I decided to not dig any deeper.

“You coming in?” Cassie said as we both climbed out of the car.

“I figure I should say hi,” I said.

We were early. Cassie had agreed to help set up, and, given we were dealing with Tara, the set-up was, of course, over the top. Following our noses and the clatter, we found Tara in the kitchen. The air smelled of wheat and barley, baking bread, and roasting chicken. Tara was carefully rolling prosciutto around wedges of cheese.

“Hey, Tara,” Cassie said.

“Cassie!” Tara said, and the two hugged and exchanged kisses. She turned her attention to me. “Hey, Colin!” she said as we hugged and did the air kiss thing.

“You look great.” I said. She did. I wasn’t just saying that because I was her brother-in-law. Sure. Having kids had taken some toll. Her body was a little thicker, and maybe there were a few lines on her face, but she took good care of herself. She’d run track in college and still ran, her athletic body more than capable of pulling off the short, red tank dress she wore. Making sure my wife wasn’t watching, I took a quick look at the swell of her full, heavy breasts. She had a great rack. Her dark hair was frosted, just like every other suburban mom in the neighborhood.

“Finish those,” Tara said, waving toward her unfinished wraps. “I’ll get started shelling the oysters.”

“When does everyone get here?” I asked, looking over the counters already straining under the weight of tray after tray of food. “Did you invite 500 hundred people?”

“Just for that,” Tara said. “You can help.” She handed me an oyster shucker.

“One of these days, I’m going to learn to keep my mouth shut.”

“I’ve been praying for that day to come,” Cassie said.

“Oh, you two love birds!” Tara said. She was looking around, distracted, thinking of a hundred different things that needed to be done before the guests arrived. “You must be thirsty,” Tara said to Cassie. “Let me get you something to drink.”

“I’m fine,” Cassie said.

“Nonsense.” Tara went to the fridge. She had her back to us, so I couldn’t see exactly what she was doing, but it sounded like she was rummaging around. I couldn’t help myself. With her bending forward like that I had to drink in her inviting ass, those tone legs. I saw her glance back over her shoulder and look at Cassie with a smile as she worked. She finally emerged with a glass of tea and handed it to Cassie, and said, “Drink up.”

Cassie set the glass down. “Thanks.”

“Oh, take a sip,” Tara said. “It’s a special brew. I expect you’ll find it surprisingly... refreshing.”

Cassie crossed her arms and gave Tara a look, the same one she’d been giving her older sister for years whenever Tara got bossy. “Thank you for the tea,” she said. “I’ll drink it when I’m thirsty.”

“Fine,” Tara said. “I’m going to go check on the pool—” She stopped. “Did I ever get that ice maker fixed?” She went out back. I had not been feeling particularly thirsty, but Tara’s sell had gotten to me even if it hadn’t worked on Tara.

“You mind?” I asked.

“I didn’t want it in the first place,” Cassie answered.

I took a sip of her tea, then another. It tasted really good. There was something extra there— a nice extra taste, like mango.

Cassie was locked onto her task. Finishing off my tea, I went to shucking oysters. The room seemed to wobble. I dropped the knife, put my hand on the counter to steady myself.

“You okay?” Cassie asked.

“I don’t know,” I said. “I feel dizzy.” The room was spinning now, and I was having a hard time even standing. At the same time and much to my surprise, I felt myself getting a woody as I looked at Cassie’s blurry image over there. She was fit, petite, hot.

I heard the sliding glass door open, and Tara came charging back into the room. “Good news! We have ice—”

She paused as I lurched to the side, now grabbing the counter with both hands to steady myself.

“Oh, dear,” Tara said. “He better lie down.”

Tara led me to a bedroom upstairs. I couldn’t help but drink in her perfect ass, even feeling sick as I was. I climbed onto the bed, closing my eyes, just wishing the world would stop spinning. I rolled onto my side, facing away from them to hide my growing boner.

“Should we call an ambulance?” I heard Cassie ask.

“Oh, he’ll be fine. Come, let’s finish getting everything ready. Colin? Just rest. You’ll be fine.”

I heard the door close, relieved they were gone. I had never felt sick and horny at the same time, and I was getting more and more horny with each passing second. If I could have managed, I would have gone to the bathroom and taken care of it, but I wasn’t even sure I could walk right now. As it was, I’d broken out in a sweat and not a cold one. I felt like I had a fever, burning up, and I stripped out of my clothes, trying to get cool, tossing them aside until I was just in my white t-shirt and boxer briefs. My

boner was growing harder, more insistent, demanding attention, but it wasn't like I could rub one out on Tara's bed.

I just tried to breath, keep my eyes closed, think of something, anything but sex but the highlight reel was playing in my head: Neve Campbell, Naomi Watts, Kate Beckinsale, David Beckham—

Wait. What? How'd he get in there? I pushed the image of Beckham away and got back to my go-to movie scenes, imagining Selma Hayek with a python draped over her shoulders, that stripper scene in From Dusk Till Dawn. That scene, it was—

Okay. Even sick, picturing Selma shaking those hips was threatening to put me over the edge, but there was no way I could choke the chicken right here in my in-law's bed. Get it under control, I told myself. Think about something very unsexy, like baseball.

I heard the bedroom door open and then close. The bed moved as someone sat on the edge. "How you feeling?" There was something in her tone of voice I wasn't used to hearing. I searched for a word. Chagrined?

Keeping my back turned so she wouldn't see my hand-on, I twisted my head around and let one eye open. "I'm fine," I lied as the room tilted and spun. "Just a little dizzy."

Tara, still sitting on the side of the bed, put her hand on my hip. "Roll over," she said.

"I'd better not," I said, conscious of my throbbing boner.

"Oh, come on," she said, tugging at me. "Don't be shy. I know you've got a boner right now about to rip a hole in those boxers. This wasn't supposed to happen to you. I feel bad. I really do, but watching you struggle? It's such a turn-on. You're making me crazy."

I tensed up. I'd never cheated on Cassie, had always been loyal. Sure, Tara and I had been friends. I might even say buddies. She was attractive if showing her age a little, and so naturally there was some sexual tension as there always is when men and women become friends, but neither one of us had ever acted on it.

"Come on now," Tara said.

I rolled onto my back, my guy sticking straight up in the air.

"Hello, soldier," Tara said, immediately putting her hand on my dick, rubbing it.

I didn't even know what to say. Here I was feeling sick, and now she was coming on to me? I decided to try and deflect. "I really don't feel well," I said, squirming away from her.

She squirmed right back so our bodies pressed together once more, and now she grabbed my dick through my shorts, squeezing. Oh, shit. I had to focus, concentrate to keep from popping off in my pants. I would have objected, done whatever I needed to get away. Shit, Cassie could walk in any second, but I was suddenly distracted by an aching and a longing in my chest as my nipples began to throb, matching the throbbing in my dick.

I put a hand gingerly to my chest touching one of my nipples even as it felt like it was spreading, growing puffy. "Oh, boy," Tara said, climbing on top of me, straddling me with her legs as she leaned down and kissed me, her long hair framing her face like a curtain. Her dress had ridden up her hips, and I felt the soft lace of her panties pressing against me, her smooth thighs against my ribs. I couldn't fight it, and I kissed her back, and now I was the one running my foot along her calf. As our bodies pressed together, I felt my body hair vanishing, and my silky smooth skin now

seemed to glide against hers, no more coarse hairs cushioning the sensation, my skin tingled, sang.

As her lips lingered on mine, I felt the heat of the kiss though my whole body and arched my back as my chest grew warm, tingling with pleasure and then it began to soften and swell. I still had my palm over one of my nipples, and I felt the flesh beneath growing rounder, rising, lifting my hand, pushing it up. I broke off the kiss and looked down to see I had breasts, small, but blossoming, rising, swelling, rounding. “Holy shit. I have tits?”

