

Wholesome Family (Multi TFTG, AR, AP)

By FoxFaceStories

An anonymous commission

A group of college roommates find themselves gradually transforming into an idealised family, courtesy of a strange omen concerning their residence. Rocker rebel-type Mark finds himself becoming more female and submissive, all while his girlfriend Hayley and his best friend David start becoming younger and quite different. And David's little sister, who has been crushing on Mark for a long time, finds herself thrust into the role of manly breadwinner of this new family . . .

Wholesome Family

Part 1: Terrible Trio

Mark rocked out on his electric guitar, while David smashed down upon the drums. The two best friends grinned at the sheer havoc they were creating, a cacophony of crazed sound emanating from the music room and blasting out the windows. No doubt one of their neighbours would kick up a fuss, but they weren't planning on playing for long. No, they planned to play *HARD*. Mark strummed his instrument expertly in a flourish, the radical tunes exploding out of the cheap speakers he'd picked up on sale. He kicked about 'on stage' before his hot girlfriend Hayley, and she blew him a kiss, pretending she was about to pull her top off and reveal her impressive chest. Much to David's disappointment as he played the drums, she didn't follow through.

It was enough for him to stop the performance.

"Tease!" he shouted. "I wanted to see *your* pair of drums!"

Hayley picked up a spare drumstick off the ground and tossed it at him. It hit the wall just above his head.

"In your dreams, loser! I'm a guitar groupie, remember?"

The three of them laughed in good fun, particularly as Hayley made a deliberately sexy fan pose before kissing Mark on the lips.

"Now you're just showing off!" David said.

"Get a fucking girlfriend then, you dickhead!" Mark replied, ribbing his friend.

"Oh, sure. I'll just go pick one up at the fucking store. Besides, you know I'm a one night stand fella. No single lady can resist *these* guns."

He flexed massive biceps, as he always did at every opportunity, and this only made the three of them laugh again.

“Any excuse to flex, huh?” Hayley said.

“When you’ve got muscles this good, you don’t need to flex. They’re *always* on display.”

David couldn’t miss an opportunity to boost his own joke.

BA-DUM TISH!

The other two rolled their eyes, and kissed again just to show off.

“Oh come on, that was clever!”

“Fucking genius,” Mark teased.

Mark, David, and Hayley had been best friends since early high school. The three of them had always been anti-authority types - Mark with his rocker vibe and foul mouth, David with his misbehaviour and fighting, and Hayley with her constant flaunting of the uniform code and disinterested behaviour. Soon, they had become known as the ‘Terrible Trio’ among the administration, and they quickly adopted the moniker, still carrying it with them now that they were all twenty two years old. They’d even ordered custom-made jackets with the phrase on the back. Sometimes they joked that they even looked like some sort of villainous group. They certainly had a good distinctive set of looks.

Mark had dark brown hair, a lithe but firm six foot build, and slightly pointed facial features that made him look a bit like a British punk rocker from the 80’s. He had a stud in one ear and another in his nose, and he liked to use product to make his short hair a bit wild and spiky. He always wore dark clothing with high collars.

David, on the other hand, was easily 6’3 in height, and was absolutely jacked. A constant gym-goer, he had loved fighting in high school, and practised boxing when he had time. He was blonde and blue-eyed and utterly huge. A neo-Nazi had once approached him to join their little group and he’d left the man a bloody pulp. After all, he liked to misbehave and fuck hot sluts, but he wasn’t an asshole. Certainly, the girls loved his appearance.

Lastly, there was Hayley. Even back in high school, everyone could see she would grow to be a beautiful woman. What they couldn’t have guessed was that she would become such a curvy and busty one. With her long mane of fiery red hair, and her emerald green eyes, she was one in a million, and she absolutely knew it. She enjoyed teasing men with her good looks, and loved to party. She detested people telling her what to do, which drew her to the wild child Mark.

And so, in time, Mark and Hayley had become friends with benefits, and then boyfriend and girlfriend, probably over a wild night of drinking and rocking out on the dance floor. As much as the two liked to go against the grain, they really did love each other. In fact, they loved each other so much that David had to occasionally bang on their door to tell them

to be quieter when they were fucking, because his room was right near theirs. Hayley just moaned louder to annoy him. David always got her back: as a massive bulky gym nut, he often flexed his muscles in increasingly obnoxious way, or grunted loudly when lifting weights.

All three were in college following a couple of partying gap years, but their antics continued, albeit more subdued. Normally this took the form of having parties at their place, going out on the town far too late into the morning, and rocking out even when a neighbour complained. Mark was studying music, naturally, though he often butted heads with some of his mentors, and was thinking of dropping out. David was doing sports science, though exactly what path he was taking was anybody's guess, including his own. When asked about his future career, he just said 'Hercules' and grinned. Hayley had transferred to nursing, something everyone knew because her social media always had selfies of her with the latest training equipment or complaining about a new exam.

None were compliant enough to ever want to join a stupid fraternity or sorority, and they valued their relationships too much. Unfortunately, rent being what it was, and their various low-paying retail jobs being what *they* were, meant that getting a shared apartment was a tough call. Which led to the fourth member of their group. The unofficial one.

"Oh, hey guys. I heard you were playing. Am - Am I interrupting something?"

Paige stepped into view, feeling a little awkward in the presence of the other three. She was the fourth wheel to their tricycle, but a necessary member. She was David's little sister, younger by two years but looking almost entirely unrelated due to their sheer size difference. In many ways, she was everything her brother was not. He was loud and boastful, she was shy and quiet. He was massive and muscular, she was petite and thin. He was 6'3, she was a mere 5'1. And while David was loud and boisterous and confident in matters of sex, Paige found it a difficult subject to broach, despite her secret crush on her brother's renegade friend. She was studying to be a psychologist, and was doing very well academically. But her confidence was not high. Her shrinking violet nature was even evident in her appearance: she had raven black hair that often formed a curtain over one or even both blue eyes, and she wore loose jackets and plaid skirts along with lift shoes to disguise how petite and thin she was. Her glasses finished the 'nerd look.' It was a source of much embarrassment for her that she was flat as a board, whereas Hayley had big ripe Double-D's always on display. It was something David teased her often about, which he did at that very moment.

"Hey there, shorty!" he declared. "Didn't hear you come in. But then again, a mouse would have more weight on his bones!"

"Stop teasing," Mark pitched in.

She blushed a little, perpetually embarrassed by her brother's comments.

“Sorry,” she mumbled.

Mark just shrugged. “No worries, Paige. You come to listen to the sweet music? We’re rocking the fucking world over here.”

“It sounds amazing, Mark. It - it really does. But there’s someone at the door. He wants to talk to us. Uh, to you guys, I guess.”

Hayley chuckled, crossing her arms beneath her full bust, which was on display in her tight white singlet.

“Looks like someone is finally complaining about you guys ‘rocking the world’, babe.”

She kissed Mark on the cheek, a little turned on by the idea of him causing havoc for the people that lived nearby. Paige briefly looked at Mark and Hayley together, and tried to avoid flushing red. She liked Hayley, she really did. But Mark had always been nice to her, even when David wasn’t. She couldn’t help but wish she was in Hayley’s shoes.

“Okay, let’s go sort this geezer out,” Mark said. He put the electric guitar down, switched off the speakers. “Who knows, maybe he’ll make things interesting and want a bit of a fucking dust up.”

“You’re not allowed to get a broken nose,” Hayley said. “Guys with broken noses aren’t hot. Remember that.”

He shrugged. “Hard to get a broken nose when we got this absolute bull here, built like a brick shithouse.”

David flexed, causing another collective groan, most loudly of all from Paige, who was subjected to his bragging of his strength more than anyone else.

“Don’t be jealous, little twig,” he said, winking. She wished she had the boldness to throw a drumstick at him like Hayley always did. Instead, she moved with the group to the front door, where an irate-looking middle-aged man was waiting. He had white hair and a tired-looking face.

“Can’t you kids keep it down in there? This is a friendly neighborhood! The noise you’re making could be a lot quieter. You’re scaring the dogs next door!”

David was about to say something, but Mark put a hand on his arm, gesturing that he would deal with this. He leaned against the doorway, looking aggravatingly *too* casual.

“Sir, are you telling me that I can’t do what I want in my own fucking home?”

The man scowled. “Of course not. I’m simply telling you that you should knock it off for the good of your neighbours.”

Mark seemed to consider this for a moment. “Our neighbours, hmm. Our neighbours . . . and you’re one of these neighbours, are you?”

“I could be,” the man replied. He was clearly banking on making a big entrance, and it was starting to fizzle already.

“Got you, got you. Well, I tell you what, Mr Neighbour. We’ll play our music as we’ve always been playing it, and you leave us alone, and we won’t have a wild party tonight that goes until 3am and brings the roof down. How about that?”

The man was about to erupt into fury, but Mark just put up his hands and laughed.

“I’m kidding, I’m fucking kidding! We’ll tone it down, dude. We like it loud, sure. We don’t want to piss people off.”

The man sighed. “Good. Thank you. I trust you’ll keep your word.”

“Oh, you can trust him,” Hayley pitched in. “Mark here doesn’t go in for bullshitting. Besides, we have other business to attend to, don’t we babe?”

She gave him a flirty smile, and he returned a quick air-smooch. It made Paige tingle a little, wishing she could be the recipient of his dashing confidence, his easy flirtations.

“Look, we like to practise our music and have a good time, but we’re all good college students,” he said, swaggering out the door to stand before the man. “But I tell you what, since I know you and the other neighbours are a little annoyed at some of the antics we get up to when we have our babies, how about this? We put a pin in our partying and yelling for a while - since sleep is more important, I think we can agree - but we can play our music around midday or so. That work?”

David smirked. He was strong with his fists, but Mark had that casual, easygoing savvy and charm that would make him a great rockstar if he ever took off. It was one of the reasons Hayley found him so attractive. He had a natural dominance that allowed him to turn the conversation around on anyone. It was obvious by the flustered man’s response that he hadn’t expected the conversation to go down this direction.

“Well, uh, sure. Yeah, that sounds fair, I suppose.”

“Shall we say, one month and then we can have a chat about renegotiating the deal? But no parties until then.”

The man nodded, and Mark grinned, placing a hand on his shoulder. “Fucking ace. Fantastic. You have a good day now.”

“Oh, uh, yes. Sure. Thank you. Um, it was good to talk.”

“That it was, mate. That it was.”

Mark shut the door in the fellow’s face, turned around, and bowed dramatically.

“The fucking master, everyone.”

There was a procession of claps, including from Paige.

“Yeah, but you gave up our parties,” Hayley said. But straight away Mark’s best friend was there to back him up.

“No, he didn’t, Hayley!” David said, giggling like he was anything but the enormous strongman he was. “Remember, this is our exam period. The only party will be on the first of next month, when it’s all over.”

“Holy shit,” Hayley said, pulling her buxom body against Mark. “My man is a fucking genius. You played him and he never realised.”

“Well, I’m a tricky fucker,” Mark said. “But he’s an alright dude. Easy to pull one over, but let’s not fuck him in the ass too hard. We’ll keep our racket to the appropriate times, and get drunk and fucked up elsewhere, huh?”

“*You* can get fucked up,” Hayley said. “I want to look cute and sexy in a nice dress.”

“You always look cute and sexy.”

“Not when I’m fucked up. You forgot, I may be one of the Terrible Trio, babe, but I’m still a total girly girl.”

The banter continued as they slowly moved back to the living room, the situation dealt with. Hayley was already discussing whether to go out on the town in her tight little red dress or her less revealing but very seductive black one, while David was just keen to get out there and meet some hot girls of his own to have some one night stands with. Mark was all tall and proud, strumming his guitar casually as Hayley laid across his lap. Paige, as usual, felt like the odd one out to the proceedings. She was invited by the group, but she felt like a tagalong, especially since she already knew that David would do his level best to intimidate any guy that so much as looked at her with interest, and try to ‘protect her.’ More like suffocate her, in her view. Still, she didn’t have a great deal of friends, mostly due to her inherent shyness, and she wanted to see Mark, even if he would be dancing up against the busty, gorgeously feminine Hayley, while she was simply alone.

The rest of the day passed until they were all getting ready. The group didn’t hit the usual places so many of the usual people went to. They liked to visit the more extreme, high-energy places. None of them were druggies, though Mark had been known to take a bit of speed every so often, but they liked a crowd that went a little more wild. It made things more interesting. Mark got his leather jacket on, David dressed in his usual button shirt which showed off his strong figure, while Hayley went with the red dress to match her hair, her large double-D’s almost falling out of it. And Paige? Well, she chose a dress also, a little yellow one that hugged her lack of figure, and made her feel all the more annoyingly girly for it. She didn’t want to be girly, she wanted to be *womanly*.

They were just heading out the door when Hayley gasped.

“Woah, what the hell!?”

There was a man in shadow, standing at the edge of their apartment’s front yard. He was wreathed in darkness, and seemed to wear an older garb, the kind that wouldn’t have been out of place a century ago.

“Lovely place you have here,” he said in a deep, sonorous voice.

“Thanks!” Mark exclaimed, stepping down confidently. “And who are you?”

“Oh, just a visitor. One who passes through, from time to time. Aha. I was talking to Mr Shelly about your behaviours in this house.”

“Ah, Mr Shelly,” Mark said. “Who the fuck is that? And can I ask, without being too rude, who the fuck are you, *really*?”

The figure grinned in shadow. “You can call me Mr Till, though I have had many other names. I’m the owner of that, you see. In a way, at least. I told Mr Shelly as such - that was the man you talked to earlier, though given your expression you clearly didn’t know his name. Well, I must say you are a different bunch than we normally get at 34 Tennyson Drive, but that is fine, that is fine. You’ll adjust. Yes, you certainly will.”

There was a strange chill to the man, as if he didn’t quite belong. As if he were out of place, almost not there. David warned a nervous Hayley and confused Paige back, and stepped off the rickety front porch to stand beside his best friend. Mark gave him a thankful nod, and the two stared off against this creepy stranger.

“Well, this is just fascinating,” David said.

“But it’s time you left,” Mark finished.

“Yes, yes I agree. I should be here at all, really. I suppose, in a way, I’m just fulfilling my function, to make sure the house is in good hands. That was its owner’s original wish upon her death, after all. She expressed a desire that it always be filled with loving families and laughing children, as it had been for much of her life. And that’s been the case ever since, even when those who didn’t match the description moved in. Things sort of . . . adjusted anyway. The house absorbed a fraction of her wants and desires, and so it has always ensured that it has good, wholesome families raised within it.”

Mark spluttered. “What the fuck are you even on about? Are you on drugs?”

“You’re creeping us out!” exclaimed Hayley, shivering from her position by the front doorway. “We’re just going to a party.”

The man nodded. “Yes, a party. Yes. Well, I do hope you enjoy it. Wholesome families are what this house wants, so partying may not be a possibility for some time. I just came to tell you, and to warn you that if you wish to avoid this circumstance, to move out tonight. The house has chosen, and once its effects begin they cannot be stopped. But if you do not heed me, then know that you will still all be very close. Just . . . changed.”

David had enough. He moved forward, balling his fists.

“Hey, freak! My sister lives here! You get the hell out of here right now, or I’ll fuck you up so badly you’ll be giving the police report through a damn jaw brace!”

The mysterious figure put up his hands. “Very well. But don’t say I didn’t warn you. The house wants its wholesome family, and it will get it. And it cannot abide troublemakers. I wish you the best of luck in your new lives to come.”

He turned, and began to walk away. David kept his fists up, ready.

“Yeah, you walk away, freak! My little sister lives here! My best friend’s girlfriend lives here! You come back and I’ll make you regret it.”

“Tell him David!” Paige shouted. She may not always like her brother and his constant teasing, but she had little doubt he would move heaven and earth to prevent her from coming to harm.

“Nicely done,” Mark said to him. “That was weird as shit.”

“Any idea what it was about?” Hayley said, approaching. She looked a little shaken, patting down her gorgeous red dress.

Mark just gave an easy smile her way, his eyes lingering on her perfect orbs. “No idea. Some weird shit about a house and a dead woman and a curse or some bullshit. I think he was just some methed up homeless dude. Should’ve given him a quarter, huh?”

She laughed, a bit calmed by his ease. That was Mark alright, always cool, always in control. He put his arm around her waist and pulled her in for a kiss. Paige turned away while the two lovers enjoyed one another for a moment. Mark savoured the taste of her breath, then parted from her.

“Better?” he said, winking.

“A lot.”

“Hey, no flirting in front of tiny, here,” David laughed. He was obviously referring to Paige. She just crossed her arms in annoyance.

“Let’s just get going and party already.”

Mark and Hayley shrugged. “I doubt he’ll come back,” Mark said. “But we’ll get him if he does. For now, let’s go hit the club. I want to party like it’s the fucking apocalypse.”

David hi-fived him. “Hell yeah.”

They got in the car they shared - Paige was already sighing at being nominated designated driver - and speeded off. None of them noticed the ever-so-slight glow in the house, like something had been awakened.

Like it was waiting for them to come back.

Part 2: The Changes Begin

It was a slow start the following day, and a late one at that. The ‘Terrible Trio’ had partied long and hard into the night, and had little regrets about doing so. Mark had taken some ecstasy, gotten a little fucked up on booze as well, and had partied so hard on the dance floor that it was a miracle he hadn’t dropped. Meanwhile, Hayley had sipped her girly drinks, laughed with her girlfriends, and finally mounted the stage to dance up against her boyfriend,

kissing him passionately on the floor. At a second club, he took to the stage, playing the guitar and drawing a miniature crowd, though Hayley always had his eye. David had scored well, and largely separated from the group. Not a dancer himself, he instead prowled the various tables, chatting up the hot girls with their nice big tits or hourglass shapes, and they certainly came out in droves for the tall, incredibly fit gym nut. By the time he'd managed to get a cab back to the apartment it was 6am, and he'd slept with three different women.

As for Paige, well, she had tried to keep up with it all. As the designated driver, she was meant to stay dry, but the sight of her crush dancing up against the far more beautiful Hayley was too much to bear. She wished she had the confidence of the other woman, or even Mark's dominating presence. As it was, she simply had to fend off a few boys herself, some of whom were far too insistent. In the end, she had resorted to drinking to cope with the disaster of it all, and soon she was as drunk off her mind as anyone. Drunk, but without a date. By the time they were all heading home, it was obvious they needed a cab. To her utter embarrassment, she actually puked in the girls' toilet just minutes before the vehicle arrived.

"W-wish I was s-stronger," she mumbled to herself.

More than that, she wished she'd taken a separate car from Mark and Hayley, who started tonguing one another so much that the driver had to warn them to knock it off until they got home. And when they did finally get there, the loud moans and groans coming from their room were hard to take. For Mark and Hayley it was heaven, of course. They were drunk, poorly coordinated, but certainly capable of fucking each other's brains out in a wonderfully drug and alcohol-fuelled frenzy of passion. The two of them finally fell asleep close to 4am in the morning, woken briefly only by David's arrival.

