

The Mature Women's Sharehouse - Part 2

Commissioned Anonymously

By The SpiralledEye

Three young businessmen are mysteriously transformed into diverse MILFs and decide to move in together to adjust to their new lives.

~

Tyler

Morning light filtered through his new window and warmed Tyler's cheeks. He woke slowly, as always, no need for a harsh alarm anymore, he was free to wake at his leisure and laze in bed as long as he felt like. It was freeing and very, very comfortable; not that he let himself enjoy it.

Tyler took a deep breath, registering the extra weight on his chest and angle of his hips thanks to his new round ass. Even with his eyes still closed he could feel the long lashes slightly sticky with sleep.

"My name is Tyler." He whispered to himself as a reminder, "I am a man, I work in business training. I like coffee."

Only after he'd completed this little ritual did he allow himself to get up. Maybe today would be the day. He walked over to his closet, stripped out of his nightie and started to dress for the day; another conservative skirt and long sleeved shirt that hid away his delicious curves and there, on the top shelf, were his head coverings.

He kept telling himself it was silly, to just walk around without one, even if it was just to go to the shops but the idea of any man seeing his hair...it was just *wrong*. With a sigh of defeat he grabbed one of the coverings and carefully wrapped it around his head; hating how much more comfortable he felt with it on.

He opened the door to his new bedroom and headed down to the kitchen to make himself breakfast when somebody knocked on the door. Expecting a mailman or a door knocker he opened it only to come face to face with an olive skinned woman with the same dark, wavy hair as him.

“Hello, mother.”

Oh shit.

Tyler almost reeled as the memories slammed into him. He’d gotten married young, very young in fact and had her children almost immediately. The result was that despite only being in her mid forties, she had two adult children; Farah, her eldest, was in her twenties and apparently standing right in front of her; looking pissed.

“Farah, how lovely to see you darling.” He greeted awkwardly, “uh, would you like to come in?”

“Yes, actually.” She huffed, “Good to see you still have some manners.”

“That is no way to speak to your mother, young lady!”

“Well I wouldn’t if my mother hadn’t lost her mind!”

She stormed in and Tyler closed the door behind her. He could see Ethan and Marcus speaking out from the kitchen door frame like a pair of nosy nellies.

“You don’t call for a week and when I go to visit you to make sure everything is alright I find out you moved house without even *telling* us?”

Tyler pressed his lips into a thin line, this was so typical of his daughter. It was always his responsibility to keep in touch.

“You could have called me,” He pointed out. “Send a text, it only takes a moment.”

“Well why didn’t you call me then?” Farah crossed her arms, “Or Amir?”

“I’ve been busy.”

That and the fact that he wasn’t used to having children he was supposed to keep in contact with.

“Look, Farah, you know now so there is no point being dramatic about it.” He tried.

“Well, you’re lucky I am in a bind or I wouldn’t even be bothering.” She said dramatically and Tyler had to resist rolling his eyes.

Farah never appeared unless she needed something and had a habit of somehow making it sound like she was the one doing her mother a favour, not the other way around.

“I’m starting back at work and the day care can’t take Omar on Thursdays so I need you to watch him for me.”

Omar; her little boy. He was only one year old. He had tried to warn his daughter off getting pregnant young the same way he had; but of course she’d just accused him of trying to control her life. Despite his reservations though, Omar was beautiful and he loved his grandson dearly. Something Farah never failed to exploit. Still, she didn’t want to just roll over, especially when her daughter was using that tone with her.

“I do have a life, I might be busy on Thursdays.”

“Well, I hope you enjoy only seeing your grandson on holidays because I am very busy with work and can’t bring him for visits. Especially considering his grandmother didn’t even care enough to let us know she’d moved.”

Tyler rubbed at his temple; Farah was such a sweet little girl once upon a time. What had happened.

“Fine.”

Farah beamed, looking like a satisfied cat before she turned on her heels and headed for the door.

“Excellent, see you Thursday!”

She was gone before Tyler could get another word out. There was silence for a second before Marcus spoke.

“Wow.”

“She’s a serious piece of work.” Ethan added.

“I don’t know what happened.” Tyler shook his head. “Being raised in America, it’s the only thing I can think of. My husband and I tried our best to raise them to be good and devout but sometimes the culture is just too strong. Poor Hassan, if he were still around it would break his heart to see his daughter parading around with her hair out like that.”