Tara, still straddling me, sat back and looked down at my growing breasts, smiling as she put her hand over her mouth. “I made a little boo boo,” she said, meeting my eyes, shrugging.

“A boo boo?” I covered my budding breasts— my breasts?— with my hands. “What are you even—“ my voice cracked, and when I spoke again it had risen to a higher pitch. “-- talking about? My voice?”

“Remember that tea I gave you?” Tara said, wincing.

“Tea?” I said as hair flopped into my face, over my eyes. My rounding, growing breasts pushed against my t-shirt, stretching it out, straining against the cotton fabric. I heard the collar tear as the fabric gave out, unable to contain my new chest. Keeping one arm draped across my still swelling breasts, I used the other to brush the hair away, which I shouldn’t have been able to do since I had short hair. I grabbed a hank of my hair and pulled it around, watching as it lengthened and grew in my hand. “What the hell is happening to me?”

I felt my face tingling.

“It’s the tea,” Tara said, studying my face. “I gave you the wrong glass.”

My lips plump up. I can feel them swell, and I smack them, testing them out. They feel fuller, fatter, and I am adding that to the list of things I refuse



to believe are happening even as I feel my chin and nose shrinking. If I'd had a third hand, I might have touched my face, but I was still preoccupied with the growing mass of my chest and watching my hair grow longer in my hand, which in counterpoint to my lengthening and thickening hair appeared to shrink, growing smaller and more dainty. "Impossible," I said. "This is all impossible."

"If it's any consolation" Tara said as she cupped my cheeks, "you do have a pretty face."

"Consolation? Pretty? What's going on?" I pushed myself up onto my elbows, and I felt my breasts shift, swaying, heavy. My nipples were hard as hell, rubbing against my shirt, sending chills and thrills through my body a man is not supposed to feel. They tented the fabric, hard little points jutting out. Dark, red and shadowy beneath the white cotton, the areolas wide and meaty, I could see them through the thin, stretched out fabric, and I shook my head as I tried to process that these were my nipples looking so hot and sexy in a tight t-shirt, seeming to threaten to tear right through the fabric at any moment..

Tara climbed off me but stayed on the bed, now laying on her side, nuzzling up against me as she started playing idly with my newly long hair.

"Promise me you won't be mad," Tara said.

I pushed her hand away from my hair. "Just tell me already." My voice is all wrong.

"There was a little bit of a mix-up," Tara says. "Bottom line, you're turning into a woman."

I laugh. "Yeah. Right" Then, I look down at the breasts straining against my now way too tight t-shirt. "There's no way. I feel like I'm being strangled," I say, tugging at my shirt, trying to get it off, but these breasts

are really big, and Tara came around behind me and tugged on the back, the two of us finally getting to up and over, it was so strange to feel my chest, free of the tight t-shirt, sway from side to side.

Tara had just said I was turning into a woman, and staring down at the firm round breasts jutting from my chest, the wide, pink nipples, I start to believe her. I put my fingers to my lips, and I think about how my voice changed and the fact that I sound like a woman now. "I'm turning into a woman," I say as I realize the truth of the words, and then I think about my cock, which is still hard, throbbing against my pants, and my mouth drops open.

"My dick?" I ask. I am terrified at the thought of losing it. "Is it?"

"I'm afraid so," Tara says, and like it was timed I feel a tingling in my nether regions, feel almost like there are sparks running up and down my dick. "In a few moments, you won't have a dick anymore. You won't be able to call yourself a man."

"No," I say, grabbing my dick with both hands, wrapping my fingers around the heft of my thick, hard pole. The thought of losing my dick terrifies me. We've been together all my life, and he's been good to me. I don't want to face the world without him, and I am so focused on the sheer terror that comes at the thought of losing my dick, I am not even thinking ahead to what will replace it. "You have to stop this. Now."

"I can't," Tara says. "Once you drank the potion there was no turning back."

I feel my penis start to shrink, getting smaller in my hands even as I feel something tugging at my balls, yanking, pulling them up and inside me. "No... no... no..." I say, squeezing, pulling on my penis, trying to keep it

from shrinking, but it just keeps getting smaller and smaller, whittled down from a pole to a pencil.

“Unh... Unh...” I start panting, breasts heaving. I can feel my balls shrinking, rising up and up, and then it feel almost like an invisible finger traces a line between my legs, and I gasp as an impossible, alien, female pleasure shocks my brain, a hot, wet slit opening up between my thighs, my pencil dick shrinking to a nub, so small it slips between my fingers as it, too, seems to be drawn inside me, sending another shock of pleasure that lances through my like a lightning bolt, and even as I desperately push down my boxers, I throw my head back and moan in ecstasy.

Tara is right there next to me, her body pressed against mine. I shove my hand down my boxers, refusing to believe it was gone, desperately searching for my cock, and I am shocked, stunned when my fingers find only a soft mound, a wet slit. My mind reels. I feel like it's short circuiting, my hard drive crashing. My fingers are telling me I have a vagina, and that does not compute. I've had my hands on a woman's vagina before. I know what one feels like, but I have never felt mine being felt, and I can't accept this. It can't be true.

I slip one finger into my slit, and gasp, moaning, sighing with pleasure as I feel it inside me, wiggling along my vaginal walls , and then I feel Tara's hand cup and squeeze my breast and the pleasure so intense, so wrong, so impossible I find myself crying, shaking my head, “no... no...” as I collapse onto the bed and throw my hands over my eyes, covering them in shame.

“It's going to be okay,” Tara says, now taking my soft little hand in hers, squeezing. “The changes will be over soon.”

“There are more changes?” I gasp through my sobs.

“Just a few.”

I feel it then, my ass, spreading beneath me. It feels like someone was inflating a cushion under me, or like an emergency air bag had popped, the soft flesh growing, oozing out to either side even as I heard a *pop* and my hips suddenly burst out to the sides. At the same time, it was like someone had tied a weight belt around my waist and was cinching it mercilessly, crushing it smaller and smaller. Looking down I saw hips jutting out from my slender waist, round, full, even as I rolled from side to side, trying to get used to the feeling of my big booty.

My thighs began to grow warm, then thicken, becoming softer and rounder, my inner thighs especially growing hotter, tense, and I squeezed them together, moaning softly, wishing I had someone to wrap them around, wanting to use them to cage a man, pull him deeper inside me... The image of David Beckham appeared in my mind once more, and I traced a long fingernail along my lower lip and sighed

My heels and ankles tingled next. Looking down past my breasts I wiggled my toes as my feet shrunk, becoming smaller, cute, pretty, my ankles melting, too, until they were as sexy as any woman's. I rubbed them together as I rubbed my thighs together, feeling little tremors in my vagina now, a quivering, a need. Shit. Even my feet seemed more sensitive, more erotic.

My body seemed to change further, not more female, but more like I was aging, maturing. My perky breasts seemed to sag a little, drooping lower on my chest, rolling across my ribs, and my tummy grew softer, a slight paunch forming even as the flesh around my wide, round hips seemed to swell and soften. There was a roundness to my lower belly now, just a hint, where it had been flat, taut before. Looking at my hands I saw they had

become a little more bony, and the skin seemed less bright, less radiant than before.

My sexual frenzy started to cool down, and I began to be able to use the logical, rational side of my brain again. I pushed myself up, sat on the side of the bed, one arm draped across the swell of my breasts, the other covering my vagina. Tara had gotten up, was fanning herself as she looked me over. "I'm getting hot flashes. That was intense," she said.

"What the hell is this?" I said, now growing angry, weirded out by the soft flesh crushed beneath my arm. "You knew this was going to happen."



"Yes and no," Tara said, still fanning herself.