The whole house slept until it was past midday.

Paige was the first up. She rose from her bed feeling awful, the hangover from the previous night powerful and aching, but strangely different from what she was used to. She wasn't a huge drinker as a rule, but the few hangovers she had experienced came in the form of migraines and exhaustion and aversion to bright and loud stimuli. But as she trudged from the room to the kitchen to get herself a glass of water, she felt a series of aches in her body, particularly in her spine and legs. She grunted, and her tired voice must have been used too much the previous night, because it was too low to be normal.

"Must've been some night," she muttered. She reached up and got a glass, not even realising that the cupboard above used to be one she couldn't even reach.

Mark and Hayley were next. The two held each other, giving a light kiss and snuggling.

"That was some night," Mark grinned, his voice a little crackly. He winced at the hangover he had. "God fucking almighty, I feel sore. My nipples are killing me."

“Mine are all numb,” Hayley said, also clutching her head. “Fuck, I feel weird. My voice is all husky. God, what did we drink last night?”

“The whole fucking bar apparently,” Mark groaned, pulling himself out of bed, naked as the day he was born.

It was then that Hayley gasped. “Mark - you look all weird!”

He looked at her, similarly naked. “I look weird!? What the fuck happened to you!?”

By the time David was ripped from calm sleep by all the shouting, the house was in chaos. He was bereft of any hangover. Mark may have been the crazed rocker, but as a man of peak fitness, David had a much higher tolerance. As it was, he was only consumed by annoyance as he got dressed and moved to tackle whatever outburst was happening in the living space. His shirt was looser than usual, and his body felt weaker, less energetic, but that was easy to chalk up to the previous night of repeated lovemaking. That was, until he exited out to see what had happened to his friends.

Mark, Hayley, and Paige were in the living room, all talking over one another and trying to make sense of an issue that was obvious from the get go. All three looked . . . wrong. Mark was shorter, and he'd lost all his facial hair, with the face beneath being smoother than it should have been. He was shirtless, and his nipples were pinker and larger than any man's should have been. In contrast, Hayley was dressed in her casual panties and bra, and tears were running down her face in long, panicked rivers as she sobbed incomprehensibly. It was clear why: somehow, her hair was half its usual length, and her breasts were practically half the size of their regular Double-D amplexity. She was shorter as well by several inches, and her face looked a little more angular, having lost some of that feminine softness.

“The fuck? What the actual fuck?”

“David!” Paige cried, and David was shocked at his sister's lowered voice. It was then that he realised she was taller. She was meant to be a mere little 5'1, but she had to be at least 5'3 if not 5'4 or so! Her hair was shorter, and her shoulders broader, and her overall figure larger, as if she'd packed on muscle. “Paige, what's happened to you? What's happened to all of you?”

“The same fucking thing that's happened to us!” Mark whined, gesturing to him and his girl. “And the same thing that's happened to you, mate.”

David looked down at himself, and immediately realised exactly why his body felt weaker. Because it was. Because he was missing half his muscle. His arms were deflated,

his legs too, and his large pecs were now barely above those of a regular man who didn't even work out!

"Oh God! What the fuck? Is this is a dream?"

"No dream, buddy," Mark said, also comforting the crying Hayley. "This is real. It's a fucking *nightmare*."

"We've - we've all ch-changed," Hayley managed. "My b-boobs, my b-body! It's all wroooong!"

Paige was otherwise silent, blushing red in embarrassment. David realised in that moment that she was trying to say the obvious: how much he had shrunk. He was still taller than her, but far from 6'3 he was likely barely at the 6'0 line, and perhaps even under it.

"We don't know what's happened," Paige said. She paused a little dramatically, regarding the softer Mark and the more boyish-looking Hayley. "But we can guess."

Mark set his jaw. "The fucking shadow man that visited."

"The freaky one!" Hayley added, cradling her once-full breasts.

David punched into his hand, held it there. "That curse he mentioned . . . it's real?"

Mark gestured at the whole group. "What do you think? We need to figure out what the shit we even do next."

His words were followed by a long silence, interrupted only by Hayley's sobbing, as the changed individuals all looked from each other to themselves, panic rising in their chests.

Over the next couple of hours, the four renters were able to come down a bit from their hangovers, get showered and dressed, and have their breakfasts. Their altered bodies still required food and new clothing, but it made them all impatient as to what the actually hell was going on. As they took turns using the shower, they each took the opportunity to check over their bodies. To their horror, they soon realised the changes went further than they realised. Not only had their height, weight, and even parts of their build changed, but Hayley's breasts were not the only sexual organ that had changed. Both men were horrified to find that their dicks had shrunk a couple of inches, and their balls even reduced in size.

"Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck fuck FUCK!" Mark shouted. "This is insane. This is fuckin' insane, man. How can my dick be smaller!?"

He pulled his hands away from it; it was mighty sensitive. Instead he raised them to cup his slightly bloated chest and overly-large nipples. They were even more sensitive. They aches, practically demanding he rub them. Overwhelmed, he did so habitually, even as he dressed.

Somehow, David managed to be even more upset. His specimen was practically over nine inches long, and now it was a bare six.

“There’s got to be a cure. Got to be a cure. I’m meant to be a damn alpha male. I’m not going to have some smallcock syndrome! It’s no fair!”

He said the last line a little petulantly, like a child not getting his way, and as he did so his voice cracked again. The normally stoic tough man had tears beginning to pool around his eyes, and it took minutes to stop from crying, much to his shame.

Paige, meanwhile, found something very odd about the space between her thighs, as did Hayley. Both of their clits had swollen, Paige’s especially. It was over an inch long, and had bulged in girth as well. It grossed her out, but another deeper feeling was also present that she didn’t want to admit. An odd fascination with her distended clit, one that made her feel oddly . . . proud wasn’t quite the right word, but it wasn’t the wrong one either.

“What the hell is happening to me?” She looked in the mirror, and smiled for a moment. “At least I’m taller. David can’t make fun of me as much, especially since he’s shrunk.”

Hayley continued to sob. Her emotions felt out of control, almost petulant, like David was being. The loss of much of her prodigious bustline hit hard, as did the fact that her clit had become a grotesque appendage. The fact that its growth also felt strangely ‘right’ only made it all the more wrong.

“I’m, like, so not taking this!” she said weakly.

Each of them got dressed, and to their shared shock discovered that the clothing that had moments ago not fit them now did so perfectly. A maddened David tossed out all his clothing, and revealed that they had all shrunk to his new dimensions, just as Hayley’s bras were now all B-cups, and Mark’s shirts all a size smaller, his pants possessing a slightly wider space for his hips. Paige no longer had bras - whatever meagre A-cups she’d had were gone, but her shirts were now capable of fitting her broader shoulders. All of it was insane, and it left the group arguing and whining and venting their frustrations in a panic.

“It has to be that shadowed man!”

“Fucking obviously it is, but who was he?”

“He has to be a neighbourhood man!”

“Or someone who knew the asshole who visited us yesterday. He said he talked to him, didn’t he?”

“Fucking too right he did,” Mark spat. “He might at least know something. There’s no way this is a curse, but if he, I don’t know, gassed us or some shit, then we’ll beat the shit out of him.”

“Yeah,” David said, rallying from his earlier emotional state. “That’s something I know how to do.”

Mark and he smirked, the two best friends feeling fully in sync even despite the strange and unsettling circumstances. They were like minds, in that way.

“Marky,” Hayley said, “do you think there’s a chance that what he said was true, though? That this house is actually doing something to us?”

For a moment, a chill ran down the spine of all of them. It was Mark, as usual, that rallied as their dominant leader. “Not at all, babe. This is weird shit, but it’s got a chemical cause or whatever. I may play the electric like magic, but magic isn’t really real. No, this is some government shit or something. Or a weird prank by some creep. Either way, I’m getting to the fucking bottom of this.”

“I’m with you! No way am I letting you guys get hurt!” Paige said,, more readily than she would have normally, and with greater gusto as well. She blushed a little as the group looked at her funnily.

“Since when did you go out guns blazing, Tiny?” David asked. “Let your big bro handle this. I don’t want you getting hurt or something. We’ll take care of you.”

“I can take care of myself!”

“Really? Even bigger you’re still a little thing!”

Mark, oddly, felt a strange need to come to Paige’s defence that he’d never quite felt before. “Leave her alone, David,” he said. “She’s in charge. I mean, *I’m* in charge, but she’s right. None of us are getting hurt. We’re going to go door-to-door asking everyone about this, but we’ll split up into pairs, okay?”

They nodded approval.

“Right. Obviously, I’ll watch over little David and you Paige can watch over Hayley.”

Another series of nods . . . and then a ripple of confusion.

“Wait, what?” Hayley said. “Why not you and me, babe?”

He shrugged. “Just seemed to make sense, ya know? You stay in Paige’s sight, okay?”

She nodded, like a good girlfriend. “Will do, daddy.”

“Not as sexy as you think it sounds, but whatever.”

The two girls left. Paige and Mark exchanged a warm smile. Was there something about her that had changed? It didn’t make sense . . .

He shook the feeling off and turned to his best friend.

“Dave, you’re with me.”

“Of course, Mommy.”

Mark looked up at him like he was a maniac. “The hell did you just say?”

David frowned. “I said ‘of course, dude.’”

“Oh, uh, good. This shit is getting to me, man. I thought you called me something else, honey.”

David grinned. He hadn't even noticed what Mark had accidentally said, and evidently neither had he, but it made the gym nut feel strangely warm and gooey inside. They left to begin prowling the street.

No one had heard of the shadowy figure, not even Mr Shelly, who had visited them the previous day. They doorknocked like they were some Mormon missionaries and not a group of young adult rebels renting their own place. The neighbours greeted them with a mix of confusion and surprising kindness, something which rankled the edgy Mark and felt a little odd to Hayley, whose own flirtatious dress sense was often seen as a sour point among some of the older women around these parts.

There were other strange occurrences too. Despite the fact that they were boisterous best friends, Mark and David found themselves acting a little strange as they tried to figure out just who the hell had visited them and given the strange omen. For one, David kept reaching out to hold Mark's hand, only to relent before his friend could spot him. He also continued to ask him for directions.

"Where are we going? Why are we doing this?"

Mark just looked at him like he was an idiot. "Dude, stop acting like a baby. We're trying to figure out what the fuck happened to us. We're searching the neighbourhood."

David clutched his head. "Oh yeah. Sorry. I feel weirdly helpless at the moment, dude. Maybe I just need to get to the gym and bench press some shit."

But there was more, under the surface, and from Mark's side too. He continually kept an eye on David, as if he weren't capable of taking care of himself, and more than once he called the other man nicknames like 'sweetie' or 'honey.'

"Dude, why the hell are you calling me those things?" David asked, exasperated. "It's really weird. Like you're being gay or something."

"I'm not gay! I'm just responsible for my little one! I mean, my best friend. Fuck! This weird change is making me so f-f-freakin' stressed that I can't talk straight."

It was a convenient explanation, but he knew in his anxiety-ridden gut it wasn't the correct one. The fact that he was having trouble swearing as often as he always did was also bizarre.

Meanwhile, the girls of the group weren't fairing much better. Similar with Mark to David, Paige found herself always keeping Hayley in view, and even holding her hand as she led them to another door, another neighbour, another possible place the shadow man could have come from or be seen in a security camera. Each result turned up nothing, but

even as her excitement waned, she still felt a strange compulsion to keep her hand around Hayley's, and ensure she was heading in the right direction.

"This way dear."

"But I'm tired. I want to go back home."

"Nonsense, son. I - I'm sorry, I've - I've got no idea why I'm saying this!"

Hayley snapped out of it as well. She'd been feeling increasingly energetic, impulsive, and several times Paige had been forced to reprimand her a little to keep on track with what they were doing. But at that moment she realised something was wrong.

"Paige, why are we acting funny?"

"I have no idea, Hayley. We need to meet up with the others."

They regrouped back at the house, several hours wasted, and the late afternoon already upon them. Soon, dinner would be necessary. As usual, David voted for fast food, and Paige considered pizza a solid option as well. Mark agreed, but felt a brief compulsion to veto it. To make something.

"I've never cooked in my bloody life," he said to himself. "Why am I thinking I can start now?"

As they all had, he shook the feeling off.

"Maybe we shouldn't stay here, in the house?" Hayley put forward. "If what the man said was true . . ."

The thought made them all shudder. They had no idea what a 'wholesome family' would be like, but it certainly wasn't appealing to any of them, particularly the Terrible Trio. They turned to Mark, the decision-maker of the group, and David prepared to back him up on his decision. It was obvious they needed to leave, at least for one night.

"I think . . . I think . . ."

The group waited. Mark was trying to say the words. They needed to leave, why was it so hard to give the order? They had to leave just in case, but it was like an invisible force prevented him from even suggesting it.

It was Paige that spoke up. "We need to stay. This is our home, after all. Right?"

They all breathed a sigh of relief. Secretly, they had *all* felt that way. Sure, the apartment meant something to all of them, but at that very moment, it seemed like it meant something *more*. Something was indefinable, for now.

"Yeah," Mark said, wiping some sweat from his brow. "Good idea, honey - I mean, Paige."

Paige looked at him, the only one that had heard. The fear in her eyes was obvious, as was his. They all knew it.

Something was very wrong, and it was changing them.

Part 3: The Following Week

Over the next few days, things only took a turn for the stranger. Their changes proceeded apace, but nothing so radical as that first morning. Instead, it was much more insidious. Without even noticing visible alteration or transforming, their bodies were nevertheless still changing slowly yet implacably.

Dave continued to shrink, his features getting softer.

Mark continued to slim, and develop more of a chest.

Hayley likewise shortened, but her features became increasingly boyish.

Paige, in contrast, was the only one that grew, subtly but with certainty, her jaw becoming almost mannish.

They were physically changing, and it was not natural. There was no denying it now, and even Mark was forced to accept the possibility that it could well be the supernatural results of a long-dead woman's dying wish. That they were being altered in some strange, magical, terrifying way to become a 'wholesome family', whatever that meant. Certainly, each was beginning to feel odd little compulsions, some of which they didn't even recognise at first. Mark, who had always been a messy individual, occasionally found himself cleaning things up, only to stop in disgust. Paige, by contrast, was experiencing a flood of confidence she didn't know what to do with. She began doing less stereotypically 'girly' jobs around the house, and started putting out the trash, declogging the drains, even chopping some wood for the far-off winter. Hayley found herself feeling oddly curious about her boyfriend's videogame collection. The two had been having less sex, and though the act was enjoyable, there was something wrong about it at the same time. David's own sex drive was dropping catastrophically. He was eating softer foods, avoiding his protein shakes until he realised he relied on them, and seemed to seek others' opinions more and more before committing to an action.

All of them knew this was not them. Something was forcing them into new roles they couldn't quite define. Mark continued to scratch his budding chest, while the girls' bulging clits - particularly Paige's - were a constant source of unusual distraction. David fretted endlessly about his shrinking manhood.

None of them could stop it, and none of them were able to leave the building's presence. Oh, they could technically 'leave', of course. For college. For the local gym. Even to pick up groceries if need be. But their usual haunts: the clubs, the young bars, the skate park where Mark sometimes practised his other set of moves, were literally impossible to visit. It was almost *nauseating* to even try, and the second they set out to try and visit a

police station or investigator's office, instead they found themselves suddenly driving to a park, or visiting a family-friendly restaurant instead. Every attempt to go elsewhere at night, or to leave town and head out into the country, ending in them returning back to the rental. It didn't make sense: the driver (usually Mark but increasingly Paige showed an interest) just sort of fell into a cruise control motion of steering, while the other three didn't even notice they were suddenly returning to their home.

"Fucking hell, we're driving home again!" Mark proclaimed.

"We're driving?" Hayley snapped at her boyfriend. "You're the one doing the driving?"

"I'd like to see you do better, babe!"

But Hayley balked at the opportunity, despite wanting to try. Somehow, like with a number of things for all of them, it just didn't feel right. So instead she simply pouted petulantly in the passenger seat, while David and Paige in the back looked to each other in frustration and confusion.

"Maybe we can, like, camp outside or something?" David said. "Maybe the house is just affecting us if we're in it?"

It wasn't a bad idea, even if it had come from the resident meathead of the group. The four of them set to taking things out of the house, setting up a jury-rigged tent outside the rental. Some of the neighbours looked on quizzically. By the time they were done, Mark breathed a sigh of relief.

"Finally, everything's back in its proper place."

There was a long pause, and biting stab of realisation. They weren't outside. They were in the house. And they'd just spent forty minutes taking everything back in and making it look neater than ever.

"Shit!" David exclaimed. "We just moved it all back in!"

"And I helped," Paige said, marvelling at her arms. She was starting to realise she wasn't just taller and broader, but a lot stronger too. In fact, she had a growing need to test that strength, though how exactly she wasn't yet sure. That was, until David stormed out of the house.

"Screw this! If I have to stay here in this cursed house, I'm at least going to get back into my gym routine and get all this muscle back! If I fight this thing hard enough, it won't affect me. I damn well refuse to let it affect me."

Paige tried to stop him going, as did the others, but he was adamant. He bristled with fury and humiliation at the loss of his long-prided muscle, and the tingling in his groin only made him angrier. Mark managed to catch him at the door.

"Look dude, I get it. I'm gonna go play my guitar. Fucking drive this house wild if that's what it takes. But you take care, okay? I don't want you fucking off and then not coming back as my best friend anymore. I can't handle that."

It was an unusually sincere statement from Mark, but the feeling was genuine. He often found such sentiments difficult to emote, but it came easily. David nodded, placed a hand on the shoulder of his friend.

“You take care of my little sis, okay? I don’t care how much she’s bulked up magically, she’s still a helpless kid at heart.”

Paige, in the other room, overheard this. She went to her room and began to change, her new clothes fitting her larger figure perfectly. Hayley just stayed and pouted, got on her phone. She wanted Mark to pay some attention to her, but he needed his own space. It was important to let Mom have his own space, after all.

“You just stay here, kid,” he told her.

“Sure thing, Mom. I mean, Mark.”

He gave her a funny look, but went and got his electric guitar and hooked it up to play. Minutes later, he was interrupted by Paige, who was wearing a light top and workout shorts. Despite her still-smaller size, something had changed about her. She no longer hid one of her eyes behind a curtain of dark hair. In fact, she stared him straight in the eye.

“I can’t explain it, but I want to work out. I’m going to see my brother.”

It was almost a command, not a request. And she was an adult after all. Mark nodded.

“Of course, dear. Fuck! Why am I saying this shit - I mean of course, whatever.”

“It’s making us say weird stuff, isn’t it?” Paige asked.