“My Zoya would never dare speak to me like that.” Ethan said in shock.

“You have a daughter?”

“Yes, she’s at college!” Ethan beamed, “Full scholarship, such a bright girl. Unlike her dirtbag father. He didn’t even show up to her graduation, probably couldn’t read the invitation.”

Their eyes turned to Marcus and he shook his head.

“Sorry ladies, no partners here.”

Ethan whipped out his phone and scowled at it.

“What are you doing?” Marcus asked.

“Trying to call my daughter so I don’t cop an earful like Amira just did but I can’t find my contact’s list! Ugh, why are phones so complicated these days? What was wrong with a nice, simple landline?”

Tyler was about to agree with him when he realised; it had happened again. They’d all fallen into their female personas so completely that none of them had questioned Ethan suddenly not having even the most basic tech knowledge despite that being his entire personality up until the change.

“Ethan...do you have a computer?” Tyler asked, only for Ethan to ignore him.

“Ethan!”

“Oh yeah, that’s me.” He giggled, “Sorry, I got caught up trying to find this stupid message. Computer? No, why would...I...”

His voice trailed off for a moment before he shrugged.

“Oh yeah.”

“We’ve got to remember who we really are.” Tyler said seriously. “We can’t be falling into these roles. Now, I don’t know about you two but I am done being comfortable here. It’s time to do some research.”

He stormed into the kitchen and grabbed a banana before heading to the front door.

“I’m heading to the library, I am sure there will be some explanation for what’s happened in the science section.” He announced with more confidence than he actually felt.

The truth was he had no idea how to even begin fixing this but he had to try.

“Sorry, I can’t.” Marcus held up a hand, “I am due at the restaurant in an hour to start my shift.”

“That doesn’t matter!” Tyler argued, “that job isn’t real. We need to focus on getting your old job back. All our old jobs.”

“Well, I want to eat while in this body. So you’re on your own at least for today.” Marcus said, stubborn as always.

“I will join you later.” Ethan promised, “I just really have to send a message to my daughter and finish the cleaning, then I will be right with you.”

Tyler felt his blood boil; why were they not taking this seriously! With a frustrated huff he headed out the door, trying very hard to tear the headdress off in a show of defiance but barely managed to expose a single hair before tucking it back under the cloth in shame.

~

Ethan/Priya

It hadn't exactly been a lie; she really was struggling with her phone, she always did. And she did have a lot of cleaning to do; but the real truth was that she really didn't feel like going to the library trying to find out exactly how this change had happened. The last few days had been wonderful; no more early wake ups, no more stressful deadlines, no more people pleasing. It had been quite freeing. Not to mention her eyes had never felt better now that she wasn't staring at a screen all day.

It wasn't that she didn't want to change back or anything but Priya would be lying if she said she wasn't at least enjoying this a little bit. The moment she had opened that cupboard and seen the sheer amount of options she had for clothing she'd been hooked.

With a smile she lifted the final sari up into the cupboard and hung it with the rest. This house had far more storage space than her old apartment, her clothes had been practically spilling out of the shoebox she'd been forced to use. Her husband had always complained about the sheer amount of clothing she had and when they had finally divorced she had been excited to expand her options even more.

Priya had everything from modern western clothes to handmaid traditional Indian clothes and she loved them all. Especially bright colours. Today she had opted for a pink western dress with large hoop earrings but she was already planning tomorrow's ensemble.

Ethan's options had been so limited, she was enjoying having so much variety. So much so that she couldn't wait till tomorrow to try something new.

"Why the hell not?" She whispered to herself with a grin, lifting the sari right back off the rack. "I'm a grown woman, if I want to change outfits three times a day, who's going to stop me?"

With glee she stripped off the dress, taking the time to admire her new body. She'd teased Amira, or rather Tyler, for his slip about being into MILFs but she was starting to see why. The large curves, the huge breasts stretched by years of breastfeeding, the fuller faces; it had a certain appeal.

His lower lips warmed and she sighed; that was the only problem with this reality. She couldn't exactly pick up a chick in a bar with the same ease she could as Ethan. It should have surprised her that she was into women; at first Priya had assumed it was her male brain, her thoughts from Tyler. But then she looked through her own past, or rather the new memories she had been given and it turned out, she had never been straight.