"You knew," I insisted. "You came in here apologizing."

Tara looked away. “Yes. I knew whoever drank the potion would turn into a hot, 40 something woman,” Tara said. “No, I did not expect you to drink the potion. I gave it to Cassie, remember? She was supposed to be the one who changed.”

I shook my head, feeling my long hair brush across the tops of my breasts, along my bare shoulders. “Why?” I said. “She’s already a woman. Trust me.”

“The potion wasn’t to give her a woman’s body, but to make her fit in better at the party. To make her a little older, a little more fun.”

“Fun? What does that mean?”

Tara looked a little embarrassed for me, a little sheepish. She crinkled her nose. “You’re going to think and act like one of the girls,” she said, and then trying to put a sunny spin on the situation, she added, “You’re going to learn so much!”

“Act like one of the girls? What does that mean, even?”

“Your brain is being feminized, too. You’re going to like all the things MILFY women like— dresses, shoes... and... um.... Men.”

“Men?”

“Men.”

I frowned and huffed, blowing my hair out of my eyes. I remembered how David Beckham had kept popping into my head. It seemed I was already starting to think like one of the girls, and I did not like it one bit. “There must be an antidote? Something? Maybe I can just hide in here?”

“Absolutely not,” Tara said. “I will not allow you to waste this opportunity.” As a mom, she was used to directing people. “You are going to come to the party and have the female experience, Mr. Man. Or,” and she giggled, “I guess it’s Miss Man now. Clearly, the universe is talking to

us, and it wants you to come to the party and get a taste of what it's like to be a woman."

"I can't let Cassie see me like this!" I said. "I'm her husband."

Tara, though, had clearly made up her mind and had gone to her closet and started looking through her dresses. "We need to find you a dress, and then I'll do your makeup." She laughed, clearly getting excited about her plans for me. "This is going to be fun!"

Dress? Makeup? It didn't sound fun to me.

Tara emerged from the closet, grinning, a floral print scrap of fabric draped over her arms.

"No way," I said, and yet, the potion was already changing me, because at the same time the man in me revolted at the idea of wearing a flowery dress, another part of me thought, *it's so pretty*.

Tara held the dress up in front of me, nodded and lay it out on the bed as if she hadn't heard me, then went to her dresser and started rifling through her drawers. "You must have some jeans or something," I said as I ran my fingers along the shoulder straps of the dress she'd laid next to me. It felt like silk.

Tara turned, holding a bra in one hand, a pair of panties in the other. Like the dress she so foolishly thought I would wear, the tiny, delicate little things sported pretty, flowery patterns. I snorted. "You're out of your mind." Just the sight of the bra made me cringe, and I crushed my arm protectively across my breasts.

"Don't be such a silly boy," Tara said, once more adopting a patient, motherly tone, like she was speaking to a child. She held the bra and panties toward me, as she wanted me to take them, hold them. I glanced down at my arms, still protectively draped over my new anatomy, and

shook my head— no. “This party thing is a terrible idea. What am I going to talk about? I don’t have any recipes to share.”

Tara, who’d gone over to her jewelry boxes and was picking things out, I assumed, for me, stopped and put her hands on her hips. “What a ridiculous, sexist thing to say. You have just proven to me how right I am about this. You need to see things from a woman’s perspective.”

“Tara, I—”

“Recipes,” she said, shaking her head. “Why would we trade them at a party when we can share them on Pinterest?”

“It was just—”

“Hush. Come.” She grabbed my arm, the one across my breasts and pulled me to my feet, dragging me toward a full-length mirror. It felt so weird and wrong the way my chest swayed side to side, bounced, but I couldn’t focus on that right now because the thought of looking at myself in the mirror freaked me out.

“Okay. Stop. Let’s not—”

Tara wasn’t listening as she pulled me to the mirror. “You don’t have anything I haven’t seen,” she said, “and you don’t have anything you haven’t seen. So, stop being a baby and look at yourself.” Standing behind me now, she took my arms and pulled them back. Blushing, I lifted my eyes and looked at her.

My immediately went to the triangular patch of hair between my legs, and I saw the shadow of my lips in there, my mind reeling as it tried to process that I was looking at a vagina- at my vagina both feeling turned on and mutilated at the same time. My dick was gone, and I felt a little sick. It felt so odd to have just a space between my legs, no weight of a penis, a ball sack, but just a gap, an emptiness. A lack of.



My eyes rose up my body. It was a middle-aged woman's body, with that kind of fullness even most skinny women developed as they aged— a little bit of a paunch, the hint of love handles.

My eyes continued to rise. They came to the breasts jutting from my chest. Like my vagina, the sight of breasts on my chest seemed surreal, impossible. They were full, maternal breasts, with longer, distended nipples, bumpy areolas, the cold blue of a few veins showing through my translucent skin. These were what my buddies and I liked to call Mommy Boobs, the kind of boobs women got when they had their first baby, and the thought that this body, my body, had carried a child, shook me. I even felt a phantom kick.

I had a long, slender neck, though there was just a hint of a little sagging right under my chin. I had a well-preserved face. The signs of the age Tara's potion had made me were all there— puppet lines around my mouth, crow's feet at the corners of my eyes, but they were big eyes to go with my big lips, and it was an attractive woman's face looking back at me, blinking, processing. "I'm a woman," I said.

She, I, was standing with one leg turned in, like the Venus, and my eyes now played along that body, jumping from my generous thighs to my tiny feet, the soft, dramatic swerve of my maternal hips to my fleshy and feminine arms.

"You're a beautiful woman," Tara corrected, playing with my hair as I kept looking over myself. "I aged you, too. I wanted Cassie to fit in better with the gals. You're a 43-year-old woman, to be precise, with the body of a hot mom. How does that make you feel?"

"Terrible," I said. "Humiliated..." but, I guess it was the potion taking hold because my mind started to shift, alter, and suddenly I felt, "sexy."

“Wait,” I said, seeing the confusion in my eyes, and scared at that last thought, I tried to take it back. “That’s not true. I don’t know why I said that.”

“You’re starting to think and feel like a woman,” Tara said. “The potion.”

Tara now drew me away from the mirror. I didn’t want to stop looking at myself. I was now fascinated at the sight of her, me, and looking back over my shoulder I saw my big, plump rear wiggling, and I thought, I’m fuckable as hell.

Tara led me back to the bed where a dress, a bra and panties awaited me. The man in me still recoiled at the sight of them. These were girl things, things only females wore. Men, real men, didn’t wear dresses, bras. My father would punch me in the head if he caught me in a dress.

The potion, though, had other ideas, and as I looked at that floral print dress with my newly evolving perspective, I could help but think, I would look so hot in that it would be crazy.

Tara got the bra and came around behind me. “Slip this over your arms,” she said, handing me the bra.

I took it by the shoulder strap, holding it out and away from me like I was holding a dead rat by the tail. “A bra? Why do I need a bra?”

“Because you have breasts,” Tara explained in her maternal tones even as she reached around and gave my nipple a tweak. I jumped in surprise. “And they need support. Now, enough of this little game where you argue with me about every little thing. We’re running out of time.”

“I don’t want to,” I said, humiliated at the thought of wearing a bra like some girl. Bras were sexy and a fucking turn-on, and they were all woman. Putting one on just seemed like an act of surrender. Besides, how could Cassie ever respect me if she saw me wearing a bra? Or, worse, what if

she liked it and wanted me to start wearing one in the bedroom even after I changed back?

“I’m going to count to three,” Tara said. ‘One, two...’”

“Fine!” I gasped, dramatically, rolling my eyes and slipping the shoulder straps up my arms until the cups were hanging over my chest.

“Fit your boobs into the cups,” Tara said as she hooked me into my first bra, then adjusted the straps on my shoulders.