For once, Mark didn’t have a witty, confident reply. He simply gave a sad smile of affirmation. “I can’t help it. I keep looking at you and . . .”

He trailed off, and there was a brief tension in the air, like something awkward was passing between them. Paige felt a sudden urge to hug Mark, to reassure him. That desire for him was still present, and she wasn’t sure whether to be thankful for that or not. Mark, on the other hand, who had never given his friend’s sister much thought, looked at her now in a light he couldn’t understand.

“You . . . you should probably go,” he mumbled.

David grunted in frustration. Not only was he struggling with his usual weights, and his set of reps, but he was actually in need of a spotter! It was worse than even his most sluggish days, and there was no denying his strength was being reduced. Things only got worse when he spotted, of all people, his formerly-tiny sister enter the gym.

“Paige? What the hell are you doing here?”

“I’m here to workout,” she said nonchalantly. “Is that okay?”

“Of course it’s not. Since when did you work out?”

She shrugged. “I guess since now. I have all this new strength, I just feel a need to use it, you know? Are you gonna be an asshole of a big brother, or are you gonna show me how the equipment all works?”

David was a little flustered. It was Paige alright. Even her current bluster had an edge of uncertainty around it. But she’d never been so direct with him before.

“Is this a compulsion? Is the house doing this?”

“I - I don’t know,” she admitted. “But I just want to, okay? Please, David. Just let me join in for a bit.”

He sighed, frustrated. This was a space away from others, and he didn’t want to spend ages helping his little sister with baby weights.

“Fine, but first I’ll teach you how to spot me, okay? I’m . . . having trouble with my usual load, and even this reduced one. I just need you to lift the weights into place if I can’t do it.”

Paige beamed, hugged him briefly. “Thanks, little one!”

“I’m the little one?” he asked, bewildered.

“Sorry, it was . . . another compulsion.”

Neither wanted to talk about it further, or what it might mean. Instead, David set to teaching her how to spot, and then later how to use the equipment. It was fascinating to Paige, and to her brother’s surprise she picked it all up easily. More than once he said something like “now you may need to lower the weight, because I might have set it higher than you can -”

Only for her to reply, “all good! It’s actually pretty manageable!”

To both their astonishment, her muscular development was beyond expectation. In fact, she was only a little weaker than David himself. He watched in awe as she bench pressed 160lbs. For a woman, that was astonishing, and even the average man could struggle with that. He himself was falling short of his usually extraordinary 215lbs, and was having to fall even below two hundred entirely at times. Soon, his frustration became clear.

“This isn’t fucking fair! How are you only forty pounds behind me? This shit doesn’t make sense!”

Paige just grinned, finally enjoying the tides turning. “What’s the problem, afraid you won’t be a ‘big’ brother anymore?”

He grit his teeth, embarrassed.

“I’m just saying,” she continued, that surge of confidence rising. “It might be soon that I end up a lot stronger than you, if this keeps going. Wouldn’t that be funny?”

“Stop it, it’s not funny. You’re meant to be the weak little one.”

“I guess you’d be the *new* Tiny, little baby.”

“I’m not a little baby!” he cried crabbyly. But his actions said otherwise. He huffed, pushed a weight aside, and stormed out of the building, not unlike a child. As he did so, his spine clicked, and he shrunk an inch in height. It only made him run faster.

Paige felt a little guilty, but that was soon overridden by her pleasure at the strength she had acquired. She flexed her right bicep, and her eyes widened at what she saw. It grew a little, expanding more than it should have when she flexed it. But more than that was something else.

Little hairs were sprouting across her arm, and getting longer and thicker.
More masculine.

Mark struggled to play his guitar. It wasn’t hopeless, but it was like his fingers were all over the show. They had become weirdly thin and dainty, like lady’s fingers, and were getting less calloused too. For over an hour, he tried to play all the greats. Metallica. ACDC. Jimi Hendrix. Led Zeppelin. He could carry the tune, but he just couldn’t carry it *well*. At his worst frustration, he wanted to just throw the guitar aside and not play it again, until he caught the pattern of these stray thoughts and swore.

“Fuck. Why am I even thinking this? I’m not giving up my fucking music!”

He placed the guitar gently aware and unplugged it, turning off the speakers.

“Just gotta get through this. No way am I changing further. I’ll just clean up this mess here and figure it out. You’re not winning, house, do you hear? Fuck you!”

He left and sat on the couch, where to his surprise Hayley was playing *BattleQuest*.

“I didn’t realise you were into videogames, honey,” he said.

“I’m not,” she replied, an obvious lie. “I just wanted to play. Just this once. Maybe for a few hours.”

Mark sighed. “Okay, so long as you don’t play *too* long. It’s not good for you.”

They exchanged a glance, realised what he had said. Even amongst all the stress it was too much to take seriously. They both burst out laughing.

“Oh, babe, that was just ridiculous!”

“I know!” he laughed, wiping away a tear that was partly from laughing, partly from his sheer emotional anxiety. “Can you imagine it? Me being fucking responsible!?”

He leaned in for a kiss, an embrace of romantic comfort.

And then the laughter ended as Hayley pulled away.

“Sorry,” she said, holding her arm and looking anywhere in the room but at him. “It just doesn’t feel . . . natural. Do you know what I mean?”

She turned her face to him, and for the first time he understood what she meant. Her features had changed in the past few days. Gone were the full lips and button nose, and even her cheekbones lacked their sensual grace. Her hair was messy, and shorter, and slightly greasy, like that of a teen boy's. In fact, she looked boyish. Like someone's son.

Like Mark's son.

"FUCK!"

He leapt off the couch, breathing heavily. It took him some moments to realise that Hayley was looking at him nervously, her eyes leaking tears once more.

"Now you understand," she said.

He didn't. Not yet. But he had a dreadful feeling he was about to.

Part 4: The Big Change

One week of excruciating awkwardness and fear had passed, and there was no sign their bodies were stopping. They continued to feel their odd compulsions, and all four of them occasionally referred to each other with odd nicknames. David was often called 'little baby' or 'honey', while Hayley was frustrated at occasionally being called 'kiddo' or 'son'. All of these comments came from Mark and Paige, who would apologise and become irritated at what they were saying. But even more humiliating was that they had started calling each other 'dear' and 'sweetie' and 'honey' and, in private moments with each other, sometimes 'sexy.' Both promised not to tell the others, especially Hayley.

Try as they might, they continued to slip into these weird little compulsions, and no attempt to truly escape the house succeeded. They could go anywhere they wanted, but attempting to drive or run or walk away simply failed. Even taxis didn't work as a way to escape the house's influence. Always they returned, and always they woke after a reluctant night's sleep to further changes.

It was after this week of slow-boil change that things really revved up. The four were at the table - they often ate together now rather than apart, for reasons that escaped them - and Mark was laying out his latest plan of escape with David's help. The latter was determined to avoid atrophying and shrinking any further. Hayley and Paige listened intently.

"Okay, so we got a new f-f-freaking plan," Mark said. "Public transportation. I can't believe we haven't f-f-freaking thought of it before. Shout out to our little baby for thinking of it."

"David," the other man said, biting his lip.

“David, sorry. Jesus, sorry man. Fuck. I mean frick. Look, the point is there’s a bus stop we can all get to, and it will take us on a predetermined path.”

Paige considered this. Normally she wouldn’t say a thing, especially against the man she still crushed hard on, but now she had to.

“Mark, it’s not going to work. Even if we bus across the state, we’ll just be compelled to return. You know this.”

But Hayley was on his side. “Well, I think it’s a great idea, Mom! I mean, babe!”

Mark grimaced, but ignored the comment. Everytime Hayley said something like that, and even David on occasion, it made his nipples tingle oddly. Already, the slight expanse of his chest was starting to look almost . . . feminine. He took a deep breath, tried to assume his former height, and gave his most confident smile.

“I’ve got a feeling everyone. This is gonna be - Nnghhh!!”

He doubled over. His body rippled with change, shrinking and softening. The others all saw it, Hayley in particular gasping as Mark groaned.

“NNghh! What’s f-freaking h-happening to m-meeee!?”

He couldn’t help himself. He grabbed at his chest as a pressure rose. His nipples hardened, flaring outwards to becoming thicker and longer and more and more feminine. They dented visibly against his shirt, followed by the stretching of that circular areola that surrounded each nipple.

“Oh G-God! It feels w-weird! It feels s-so f-freaking weird! Someone help! The h-house didn’t like what I was p-proposing!”

It was David that leapt into action, jumping off his seat and rounding the table to get to his friend. “MARK! Mark! Are you okay! Mark, I’m scared, buddy! I’m really scared!”

He held onto Mark, watching in shock as his friend’s face softened, his lips became fuller, and his eyelashes extended.

“Oh my God! You look like you’re turning into a woman!” Hayley said. “We need to call the police!”

“It hasn’t worked before,” reminded Paige.

“I don’t care! I’m - OHHHhh!!!”

Then it was Hayley’s turn. She doubled over as well, followed by Paige, and then David. All four of them groaned and whimpered as a series of changes, bigger and faster than they had yet felt, came over them. David whined, voice cracking higher.

“It’s h-happening to all of u-u-usssss!”

Paige stepped back, clutching herself. “I f-feel powerful! My muscles! Oh my gosh!”

Her body shuddered, spine adjusting as she grew a couple of inches taller. All of them were changing in different ways, and none were focused on anyone else but themselves. The changes were discomforting, all wrong, and made them whimper and beg

the cursed house to restore them. But even as they did so, the small urge to continue changing, to take on their 'right' role within this wholesome family, remained in the background.

Mark's features softened, his face becoming quite androgynous. His brown hair spilled down further past his ears, and it became less spiky and more a collection of cute, borderline feminine curls. His shoulders pulled in, becoming far thinner, and his waist also, though it gained an unexpected slight pudge around the belly. His ass expanded subtly but surely, all while his chest slowly inflated. There was no doubting it now: he was growing boobs. Small ones, but boobs all the same. He held them, grunting as his ribcage contracted, as his penis shrunk yet further, but his primary attention was upon his chest, which became a set of small but absolutely present A-cups just large enough to make noticeable pair of curves against his top, and jiggle slightly as he shook.

"I'm b-becoming a woman! Holy f-f-frick! Dorothy - David! - I'm becoming a woman! Paige, help me!"

Why he called out to Paige he didn't know, but Hayley was too busy to care anyway. She was also shrinking. She had always been proud of being 5'8, slightly taller than average for a woman, but not too tall next to a cute guy like Mark. She prided herself on her curves and delightful femininity, but now such things were shrinking away: literally. Her breast shrunk down to small A-cups, and her wide hips clicked inwards. Her hourglass figure became far more boyish, rectangular, and her fierce red hair reduced to become shorter than her own boyfriend's. A crack of her voice as she shrieked, and she was sounding more like a Scarlett Johansson husky-voiced type rather than her own sweet soprano. The bulge of her clit pressed outwards, making a dent against her panties that felt oddly sensitive. It hardened, causing her eyes to widen.

"Paige! How do I cover this up!?"

Paige looked at her, bemused. "How should I know, Harvey? I've got my owwwwn p-problems! EEurghg! AAHHH!!!"

Everyone heard her clothes rip as more muscle packed on. She now looked like a female athlete from the Olympics, not grotesque or a steroid-using bodybuilder type, but highly defined in the shoulders, arms, and calf muscles. She felt raw power surge through her form, bolstered by a rush of change between her thighs. Her clit bulged out further, swelling and extending and growing more than Hayley's had. A strange tug of skin ballooned behind it, and though she couldn't be sure, it really *felt* like her vaginal passage was tightening. Before she could think further on it, David whined.

"H-how can you b-be taller than me! This isn't faaaairrr! WAH!!!"

That did get everyone's attention, however briefly. David felt an immediate wave of shame wash over him at his strange, borderline infantile outburst.

“I - I didn’t mean to - NGGH!!”

He never got to explain, not that there was an explanation to give. Suddenly he experienced a greater change than anyone. His height shrunk, spine reducing length. Soon he was no longer six feet in height, not even close. He couldn’t have been taller than 5’6, less than the average male height, a height that his own damn sister had exceeded! Much of his musculature was wasted away. He still looked strong, but only slightly above average, whereas before he had been “absolutely jacked” as he loved to put it himself. His hair, not that there was much of it, thinned a little, and his jaw softened. His entire figure became smaller, proportioned a bit like that of an androgynous woman’s, a feeling that was only enhanced by the further withdrawal of his once massive cock.

“N-no! Not my dick! Mom! Dad! Help me!” He paused for a moment, getting control of himself. “Paige, I didn’t mean to call you . . . and Mark . . . fuck this! This is a goddamn nightmare! UGGHH!!”

The two best friends helped steady one another, and Paige managed to console Hayley as the changes wore down. The height differences were obvious already: Paige had gone from the shortest of the group by far to the tallest, standing around 5’9 now. David was now nearly the shortest, just behind Hayley, but he’d travelled a lot further down to get there. The four panted, regarding each other’s changes, unbelieving what had happened, and what they had called each other. Even as he clung to his best friend, the one he’d bantered about girls with, played sports with, played amateur concerts with, David felt more than just friendship as he clung to Mark.

He felt *safe*. Especially as he pressed his head against Mark’s slightly softened chest.

“H-holy shit, Mark,” he said. “You’re growing tits.”

“I’m growing a dick,” Paige said outright.

“M-me too,” Hayley pitched in.

David didn’t share what was happening between his legs, but a sympathetic look from Mark told him that he also knew the pain of what was occurring.

“I think we’re becoming a literal family,” Paige said. “I think . . . I think I’m becoming your dad, Hayley.”

The other woman gasped. “N-no! It’s impossible. Only . . . only I sometimes think of you like a dad. Lately, I mean.”

A chill ran down David’s spine, and Mark’s. “Are you becoming - holy fuck. Are you becoming my mom?”

Mark winced, particularly from the aching promise of future growth in his chest. “I think so. Shit! F-frick! Fuck! I think I am.”

But it was Paige that broke the strange news, piecing it all together. "I'm not just Hayley's dad," she said. "I'm - I can't believe I'm saying this. I'm my brother's dad now too. And Mark, you're becoming your girlfriend's mom as well. And *my* wife."

There was a long, protracted silence. For a moment, Paige felt the need to retreat to her formerly quiet, slightly shy ways. But she rallied, and it wasn't just the compulsions. She needed to make what was happening clear to all of them.

"It's like the man said. We're becoming a whole, wholesome family. With a little boy, and with what I'm afraid might be a little baby girl."

Mark's jaw dropped, his lips forming a silent curse. Hayley gasped. And David, in the worst timing ever, shamefully began to cry. Loudly.

There was no denying it now, not in the aftermath of the massive change that had made their trajectories so obvious. Mark and David felt overwhelmed by emotion, and Hayley too felt terrified and impatient about what to do. Paige, by contrast, didn't quite know what to think. She felt sorry for her friends, and had no desire to become a man, but the unspoken truth was that since the changes started she had become more confident and less under the thumb of her teasing big brother. All of them retreated into themselves for a bit, and the rest of the day was spent looking over their bodies and trying to calm down. David went to the gym and continued to struggle, while Paige joined him and found she was stronger yet again. Hayley sat bingeing TV shows and trying to ignore her occasionally throbbing clit, which was obviously becoming a cock. Mark cleaned up a little to calm himself, and eventually made them all a simple dinner. It didn't even bother him that he was acting like a group mother. They needed feeding and taking care of, and that was that.

The next day was filled with further malaise. Their changes had continued unabated, even if not as aggressively as the day before. No one mentioned plans to escape - David had gotten on an early bus as an attempt and simply found himself calling, a little scared, for someone to pick him up.

He'd only been a few blocks down the road.

Attempts to call their friends only made things more miserable. Some didn't even remember them, but their closest companions outside the Terrible Trio clearly had changed relationships. Mark was astonished to hear his fellow guitar player Rob call him 'Miss'. Hayley called one of her friends, who promptly asked if her 'parents were looking to hire her again?' She hung up before trying to find out what that meant.

A sort of dull melancholy had settled over the four of them, a resignation that the house was changing them, and that there was no stopping it. Which is not to say there

weren't trying to fight it, only that they recognised they were *losing*, and that they simply had to hold onto their own minds more than anything, since their bodies were obviously forfeit. They had to constantly correct what they called each other, though occasionally a future name slipped through: Paige sometimes called Mark 'May', and Mark in turn called her 'Patrick'. David, apparently, was 'Dorothy.' And Hayley, much to her disgust, was 'Harvey.' Old-fashioned names across the board, befitting what the original owner of the house would consider to be hallmarks of a whole and wholesome family.

It was Paige that realised another element of change around midday.

"I've gotten older," she said as they sat in the living room. "I didn't notice it among the other changes, but I *look* older. Like I'm in my late twenties."

"Mark does too," Hayley said miserably. "I look like I'm eighteen again." She folded her arms miserably and flopped back on the couch. "And I'm growing a fucking dick."

"Watch your language!" Mark snapped. Heads turned his way, and he clutched his own. "Goddamnit. Ignore me."

It was David that spoke next. "Paige, will you stop putting your hand there!"

Paige realised that she was adjusting her developing dick again. It was now several inches long, and in her exercise pants it presented a bit of a bulge.

"I can't help it! It feels weird, and it's only getting bigger!"

"Well, it's disgusting! I'm your big brother, I don't want to see it!"

She raised an eyebrow. "Oh, really? Sure you're not just jealous that soon mine will be bigger than yours? You *do* realise you're turning into a baby *girl* right?"

He shook with anger. "I am not!"

"You are!" she said.

He leapt to his feet. "I am fucking not turning into a baby!"

She stood as well. "Yes you are, David. You're turning into *my* baby! Weren't you listening to anything yesterday?"

"There is no universe in which my tiny little sister is somehow going to wind up as my own Dad! Tell her, Mom! I mean Mark!"

Mark rubbed his temples. He knew Paige was right, but he and David had always had a 'bros before hos' policy.

"No way indeed," he lied. "Just like I'm not becoming your Mom, dude. We'll find a way to break this curse."

"Exactly!"

"Good," Hayley said, "because I want you to be my boyfriend again, Mom - Mark. I don't want you as my mom. I don't want to grow a freakin' dick!"

The thought of having to switch genitals with his lover made Mark feel light-headed. "Right, I'm going to walk to the local store and do some shopping. I'm not going to stand

around and feel f-f-*fucking* useless. Yeah, still got the swearing. Anyone want to help with the groceries?"

"I'll come," Hayley replied.

"Cheers."

"I'm heading to the gym," David replied.

"I'll come to that."

He turned to Paige. "It's just me this time, little sis."

But she wasn't backing down. "I'm taller than you, and I want to go."

He was about to say something teasing, something spiteful. But he withered beneath the power of her almost *parental* stare. "Fine. But I'm driving."