Her marriage had always been doomed from the start; like so many arranged marriages. Her own mother had assured her that in time she would grow to love her husband and like a fool, she'd believed her. Even if he hadn't been a boorish, sexist pig she

could never have loved him. She preferred a partner who was more on the delicate, feminine side.

Just like herself.

She posed in front of the mirror, turning to admire her heavy, peach shaped ass when the door flung open and there was Mosi. Her mouth formed a perfect O and the shopping list fluttered from her fingers.

“Oh sorry!” She blushed. “I wanted to check if you needed anything from the store...”

Priya flushed in embarrassment at being caught acting so vain but then she noticed Mosi’s eyes. They were darting from the floor, up to Priya, then down again. The redness on her cheeks was far more than just embarrassment at the situation; more to the point, she wasn’t leaving.

“I don’t need anything...from the store.” Priya giggled.

Mosi made an odd sound that was half swallow half moan.

“Ummm...”

Priya laughed, she couldn't help it.

“Have I finally found something that can break that cool exterior?” Priya teased as she slowly strode over to the other woman.

Even walking was more fun in his body. She could feel her butt weighing down her hips as they swayed, and her breasts struggling against the tight bra. Priya stopped right in front of Mosi, smiling knowingly as the other woman looked anywhere but her half naked roommate.

“You know...we do need to bed in this new house. Maybe the same way we used to do back in college?”

“I don’t think we can hold a wild college party these days.” Mosi stammered. “Or get a bunch of hot women to party with us.”

“I don’t need a bunch of hot women, just one will do and luckily she’s standing right in front of me.”

Damn, she was smooth, no matter which body she was in.

“U-us? But wouldn’t that be weird?” Mosi asked, despite her words though, she hadn’t stepped back.

They were standing close enough that their busts were almost touching, Priya could feel the heat off her friend’s skin wafting onto her own.

“Come on.” Priya urged, wrapping her arms around Mosi’s neck. “It’s been a tense few days. Let’s blow off some steam together.”

Mosi’s lips quirked into a small smile which Priya took as permission. She pressed her lips to Mosi’s full, dark ones and sighed; so soft and beautiful; it was Heaven. Mosi’s hesitation evaporated in an instant and her arms were around Priya’s hips, gripping them tight and pulling the other woman to her.

Fingers fumbled and Priya expertly unbuttoned Mosi’s shirt while slipping her free hand into the other woman’s long skirt. She was wearing loose, large panties to suit her frame and Priya grinned against her lips. It was a nice change from the tight thongs Ethan had gotten used to in his partners.

With a mischievous grin she pulled back, giving Mosi a wink before dropping to her knees and dragging the woman’s long skirt and underwear down with her so that it pooled around their feet. Priya spent a moment admiring the pussy before her; the same dark colour as the rest of Mosi’s skin with a dark pink inner lip and neatly combed hair. After a moment of teasing she leaned forward and pressed her tongue between the folds and drank in the delicious sounds Mosi made in response.

It felt different, eating a woman out as a woman. Ethan had done it a few times, out of obligation more than anything but this was a first for Priya. Years of repression and denial melted away and she shivered in pleasure; this is what she should have been doing her whole life. Not sucking cock.

She swirled her tongue around the clit over and over again until Mosi shuddered and pussy juices dribbled down her legs. Priya pulled back, treasuring the feeling of those juices dribbling down her chin for just a moment before she wiped it away; her neat freak side beating out her newly embraced lesbianism.

“Wow.” Mosi groaned, “That was...somehow all new and familiar at once.”

“I think I understand what you mean.” Priya smiled.

“Now, I think it’s time I returned the favour.”

Mosi moved forward again and before Priya could even brace herself, there were fingers between her legs. Expert, trained fingers that knew exactly how a woman liked to be touched.

“Oh, Oh yes....” Priya could only cling to Mosi in shock, pressing their breasts together hard enough that she was sure Mosi could feel her nipples hardening.

She could feel the digits pushing up into her passage, nails scraping gently against the rough lining and eliciting the most lovely pleasure combined with the tiny sparks of pain that enhanced all the other sensations overwhelming her.