I pulled the cups down over my boobs, then shifted and adjusted until the bra hugged and lifted my breasts, pulling the straps tight across my shoulders as they lifted my new bust. The bra felt— right. Putting it on had felt almost like coming home. The potion again, I figured, but when I glanced in the mirror and saw how my bra lifted my breasts and held them up and out, as if serving them up on a tray, I felt the old me cringe. My tits looked great.

Tara handed me a tiny little scrap of fabric— her panties.

I frowned.

Tara nodded.

I stepped into the panties and drew them up my long legs, then stretched the waistband out to get it over my wide hips, then let it snap against my waist. The panties cupped my new sex, held it, almost hugged it, and I squirmed as the floss slipped between my ass cheeks. I felt strange wearing my panties, but stranger still wearing my sister in law’s panties, knowing this same little scrap of cloth had once hugged her vagina was now hugging mine. I thought about how her ass looked in these panties, how hot, and now wondered, was it doing the same for mine?

“Does it have to be a thong?”

“You don’t want a panty line,” Tara said as she handed me my dress.

I held it out in front of me. It was so feminine it made me want to puke, but what choice did I have? Tara had made up her mind, and there was not point getting into another argument I would end up losing. I stepped into the dress and pulled it up, feeling the soft fabric caressing my skin as I wiggled and tugged, getting it up over my hips and then my breasts. Tara zipped me up, and as she zipped, I felt the dress pulling tight around my body, now hugging me all over almost like a second skin. “Is it supposed to be so tight?” I said, tugging on the hem, feeling like it was way too short.

“Of course,” Tara said. “And it looks great on that hot bod of yours.”

“Don’t you have something, I don’t know, a little more conservative?”

“Please,” Tara said, and then she gave me a wicked smile. “I do still have that schoolgirl outfit I wore for Halloween, if you’d rather?”

“Uh, no!” I said, panicked at the thought and the realization that if I kept complaining there was a really good chance she just might follow through on that threat. Tara had looked so hot in that little skirt, her breasts straining against the blouse, and I pictured myself in it now, my curves perfectly filling it out as well, and the way men would react when they saw that flirty little skirt rising and falling with every step. “I’ll stick with the dress.”

Putting on the dress was almost as emasculating as being emasculated. It made me feel more like a woman, less of a man, the way the air now swirled around my bare legs, the way it showed off my soft arms, hugged my breasts. More, the dress made me feel vulnerable, and that made me feel— pretty? I didn’t understand what I was feeling, but I knew I had never felt it as a man.

“Come, come,” Tara said. “Let’s give you some respectable nails.” She sat me down. “Hold out your hand.”

I did, though I knew I was going to regret it. Tara removed a plastic package from her dressing table drawer. I saw red fingernails inside and cringed. “You have fake fingernails?” I said, glancing at her hands.

“These are for emergencies,” she said as she began to apply the nails to my fingertips. “You never know when you might break a nail.” In mere moments I stared down at my hands, looking at the long, red nails, wiggling my fingers, shaking my head.

“I never understood why women were so obsessed with something so impractical.”

“You will. Now, let’s do your face.”

I didn’t bother to complain out loud, but in my head I grumbled. Makeup, of course, belonged on Team Girl. I did not. I do have to confess in the past I had sometimes looked over Cassie’s collection with some modest curiosity, wondering what it felt like to put it on, but actually putting it on was never an option. Until now.

Tara explained as she worked, taking out a tube and squirting some liquid into her hands, rubbing them together, warming the cream, she explained. “Foundation,” she said. “It’s also a moisturizer and a sunscreen, but its primary purpose is to give you smooth, even, glowing skin.”

“Isn’t this a party for all women? What difference does it make if my skin glows?”

“Men,” Tara said as she began to apply the foundation to my face. It felt cool and soothing. “You think we do all of this for you, but men barely notice anything. You do not want to show up at a party around here with bad skin. Trust me. The girls would be talking about it for-*ever*. This will also smooth your wrinkles and likes a little, giving you a more youthful look.”

“Why did you give me wrinkles only to turn around and hide them?”

“You’ll understand later,” Tara said as she finished up and inspected my face.

“Now,” she said, wiping the foundation off her hands with a tissue, “let’s give you some plump, kissable lips.” She held up a lipstick wand.

“They looked pretty kissable to me already,” I said.

“Just wait until I get done,” Tara said. “You’re going to have, oh, what do you men call them? Cock sucking lips? Pucker up.”

‘I don’t want– mmmppf.’ Tara had started to paint my lips, drawing the brush across the soft flesh. I did not like the idea of having “cock sucking lips” at all, even if this was a party of all women! When she’d finished painting my lips, Tara took the edge of her pinky nail and just dragged it along the line at the corner of my bottom lip. “Just a little smudge. There. Your lips look perfect. Next, we need to do your eyes.”

My eyes, it turned out, required a complex procedure involving eyeliner, mascara, and three different colors of eyeshadow. The liner pencil, in particular, just about drove me nuts. I wasn’t used to having what looked like a sharp, pointy thing so close to my eyes and after dealing with that and the mascara, I was frazzled, wondering how so many women went through this every day. It was torture! When Tara finally got to my eyeshadow it was like going on a Zen retreat, as all I had to do was sit there with my eyes closed while she used soft brushes to paint my eyelids.

“Okay,” Tara said, finishing by using a horsehair brush to dust my cheeks with blush. “Now, you get to see yourself! Are you excited?”

“No,” I said. I felt like I did when I was 8, and my mom made me wear a sweater she’d bedazzled to a church picnic. “You know, I don’t even need to see–” The words froze in my mouth as I looked at my face in the mirror. I

reached a hand to my cheek, my long, red nails stark against my bright skin. I couldn't believe the transformation from the face I'd seen earlier. She, the woman I'd become, had looked pretty, but she now looked glamorous, sexy, everything that had made her attractive brighter, bigger or softer. "I'm gorgeous," I gasped.

"You're so pretty," Tara said, giving my shoulders a squeeze.

I think the potion had taken hold. I stared in wonder at me, at the job Tara had done with my makeup, and all my manly shame melted as I smiled, turned my head to the side, slightly lowered my eyelids so I could get a good look at that silvery eyeshadow. "You're a miracle worker."

"I do know a thing or two about cosmetics," Tara said.

I fluffed my hair and made duck lips, blew myself a kiss in the mirror. Seeing myself all made up like this made me feel light, bubbly, flirty and fun. "Let's take a picture!" I said, excited.

"Just one," Tara said, grinning, obviously pleased with the way I was changing. "You're becoming such a girlie girl! That potion really is amazing." She put an arm around my waist, held her phone up and we both smiled into the camera as she snapped the photo. I crowded close to her as she pulled the photo up, and it was a great shot. We both looked really pretty. "Maybe one over here?" I said, getting jonesed on the idea of more pics.

"No time. We need to get you ready."

"Oh, what more is there?"

Tara held up a pair of earrings. "Jewelry."

"But my ears aren't pierced," I said.

"You sure about that?" Tara said as she tugged on my earlobe and hooked the first of the hoops onto my ear.

“Oh.” I’d had a stud at one point back in college. A lot of guys did, but I’d never worn a hoop, and it was strange to feel the weight of it pulling on my ear, the way it brushed against my cheek. Hoops were another female choice that had always struck me as kind of impractical and dumb, not that I didn’t love to see a girl wearing them. Now, my transformation into one of those goofy, impractical girls took another step as I found myself wearing hoops to go along with my long nails and tight little dress.

Tara continued with bracelets, a necklace, all shiny and sparkly. The sight of them made me a little giddy, as I was seeing them with my new, feminizing eyes, and now adorned in precious metals, it only enhanced that bubbly, sexy feeling I’d gotten when I’d first seen my painted face.