"If you can reach the pedals," she teased."

The four of them split into their new pairings. But they couldn't escape the strong sensation that it was always important that Mark head one group, while Paige headed the other. After all, you couldn't let children run around by themselves, right? It just wasn't good parenting.

Part 5: Slipping Into New Roles

Days passed, and the changes continued. Mark continued to become ever more addicted to cleaning the house, and cleaning up after David and Hayley especially. It was more than a little embarrassing, but he felt the same sense of catharsis in having a tidy house as he once had in playing his music. He tried to be pragmatic and search for clues about the original owner of the house, the source of the curse, a miracle paper from a previous family that would give a clue on how to overcome it and save the day. But instead there was only laundry and litter and stains, which he was increasingly talented at dealing with. He mumbled and grumbled about it, but there was no denying he was starting to act like a good homemaker, particularly given that every so often he fell into the temptation of making everyone sandwiches, or a rice dinner, or even purchasing something a little more at the local store for a treat.

"Fucking humiliating," he told himself as he got dressed for the morning. Even the act of swearing had been an effort. "And I've changed again. God, these things are really growing."

He was referring, of course, to his budding breasts. Though they weren't so 'budding' anymore. In fact, they were now a firm pair of B-cups, the average size for many a woman, and his perfect pink nipples were completely feminine too. His dick had shrivelled to a tiny

little essence, and the churning below his intestines made him fearful that a new, rather womanly organ, was sprouting there as well. He gazed into his reflection, where a plain-faced woman stared back at him. In the right light, with the right expression, he could still look like a man. He certainly was still a bit androgynous. But between his wider hips and more petite shoulders, and his rounder thighs, there was no real denying how most others would take him.

“Mrs Maybel Johnston,” she said. “But that’s not right, is it? Paige and David’s last name is Howard. I’ll be Maybel *Howard*. Goddamn.”

It was a lot to take in. And so he spent much of the day simply checking in on everybody, doing what he could to lift moods, and making sure the house was spotless. The compulsion was too strong to ignore, and he was only barely managing to cling on to gender neutral clothes as it was. But a certain classical housewife dress in the cupboard, waist ribbon and all, kept calling to him. He managed to ignore it another day.

Meanwhile, Paige’s star was only rising. Her muscles continued to develop, and there was no denying that she had a penis now: her testicles had descended, and already swollen impressively. She had only had sex once as a woman, a sad fact that was a result of her big brother’s overprotectiveness and constant policing of who she dates, so it was wild to think that if she would be having sex in the future, it would be with that monster.

“It’s like five or six inches long already,” she marvelled as she dressed to go to the gym. “How long will it be by the end?”

Certainly, she hadn’t told anyone else, but she’d taken to playing with it a bit. It was *definitely* capable of getting erections, and just the night before, in the privacy of her bedroom, she’d actually managed to stroke herself into orgasm. It had been an astonishing experience, one that made her grunt and seize with pleasure, but the aftermath was embarrassing. She didn’t produce much, but what she had spurted out needed cleaning up. She was officially fully functional.

“I almost feel like doing it again,” she said with a slight rasp.

She coughed, but the problem wasn’t in her throat, but her once-more lowered voice. She sounded manly. Well, like a teen boy at least.

Paige had been getting stronger and stronger, her body easily 5’8 by that point, and rising further still. Her muscles ached with desire to grow yet more, and like Mark with his increasing housewifery, she found it difficult to not give in to those feelings. She wondered how she would support her future ‘wife’ if the changes were permanent. After all, none of them were able to go to their regular work with the changes, but her bank account (under the name Patrick Howard) noted an impressive regular salary. Initially, all of this made her quite self-conscious, especially with the penis growth, but she was slowly becoming less and less concerned about it all. This new life was sorting itself out. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad.

David thought just the opposite. He continued to go to the gym, desperate to regain what he had so dramatically lost, but it was clearly a fool's errand, and the equipment and weights were increasingly intimidating him. He was now 5'2, just one inch above his sister's original height, a fact that made him fume and blush with shame whenever he was reminded of it. His features were soft, girly, though oddly his hair hadn't grown at all like his best friend's had. It was undeniable he was becoming female, particularly given that his testes were now basically just a bit of loose skin, his penis barely existent. He'd broached the subject awkwardly with Mark, and the two had taken to hugging one another and having a good cry. It was like a more feminine version of their old 'bro conversations', as they called them. But now, instead of drinking beer like they wanted, David drank milk. He was addicted to it for some reason.

Working out was once his refuge, but now Paige was always there, lifting weights that were closer and closer to his old achievements, in reps that were just as impressive. Worse, that - that *bulge* was always there in her tight workout shorts, getting larger everyday. It filled him with jealousy, especially given that she obviously wasn't covering it up much anymore. In fact, several times he'd seen her smile, silently boastful about her package.

It made him furious enough after several days that he got on the bench press and tried to load up too much weight. He was determined not to let this curse or 'blessing' or whatever it was win. He was going to get his body back, dammit! And to his immense surprise and joy, he did in fact manage to lift the weights.

For just a few seconds.

And then everything went wrong. He lost control. His muscles couldn't take it, and he couldn't get it back on the slot. He was helpless as the weight bar came down to his neck, and his oxygen was briefly cut off, sending his body into a panic.

It was Paige who strode over like some kind of Hercules, grabbing the bar easily and hoisting it back into place.

"Dorothy? Dorothy? Are you okay?"

"M-my name's D-Dave," he muttered, tears forming in his eyes.

"I don't care what you want to be called, you could have killed yourself!"

He wept again, the words difficult to form. "Mah-mah muscles!" he whined, in a babyish voice. It cracked up an octave, sounded no longer just girly but pubescent, if not prepubescent! "I'm m-meant to have mah muscles!"

"But you don't!" she snapped, her voice dropping to become low and authoritative, and it's time you accept that you may never have them again. "I'm forbidding you from coming to the gym from now on, little one. It's too dangerous, and you need someone to take care of you. Got it?"

David sulked, but obeyed. He let Paige drive him home.

Hayley was struggling less than perhaps Mark or David was, but she certainly wasn't feeling a rush of power like Paige was experiencing. Her curves were rapidly disappearing as her dick came in. She didn't want to touch it, not like Paige did. On those occasional mornings when she woke to a full erection, she would give a light squeal and run to have a cold shower. But while it was no match for Paige's package, it was still growing bigger, and it was getting harder to ignore. Her breasts were practically nonexistent, and her hourglass shape was entirely gone. Despite her continual shaving, her legs and arms and even part of her chest became hairier just minutes after, and soon she was giving up entirely on maintaining her once-hairless form. She still styled her hair, but it now barely went past her ears.

But there was another change, one she only noticed when she went for a morning walk. She had always enjoyed those walks - when she wasn't hungover of course - particularly since it was important to maintain her once-stunning ass. But just the other day she passed a woman jogging in the other direction. She looked nearly as lovely as Hayley had, with vibrant red hair and ample C-cups in a sports bra. She was transfixed by the sight of this gorgeous redhead, and for the rest of the day the sight of those bouncing breasts and that gorgeous, smiling face as she passed stayed with Hayley.

The next day, she passed her again, and the woman gave a wave and said "Hey there!"

Hayley blushed deeply. Her dick became firmer, harder. Erect. She couldn't resist looking around to stare at the woman's behind. It was firm and ripe, and it made the transforming former female blush with arousal.

"Oh f-fuck. I'm becoming gay. Or straight. Or whatever!"

By lunch, the need for release was unbearable. Her dick got hard at the smallest of things, and the mental image of that woman continued to rise up in her mind. Finally, she took her laptop, retreating to her and Mark's room.

"Just one little look. Just a little bit."

She quickly Googled *Hot Redhead*. The results were immediate, especially when she found images of a gorgeous, busty Instagram model with breasts that were even larger than her original pair. It was sickening to find herself attracted to the kind of hot woman she used to be, but her dick sprang up hard anyway. Slowly, she lowered a hand and began to stroke it, gently teasing it.

It didn't take long for those gentle teases to become full blown masturbatory strokes, as her anticipation built and built.

"F-fuck! Fuck yeah! Ohhhh, yeahh!"

She sounded like a horny male teenager. She practically was one, only not truly. Yet. She clicked on a photo of the model that had her in a tight bra that emphasised her

cleavage, and it sent Hayley over the edge. She climaxed, and suddenly she was spurting sticky white jizz all over the place.

Before she was even finished, the door opened and Mark walked in with a laundry basket at his widened hip.

“Hey Hayley, do you have any - oh dear Lord!”

“Mom!”

“Gross! What on God’s green earth are you doing?”

“What are you even doing h- ahh!”

One final spurt that they both saw. The climax ended, having come in one big rush rather than a series of them. She gasped as Mark retreated, utterly embarrassed.

“I didn’t realise - I’ll come back later!”

Mark slammed the door shut, the excruciating nature of the moment dragging out as if it had all happened in slow motion.

“Knock next time!” Harvey screamed. He looked over the mess he’d made, suddenly aware that his ‘mom’ had seen it all.

“Oh God, what the fuck is wrong with me?”

David and Mark sat on the porch of the house, neither drinking the beers they had gotten for themselves. Every time David went to drink, he simply couldn’t, and Mark stopped him anyway. And when Mark went to drink, something seized in his chest. So instead they had a second fluid available: a full glass of warmed milk for David, who drank it greedily, and a simple soda for Mark. A sweet one. He’d never liked sweet, but now he was obsessed.

“Dude, what’s gonna happen to our friendship?” David finally asked. He was trying to keep his emotions in check, but that very morning he’d woken to find that he no longer had a penis at all. Just a tunnel, with all the external features of a vagina. Some probing had confirmed that Mark was the same, though neither had touched their new equipment yet.

“I don’t know, honey,” Mark said. He brushed his hairless, soft arm. “I’m apparently going to be your mommy. It’s so f-freakin’ weird.”

“Huh. You always were the group leader, mommy. Now you’re going to literally be the group mom.”

They both gave a sad chuckle at that notion. Mark cupped his now-C cup breasts, feeling their fullness in his bra. He’d required Hayley and Paige’s help with that, but now putting it on came much more naturally. He couldn’t resist wearing them anymore, particularly since the support was necessary. The soreness in them continued, hinting at yet further growth. He was resigned to yet another cup-size increase in the future. The fact that

his hips were positively womanly, like those of a woman who had given birth, only embarrassed him further.

“There has to be a way to go back,” Mark said. “I want to be a rockstar again. Well, not a star, but to be able to play again. Pick up chicks.”

David went glum at that. “I can’t - I can’t even find chicks hot anymore, Mommy.”

Mark didn’t point out what he’d just called him. Neither did these days, or else they’d never stop. “Me either.”

“I’ve seen how you look at Daddy. At my little sister.”

Mark’s rosier cheeks blushed. It was true. As Paige increasingly became Patrick, this tall, dark-haired, handsome man, it was becoming harder to keep his eyes off her. Now that he had an actual pussy, he’d actually felt it tingle a little in her presence.

“I - I don’t know what you’re talking about, dude.”

David scoffed and drank some more of that delicious milk. God, it was good. “C’mon, dude. You may be becoming my Mom, but you’re still the same idiot friend who bought a heap of illegal fireworks and convinced me to fire it into the neighbours yard when we were only fourteen.”

Mark broke out into laughter, and so did Dave. For just a moment, they felt like ordinary friends again.

“Your sis is pretty hot now,” Mark said.

“Dude!”

They laughed again.

“I can’t help it! She’s got all those fucking muscles!”

“Well, you’re becoming pretty hot, not that I’m attracted to it anymore. You got that real MILF thing starting to spring up.”

Mark smiled at the compliment. His hair was now past his shoulders, and had turned a honey-blonde slowly. While he still had residual babyfat - presumably because David would one day be an actual baby, something neither of them talked much about - he was still looking quite fine. To his embarrassment, his ass had ballooned dramatically. And while he was in a shirt and jeans still, the more traditional dresses still called to him.

“Damn, I guess I do,” he chuckled, drinking some soda. “I even sound like one, now.”

“Meanwhile, I look like I’m twelve years old.”

“C’mon, more like fourteen.”

David shook his head. After the incident with the weights, he’d only continued to shrink. His voice was high, his figure girlish, and increasingly he looked to his ‘Mom’ for advice and guidance, feeling more and more helpless. Just thinking on it made his voice warbles, his eyes tear up a little.

“I’m gonna b-be a fucking b-baby,” he whined.

"You're not. We'll - we'll find a way to beat it."

"Daddy doesn't think so. She thinks -"

"Patrick is getting more a benefit than f-f-freakin' anyone! Just because she's hot now doesn't mean I'm going to be his submissive wife, or you our baby. I mean, c'mon dude. Becoming your own sister's kid, that's too weird!"

"Yeah," David said sadly. "Too weird. I'm gonna go to my room for a while."

He rose, trudged away. Mark felt a brief compulsion to follow him, but decided it was best to leave him alone, even if it didn't feel right. Perhaps he was just going for a snooze. His friend was having more of those lately.

But David wasn't going to sleep, he was going to take a last resort. Since the big change had afflicted them, they had stopped trying to find ways to escape the house. Even their searches of it, including the attic, turned up nothing. But there was one method that only the most desperate individual would consider. Carefully, standing on his tippy toes to reach them, he took a book of matches from the high draw near the living room. Hayley was playing videogames, looking more and more like a teen boy, and Paige/Patrick/Dad was in his room.

"I have to do it," he mumbled. "I have to."

He chose his room. It had changed as he had changed. Gone were the posters of sexy women, and the various trophy medals from his time in football and in weightlifting comps. Now it was cute and flowery, with pink walls. Toys were starting to appear on the floor, plush and colourful. It was becoming more and more like a young toddler's room.

"It has to s-stop," he said, voice turning to a whine. "I won' let it cont - cont - keep going!"

He struck the match, and lit the curtain. It took longer than expected, but soon the flames rose higher and higher, hotter and hotter.

"Pretty," he marvelled, like the child he was becoming.

It didn't take long for the smoke alarms to start going, by which point he was out of the room and it was entirely aflame.

The other three came rushing in.

"Honey, no!" Paige shouted, pulling David easily aside.

Mark squealed, embarrassed by his fearful reaction. Hayley just stepped back in shock. "Holy shit!"

"I'm bwurning it all down!" David said, slipping into his compulsive babytalk. "It's the only way to save us!"

For just a moment, something akin to understanding passed between them all. This could actually be *it*. You couldn't have a wholesome family living in a house if the house wasn't there, right?

But then the impossible happened: the flames began to die down all of their own, and even retreat. The curtain's blackened, ashen matter knitted back together, and the spreading flames that had expanded elsewhere, along with the accompanying smoke, contracted back to the ignition point like a videotape in reverse.

Finally, a single match fell to the ground, unlit.

"Holy shit," Hayley repeated. "Mom, did you see that!"

"Watch your language, young man!"

The two winced, the interaction had come so naturally. But the set of 'parents' turned back to David, who was staring in hopeless horror at the now-unstruck match.

"It didn't work. It didn't woookk!"

He began to cry. Both Paige and Mark rushed to him, holding him close as if by instinct. "No, don't hug me! I'm not a bwaby!"

Only he was wrong on that point. Because once more he felt a sudden clenching in his gut that signalled another 'correction' by the house.

"N-no! Noooo! It's not fwair!"

But the supernatural forces of the home's desires were upon him, and though he managed to break free from the older forms of his former friends, he couldn't escape their astonished gazes as he shrank yet further. Right before their eyes he de-aged, his bones contracting, his voice becoming younger, his eyes brighter. He shrank right into his clothes, which did not adjust with him, instead serving only to demonstrate his regression in time.

"N-nooooo! Don't wanna be young! Wanna be old! No fair! NO FAIR!"

He wailed, and though his mind was still his, the developed parts of his brain were also reduced, causing his reasoning to go further out of the window, along with his emotional task management. It left him with all his memories, all his knowledge of who he should be, but a shrinking vocabulary to communicate that.

"Oh my," Mark said, almost like a 1950s housewife, "he's becoming a toddler."

It was true. The last changes came over David, and the humiliated former gym bro was left looking no older than perhaps three. Perhaps younger. With Paige and Mark's help, he was freed from his clothing, but it was now obvious he was fully female, and his changes were likely almost finished. At least, Mark hoped his friend's changes were done. Because right now he was still capable of speech.

"Not fair! Make me man again! Make me man again! Don' wanna lose friends!"

"I'm so sorry, buddy," Mark whispered, holding him close. That tingle in his chest began again, but he ignored it. "I'm so sorry. We'll be here for you. I promise we're still best friends, right? We're still friends. We're just . . . changed. We can find a way past this."

But his words weren't convincing.

They now had a toddler on their hands.

Part 6: Rearrangements

With David now stuck as a three year old girl, and Hayley increasingly becoming a slightly-bratty teen boy, it was left to Paige and Mark to organise the house and consider what to do next. Despite Mark's love for his former girlfriend, it was impossible to see Hayley/Harvey in a sexual manner. The love was still there, but it had shifted to a maternal love now. The decision was not a nice one, but it needed making. Even Mark recognised that, particularly after a second 'walking in on Harvey/Hayley' incident, with her masturbating to an overly-endowed woman, much to their shared embarrassment. The fact that Harvey was not very good at cleaning up afterwards had spurred perhaps the single most awkward talk in existence, one in which Maybel gave some friendly advice from 'someone who's been there.' Harvey, predictably, had been appalled.

"MOM! I don't need to hear this! God, you're so embarrassing!"

Patrick simply smirked a little at the news. "It's just natural for a boy his age. Don't worry, dear. Give him space. You would have asked the same of your mom, right?"

She sighed, defeated. But not for too long. After all, it was the impetus for the next major decision, one Patrick did approve. One she *needed* him to approve, in her newly submissive way.

They needed to rearrange rooms.

Hayley was distraught. "B-but it's our room, Mom! It's not fair!"

"I know, sweetie. You're still my . . . well, I still f-fricking love you, okay? But until we find a way to change back, we might have to ride this out. And it's hard not to see you as my son. Patrick, help me out here."

The new head of the household folded his arms. More than anyone, *he* was accepting his new identity. "Your mother is right, Harvey. Things are changing, and for now we have to accept them. We all have our compulsions. I know you find it really weird to share a bed with your mother, even if she was your boyfriend. But right now we need that space. You can have my old room."

Harvey got up, stomped out of the room. "That's the smallest one! This is shit!"

"Watch the language!" both 'parents' called. They shared a slight glance of embarrassment. With one becoming much more masculine and the other much more feminine, it was getting harder to not appreciate one another's forms, especially since they were now clearly in their early thirties.