“Gods, yessssss!”

Priya couldn’t help it, she grabbed hold of Mosi’s breasts, enjoying the heft there as she bucked her hips back and forth, desperate for more friction. She fondled the breasts, earning a few more gasps from Mosi before the pleasure overwhelmed Priya at last.

“Ahhhhh!!”

Unlike Mosi, who had cum quietly, Priya let the whole neighbourhood know. When those fingers finally withdrew she couldn’t help but blush in embarrassment. She’d never made so much noise while orgasmsing before, in either life. For a moment the two women stayed quiet and awkwardness threatened to take hold but Mosi, in control as always, spoke up.

“Well, I don’t know about you, but I am feeling much more relaxed. Blowing off steam together was a good idea.”

“Yeah.” Priya swallowed, “We should do it more often.”

“...I wouldn’t be opposed to that.”

~

Tyler

Tyler pressed his lips into a thin line. The pile of books in front of him had given him nothing. He'd looked into everything from theoretical physics to wiccan and 'magic' tomes. They had both made about as much sense and frustratingly, not giving him a single clue as to how this had happened or how to fix it. That only left the computer lab, which like most public libraries was about ten years out of date.

The frustrating part about that though, was how it was easier for him to use. Computers these days were so...complicated. No matter how hard he focused on his old life as Tyler, where technology didn't present a single issue, he couldn't make using it feel intuitive again. It wasn't like he was forgetting his life, more like it was behind fogged glass; he could see it but harnessing all the finer details and skills was difficult. After an entire day, in which Ethan didn't bother to show up, he walked back to the house feeling frustrated and pent up.

He was in one of those moods where everything seemed to irritate him exponentially more than usual. The sound of his heels clicking was too loud, the sway of his hips too obscene and he couldn't help but feel he'd forgotten something important.

It came to him a moment later as he passed the park; several young, beautiful women were doing yoga together in the shade of the trees. He could see several young men on the fridges pretending to text while eyeing them off. That's who he used to be, that was who he was supposed to be. Not this middle aged woman.

His eyes lowered to the colourful yoga mats dotting the park and he realised what it was that had been itching at the back of his brain. That same strain of guilt he felt while trying to walk around without his headdress; he hadn't prayed since changing.

As a man he'd never been any form of religious but Amira clearly was, even if it was more out of habit than genuine belief. Being raised in a certain culture made it hard to unstick, even when you stopped believing.

He wrung his hands together; his stress levels were nearing a breaking point. And he had no work to funnel it into.

"Excuse me, ma'am, are you alright?"

Tyler barely held in a frightened jump as the blonde woman approached; she had a concerned smile on her face that put Tyler strangely at ease.

“I was wondering if I could borrow your mat for a moment, dear.” the words burst out before he could stop them. “I left my prayer mat and home and...well...”

His cheeks burned but the woman seemed unphased.

“Of course! I was just taking a break anyway!”

Tyler gave her a grateful smile and relaxed, kneeling down demurely to pray after adjusting the mat to face the correct direction. Instantly, he felt better. Or at the very least, less guilty. With a quiet word of thanks to his saviour Tyler began walking back home, torn between the embarrassment of what he'd just done and the relief it brought him.

The conflicting feelings followed him all the way home until he heard a scream coming from inside as he reached for the front door and panic seized him.

“Mosi!” he cried in concern, bursting inside and running up the stairs. “What happe-AGH!”

Mosi was spread eagle on the bed with Priya between her legs, another scream of ecstasy escaped before her eyes rolled back and she noticed they had an audience.

“Amira! Oh fuck I didn't hear you come in.”

Amira felt her cheeks go bright red at the sight of such sinful behaviour and slammed the door. If she had felt conflicted before she was in utter turmoil now; her two halves at war with one another. Amira was shocked and scandalised; but also busy trying to deny how arousing the sight of her two friends fucking was. While Tyler was battling with just how easy it had been to slip back into his other persona while trying not to get distracted with one of his biggest kinks being acted out right in front of him.

Was she Amira? Or Tyler? They didn't even feel like separate people anymore unless she focused, he focused? This was too confusing. She ran towards her room and slammed the door shut, twisting the lock with so much force it made her fingertips hurt.

She needed to be alone for a while.