Propped on my toes having strapped myself into a pair of platform sandals with heels, I stood in front of the mirror again, one hand on a fleshy hip while I brushed my hair back from my face with the other, bracelets flashing. “Well?” Tara asked, her hand on the small of my back.

“I feel like a woman,” I said. “I mean, more than just the body, but I just feel like a woman. I feel soft and pretty, a little vulnerable. I feel with all this jewelry and makeup, I almost feel like a decoration. I feel... I don’t even know the word... bubbly?”

“Well, you know they say the clothes make the man, right?” Tara let her hand creep down. She cupped my ass and gave it a squeeze.

“Stop!”

“It’s time for Cassie to meet the new you,” Tara said.

Oh, shit. I glanced at myself in the mirror, at my curves, my pretty dress, my sultry eyes. What the hell will Cassie think when she sees her husband looking like a knockout?



I followed Tara as she led me downstairs. Walking heels already felt like second nature. It didn't feel strange at all to find myself propped up on my tip toes, hips swaying as I walked heel to heel, heel to toe like I'd been doing it my whole life. As I descended the stairs, with each step I felt the weight of my breasts bounce, tugging on my bra straps, yet supported by the cups, little tremors passing through the soft swell of my chest. I'd had a hard, flat chest as a man, and it felt odd to have all this flesh now bulging from my top, jiggling and shaking, fighting against the tight, constricting bra that felt like a harness.

## Chapter Two

“Where have you been?” Cassie said as Tara entered the kitchen. I was cowering around the corner, wearing a dress, a woman’s body, crimson with shame that my wife was about to see me feminized from head to toe. “It’s just like you to leave me to get everything ready.”

“I was busy getting Colin ready,” Tara said. She had the air of a gossip queen with a really big secret she was just dying to dish.

“Colin? Is he okay? Ready for what? I should check on him.”

“Colin is feeling much better. In fact, he is coming to the party.”

“Colin? At a bachelorette party? That doesn’t– I thought it was girls only.”

“It is girls only, and Colin is coming.” Tara said.

I heard Cassie groan. “Okay, just tell me whatever this is about already. Nothing you’re saying makes any sense.”

“Allow me to show you,” Tara said. “Colin?”

I poked my head around the corner, then bashfully walked into the room, a little wobbly on the platform sandals Tara had made me wear. My body felt and moved all wrong, there was too much of me, my breasts sticking out from my chest, bobbing gently in the cups of my bra, and my butt felt huge, sticking out behind me. I couldn’t help but walk with a little wiggle in my wide, motherly hips, and trying to keep my balance on those sandals, I had my arms out to the sides, and I knew I was walking like a woman, which was almost as bad as being a woman. I’d never felt more ashamed in my life, having my wife see me in a woman’s body, wearing a dress, my face bright with makeup, sparkly earrings dangling from my ears. I had always been a little insecure in my masculinity, always trying to do fix-it up

projects around the house to prove myself to Cassie, and now those insecurities flared as she looked me up and down, taking in my soft curves.

“Who the hell is this?” Cassie said. “Is this some kind of joke?”

“It’s me,” I said, grimacing at the sound of my woman’s voice. “Colin.”

Cassie looked from me to Tara. She burst out laughing. Thinking she was laughing at me, I almost turned and ran, but Tara grabbed my arm.

“Okay. Haha. I don’t really get it, but joke’s over. Colin?” She called out.

“Come on out. I’m not falling for it.”

“Cassie, there was a potion,” I said, drawing the hair away from my face with a long, crimson nail. Tara explained. I explained. It took a little time, but in the end, Cassie believed and then she stared at me, at my face, and then my breasts, and she frowned. “Colin?”

I nodded. “I just want you to know, I didn’t want any of this,” I said.

“The universe wanted it,” Tara said.

“So, and I am really pissed you planned to do this to me just as much as I am pissed you turned my husband into a freaking MILF. Why is he wearing a dress?”

Tara began to explain. “Once Colin drank the tea and I took him upstairs, he blossomed, popping out a pair of breasts, his voice growing softer, that ass. The potion also would have made you more like me, so Colin’s brain is also changing. He’s turning into a MILF in mind as well as body– turning into me, actually.”

“A slutty party girl?” Cassie said.

“Exactly. You should have seen how quickly he started to think like a woman, getting all excited about being pretty, wearing makeup. So, I figured, why waste an opportunity for a man to experience life as a woman? Let me bring him to the party, let him see how the other half lives.”

I sat, listening quietly, not knowing what else to do, and Cassie kept glancing at me. I was so humiliated to have my wife see me in a dress, especially this dress. Why had I agreed to it all?

“Is that it, then?” Cassie said.

“Well, and don’t overreact, but part of the whole thing is he’ll pretty horny in a bit – for men.”

“Tara!” I said, humiliated she would tell my wife about my newfound interest.

Cassie just shook her head and threw her hands in the air.

## Chapter Three

“His tits look great,” Cassie said as she circled me, checking me out. “So, you promise this is just for tonight? Colin goes through with this, and then you turn him back into a man.”

“Of course,” Tara said, and she started circling me as well, the two women looking me over like I was some statue in a museum. “It’ll be good for him to get a glimpse into life as the fairer sex.”

“My husband has a bigger ass than I do,” Cassie said, like I wasn’t even there. “And bigger tits, too. Did you put him in a push up bra?” My mouth fell open. One of the benefits, I’d told myself, of wearing this dress was that it at least hid my bra. It was awful she knew.

“I didn’t want to wear it,” I said.

Cassie looked past me to Tara, who was now behind me, checking out how my booty looked in that tight dress. Tara chuckled. “Was I going to put him in a low-profile bra in that dress?” She said. “Relax.”

Cassie suddenly pulled my dress up, scrunching her face as she saw me in my panties, took in my camel toe. “He’s a woman all right.” I tugged my dress back down, dying with shame.

Cassie then pushed my hair back from my face, looking me over. I realized as ashamed as I was to face my wife as a woman, I also now craved her approval. She stepped back, put her hand on her chin and gave me a once over, her eyes tracing my new shape from head to toe and then coming back up to meet my eyes. “You made him older,” Cassie said. “How old is he now?”

“43,” Tara said. “Most of the women here will be in their mid-40s.”

“Well, you look great,” Cassie said to me. “Especially for your age.”

“Thanks,” I said, pleased. It meant so much to me that she thought I was attractive. Yet, I wanted just a little more. I gestured at my dress. “Well?” I said, feeling insecure in my femininity, needing assurances.

“Well what?” Cassie said.

“Do you like my outfit?”

Cassie frowned and glared at Tara who shrugged. “The potion is also changing his personality. Just a smidge. He’s going to think and act like a fun loving, suburban, middle-aged woman. Kinda like me.” She shrugged. “Completely like me, actually.”

I was still waiting, wishing I hadn’t asked, but hopeful, needing, wanting her approval. I think Cassie could see it in my eyes, because she sighed and said, “Yes, dear. Love of my life. Your outfit is pretty. You look cute.” Then, she added, “I can’t believe my husband is wearing a dress. Tara, you really have outdone yourself. Look what you’ve made of Colin.”

“I think she’s a knockout,” Tara said. “Oh, and for tonight, we’re calling her Caitlin. You know. So she’ll fit in.”

“Fine. It suits her. She looks like a Caitlin. Hey, Caitlin.”

She. Her. It was the first time I’d been referred to by female pronouns. I almost corrected them.

The doorbell rang. “The guests are arriving!” Tara said, excitedly. “Let the party begin!”

Cassie gave me one more look, shaking her head. I can’t get used to the idea that my husband is a middle-aged woman.”

## Chapter Four

Half hiding behind Cassie, just sort of nodding along as she and another woman conversed, I felt a hand on my arm. "I love your dress."