David, however, was another matter. With his regression, he'd only gotten more crabby, demanding, and emotional. He couldn't be trusted fully to have his own room again, at least not with precautions, and both new parents were feeling a stronger bond towards his welfare. For Patrick, it was still utterly alien to think that his own big brother who had always teased him for being small, always been overprotective, was now a little infant girl, Patrick's own daughter. Even wilder to think that the relationship she'd always wanted with Mark had finally happened . . . only now that Mark was a woman.

"Maybel," she said to him while David was snoozing on his bed, overworked from complaining. "Why don't you wear a dress?"

Mark blushed. "I'm not - my name is Mark."

"Does it feel right to be called Mark?"

Maybel shook her head. "N-not really. No. But it's who I am."

"I get it. But we can't fight it, or we'll be changed further, remember? Do you feel a need to wear a dress?"

"I do. God, I do Patrick. That's why I'm f-f-*fuckin*g fighting it. Because I'm not meant to be this. I don't want to be this submissive, perfect wife to you, honey. It's all wrong!"

But Patrick comforted her. "Would it be so bad?" he asked, holding her. "You're a woman now, and I'm a man. We're attracted to each other, and you look beautiful."

She smiled against her will, cheeks getting a little rosier. She was well aware she was looking more and more beautiful with each passing day, her figure taking on a mature hourglass, with just a little baby fat still on her cheeks and upon her waist. Her belly was a little poochier, but with her full chest and wide hips, she had a womanliness that Patrick found utterly intoxicating.

"You really think so?"

"I do. I won't lie, May, I was always attracted to you. I crushed on you hard when you were this dashing, renegade punk rocker, but I don't know if it's the house or all this new testosterone, or simply still just me inside, but I really do think you're still gorgeous. I still want you."

It was news to Mark. To Maybel. "You wanted me before?"

"But you had Hayley, and I didn't stick out. But I think I stick out now, don't you?"

Maybel gulped. He certainly did. Images of a large, hard prick entered her mind, making her pussy flush with heat.

"I'll put on the dress," she mumbled, extricating herself quickly. She couldn't believe how close she had come to actually kissing her best friend's little sister. Only he wasn't little now: he was 6'2, with an impressive stature. Not overly muscled like David had been, but instead the kind of body that would fill out a suit in a deeply sexy manner. She moaned a little, just imagining it.

“No, just wear the damn dress. A dress, then a family meeting once David wakes!”

Slowly, she removed the gender-neutral articles of clothing she had taken comfort and shelter in. They had been like a protective layer for the former male, acting as a barrier against her own changed body. Now, before the full length mirror in her room, her true figure was revealed. She stood there in just her underwear and bra, her ample breasts forming a delightful line of cleavage that elicited a reluctant smile from her. She really was quite pretty, and though the small pooch of her belly made her feel oddly self-conscious, she looked forward to the day she might shed it. She giggled nervously, aware she was standing on the threshold of further femininity. One of the last thresholds, in fact.

“Okay, it’s not too much. It’s just a dress, right?”

She gazed over the rack that now held a row of them for her, and found one she liked. It was navy blue, with cute white spots in a quite 50’s style, albeit one that would hug her figure more suggestively. Slowly, with a care that was almost religiously reverent in nature, she slipped on the dress. With just a few adjustments, it fit her perfectly, pulling tight around the bust and giving her a trimmer waist than she actually had. The dress flowed around her legs like gentle waves upon her skin. Like caresses. It felt so right.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned, grinning despite herself. She twirled in front of the mirror, and in a moment of spontaneity, she actually posed, hand on her hip, the other behind her neck.

“Oh dear Lord, I look like a hot MILF.”

Another pose.

“But I’m not done yet.”

Not with the need to put on her lipstick. Or to put on her lovely sparkling earrings. She sighed, thought not completely unhappily.

“In for a penny.”

She began to style her hair and apply the makeup to her face. Soon, she was a vision of classical beauty, the kind of dame that could be in a Hollywood picture during its Golden Age, alongside Katherine Hepburn and the like.

“Maybe just a few more poses,” she giggled. Despite her former punk rocker sensibility, she really did feel very pretty. And besides, hadn’t she put a lot of effort into looking like a total rocker before? Now she just did the same to look like the most perfect wife a powerful man could ever ask for. She felt goosebumps of excitement at the prospects.

David was not in a good mood. He woke to find the 'family' were continuing to embrace their changes, however reluctantly. But worse than that, he had also shrunk a little more. And far, far worse than that, he'd woken to a wet bed as well.

"Didn't mean to!" he proclaimed, trembling as Maybel came to visit him. The new woman was still struggling with the prospect of being her best friend's mother, but she still felt utterly sorry for him when she pulled back the blankets and saw that he had now developed a bed wetting problem.

"Don't tell, pwease!" David pleaded, "Not my fault. The curse! You can't tell!"

He was still capable of solid speech, even beyond that of a three year old. But how long would it last? Maybel looked into David's eyes and knew that she should tell Patrick. This was yet another problem. But then his friend said something that changed his mind.

"Bros, 'member? We're bros!"

"Of course we are, dude," Maybel said. No, in that moment, she was Mark again. "I won't tell your Daddy. Your sister. Paige, Patrick, whatever."

"Tanks."

"What? Oh, yeah. 'Thanks.' Of course. It's okay. Let's just pretend you've been out on a total bar crawl, huh?"

The little girl nodded eagerly, happy to savour the memories of older times.

"Feelin' lots and lots of boobies," she said.

Maybel laughed, and her own tits jiggled in her bra, nicely shown off by her tasteful yet alluring dress. It was navy blue with white spots, with a red tie around the waist. Very traditional, but with a hint of cleavage that showed through its slightly plunged neckline.

"Oh shoot, my own are getting bigger."

David giggled. "You liked big boobies, now you have them too!"

Maybel sighed. "Yeah, they're feeling bigger. And sorer. They're D-cups now. I'm starting to feel like a real housewife. Let's just hope . . ."

The thought died away. Something to do with her breasts being sore. She didn't want to think about it. She wasn't even meant to *be* a woman, and she certainly wasn't planning to give in on that point either. Not like Patrick had, however sexy and handsome and tall he was.

"Come one. You change yourself, and we'll get going. We have a 'family' meeting."

But even that was a struggle. To David's utter shame, the little girl couldn't figure out her clothing. Yes, her brain was working properly, but her limbs weren't as coordinated, and wearing a little girly dress was all wrong. Maybel knew it too, but there was nothing boyish at all for her, and moreover it just felt . . . right.

"No! No dress! I don't wanna! No words but brain still good!"

"I know, sweetie, I know. It's the same with me. I talk like I'm a good little housewife, but it's still me in here, behind all the compulsions. But there's nothing else to wear. Just for now, the dress, okay?"

Then, in a situation neither thought would ever come up, Maybel helped her former best friend turned baby girl into a cute little green dress.

"We need to go out and run some errands," Maybel explained, looking to Patrick for guidance.

"Your mother and I - look, you know we're just using the term, little one, please don't get upset - anyway, your mother and I have decided to get some better food in the fridge. There's only junk food, and the more we fall into our roles, the more we need to take care of you guys."

"Ugh," Harvey said, rolling his eyes. He was now fifteen, according to his new records, but his age was still slowly regressing. "Fine, if we *have* too. This so sucks. I don't even *want* to buy lipstick anymore, and that's all wrong."

"I know, honey," Maybel said. She managed to resist the urge to kiss her son on the top of his head. "But we're all falling into our roles. I used to be our leader, but I think . . . I think Patrick is now, crazy as that is to say. And we're united on this: I can't clean and cook and take care of you if there's only junk food and mess around. And there's some other things we need."

Reluctantly, the two 'children' agreed to go with their new parents. David remained humiliated, but was at least happy to go with his friend. As much as Maybel simply looked like a young mother holding his daughter's hand when they reached the supermarket, they at least could privately banter about old times, even point out the total hotties in the aisles (though neither were even attracted to women by this point). Unfortunately for David/Dorothy, the little girl cracked when she had to sit in the grocery cart.

"What a cute little girl she is," a passerby remarked.

"Yes, she is a sweetie," Maybel smiled automatically.

"And such cute short hair! What's her name?"

"Dorothy," Maybel replied.

It was at that point that Dorothy cried. The name stuck to her subconscious, gluing itself there, and it was accompanied by a girlish pride at being called 'cute' that clashed with her underlying maleness.

"Not a girl!" she spat, "not a girl at all!"

“I’m sorry, I better get moving,” Maybel said, then in private. “David! Dorothy! Stop being silly!”

“I don’t want to ride!”

“Well I can’t carry you everywhere, and your little legs aren’t strong enough to keep up. We’re making the best of a bad situation, okay? You think I don’t want to be drinking and partying and having some ecstasy right now? You think I don’t want to be f-f-f-having relations with my girlfriend, now? This sucks for all of us.”

The little girl harrumphed. “Me drew short straw.”

“Yeah, you did, little one. I’m trying though, I’m really trying.”

When they got back, Dorothy was astonished to see a few packages being taken out of the trunk of the car.

“What that?” she asked.

But Maybel and Patrick were silent. When Harvey tried to say something, he was shushed. The new parents had made an awful decision, and wanted to explain it clearly to her. They exchanged resigned glances to one another. Dorothy refused all offers to carry her inside, especially from her sister-turned-father.

“This is wrong! This is all wrong!”

“I know, bro, I know,” Maybel said. For all that they had lost their names to their new roles, they still resisted the roles themselves. To a point. Maybel felt a deep pain at what her rowdy former friend had been reduced to: a panicking toddler scared of becoming a helpless little baby. She felt a deep need to comfort him, but even that she pushed back against a bit. After all, wouldn’t it just come across as a mother comforting her child?

In the end, the ‘family’ were gathered around the living room once more. Patrick had bought some tools from the hardware store to do some maintenance on the house, as well as to install a safety gate for Dorothy. It was the first humiliating sign that things were going to go quite differently for the new toddler. She crossed her arms, lip trembling, barely able to keep her overpowering emotions in check.

But they practically exploded when it was revealed what else Patrick and Maybel had agreed on purchasing.

“What that?” Dorothy asked, pointing at the large rectangular cardboard box that Patrick had brought in.

Her former sister sighed. “David - Dorothy, I know you’re not going to like this, but I want you to understand that your Mother and I - er, Mark and I - decided it was for the best.

I'm still your sister, deep down inside, but I'm also becoming your father, as weird as that is to say. Are you following me?"

Dorothy nodded. Of course she could follow. The fact that she *looked* like a toddler was making them *treat* her like one. Just because words were harder, and her thoughts sometimes were erratic, didn't mean she was a baby in mind! At least, that's what she kept telling herself.

"Okay," Patrick continued. "And you know it's the same for Maybel, don't you? She didn't choose to be your mother. I know you two are thick as thieves, and if it were up to you both, you'd still be young men going out partying, joking about terrible movies, and playing the guitar and drums, right?"

Another nod. "Course! Mom is meant to be fwiend!"

Maybel winced a little. Despite the toddler talk, David/Dorothy was right. They were meant to be friends, and it pained her, what was about to come. Like she was betraying that friendship somehow. She looked, as she often did these days, to Patrick for guidance.

"Well, I'm saying all this," Patrick continued, "because I want you to know how hard this is for us as well. We aren't doing this to humiliate or shame you. That's what I need you to know."

"Jus' tell me! What's in box!?"

Patrick sighed. "It's a crib, Dorothy. We don't know how far things are going to change for you, and it's too dangerous for you to have a bed. It's safer this way."

Dorothy's jaws fell. "No! I sleep in bed! I'm still smart! I can climb! I'm no no sleeping in crib, tell Mark! Tell him Mom!"

"I'm sorry, little one. We'll find a way to turn back. It might be only temporary. It's all wrong, dude. We should be jamming out. But -"

"But your mother and I - I mean Mark and I - just want you to be safe."

Dorothy couldn't help it. She began to *bawl*. Harvey was off in the corner, biting his lip. He'd watched the whole thing utterly astonished. Worse, he felt a kind of annoyance at his little sister. Couldn't she just accept she was a toddler already? God, little babies could be so annoying! After all, hadn't he accepted that he had to be kicked out of his room to make way for Mom and Dad to sleep together? That was already weird enough, especially since he was still grappling with his old feelings for Mark transitioning to a son's love for his mother. If he could deal, then couldn't David, or Dorothy, or whoever he was at the moment, just get over it?

Instantly, he felt a wave of guilt. They were meant to be the Terrible Trio, tight since high school. But now the impatience of teenagehood was returning to him, and his friends were either eighteen years older than him or twelve years younger.

“No fair! No fair!” Dorothy screeched. Maybel could wait no longer. She moved to the couch, and let her compulsions take over. She needed to comfort her baby. Dorothy thrashed against her mother, humiliated at being held so, and railing against the comfort she was reluctantly feeling. She cried into Maybel's shoulder.

“It's okay, it's okay, let it all out.”

Patrick watched on, feeling sorry for his formerly big brother. But despite his earlier words, a small part of him actually *savoured* the experience. After all, when he'd been Paige, David had often teased her, acted overprotective, policed her boyfriends. She'd only had sex once thanks to him! Now, *he* would get to police *her*. Not aggressively, Patrick was determined to be a good parent, but now Dorothy would have to accept being the little weak one, dependent on her family, and maybe just *occasionally* dressed in a cute little dress outfit to get back at him.

But he kept those thoughts to himself while Maybel did her level best to stabilise the situation. As she held their 'daughter', Patrick admired her backside in her cute spotted dress. His dick went just a little hard. She was shaping up to be a good mother, the former Mark. It made him wonder how much of a good wife she might be too . . .

Despite Dorothy's dislike, their new evenings began to settle in. Maybel would finish making another wonderful feast, followed by a thorough clean of the dishes and table, and after Harvey was allowed his one hour of videogame time, it was time to go to bed. By that point Dorothy was already well asleep. Despite the toddler's assurances and angry promises, she was literally incapable of staying awake past six o'clock, and was increasingly taking midday naps as well. Harvey had even taken to helping occasionally. It was one way for the otherwise rowdy, sometimes moody teenage boy to still care for his old friend.

“I'm sorry, Dor. David. It's hard to think of you as David now,” he said, cringing a little. “But I'll try to be a good sis - er, brother - to you. We were basically siblings before, right? Even if you always looked at my big boobs. God, I miss them. Now I can't stop obsessing over other girl's boobs. Who knows, maybe you'll have your own big pair one day. That'll be weird, right?”

But Dorothy was already sleeping, soothed by her older teen brother's voice. She looked to be less than three years old now, and Harvey himself was practically 'finished', just slowly regressing, getting a bit more male, his hair still red but spiky and short.

Afterwards, Harvey would go to his room, and once again get far too horny over images of hot girls on the internet. He was grateful that his parents knocked, for sure. It was already embarrassing enough to be having the hots for girls that he used to look like. Then,

after carefully disposing of any evidence in the bathroom, he tiptoed back to his room while his former boyfriend and friend's sister watched the news on the couch.

"Why the f-frick are we watching the news, anyway?" Maybel would often ask.

Patrick shrugged. "I always watched the new, though I used my phone more to look at it. Didn't you?"

Maybel chuckled. "Music news, maybe. But now I can't even play my electric guitar."

"Have you tried recently?"

Maybel looked over her pretty, motherly form. Her breasts had become larger again, now at full, slightly veiny D-cups, and her bras had changed to match. With her hair now midway down her back, she was looking quite gorgeous. Feminine.

"I'm afraid to," she admitted.

Patrick pulled her closer into a cuddle, and she rested her head against his shoulder. It was yet another compulsion of theirs, but one that she almost didn't want to fight. It was too comforting. Who knew that the shy Paige would have such a calming presence? But then, her body also was beginning to crave him.

Each night, the new husband and wife went to bed together. It almost seemed normal. Almost. Maybel wore comfortable pyjamas, while Patrick only wore sleeping boxers, letting his muscular hairy chest be on display. The two were quite awkward about it. The house was pulling them together as man and wife - they both had rings on their fingers confirming that fact now, rings they couldn't remove - but there was something distinctly wrong about it all, despite their yearnings. For Mark/Maybel, knowing it was Paige in there, his own friend's little sister, added a taboo element to it. He still loved Hayley, but increasingly that love was as a son. The carefree, swearing, roguish parts of his personality were suppressed, and the submissive, motherly housewife parts were getting more powerful.

Patrick, on the other hand, did feel guilty. On some level, he'd been given everything he truly wanted. Sure, he didn't expect Mark to become a full-bodied woman with a wonderful pair of full breasts and cute baby fat upon her cheeks, but he had still managed to get a relationship with him/her, right? And there was a kind of pleasure that came with teasing his new wife, in letting her know how pretty she was, and in making her body respond to his touch. *He* was the dominating force now, not Mark, and he could see why the former male had relished being the decisionmaker. There was a power and strength in it, and a comfort in guiding the direction of your friends. Or family, as it was now.

And so it was that three nights after training Dorothy on the crib, he decided to make a bit of a move. Usually the two just slept in the bed together, but on their backs, with a solid separation between them. Sometimes they would wake a little intertwined, once Maybel had even awoken to find that she was being *spooned* comfortably by Patrick. But it was always

an unconscious thing. They had resisted giving in further. This time, when they undressed into their night clothes, he shifted over to her.

“Wh-what are you doing?” Maybel said. Her heart fluttered at his presence.

“Giving you a good night kiss,” he said. He placed a powerful arm around her generous hip. “What do you think?”

She bit her lip. “We shouldn’t. It’s - it’s the house. I’m not even meant to be a f-f-fricking housewife.”

“And I’m not meant to be your hot, hunky husband. But here we are. Our changes are basically almost finished, May. Why don’t we try to . . . enjoy them?”

He drew closer, his hot breath upon hers. It was too hard to resist. He lowered himself upon her lips and she accepted them, kissing him softly, gently at first, then more passionately.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned, circling a soft hand around his powerful shoulder. She felt the muscle there, felt an intoxicating thrill course through her body. Her nipples stiffened, hard against her silky nightwear. God, she hadn’t even realised she’d downgraded from ordinary pyjamas to sexy silk. She pressed her chest against him, savouring the feeling of her full, slightly aching chest against his hard muscle.

“You’re so beautiful,” Patrick whispered. “I always wanted this. Not quite like this, but it’s good, isn’t it?”

He lowered a hand over her chest, causing her to gasp. “Y-yes. It’s g-good. But we should s-stop!”

“I won’t go too far, don’t worry. But maybe just a little exploration?”

He lowered his hand between her thighs, but she pushed it away.

“N-no! Even I haven’t -”

Patrick raised an eyebrow. “You haven’t? Seriously?”

The romance, the sexual arousal dissipated. Maybel blushed a deep red. “I was going to. I mean, what dude doesn’t dream of . . . but it was too weird. I didn’t want to acknowledge it. I’ve been ignoring it. It’s been s-so hard.”

Patrick was bewildered. How could she have resisted? But then, it made sense. The two best friends, now both girls in different ways, were still lending support to one another. They were both fighting the changes harder than the former girls, perhaps because they were so emasculated.

He sighed. “Why don’t we put a pin in this, then? We’ll just cuddle and enjoy each other, like you and Hayley used to do. I know it’ll be hard being on the other side of that, but you might like it. I think you will. And then tomorrow, you can have some privacy to . . . experiment. Get to know your new body. Trust me, as a former girl, there’s a lot to like.”

Maybel looked away. “But - it’s not right. I’m not a girl. I’m a man.”

“You look plenty womanly to me. Just think of it as you still being renegade, hmm? You get a hot MILF body, as you and David would have put it. Are you telling me that *Mark* wouldn't have had fun with that?”

The logic was enough to make Maybel finally give in. “Okay, okay, you've worn me down. But that doesn't mean I'm going to suck on your big sexy cock or anything.”

She froze, realising what she had said. “Ignore that.”

“Compulsion, I get it.”

Still, it was a heavily arousing image. To think, the once cocky punk rocker Mark on her knees as Maybel, moaning as she sucked on Patrick's big dick, until finally he came down her throat.

It took him a long time to fall asleep with that image in his head. Thankfully, though Maybel knew she should have pulled away, the feeling of that rock hard member against her ass was wonderfully enticing. They both fell asleep very, *very* aroused by one another. It would only be a matter of time before either of them finally broke.

The final rearrangement came when Patrick discovered Dorothy's bedwetting problem. Maybel had been trying to keep it undiscovered for a time. After all, though Dorothy was physically and even mentally regressing, her old 'bro' was still in there, and they'd had an agreement. And so she thoroughly changed and cleaned the sheets each time, reassuring her friend-turned-baby girl that it was alright.

“It's normal, honey. We've all got things we're embarrassed about.”

But Dorothy just chose not to speak, particularly when her 'mother' had to help wipe her and aid in her changing. She was getting more and more powerless. Even more strangely, she was starting to stare at Maybel's impressive D-cup jugs, which made a lovely profile against her dresses, particularly since they often dipped or were cut low to show off some modest but full cleavage. It wasn't a sexual interest, but something else. She was now on a diet of semi-mushy food and snacks, and a whole lot of milk-filled bottles. When she looked at those round breasts, she couldn't help but associate them with milk. But though she never communicated it, there was no way she'd ever be sucking on her own best friend's motherly tits, that was for sure!

Yet even that fear went out the window when one morning Patrick came in, instead of Maybel. Dorothy had wet the bed again, and was crying for aid.

“Your mother is having some . . . alone time,” Patrick said. “Let me help - oh my God! You poor thing. I'm so sorry little big bro. My little boy. I had no idea! How long have you been wetting the bed?”

“No wet! I’m not wetting it!”

But Patrick could sense the lie. “David. Dorothy. We have to accept our new lives. Hold on, I’ll get you sorted out. But then we sort *this* problem out. It’s a big change, isn’t it? From such a gym bro alpha male to this little girl. Well, I’ll protect you, like you protected me. But don’t worry, I’ll do a better job of it, little one.”

Meanwhile, Maybel was in the throes of pleasure. She was caressing her full, slightly sore breasts, savouring the tingles of bliss that came when she rubbed her large nipples. They were darker, bigger than they had been several days before, and the soreness had ramped up. But at that very moment, simply squeezing and massaging them reduced the discomfort, and brought her pulses of ecstasy. She rubbed her wet pussy, shivering at the sensation of her fingers brushing against her throbbing clit, and even dipping into the moist depths of her vagina.

“OOHhhh . . . mhmhm! S-so f-frickin’ good! Oh G-God!”

She rubbed harder, circling around her clit and drawing out the pleasure. It lacked the impatience of a male arousal. Instead, she wanted to draw it out. Her breasts wobbled heavily on her chest as she squirmed a little, moving her hips as if a lover was atop her. She could imagine Patrick on top of her, sliding his huge cock into her depths. It made her moan all the louder.

“OOHhhh . . . yesss, want that! Want that sooooo badly! F-frick!”

And then it hit her. Her entire being shuddered. She winced as she hit her ankle against the bed post, but she was unable to control it: her legs simply *shook* of their own volition. She lay back, trying to control her breathing, but it was impossible. She let loose an embarrassingly high wail, the now 30-something year old woman squeezing her breasts together as a second orgasm rolled through her as well.

In the end, she lay there, unbelieving that she hadn’t done it sooner. It was amazing. So different from the one-and-done of a man. Not as powerful as the feeling when he’d shot a load into Hayley, but a more sensual, almost meditative series of pleasures that had sent her to another place entirely.

“Mhmm . . . that was good.”

When she finally showered, got into her clothes, and stepped out into the hall, she was confronted by Harvey, who had his arms crossed. The fourteen year old had an expression that was partly annoyed, partly humiliated, and partly smug upon his face.

“I didn’t even need to *step* into your room to hear *that*, Mom.”

She went red. “Oh, I was just - well . . .”

“I hope you enjoyed it. I missed them. Just remember to keep it down. It’s super gross now that I’m your son.”

Thankfully, she was saved from the awkwardness by Patrick, who was holding an angry looking Dorothy, adorned sadly in a frilly green dress.

“I know about the bedwetting. She needs diapers, and that’s final,” Patrick said.

“I’ve been helping her. I’m sure in time she’ll -”

“No, I’m putting my foot down on this, honey. She’s not my brother anymore. Yes, part of her will always be that alpha male gym bro of a sibling, but she’s our daughter now, and she needs to be wearing diapers. She already needs help changing. She’ll just have to relearn potty training when she’s older. You know, once she stops reversing and starts cycling forward.”

Maybel nodded. She looked her best friend in her adorable blue eyes. “I’m sorry, bro. It won’t be forever.”

Dorothy couldn’t even muster the words to respond. She simply gestured for Maybel to hold her. To be the one to change her, at least.

Patrick retrieved the box he’d already purchased, and within minutes, the former alpha male was now wearing much-needed diapers, to her immense humiliation. She pouted. How much further would she regress?

Part 7: Date Night

Maybel started becoming more feminine, just as Harvey started wearing more boys’ t-shirts and casual jeans. All of them were becoming more particular and accustomed to their new dress senses, but apart from Dorothy’s new style, Maybel’s was perhaps the most noticeably extreme. She pretty much *only* wore dresses now. Even mom jeans and somewhat feminine tops felt all wrong. The house liked things traditional, and what was more traditional than the most stereotypical image of a housewife possible? With her honey-blonde hair in its cute shoulder bob, and her pearl necklace and golden earrings, she was even customising herself to look more feminine. She did so automatically, and half the time would only realise how she’d made herself look after staring at her reflection after completing it.

“Oh my gosh!” she’d say. But apart from a few successful disruptions, she almost never reverted it, keeping even the light foundation and cute touches of eyeshadow on for the rest of the day. And, of course, her use of red lipstick, which made her look very cute indeed.

Patrick couldn’t keep his eyes off her, and had taken to embracing her with a soft kiss before going to work. That was the other major thing: without any major announcement, Patrick had felt a compulsion to take the family car to town one morning, all by himself. He

got dressed in a fine suit and tie that only enhanced his charismatic good looks, and bid the family fair well for the day.

“Where are you going?” Harvey asked. “Have you found a way out of this?”

“No, sorry son. I think - I think I’m going to work.”

He turned out to be exactly correct. He was now a bank manager, and a fairly highly paid one at that. A powerful nervousness pervaded his first day, where he felt like an utter imposter. It was a surprising return of his original Paige personality, which had never truly gone away, but simply enjoyed the power of becoming more confident and less insecure. But insecurity followed him as he tried to get accustomed to being the boss of an entire bank, and managing the affairs of individuals with a lot of money, given how prestigious said bank was. But as the days passed, that nervousness dimmed away. The house’s magic, or curse, or whatever it was, had done a good job giving him the right instincts and compulsions to catch up. And it didn’t hurt that his secretary, and various office ladies, all clearly liked looking at him. He didn’t plan to cheat on his wife, but being seen as attractive and desirable was something he hoped never to get totally used to.

In fact, with the money flowing in, it was no surprise when he arrived home after his ‘first’ working week and saw an additional car in the double-space driveway. They’d only ever had one, but in this new reality, it made total sense that Maybel would have a car for the kids. Their new ages were both thirty two, which meant they must have had Harvey, perhaps as an accident, when they were eighteen. Either way, being a more responsible and older individual, Patrick decided he was going to take his wife out on a date, perhaps lower her defences.

“I need you to come into my work with me tomorrow night,” he told Maybel. “There’s just a little meet and greet, and some of the higher ups would like to meet you.”

She gave him a confused look. “Am I really needed? Besides, what about the baby? David, I mean. And Harvey. We can’t leave them.”

“We’ll organise a baby sitter. Just trust me!”

Maybel was sceptical, but in the end agreed, and found a contact in her number listed *BABYSITTER*. When she called, the girl on the other phone identified herself as ‘Jenny.’ Funny, Hayley had a close friend named Jenny. Maybel shrugged, and organised to pay the girl for a night’s babysitting tomorrow night.

“I’ll have to think of something to wear while out,” she said aloud. “God, I’m becoming such a fucking soccer mom.”

She certainly didn't look like a soccer mom when she dressed up on the following night. At Patrick's encouragement, and those of her own compulsions, she dressed up not just in a dress, but one that was more than a little beautiful. It was black, with a lower cut than she usually had, and a built-in lift bra that emphasised her large breasts. It cinched nicely around the waist, while hiding the slight pooch of her belly. And while it went down past her knees, it had a slit down the right leg that teased a little alluringly, particularly in Patrick's opinion. It was simply and elegant, and with her dark red lipstick, shining hanging earrings, and her done-up hairdo, she looked positively sexy in it: a quite gorgeous mother with a full and healthy figure.

"I feel f-frickin' ridiculous," she bemoaned as she approached Patrick. He was dressed in a smart white button shirt and professional slacks, though he'd eschewed the tie.

"You look unbelievably beautiful," he reassured her. "How do I look?"

She looked at the ground. "You look pretty hot, actually."

Patrick grinned. "See? The old Mark is still around. That's exactly how you would have said it before!"

"And you know me well, don't you? Looking on from the side when you were Paige," she mumbled.

"Exactly," Patrick said. "Besides, I got the 'guy' in the end."

"Yeah, I just wish my girlfriend didn't become my girl-obsessed teenage son as part of it."

Perfectly on time, a doorbell rang. Maybel moved to open it, and on the other side was Jenny, Hayley's close friend before all the insanity of their new dynamic. She was a cute blonde thing, and David had even slept with her once, citing how crazy her ass was. It made Maybel chuckle a little to think of how Jenny would see that old flame now, not that she'd remember him as David.

"Hey Mrs Howard!"

"Call me Maybel. And it's great to see you Jenny," Maybe replied. "You remember my, er, husband?"

"Of course, how are you Mr Howard?"

"Patrick, please. Thank you so much for being able to watch over Dorothy tonight."

"It's no biggie!"

She entered, and at that exact moment Harvey was walking down the hallway, his phone in hand. "Mom, why is the internet so shit at the -"

He froze, eyes wide. Not only was his former friend in front of him, but she didn't recognise him. And more than that, she was *hot*. Mega hot, at least among the people he knew. She wore a simple shirt and jeans, but her C-cup breasts were nicely emphasised,

and her ass was crazy. He was briefly gobsmacked. So *this* was why David was into her. Hot damn.

“Hey Harvey! You’ve grown since I last saw you! What are you, thirteen now?”

“F-fourteen,” he mumbled, voice cracking a little.

“That’s crazy! You still huge into dinosaurs?”

Dinosaurs? That was a confusion for him. Even as a girl . . . but then he had an entirely new life. He adjusted his slightly messy hair and tried to play it cool. “No, I’m way more into sports now.”

“That’s a shame. I really like dinosaurs.”

“Oh, well I still really like them!”

There was an amused silence in the room at the sudden turnabout, and Harvey felt himself turn quite red. Thankfully, Maybel changed the subject back.

“There’s leftovers in the fridge you can eat, and feel free to watch anything you want provided it’s not too loud or inappropriate for Harv here.”

“Mom!”

“Sorry,” she said, giving an expression that conveyed ‘I’m working under compulsions here!’ “Dorothy is already asleep, but may need changing in an hour. She’ll fight you, I’m sorry to say. Don’t be surprise if she also acts, how do I put this . . .”

“A bit strange around you,” Patrick said with a grin, thinking of how his older brother would react at being changed and cooed over by a former lover of his. “He’s - I mean *she’s* just not used to other people.”

“All good, Mr Howard. It’s not my first rodeo.”

“That’s why we pay you the big bucks,” he said, giving her the pay. “And a nice bonus will be there when we get back!”

They finished their instructions to Jenny, then left. Maybel even let Patrick open the car door for her. Harvey, who had been looking for some time alone to watch movies and chat online, was now faced with a friend who was now eight years older and a *lot* hotter to his eyes. She smiled his way, and it practically caused his heart to stop. He made a silly grin, and quickly sat down, adjusting his legs to hide what was a growing erection.

“We’ll figure out a movie to watch if you want,” Jenny said. “I’ll just go see the cute little baby first. Isn’t she just the best?”

“The best!” he declared a little too enthusiastically. But when she left he whispered. “Fuck. I’m wanting to fuck my friend, and to her I’m just a kid. I’m a goddamned horny teen boy! This damn dick is a nightmare!”

He was finally starting to see what it was like to be a teen boy looking at him back when he’d been the voluptuous Hayley. It explained a lot of reactions to his old body, in fact.

"I can't believe you," Maybel said. "A date? This was a trick to take me on a freakin' date?"

Patrick gave a boyish grin, full of charm. "It worked, didn't it? Besides, I know for a fact that this place does the best steak in the city, and you always loved steak as Mark."

Maybel sighed. "That's why you got me to dress up so nice."

"I didn't see you resisting it much! You look utterly ravishing, by the way."

Maybel's stomach gurgled. "Well, we're here. Just don't expect this date to end how you might expect. I may be a woman now, and a mom, but that doesn't mean . . ."

"Doesn't mean what?"

"Whatever, let's just go eat."

They got out of the car, and Patrick once more admired his wife's form. While the house may have forced them to be together, he wasn't exactly complaining now. She had developed an incredibly wide set of hips that just looked ripe for baby-making. They sashayed from side to side as she walked, despite her continual attempts to *not* do so, and it made her large behind wobble. She wasn't some pretty little waifish young thing, but a gorgeous specimen in her early thirties who had the fertile body of a woman who had given birth, and was recovering well from it. The fact that her double-D's were impressively outlined against her dress made him all the happier, and when she turned to him, her expression told Patrick that she wasn't entirely irritated at his ogling, just a little embarrassed.

"Like what you see, huh?" she asked.

He took her arm, leading her down the street. "Oh, very, very much."

"Well, I'm glad someone's happy."

"Don't pretend I'm not turning you on, not with these broad shoulders."

She licked her lips without realising. "Well, you're certainly bigger. And I'm in heels for the first time! These things are making my ass stick out."

They were indeed a cute red pair of classic heels with 3-inch lifts. As with everything else, they felt *right*. The same could be said for the thin-strapped little black purse that hung over her shoulder. Carrying a wallet these days just didn't mesh with her submissive housewife sensibility.

"Maybel, *nothing* would stop that fine dump truck from sticking out. Be proud of it. I would have loved a figure like yours as Paige."

"Even with the stomach fat and puffy cheeks."

Patrick shrugged. "You'll work them off. I'm certain the reason Dorothy's getting younger is because your body recently gave birth to him, at least that's how it'll end up."

"Oh God, that means the ache in my tits is -":

He opened the door for her, and gave a dashing smile. "Don't think about it, my love. Let's just have a wonderful dinner together. It's all on me. You deserve a treat after all your wonderful cooking."

She smiled, feeling quite complimented, and sauntered in. She didn't even mind too much that the waiter taking them to their table was trying very obviously to not look at her cleavage.

Dorothy pouted as Jenny held her. She still remembered how the cute blonde had moaned in ecstasy as she'd been thrust into. Now, she was getting a perfect look down Jenny's top, and all it was doing was making her hungry.

"Who's a cute little baby? Who's a cute little baby, huh!?"

"Me not cute!" she returned, but it was a struggle, and the words were almost unintelligible. Jenny held her up further in the air.

"Oh yes, you are! Oh yes, you are! Is it time for Jenny to change you? What do you think?"

"No! No chan'!"

Jenny pulled her into a hug, then set her down. Dorothy tried to run away, but she was so damn tired, and it was hard to fight when the other person was so much stronger. Harvey chuckled nearby, and it was clear that he was casually checking Jenny out. Dorothy couldn't believe it, the former fiery redhead gal was now a totally obviously horny teenager. Jenny whispered.

"I think he needs a girlfriend, huh?"

That made Dorothy giggle. An adorable little giggle. She blew a raspberry in Harvey's direction, but the teenager didn't notice. He was trying to show off his football - he was really into outside sports now. In fact, given he was slated to go back to high school the following week, he was hoping to make the cut for the team.

"Too bad your hair is so short," Jenny said, "we could give you adorable little pigtails!"

Dorothy was thankful that at least *that* possibility was avoided. Instead, all she had to put up with was being cuddled, changed, and fitted with new clothes. And then she was placed back in her crib all alone. She tried to cry a few times to annoy everyone, to rail against her new fate, but in the end they got weaker and weaker as tiredness set in. Soon she was sleeping soundly, dreaming of rivers of milk.

Jenny returned to the living room and put on one of her favourite shows, keeping the volume low. Harvey joined her, edging a little too closely in his horny eagerness. Jenny simply gave an awkward smile and shifted further away.

“Don’t forget Harvey,” she said with a smirk, “you have to be in your bed before your parents get home.”

Maybel giggled at Patrick’s impression of his new life.

“I had no idea it could spring up so much all of a sudden!” he exclaimed, causing her to laugh harder.

“Well, they’ll do that, dear. Especially in the morning. But you’re not the only one with surprising new bits. These darn boobs won’t stop jiggling. They’re constantly reminding me that they’re there! Not to mention the boob sweat.”

Patrick feasted his eyes upon the sight of her delectable cleavage. “Well, I didn’t experience that, being so flat-chest. But I must say dear, for such a lithe man you were before, you’ve certainly developed a healthy crop.”

She blushed, covering her chest lightly as they giggled. Thankfully, they were keeping their voices down so other restaurant-goers couldn’t hear them, but it was clear that they were having a good time.

“They’re still getting bigger! It’s just so weird. Like, I always imagined what it would be like to have tits, who doesn’t? But they’re so ‘active’! And surprisingly heavy.”

“I’m happy to hear they’re still getting bigger, that’s for sure.”

“Oh, stop it! I can’t believe *you* of all people turned out to be such a total pervert.”