I turned to see a pretty, bleach blonde with big, blue eyes. "Thanks," I said, then, thinking it was what a woman would do, I said, "I like your dress, too." It came out sounding stilted, like a bad actor reading lines, and I winced.

"You feel uncomfortable?" She said, leaning in close.

I nodded.

"I find wine helps. Lots of wine. By the way, I'm Janet."

"Caitlin," I said, the name sounding weird and dishonest. We did the hug and air kisses that seemed like the norm for this crew and Janet poured me a glass of wine, handed it to me and said, "to alcohol."

"To alcohol," I said as we clinked glasses.

"Do *you* feel uncomfortable?" I asked, surprised, as she came across as very outgoing.

"Who doesn't?" Janet said as she looked around the room. "Look at Lynn," she said with a disapproving tone. "She keeps denying it, but it is so obvious she had her boobs done."

'Oh?' I said, not sure how I was supposed to react.

"And trust me, those aren't for Jack, if you know what I mean."

I did know what she meant, but I wasn't sure about what I was expected to say as a woman now that I realized Janet was dishing. I went with what felt right to me. "Poor Jack."

"Poor Jack?" Janet snorted, almost choking on her wine. "He and his "golf excursions" in Vegas."

Gossip. Here I was, being drawn right into the seething cauldron of the suburban wine mom social scene, and it must have been the potion, because I was starting to get kind of excited learning these secrets about people. “Jack isn’t really golfing?” I said.

Janet looked at me, her head turned slightly sideways, then laughed. “You almost had me going.”

I laughed, too. “Like everyone doesn’t know about Jack and his “golf trips,” I said, shaking my head.

“So,” Janet said, touching my arm. “How do you know Lindsay, anyway? I thought I knew all her friends.”

“Lindsay?”

“The bachelorette?” Janet said.

“Oh! Of course! I guess this wine is going to my head! Lindsay. The bachelorette. Good old Lindsay.”

“You don’t know her at all, do you?” Janet said.

“No,” I admitted, embarrassed to have been caught out so easily.

“I’m curious about you,” Janet said. “Fill me in.”

Ah, so that was part of her little game, why she’d approached me in the first place. She wanted to know who I was, this mysterious woman no one had seen before. The man in me also got suspicious. Was she into me? “Oh, there’s not much to know,” I said. “I know Tara and Cassie. I came with Cassie, actually.”

“And where are you from? I don’t think I’ve ever seen you around at soccer practice, little league. Dance. Kids?”

What’s with the cross-examination? I wondered, feeling stressed. I didn’t have a backstory, and I didn’t want to get caught in another lie. Fortunately, Tara saved the day.



“Girls! Girls! Everyone come to the living room! It’s time to get started.”

“It was so nice meeting you,” I said, touching Janet on the arm, the same way she’d been doing me.

“You, too,” Janet said, but she was giving me this weird look like— I’m onto you.

The group began to find their seats at a big, round table covered in booze. Conscious of my heels, I lowered myself onto a seat next to Cassie, crossing my legs at the thigh and adjusting my hem, which had ridden up my round, soft thighs. I still wasn’t used to the way it felt just to sit down. My hips and ass spread out under me, right to the edge of the chair, stretching my dress, making it feel even tighter. I felt like I was sitting on a pillow.

“That is a pretty bracelet,” I said to Cassie, as if I were seeing it for the first time.

“Thanks,” Cassie said, holding it up, letting the light sparkle off the gold links.

I leaned forward, my hand under my chin as I noticed her lipstick. “What brand of lipstick are you wearing?” I said. “It really makes your lips pop.”

Cassie leaned close and whispered, so the other guests wouldn’t hear, “You talk just like a woman now.”

“Don’t be silly,” I said, dismissing her comment with a wave of my long, crimson nails.

Lindsay, the bachelorette herself, was wearing a tiara and a sash that read, “Save Me!” on it. She was all giggly and a little drunk, enjoying being the center of attention.

“We’re going to kick off the evening with a little ice breaker known as Never Have I Ever,” Tara announced.

The women all cheered, so I cheered, too.

“Lindsay will read off the nevers, and if you have, you drink!” Tara said.

Everyone laughed and giggled and clapped. Who doesn’t love an excuse to drink?

Lindsay pulled the first slip of paper from the fishbowl in front of her, eye lighting up gleefully as she read the message. Then, looking around the room, smirking, she said, “Never have I ever....” Lindsay paused... “Been part of a threesome.”

Half the girls drank, everyone laughing and clapping.

Threesomes? The suburbs, I was suddenly realizing, were a lot more—sexy— than I had ever realized. There were a couple more steamy scenarios, and neither Cassie nor I got to drink. I actually found myself feeling kind of embarrassed as I felt like all the women were watching me, finding out just how staid and conservative my sex life had been. At the same time, I was feeling so embarrassed, I felt... envious. It sounded fun, exciting, the way these women lived, and as I thought about getting into a threesome with Cassie and a neighbor, I could feel my nipples ache as they started to get hard.

Without realizing it, I’d started to toy with my necklace and Cassie noticed that as well as the look in my eyes. She put hand on my knee and leaned in close. “Are you into this kind of thing now?” She asked. “Does it excite you?”

I bit my lip. “It sounds like fun.”

Cassie squeezed my knee and smiled, a crooked, bemused smile.

I decided I might just take a drink on one of these so I didn’t seem like a weirdo, because I doubted “Never have I ever done it missionary style” was going to coming out of the jar.

Then, Lindsay started giggling when she pulled the next one from the jar. “Omigod,” she said, looking at Tara. “Never have ever,” she said, “slept with another girl.”

Mouths dropped open and eyes sparkled. I had this one. It was all me, but I hesitated until I saw some of the other girls, again maybe a third, reach for their glasses, then I grabbed mine and took a big drink, all of us laughing. Janet gave me a look from across the table. Lindsay grabbed her glass and took a drink.

“You?” Tara said.

“I experimented a little in college,” Lindsay said, laughing and covering her face. “She was a really good kisser!”

We moved on, playing a game where Lindsay had to reach into a bag and guess which sex toy she was touching without looking. She reached in and without hesitation squealed “vibrator!” She pulled it from the bag, clicking it on, the toy humming and shaking in her hand as we— I was thinking of myself as one of the girls— laughed and clapped. The sight of the phallus made me clench, and I felt thirsty. Oh, boy. I really was changing!

Each of us took a turn, and when the bag came to me I couldn’t stop giggling as I reached into the bag and felt... and felt... it was small, rubbery, with, like, two legs? “I don’t know?” I said as all the girls looked at me.

“Guess!” The girls all shouted.

“It feels like a... pair of tongs?” I pulled the toy from the bag and held it up.

“Rabbit!” The girls all screamed.

“A rabbit?” I said, staring at what to my eyes looked like thing with two dicks— one big, one small.

“Omigod, you’ve never tried a rabbit?” Lindsay cried out.

“How do you even...?” I asked, trying to figure out how I would even slip it onto me. Everyone was laughing, so I just laughed, too, and Cassie put her arm around my shoulder.

Next came karaoke.

As we headed into the next room, where the karaoke machine had been set up, Tara pulled me to the side. “How are you feeling?” Tara said.

“Getting bored with all our girly antics?”

“Bored? This is like, the most fun, ever!” I said.

Tara grinned. “You *are* turning into me,” she said. “Oh! We should sing a song together!”

“Oh, I don’t know,” I said, twisting my bracelet around my wrist, reverting to “Colin” for a second. “I really can’t sing.”

“It’s karaoke,” Tara said, “not American Idol. I know just the song. *I want it that way.*”

“Wha?”

“Backstreet Boys!”

The Backstreet Boys. Girls had been crazy about them back in the day, though I hadn’t been really into them all that much. I realized for a lot of these women the band brought back memories of their high-school years, their youth and remembering myself back then with my mullet and flannel shirt, never thinking one day I would be wearing a dress attending a bachelorette party and giggling over female sex toys.

“Come on, party girl!” Tara teased.

“Oh, fine,” I said, though I actually wanted to get up and make a fool of myself.

Tara and I got up, singing The Backstreet Boys’ “I want it that way” as a duet, doing corny, old school dance moves. Evidently, Tara and a lot of these moms had been a huge fans of the band back in the day. I was starting to feel less self-conscious, out of place, less like a guy in a dress pretending to be a mom and more and more a woman hanging out with her girls. As I was copying one of Tara’s moves, thrusting my breasts out and shaking them, I saw Cassie sitting toward the back, arms crossed, brows furrowed.

The doorbell rang. “Who could that be?” Tara said, cutting the music. Everyone started giggling, and we all headed toward the front door. “You get it?” Tara said, pushing Lindsay to the door. Lindsay was giggling and shaking her head no, no, but she was having fun. I actually did not see what was coming. Cassie and Tara were standing on either side of me. “What’s going on?” I asked.

“You’ll see,” Tara said.

Lindsay opened the door. A police officer stood there, and my knees went weak just looking at him with his five o’clock shadow, cleft chin and arrogant, Roman lips. He wore mirrored aviator glasses, and his uniform was super tight and showed off a muscled body with big, powerful shoulders. I was soooo thirsty, and it shocked me as a realized I was only attracted to men now. I’d spent the last couple hours hanging out with these MILFS and never felt a thing, and now I was light-headed, and— wet. “He is such a stud,” I whispered, putting a hand to my chest. “I think I might faint.”

“It’s the potion,” Tara reminded me. “You love the studs, girl.”

“Are you attracted to women at all? To me or Tara?” Cassie asked.

I shook my head, staring in wonder at this incredible hunk of man, and whispered, “I want muscle.”

“I’m afraid there’s been a report of a disturbance,” the cop said, striding into the room and right up to Lindsay, standing very close to her. I was the last one to catch on. While the other women and laughed and giggled, I was about to object that he couldn’t just barge in, but then he turned and I got a look at that ass and thought, I bet he could really pound a girl.

“Have I been bad, officer?” Lindsay said in a little girl’s voice.

“You’ve been very bad,” the cop said. “I’m afraid you’re under arrest.”

“What are the charges?”

“Safety code violation,” the cop said. “You’re so hot, you could burn this whole house to the ground.” With that, he grabbed his pants and ripped them off, throwing them over his shoulder. He wore a tiny little pair of undies that cupped his impressive package and started to dance, gyrating, thrusting.

The girls all went wild. I went wild. He was— quite a man— and I was drinking in every bit of his thick, muscular legs. The party moved out to the back deck, where chairs had been set up in an open circle. Tara had the music ready: Shakira, Hips Don’t Lie. His hips did not lie as he went from girl to girl, shaking his junk in their faces, turning, and letting them wiggle his ass. Cassie and Tara were both flush, laughing, letting their eyes caress his body. I slit my eyes as a hot streak of anger passed through me and a totally new thought passed through my mind: Hands off, bitches! He’s mine. I had to seduce him, have him, drive him crazy with lust for my body, and there was no way I was letting Tara, or my wife get between me and this beast of a man.



He'd torn off his shirt now, and we could all see his hard body, glistening with sweat. The girls were all blushing, laughing, going crazy, and I was no different, my nipples aching, and I squeezed my legs together as he came around the circle, closer to me, closer... it would be my turn soon!

Stripper cop came to me, blowing me a kiss as he put his hands behind his head and rolled his hips. Looking at the other moms I nodded and smiled, clapping. "Yeah, baby!" He turned and started twerking, and I sat back, giggling, eyes wide, covering my mouth. Then, he turned and started thrusting his hard, unworldly cock at me, and I screamed, laughing and struggling not to reach out and grab it. He pulled his glasses down to the edge of his nose while he danced, and our eyes met. Omigod, he had such sexy green eyes! There was a gleam, an invitation and a promise. I squeezed my legs together, my mouth dropping open as I knew exactly what he had planned for me. I felt myself growing wet, my nipples hard, poking out the front of my dress. I wanted him to tear my dress off, throw me down and ravage me.

Once the striptease had ended, the girls switched to playing a new game. I saw him sneak his way upstairs, and being careful not to draw any attention to myself, I started to follow a little later. Someone grabbed my elbow, I turned to see Tara, "Going somewhere?"

"Oh. I, er, need to freshen up?"

"Oh, is that what we're calling it now? Go get him. I like the new you. Don't feel bad. You couldn't stop yourself now if you tried."

I sniffed the air, following the trail of his cologne and manly musk until I came to Tara's bedroom. I walked into the room. He was laying on the bed on his side, head propped on one hand, the length of his glistening body



stretched out for me to see. He had a smile on his face. He didn't have to say a word. I pounced.

I didn't even bother to take my dress off. I just climbed right onto that hunk, kissing him as he pawed at my body. I yanked the hem of my dress up over my hips, and felt his hard, calloused hands yank my panties down. I pressed the swell of my soft breasts against his hard, muscular chest. It was the first time, and the feeling of my chest flattening against him, my nipples on fire, made me moan.

He rolled us over, and he was on top now, looking down at me, smiling hungrily. I wasn't used to being on the bottom, and I tried to roll us back, but he held my body between his legs, easily resisting as I panted softly. He grabbed my knees and shoved them apart, forcing my legs open, my dress sliding up higher on my hips, and I felt so excited being all spread out like that presenting myself to him, my sandals digging into the mattress, knowing I was the one who'd made that man's dick so hard and slick.

I don't even know what came over me, but I slapped him across the face. He laughed some more, and when I tried to slap him again, he caught my wrist, then grabbed the other, pinning my little arms over my head as he leaned down and licked my cheek, then kissed me, hard, while I could feel his huge, stiff dick pressing against my soft, inner thigh. I'd never been dominated like that. Controlled, and it— well, it thrilled me. I loved feeling so powerless, so helpless under his strong, powerful man. "Take me," I whispered, grinding myself against him. "Please."

He didn't need anymore prompting than that. I felt him slip inside me, almost gentle the first time, and I spread my legs, spread them so wide my hips hurt, as he thrust and pulled, thrust and pulled, harder each time, harder and deeper. He was eager, desperate even, and I felt this insane

feminine pride that he needed me so badly, had to have me even as my own body lit up, nipples aching with pleasure as they bobbed on my chest, my inner walls of my pussy clenching and grabbing, so hot and wet and hungry to be penetrated.... Omigod... I went off like a roman candle at the same time he blew up inside me in hot, sticky ecstasy.

When he was done, he rolled off, cupped my cheek and gave me one more kiss. "Be good, doll," he said, and then strutted out. I figured I better get back down to the party. Cassie might miss me, wonder where I was. Shit. I had cheated on her, but maybe, I told myself, it didn't count since I'd done it with a guy? Plus, the potion?

I was pretty sure Cassie wouldn't give me a pass and going to the mirror I saw my lipstick was smeared, my hair a mess. I was leaking, sticky cum running down the side of my leg, so I wiped at it with Tara's black panties, then slipped them back on. I went to work, doing my best to clean up the lipstick smudges, to tidy up my mascara, to straighten and brush out my hair. I grabbed my boobs and squeezed them, perking them up before slipping into my bra, adjusting my breasts in the cups, tugging on the shoulder straps. Finally, I tugged on and tried to straighten my dress, which had gotten wrinkled. I thought I had done an okay job getting myself back together, but something told me that to the curious eyes of a woman, my fallen state would be obvious. I grabbed a bottle of Tara's perfume and sprayed, hoping to cover the smell of man I had all over me.