He shrugged, taking another bite of his beautiful steak. Both of them had enjoyed some good wine, and were getting buzzed enough to feel a lot more comfortable with one another. “What can I say? As Paige, I had a huuuuge crush on you. I definitely flicked the bean more than a few times thinking about you.”

Maybel reacted like a typical housewife. “No!?! Really? My word!”

“It’s true. And, well, let’s just say that now that I’m a man, I’ve been having similar . . . self-pleasures at the thought of your current body, too.”

She felt a warm flush in her chest. “R-really?”

“Oh boy, yeah.” He extended a hand, taking hers upon the table. “You really are so deeply, deeply attractive, Maybel. You’re perfect.”

“I feel fat.”

“It’s just a little residual baby weight. You’ll work it off, I’m sure.”

“Well, thanks,” she said. She’d intended to say it sarcastically, but instead it came out quite genuine. Perhaps it was because the man was looking at her as if she were the whole world. “This meal is really good.”

“I told you it would be. Best steak in the city.”

“Not that I can eat as much. I swear I’ve got a baby stomach now, jeez.”

“Not as much as Dorothy.”

They shared a sad chuckle over that.

“Must be weird to be her father now, huh?”

“Very. But you’re his mother now. All of this is weird. Like having your girlfriend become your son.”

Maybel sighed. “At least he’s adjusting fairly well. All that outside time is very different from how he was. Meanwhile I’m just cooking and cleaning and slaving away like a little submissive housewife.”

She caught Patrick ogling her breasts again. “Hey, eyes up here, you ass.”

“Sorry! They’re just so nice! But what you say is exactly why I decided to take you out for dinner, love. You’re doing such hard work cleaning the house and taking care of the kids that you deserved to loosen up for a bit. Besides, if I have to play the role of the breadwinner and you the loyal homemaker, then isn’t it the job of a big tough man to treat his gorgeous wife to a good time?”

Another blush, and a slight tingle of arousal. “Well, I guess so. Not exactly a rock concert, but the new me finds those hard to stomach now. This is kinda nice.”

“Kinda? Admit it, you’re having a lot of fun.”

She grabbed her cup of wine. “I’ll have to have another couple of these to admit that.”

But her mischievous smile said otherwise. Even now as a responsible mother, she still had Mark’s impish desire to enjoy the alcohol, even if the opportunities were fewer, and the spirits themselves a bit more refined.

By the time Patrick paid the bill, Maybel was clearly inebriated, though not embarrassingly so. She simply had that delightful red-cheeked joy that women like her got, and a ready smile and giggle at the smallest jokes. Patrick took her arm and led her out onto the street, feeling quite buzzed himself.

“Oooh, look at me, moving like a *lady!*” she declared. She allowed her ass and hips to swing wide from side to side, her behind moving hypnotically in her glamorous black dress. Patrick’s member hardened in his pants, and he had to look around and make sure the coast was clear before he adjusted himself. Maybel noticed, and briefly froze as she

stared. Her nipples stiffened, and she felt a deep hunger for her husband, beyond even what she had felt in bed several days ago. She let him put an arm around her sexy mommy-waist, and even pressed a little into him, so that her breast squashed against his side. Her nipple rubbed against the cup within the dress, and she bit her lip in further arousal.

“Why . . . why don’t we . . .”

Her words died away, but Patrick had the same idea. “Why don’t we get a place to ourselves for the night?”

She nodded. “Let’s do it!”

She was grateful he had dared to give voice to her thoughts. Grateful, in fact, that Patrick was there to make decisions for her. Gone was the time when she was the leader. Now, when it came to matters of relationship and marriage, she got a little dopamine hit when Patrick made the decisions. It just felt *right*.

“I’ll call Jenny. I’m sure she won’t mind the extra pay.”

A quick call confirmed she certainly didn’t. The two called a cab due to their slightly inebriated state, and Patrick organised a stay at a nearby, rather fancy hotel. He even carried her, giggling, onto the bed, lowering her as if she were a new bride and he the groom. She lay on her back, posing slightly as he removed her heels. Her breasts sat a little flatted, spilling onto her arms in a way she knew would look deeply sexy. She brought her arms together, letting him see her full cleavage as her big boobs compressed.

“Mhmmm, you like what you see?”

Patrick leaned over the bed, kissed her deeply. Then, taking one of her hands, he placed it on his crotch, where an iron-hard rod practically *throbbed* with unbearable need in his pants.

“Very much,” he said. “In fact, I want to do more than just see it, Maybel. I want to ravish you.”

He lowered himself down for another kiss. She placed her arms around his neck, pulled him down so that they were fully against one another. His shoulders, his muscles, he was so - so manly! It made her breathe heavier, and the sound of her lustful breath only made him even harder. Patrick had never been so desirous of anything: he wanted to fuck this woman. Wanted to truly make Maybel his. He didn’t care about becoming Paige again, hadn’t for a while. Now was his opportunity to make Maybel fully accept her new life too, with all its womanly pleasures. He caressed her form, running his hands down her hip to squeeze her ass.

“Mhmm!” she squeaked. She bit her lip, but nothing could stop a further moan escaping her. “That - oh God! Are we really doing this?”

“Only if you want to, dear. Just ask, and I’ll take you further. Just beg.”

She was on the true threshold now. The dress, the earrings, the heels, the date, they were all steps, and she had thought them the final edge of the cliff. But now the waterfall was plunging below, and if she fell, she doubted she could ever climb back up again. But the pool below offered such pleasures. Her entire being wanted to fall into it, and drown in the bliss it promised.

And so, with only the slight anxiety of uncertainty, she gave into temptation.

She leapt, diving towards her final fate.

“Fuck me,” she said, her swearing finally returning to her at this crucial juncture. And how appropriate it was. “I want you to f-fuck my brains out, my love.”

Patrick smiled, kissed her again, felt her soft hair at the back of her head. And then he kissed her cheek, her ear, her soft neck. Her breath came faster, and his heart beat just as fast.

“Help me out of this,” she exclaimed, indicating her black dress.

Patrick complied. He had worn many dresses before as Paige, though none for such a full-figured shape. But it was all similar: within moments Maybel was sliding out of it, freeing her large, full breasts. They were magnificent, and he spent several moments feeling them, cradling their soft flesh and running his fingers over their large, slightly dark pink nipples.

“OOhhhhhh,” she moaned. “That’s - ahhhh - that’s nice. Don’t s-stop.”

“Only for a moment,” he said. He pulled back, quickly discarded his own clothing, then helped free her lower half from the dress. She stared at his enormous cock, easily nine inches long while erect. It was thick, large, and rock-hard. For a moment her mouth simply hung open, unknowing if it would even *fit* inside her! Yet even that fear gave way to a powerful lust, one that made her pussy get wetter and wetter.

“Holy shoot,” she said. “So big. That’s huge!”

“It is pretty impressive. But then it has to be, for a woman with a figure like yours.”

Patrick gently pushed her further back onto the bed, and she yielded to his touch, submissive to his commands. She instinctively spread her legs as he moved to mount her. He caressed her breast, teasing yet further pleasure from her, eliciting yet more gentle whimpers of bliss.

“You really do have a perfect pair of big mommy tits,” Patrick marvelled. “I love them so much, honey.”

“They certainly f-feel good right now! I could s-see you staring at them! It m-makes me feel a-attractive! Nghh!!”

“Because you *are* attractive. And you’re about to feel a whole lot more.”

Another kiss, and this time his tongue entered her mouth, dancing with her own. She spread her legs yet wider, and for the first time felt his enormous member press against her

pubic hair and venus mound. It teased her, rubbing just slightly against her clit, which sent an electric shock of delirious sensation up through her core.

“Oh Gosh! Oh G-gosh. This is really happening, isn't it?”

“It is.”

“Just a second!” she exclaimed, trying to control her breath. “Just give me a second!”

He halted, impatient but respectful of her needs. It was a lot to take in for the former man. In many ways, she was about to welcome the ultimate emasculation: having her new vaginal passage be penetrated by a particularly well-endowed man. But her body needed it. *She* needed it.

“Okay,” she finally said, after what seemed like an eternity. “Fuck me. Put it in. But go slow, p-please. Let me get used to it.”

He did as she asked. She wrapped her slender hand around his manhood, and helped ease his cock into her depths. There was a moment of pain, just a twinge, and then suddenly she was being filled. She arched her back, rested her head back.

“OOhhhhhhhh - Mmhmmm - ahhhhhhhh - S-so big! Oh Gosh, s-soooo biiiig!”

He continued to slide into her, and it was impossible to describe how strange and alien and wrong and fucking *right* it felt. Her passage was slick with her juices, but it clamped down upon his cock, already starting to milk it. Finally, he reached his zenith, halting just before her cervix, so that she felt utterly impaled in the best possible way.

“Holy sh-shit!”

“You're s-so tight. So hot!”

“Another second! Just one m-more!”

She collected herself, coming to terms with all that was happening to her. She didn't want it to end. She wanted it to continue. She just needed a moment to ready herself for what was about to happen: the true act of sex, of *fucking* to come.

“Okay. I'm ready again.”

“Good, because I want to fuck you so bad, my love.”

Patrick shifted, sinking his fingers into the flesh of her ass as he slowly drew his cock out, then back in. He grunted, also lost in pleasure as he slowly began to thrust. She spread her legs wider, enjoying the feel of him, even his balls against the space between her thighs. He began to gain speed, and as he did, she wrapped her legs around his back, preventing any escape.

“NNGhh! Oh God! Yes! Keep g-going! This feels amazing!”

He didn't say a word, simply continued to fuck his wife. He rubbed her breasts, pinched her nipples. She joined in, and soon she was lightly scratching his back and shoulders like a wild animal in heat.

“Yes! F-faster! Keep going! I want you to c-cum in me! I need you to cum in me!”

More thrusting. She whimpered as he thrust his mighty cock into her depths again and again. Further pleasure followed as he sucked on her big tits, and a warmth grew there, an aching need to release that she somehow recognised was not quite ready, but would be soon. But that thought was left behind as the pleasure build and built.

“I’m s-so close! Oh Gosh, I’m so close! Take me there! I need you to f-fucking climax in me!”

“I won’t h-have any trouble there, my love! God, you’re fucking amazing. The mother of my children!”

She squealed, addicted to his body. She shivered at his description. Truly, she felt like a mother, and a wife, and a loving one at that. For just a brief moment, an image sprung into her head of being impregnated by her husband, of carrying *yet more* children for him. It should have disgusted her.

Instead it sent her right over the edge into the biggest orgasm she had ever experienced. Patrick groaned in a deep, masculine voice as he came inside her. Thick spurts of his seed filled her, feeling like gallons from his huge balls. She was helpless to receive them, the tight seal of her pussy on his dick ensuring his issue poured right towards her womb. Together the two married lovers cried out in ecstasy, and finally collapsed against one another. His dick continued to throb inside her, several smaller spurts erupting even as she shook from another three straight orgasms.

“OOhhhhhhh . . . f-fuck! Oh f-fuck. Aahhhhh s-sooo much. T-tooooo much.”

Her words were sweet, delirious. Her half-lidded eyes fluttered as another spurt of seed entered her. Finally, she resisted her hands on the back of his head, lowering his face into her full breasts. They lay like that for a long time, caught in post-coital eternity.

Finally, he slid out of her, causing quite a spill, and another miniature squeal of delight.

“Oh g-gosh, I can’t believe we just did that.”

“But you loved it.”

“I - oh gosh, I did. I did a lot. Ohhh . . . lie with me. P-please.”

He did so, spooning her for several minutes. She pressed her thighs together, preventing as much leaking as possible. Only when she couldn’t contain his sperm any longer was she forced to go shower. He joined her not long after.

Of course, things being what they were, they didn’t go straight to sleep after. In fact, they had sex two more times, the third time with him thrusting into her from behind as she moaned against the bed. She was already addicted to his cock, and he was addicted to pleasing her. They fell asleep with her pressed against his side, boobs mashed against his firm muscle, her soft face nestled into the crook of his neck. It was an image of perfect feminine repose, with her soft legs intertwined around his.

She dreamed of being his perfect, desirable, oh-so-fuckable housewife, and all the pleasures it could bring.

The two woke the next morning, her still pressed lovingly against him. Maybel was instantly filled with shame, or at least the certainty that she should *feel* ashamed. In truth, her nipples stiffened fairly quickly just thinking about how marvellous the sex had been, how wonderful it was to be *taken* by a man, just as she had once taken Hayley. But where Hayley had been a total vixen in bed, Maybel instead had been sensually submissive, yielding to her husband as if he were her master. And it had been *fantastic*.

“Oh, gosh,” she said to herself.

“Mhmm, awake are you?” Patrick asked, stirring as well. “Did you enjoy last night? I know I did. In fact, I’m *sure* you did, judging from those moans, and the scratch marks you left on my back.”

Maybel managed to furrow her brow. “We shouldn’t have. I was tipsy. Gosh, I was *drunk*. It’s the only reason it happened.”

Patrick adjusted to face her, placed a hand on her buttock in a way that slapped gently, sending shivers of pleasure through her receptive form.

“Mhmm - I mean, stop that! And stop touching my boobs!”

Patrick withdrew his other hand, even though she wanted him to return immediately to the act. “Okay, I’ll be patient. But I know you enjoyed that last night. We both did. You liked having my big, long cock in you.”

He pressed himself further against her, and that same naked manhood was hard, pressing firmly like a rod against her soft belly. She managed to avoid giving that slight squeal of lust. Instead, Maybel composed herself.

“We need to be getting home. We overslept. Poor little Dorothy - she’s still my friend, but she’ll be so worried!”

“And Harvey will be probably having the run of the place, or still staring at his former friend in that way teen boys do at lovely girls. Or like I do at you, particularly your wonderful backside.”

Maybel huffed, turning away to head to the shower. She was adamant on him not seeing her reluctant smile, particularly as she remembered the previous night.

Of course, it didn’t stop Patrick from joining her *in* the shower. It took every ounce of strength not to fuck him right there under the warm water.

Part 8: Acceptance

For Harvey, it was simultaneously a relief and a tragedy to be relieved of Jenny's presence. She was so different in his eyes now, and it was impossible not to think about her cute blonde hair and her hot body in that tight tee. His new internet searches in following days now features redheads *and* hot blondes, particularly ones with her hairstyle.

When he wasn't looking at women, he was increasingly looking forward to high school. It should have been ridiculous, but high school had been among the best years of his life, and while the Terrible Trio was gone, having become his baby sister and mother, there was always the chance of a new trio, especially one with a *new* fiery redhead or blonde for him to date. Sure, repeating maths all over again sucked as a prospect, but he could leverage that to his advantage. Moreover, he could do his best to enter the football team, and definitely the athletics events. He'd been a girl; he knew the kind of sports stars that girls went crazy over.

Soon, Harvey was either spending too long outdoors kicking balls and going for runs, or too much time inside playing games and looking at images on the internet that Maybel was very, very careful not to walk in on. It came as a blessing for the two parents when finally the next week rolled around, and it was time for him to go to high school.

"And don't forget your lunch!"

"Yes, Mom!"

"And make sure to leave a good impression for your teachers!"

"No promises, Mom!"

"And be nice to all the girls!"

"God, Mom! I *was* a girl. I was *your* girl, remember? I know how to treat them!"

Maybel kissed her son's cheek, feeling more than ever like a true mother. "I know you do, darling. I'm just still learning how to be a good mom."

"You are a good mom," Harvey said, a little embarrassed. It was harder to be genuinely emotional as a boy. "Just like you were a good boyfriend. Now I gotta go or I'll miss the bus."

"Once last hug, okay?"

"Ugh, you're so basic now, Mom."

"I know," she laughed. But she took her son in for a hug anyway.

"Mom. Are you going to let me go?"

Maybel laughed. "Oops! Sorry! It's all these silly mom instincts!"

Harvey laughed. "Try having teen boy instincts. I feel like I've got more energy than I know what to do with. You have a good day, Mom! I, uh, well, I love you."

"I love you too, dearie. In a new way, these days, but I still love you all the same."

They shared a meaningful smile, and then Harvey was out the door. Maybel was right, their love had continued, even if it was in a more familial form. That would have to be enough.

Dorothy lost the ability to walk the next week. She had changed the most out of anyone, and perhaps because of that, her changes were the last to finish, though Maybel could swear that her ample D-cups were still expanding subtly, if only to explain their continued soreness. But her poor baby daughter was struggling, and as she regressed further and further back in age, her ability to communicate dimmed. She cried more often, and could only communicate monosyllabically, getting frustrated and crying all over again when her attempts to explain herself failed.

“I’m so sorry, little bro,” Patrick said, holding his former brother-turned-baby girl. “I know it’s hard. I know it’s frustrating. But you’re nearly there. Then you can start ageing forward, okay?”

But for Dave, still within Dorothy’s little baby body, it was humiliating. Not only did she have to be changed and dressed, but now she also had to be carried everywhere. Even rolling over was becoming difficult. It was like she was becoming a newborn baby. It was getting so hard to think straight as her mind regressed. Her memories were there, her old life was there, but it was almost like a background image: even little things confused her, such as how objects could disappear from view, only to reappear again. But didn’t that make sense? She used to play football, and you couldn’t always see the football. That didn’t mean it didn’t exist, right?

The day came when speaking was an impossibility. Maybel saw him topple over one final time, a feeble last attempt to stand, and she rushed to his side, full of motherly concern.

“Dorothy! My little one! Dave! Are you okay?”

She picked the crying girl up, cooed and soothed her against her chest, patting her on her back.

“Mo! Mo!” the baby cried. “Mo! Mwahhhh! Mwaahhh!!!”

It was that very instant when Dorothy realised that words were not officially beyond her. She had been trying to say ‘no’. The simplest of all words. Easy, no complications. But her mouth couldn’t form them. The retreat of her teeth back into her gums made it difficult, but she had hoped, oh God she had hoped that even her gummy, slightly garbled pronunciations would stay with her. Instead, she was destined for babyhood.

Another three days, and she was officially there. She couldn’t have been older than perhaps three months, and she was constantly needing to sleep. In those waking moments

when she realised her own feeble, helpless nature, she took to crying again and again, and not even her mushy food or milk bottles could soothe her. Seeing Patrick was a mockery, and knowing that Mark had become this ridiculously feminine woman with big tits and a caring smile was all wrong. And yet, in those moments when her mother smiled down at her, when she even sang to Dorothy, it was like all was right in the world. She had to push back against those feelings, the way Dorothy was so comforted by Maybel's presence. It took a great effort to stay angry, frustrated, even as so many things no longer made sense. He babbled and cried, determined to rage against the universe that had made him this helpless little infant girl, who had to be dressed and changed and fed. Loud noises scared her, losing sight of her Mom scared her, there were so many things that scared her. And perhaps even more shamefully, silly faces were now the highest form of comedy. Daddy delighted in showing her such, but Mommy's impressions were the best.