I noticed something, then. It was quiet. Very quiet. No sound of feminine chatter. No music. No sound. What? I crept down the stairs, worrying Cassie might realize I was a hussy. I couldn't see or hear anyone. "Hello?"

"We're in the living room," Tara called.

Walking into the living room, I saw Tara cleaning up empty cups, while a sullen teen-age boy sat on the couch playing on his phone. “What happened?”

“Oh, the girls headed off to a bar to play scavenger hunt. You should go. It’s fun.”

“I’m... er... satisfied,” I said, feeling a little creepy as the boy on the couch glanced at me, gave me a once over, let his eyes linger on my tits. “Did Cassie go?”

“Cassie’s right there,” Tara said, pointing to the kid.

“Wassup?” The boy said in a deadpan, emotionless voice, then he went back to whatever he was doing on his phone.

“What the hell?” I said.

“This is going to be so good for the two of you,” Tara explained. “I got the idea while you were upstairs *freshening up*. Hahaha. Isn’t she cute like that? It’s going to be great. Trust me.”

“Cassie? Are you okay with this?” I said.

“Whatever,” she said, sounding just like the teenage boy she appeared to be. “Can we go? This is boring.”

I looked at Tara. She shrugged, grinned. “Let’s go to the kitchen and talk.”

I followed her to the kitchen, confused. “How long am I, are we supposed to stay like this?”

“You’re so hot,” Tara said, toying with my hair, patting me on the cheek. “I just love you like this. I think you are going to stay as Caitlin. I can’t undo this perfection I’ve created.”

“I’m not staying a woman,” I said, starting to hyperventilate as I began to suspect what she planned. “And why did you turn Cassie into a boy?”

“You can’t really be a MILF if you’re not a mom,” Tara said. “You want some tea?”

“Will it turn me into a toad or something?” I said, crossing my arms, growing more and more furious with her.

Tara just laughed and got herself a bottle of tea. “This all turned out better than I could have hoped,” she said. “You’re so much like me it just—oh! And, why Cassie? Once I decided you need to stay Caitlin, as I said, you needed a child, and I am finding I really enjoy gender swaps, plus? My sister always did strike me as little boyish. It did feel a little strange, since I’d known her for her whole life and all, but it’s all so hot.”

“I don’t want to be a MILF,” I said.

“Oh, no?” Tara stretched her neck. “And if I told you I had another special tea in the fridge that would turn you back into a man, would you drink it right now?”

I started to say yes, but then my mind filled with memories of my time with the stripper, the way he’d shoved my legs apart, the feeling of him inside me while my breasts bounced with every thrust. “I.... Um.... maybe?”

“We,” Tara said with a wicked smile, “are going to have so much fun together.”

“Mom! Come on!” Cassie shouted from the next room.

“I’m having a conversation,” I shouted back, irritated.

“All you ever do is conversate,” Cassie said. “I’m hungry!”

“It’s converse,” I corrected her, “and—okay. I can’t deal with this right now.”

“We’ll talk later, Caitlin,” Tara said. “Call me!”

I looked at the skinny young man sitting on the couch. This was my wife? What the hell was I supposed to do with a teen-age— was she my son now? She'd called me Mom. Wait. I was a Mom?

“Let's go,” I said.

“Fuck, yes!” Cassie.

“Young man! Language!”

## Epilogue

“You must remember this, a kiss is but a kiss, a sigh is but a sigh....”

The older man at the grand piano at the front of the restaurant was crooning along, while the waitstaff bustled about.

“This place is really nice,” I said as the waiter held out my chair for me.

“And full of rich, horny men,” Tara said, scanning the room.

“You’re so bad.”

“You would know.”

The waiter, a young woman, smiled as she handed us wine lists and menus. “Do you need a sec?”

“A bottle of Leblanc 1980,” Tara said. “Chilled.”

“A very good choice.”

The waitress bustled off. I hated her a little for her young, flawless skin. “That’s really expensive. Isn’t Sam going to complain?”

We were both dressed to the nines— I’d worn a little red dress with a plunging neckline and a hem that came down half of my thighs, plus fuck me pumps with ribboned heels, and I’d done my face to let men know I was DTF— smokey eye shadow of deep purple and silver, wine red lips. Chandelier earrings sparkled in my ears, a gold bracelet flashed on my wrist. In that dress and those heels, I had a million-dollar ass and legs that just wouldn’t quit. I felt radiant, a goddess, my perfume trailing behind me as men’s eyes bugged out of their heads.

“Oh, we won’t be paying for anything tonight,” Tara said. “You’re gorgeous.”

“Omigod, thanks,” I said. “Not that I can get any attention at all with you sitting across from me.”

We both laughed. “I can’t believe you used to be my brother-in-law,” Tara said. “Such a typical guy, always talking in that flat, boring monotone. Now, you’re so feminine, and such a fun broad, plus those tits!”

“These did take some getting used to,” I admit, gesturing at my breasts. “I had no idea they would be so heavy. It’s been odd having these hips, too. Do you know I actually got stuck in a chair the other day?”

Tara nods and laughs. “It happens.”

“There’s so much more to worry about as a woman. My hair takes forever, I have to moisturize, and I’m always worried about breaking a nail.”

The waitress returned with our wine. Tara poured each of us a glass. “So, now that you’ve been a woman for a while and seen the clouds from both sides, which do you like better?”

“Oh, being a woman is so much better than being a man. I wouldn’t swap back for the world.”

“Let’s drink to that.” We lift our glasses and toast.

“It’s not that I really have a choice,” I say, musing. “Your little potion made me think like a woman, so naturally I now love getting my nails done even though part of me remembers always thinking it made no sense for women to be so obsessed with their fingernails.”

Tara chuckles. “Your nails are on point, girl.”

I hold them out. I am super proud of my nails. I keep them perfect at all times. “Cassie’s driving me a little crazy, though. He decided to call himself Colt, and he says it’s because of the “massive gun he’s packing.” He’s so surly and grumpy all the time, and the other day I walked in on him while he was jacking off into one of my good bathroom towels. Boys. Ugh. He reminds me so much of me at that age.”

“Men are disgusting, but we love them anyway, don’t we?”



I roll my eyes. “I’m still getting used to that. I mean, look at you in that little black dress. You’re gorgeous. I was always checking you out before, wondering what you were like in the sack.”

“And now?”

“Well, I don’t have to wonder what you’re like in the sack anymore, but nothing. No attraction at all. I find myself comparing myself to you, wondering which one of us has the better ass. I think of myself as a fellow woman, now. It’s so weird. Meanwhile, I think about men all the time. Are all women this horny, or was that your potion?”

“Women are horny,” Tara says. “If you could harness the energy of sexual frustration, you could power the world with the unfulfilled needs of



the suburban housewife.” She takes a sip of her wine, then gulps down the rest. “Speaking of which, and stay cool, but—Incoming.”

“Ladies,” a hot guy, maybe mid-thirties, corporate haircut, \$1000 watch on his wrist, said as he and his friend approached our table. “Would you mind settling a bet I just made with my friend here?”

“It would be a pleasure,” Tara said, idly toying with her hair.

“I bet my friend that you two gorgeous girls would love for us to join you for dinner tonight.”

“What do you think, Caitlin?” Tara asked.

I looked up at the handsome, studly men and smiled my prettiest smile, then held out my hand. “My name is Caitlin.” The guy took my hand in both of his, squeezing, holding it, controlling me as he stared into my eyes.

“The name’s Tim,” he said. “And you are the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

I giggled, feeling the tension building, my nipples getting hard, sharing a glance with Tara as the men sat.

I was living the MILF life now and loving it.

The End