But those brief moments of joy were undone by the moments of great upset. Maybel found it difficult, and even Patrick and Harvey were frustrated. But it fell to Dorothy's mother to sort it out: she was a calming influence, just as she had been as David's best friend.

One day, Dorothy was having a particularly bad fit of wailing. It tugged at Maybel's heartstrings, particularly since there was no one else home to help her deal with it. Patrick was at work, and Harvey was enjoying his time at highschool. It was only Maybel, who was busy silently dusting the shelves, and Dorothy, who had woken.

She moved to the crib, sighing, almost wishing her old friend could accept her new babyhood. Surely it couldn't be all bad? She reached down and picked up the wailing Dorothy, whose tiny weak limbs were flailing about.

"There, there," she said, patting her against her chest, "there, there. It's okay. Mommy is here. Mommy has you, my little Dor."

But the wailing did not stop, only increased in pitch. Dorothy was crazed in anger, refusing to accept this life, and wanting everyone to know it. She was hungry too, more hungry than she could have believed, but she batted aside the bottle of milk from Maybel, refused to drink from it. Like so much else, it felt all wrong. She needed something else! Her gaze turned to Maybel's full chest, barely contained by the stretched fabric of her classical dress, and she fell briefly silent.

Maybel's eyebrows shot up. It hit her all at once. It was so obvious now, why her boobs were so sore, and why they had gone up another size to Double-Ds. They were full, ripe, and slightly veiny, and now she knew why. They had been getting ready for this moment.

"Oh, my poor baby. I think I understand. Don't worry, you will too in a moment."

Slowly, nervously, she unstrapped part of her dress, lowering it and her bra cup to expose her right breast. It was large and rounded, and her nipple was like a soft drink cap it

was so swollen. She experimentally squeezed her breast, wincing at its fullness. There was a surge of pressure, one that alarmed her, and then small droplets of white fluid that could only be milk leaked from her nipple.

“Oh my Lord,” she gasped. She winced a little. God, when her transformations occurred, they really didn’t waste time. There was another surge from her other breasts, and now both were spilling beyond the Double-D range, too large now for even her cups. Hopefully her bras would become maternity bras soon, but for now, she had another way of relieving that burden.

Dorothy stared at her chest, her adorable blue eyes wide. Even with her reduced mental faculties, the former alpha male recognised that this was a big step. The final step for her, perhaps for both of them, in a way. Drinking from her mother would forever change their dynamic, and seal them as mother and daughter.

“It’s okay, Dave,” Maybel said, managing to use that old name. “It’s okay. You go ahead, it’s alright. We’ll make this jump together, huh?”

Her mother’s words made her feel all gooey inside, and so the little girl pursed her mouth. Carefully, Maybe raised her little girl and pressed her face gently to her swollen breast. Dorothy latched instantly, and in moments she was sucking away, taking in great gulps of milk. It was the greatest thing the little baby had ever remembered tasting. Soon she was insatiable, greedy as a calf suckling on a cow, drinking up her mother’s milk to foster her own development.

Maybel, for her part, sighed at the sweet, soothing sensation breastfeeding provided. It was like a slow release, a cathartic reduction of the pressure in her chest, and it made her maternal instincts balloon. She teared up a little, wiping her eyes at the tenderness of the action, and somehow, perhaps through a mother’s instinct, she could sense that she was finally bringing proper peace to Dorothy. The little baby reached out and held her boob, in that adoring way little infants often did.

“I think I’m ready to embrace this now,” Maybel whispered to her darling daughter. She shifted her to her other breast, making sure to ‘even out’ the deliveries of milk. “For you, and for Harvey, and for Patrick. I think I can do this. And I know you can too, my little one.”

Dorothy closed her eyes, calmed by her mother’s voice. Finally, she felt as if all was right in the world.

The breastfeedings continued, and when Patrick returned to embrace his wife, he was greatly pleased by the sight of her softly singing to their little baby girl as she nursed her. Her cheeks went a bit rosy when she realised Pat was watching, but in truth she could not be too

embarrassed. She was falling fully into her role now, and it was pleasing to her. There was nothing else quite like having a child dependent on her very body to survive and thrive, and the pleasant sensations of breastfeeding was creating a strong bond between the former friends.

“You look like an image of motherhood,” Patrick exclaimed.

“You know, I rather feel like one,” she said with a smile.

Harvey found it a little weird, but only in that way that any teenage boy would have when his Mom whipped out the boob to feed his little sister. But he accepted it, even finding some amusement in his former punk boyfriend now faithfully breastfeeding a young one. The family was now in a rhythm, and any thought of turning back was long forgotten. The house’s curse/blessing had won, and frankly they didn’t care any more. No doubt the other lives they lived would always remain a curiosity, even a source of occasional sadness or longing or plain nostalgia, but they were still all together under one roof, and they loved one another, even more than they had before. And Patrick, of course, felt much closer to the group as well.

For Maybel, there was just one wistful thing that she occasionally thought about, something that ate at her a little. She couldn’t quite escape what she had lost, despite coming to love and accept her new role. Like a hole that could not be filled. She lived with it, but even several days after first feeding Dorothy, it had not gone away. Even Patrick noticed that sadness. They had not had sex again yet, and he ached for it. So did she. But something small was missing.

When Patrick left for work, still wishing to have embraced and made love to his wife that morning, Maybel cleaned the house, and fed little Dorothy. When the girl was down again, the housewife made her way to the garage. There, a prized object of her former life somehow remained. Her electric guitar.

Maybel strummed the strings of her old instrument, which had laid useless in the garage for a couple of weeks now. Her long nails got in the way, and her now E-cup breasts were even more of a nuisance as she tried to rest it against her chest.

“Ugh, so big. And feeling fuller each day! That baby is insatiable. He always did like sucking on big tits!”

She tried to position the guitar, strum the main tune to *Thunderstruck*. It should’ve been easy enough, but there was no ability remaining anymore. She was clumsy, and the tune only half-conveyed. But more than that, it simply didn’t feel like the right instrument for her anymore.

“What does a traditional housewife play in her spare time?” she said aloud, brushed a honey-blonde hair behind her ear. She wanted there to be an answer, but feared there would not be. Her connection to music was one thing she didn’t want to give up.

It was at that moment that a new, unfamiliar compulsion hit her. She couldn't be sure, but it felt like the house was telling her something. Perhaps even giving her some form of compensation, or understanding. It was pulling her towards the basement. Rising to her feet, she set down the guitar and obeyed this new instinct immediately.

The basement was relatively unused by them. It had been a storage space, nothing more, and as far as Maybel knew, it had remained so even as they made the house more like a modern family's, and child safe as well. But as she stepped down into the basement now, she found that it had changed. The walls were painted a classic eggshell white, and the space was well-lit, complete with dark blue carpet and photo frames upon the walls showing their new family. There was even one that showed her pregnant at full term, her stomach cradled from behind by her husband. Patrick looked so proud, and it made her give a beaming smile. She held her slightly pudgy belly, the baby fat now more explainable, given Dorothy's final age. She closed her eyes and imagined what it would be like to be full with child.

"God, do I really want that?" she asked herself.

She exhaled, tore her thoughts from it, and turned from the photo before she got another new compulsion, one with nine months' worth of immediate consequences. And that's when she saw it.

"Well, my gosh. I'll be . . ."

It wasn't a guitar, such a thing wouldn't make sense for the traditional wife she'd become. But there was a finely made piano situated in the corner of the basement, which was now more like a mix between a hobby room and display room. She sauntered over it, and sat her large behind upon the seat before its keys. Slowly, she lowered her hands to those keys. Closing her eyes, she summoned the new knowledge that poured into her.

And she began to play Debussy's *Clair de Lune*. She knew exactly how to play it, and play it well. The music poured from her fingertips like elegant streams of water from a mountainside. She smiled, keeping her eyes closed as she played, simply taking in the sounds of the piano perfectly played. It wasn't punk rock, it wasn't heavy metal, it wasn't what she'd been used to as Mark. But it was intensely beautiful, and it was still music. Great music, in fact, the kind that still nourished the part of her soul that yearned for it. She played gently for nearly half an hour, shifting to Beethoven, then Mozart, and taking a brief foray into Handel. She wasn't superbly proficient in each, but she was certainly talented. That made her even happier, in fact.

"Lots of time to learn. Lots of time to improve."

She closed the piano cover gently, stepping away, feeling as if that hole had been filled. She turned to leave, to go check on her little darling, when suddenly another sight caught her eye.

It was a wedding dress. Quite a striking one, in fact. Her own, though made for when she was a bit trimmer in the waist, and not as wide in the hips, and not as . . . prodigious, in the bust.

“Geez Louise, I use to be that small? Lord, they look like C-cups in that dress!”

She looked down at her full F’s, clearly swollen from pregnancy and having remained so afterwards. With a slight smile, she shrugged, letting them wobble a little.

“Eh, I can get used to these. Goodness knows Patrick enjoys them. And besides, they’re there for my little Dor.”

Still, she couldn’t help but feel a kind of weird disappointment looking at the wedding dress. She was Maybel now, and she could accept that. Had embraced it in fact, particularly knowing that she could now still have music in her life. But as a thirty two year old woman with two kids, she’d also missed so many milestones. First dates with her husband, being proposed to, and of course, walking down the aisle towards him, and being announced as husband and wife. The knowledge that she had a wedding dress reminded her that she never truly got to wear it.

“Ah, f-f-fuck it! It should still fit good enough!”

She undressed, and carefully began to put the bridal outfit on. There was a sense of ‘rightness’ as she did so, as if she could almost remember the wedding itself, though it had never truly happened. True to her guess, the dress was too tight in the waist and hips, and she had to make adjustments at the front just to avoid her big milky boobs from spilling out. As it was, they curved almost up to her clavicle, displaying a hell of a lot of cleavage. Too much for an actual wedding, really. But looking at herself in the mirror, she beamed. She truly was beautiful, and it gave her a true look at what she might have been like. She modelled a little in the mirror, even stepping out of the basement and up to the bedroom. Dorothy was still sound asleep, but woke briefly for a quick feed. Thankfully, the laces at the front meant she could free the boob rather easily for her little one. Then she modelled further in the bedroom, grinning at her appearance as she pretended to hold the flowers, or to hold the groom’s hand, or to accept the ring. She even made some poses as if she were being photographed. She giggled in a silly manner, feeling a strange rush of excitement just at the thought of her special day. Until . . .

“Maybel? Are you in your wedding dress?”

She spun on the spot, nearly slipping over. Somewhere in her dress, a seam gave way, struggling against her bust line. Patrick was in the doorway, having come home early. She could have kicked herself: he’d told her it wouldn’t be a full day just last night!

“Patrick,” she stuttered. “I saw the dress in the basement, and I - well, I wanted to try it on.”

She looked at the ground clutching her hands before her, feeling red and embarrassed. But Patrick just waited for her to raise her gaze to him again, and she saw in that moment how enraptured he was with her.

“You look beautiful beyond words,” he said.

“I don’t really fit it anymore. I’m too fat.”

“Well, we know that’s not true. You’re just more womanly. Certainly I see two big pieces of evidence of that.”

Maybel chuckled. “You flirt!”

“I’m serious though, honey. You look gorgeous.”

“I know,” she said, posing a little, stepping towards him. “I’m just - this is gonna sound crazy, but I’m just sad that I didn’t get to actually have a wedding night.”

“I know what you mean,” Patrick said. He ran a hand gently down her side, looking at her delectable cleavage, and he brushed his other hand over her shoulder, fixing her hair. “But . . . we could always have it now.”

“What - what do you mean?”

He kissed her. “A wedding night. Or wedding midday. I mean, I’m in a fine suit. You’re in a wedding dress. And the conjugal bed is right here . . .”

She looked from him, to the bed, and back again. This time, unlike the last, there was no hesitation. No need to have a little liquid courage. No desire to postpone or retain some sense of manliness. Her husband was before her, powerful and dominating, and yearned to please him. She yearned to be his wife.

“Carry me across the threshold first?” she said with a sweet smile.

She squealed as he suddenly lifted her with ease, carried her like the bride she was in that moment, and stepped out of the room. Then, with loving care, he walked back in, the two of them laughing at the ridiculousness of it all, but turned on all the same. He placed her on the bed, and she breathed heavily. Her breasts rose and fell, threatening to explode out of her top.

“I’m your wife now,” she teased.

“And I’m your husband.”

“Well, sexy husband, why don’t we make it official?”

She pulled him on top of her, and then they were all over each other. They kissed and caressed, stroked and fondled, pressed their loving forms against one another. Maybel felt a need to be penetrated again, and there was not even nervousness remaining. She wanted to feel his big cock within her, so that she could be his wife in full. Patrick in turn got harder and harder as he nibbled at her neck and pressed his face into her cleavage. She moaned in agonised pleasure.

“G-get it off! Take this off me! I want you in me!”

They worked to get her out of the wedding dress, but as he too turned to undress she stopped him.

“L-leave the suit on. Just unb-buckle your pants. I want to f-feel my sexy suited husband fuck his submissive wife.”

Nothing could have turned Patrick on more. He kissed her again, probing her mouth with his tongue, and finished pulling her dress from her. Then, hoisting her up, he planted her on his lap almost entirely naked. She worked to unbuckle him, unzip his pants and release his monster of a cock. Maybel licked her lips at the sight of it. She was already contemplating the possibility of sucking it, drinking his seed down greedily. But it would have to wait. Her pussy was getting wetter and wetter, and she wanted to rub her dark nipples against his muscular form. Against his suit.

“Oohhhh, lower me d-down. I want to fuck you on your lap. I want you to f-fuck me!”

“God, I love how turned on you make me,” Patrick said.

“I just love *you*,” Maybel said, and she truly meant it.

“I love you too,” he replied, and they kissed far longer and more lovingly than they ever had before, again and again until finally they had to come up for air.

“Now hurry up and fuck your hot MILF of a wife,” she declared.

He hoisted her up again with ease, and she wrapped her legs around his body as he then lowered her onto his hard, upright cock. She moaned in delight as he pierced her, Maybel’s feminine folds holding tight to his immense girth. He slid deeply into her passage, and then they were fucking hard and fast. She bounced on his lap, her huge ass quaking, her boobs trembling. She shoved them in his face, delighting in how he sucked on them. Milk flowed from her nipple into his mouth, which he guzzled down with an appreciative grunt. She switched sides, let him feed from her rather sensually as they thrust together. She was his wife, his one true love, and after all these changes she now never wanted to be anything else. She wanted to please him, particularly with her body, just as she was doing now.

“Oh G-God! Yes! Oh f-frick! Yes, Patrick! I love you - Oh God I love you!”

“I I-love you t-too! Fuck, I’m so close!”

“Do it! Cum in me. We’ve got our whole lives together, Pat!”

Another thrust, another hold of her delightfully wide, soft hips. His balls squeezed, contracting to shoot his load deep into her. He roared in orgasm, and she joined him, crying out in her high voice, pressing her milky, slightly leaking breasts against him.

She only let him go once she was absolutely certain that she had milked him for all he was worth, and once the series of her own climaxes ended. Still panting, she kissed him.

“And that was just once, my dear husband,” she said, dismounting, leaking his sperm down her thigh. “Think of how many times we’ll do it from now on.”

It was a hot enough prospect to almost get him hard again.

“This is going to be a good life,” he remarked, watching her sway her curvaceous ass to the shower.

“It is. A stranger one than expected. But a good one. Why don’t you join me in the shower again? We can have a little more fun before I see to our Dor and Harvey gets home.”

Patrick grinned, and was there in a dash. Not long after, more moans could be heard echoing from the shower.

Afterward, the loving married couple would retrieve their daughter, and Maybel would feed their baby with her still-full breasts. Patrick would welcome his son home when his bus arrived, and help entertain both kids while Maybe made their dinner up. And the whole family would sit down together - well, Dor on Maybel’s chest - and talk of how their day was. They would laugh, joke, tease, and perhaps still be a bit embarrassed. But they would be accepting of their places, and very much happy to be together under the one roof.

Just like the ordinary, wholesome family they were always meant to be.

Epilogue:

Maybel was hurriedly getting dinner ready when Patrick came in the front door.

“Daddy’s home! Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!”

Patrick laughed and got down on his knees, just in time for little Dorothy to run into her father’s arms, and for him to sweep her off her feet and spin her around. She giggled as he threw her lightly into the air before catching her again. He pulled her into a big bear hug, enveloping her until her laughter was too much, and she had to push him back.

“Stoop!” she laughed, “stop, stop! That’s too much hugging!”

“Oh, I’m sorry my darling daughter, Daddy just loves you *too much!*”

He threw her into the air again, and this time as he caught her he pretended to stumble, careening across the room until he landed on the couch, depositing her on the plush beanbag in fits and further giggles.

“Crash landing!” he declared. She tried to say something, but was too beset by laughter, followed by her father’s tickles.

“Well, I’m glad *someone* has energy,” Maybel declared from the kitchen. She had her arms folded beneath her large breasts, breasts which were larger than usual and outlined quite noticeably against her cute red housewife’s dress with its white stripes. The reason for

her large and somewhat sore bosom was the *other* large indent in her dress: the large dome of a belly that signified her eight-months-along pregnant belly, in which a new little daughter was having fun kicking back at her spine even as she attended to dinner. Patrick managed to fight off another incursion of Dorothy before rising to embrace his wife and hug her round belly.

“And how are my other two darlings?” he said, smiling.

“In a word: full,” she said, though in his presence she couldn’t help but smile a little.

“Active?”

“Ohhhh, yes. Lots of kicking today. Feel.”

She moved his hand, placing it on the underside of her round dome. The two waited silently while Dorothy looked on, fascinated. Then, just as they thought perhaps their little girl had died down, there was a strong kick. Followed by another.

“Oof!”

“That was a big one!” Patrick exclaimed.

“Trust me, you have no idea,” laughed Maybel. “I still can’t believe I’m pregnant.”

Patrick waggled his eyebrows. “Really? I mean,” he whispered out of earshot of Dorothy, despite the fact that their four year old had once been his big brother who knew all the ins and outs of sex, “we have had a lot of special Mom and Dad time over the last four years.”

Maybel blushed, and while pregnant, it felt like a whole body blush. “Yes, well, I didn’t mean *that*. I meant, just, all of this!”

She gestured to her boobs, her belly, and her body in general. Her hair was much longer these days: Patrick liked it to hang right past the small of her back in a deeply feminine manner, and so she submissively kept her hair like that to please him. The implication she was making was obvious. Even four years on from embracing their new lives, it was still occasionally quite strange to think about. She had become a sterling housewife and mother, doting on her children and loving them dearly, regardless of how their relationships used to be. And as Patrick would attest, she was a very, very, *very* loving housewife. So loving, in fact, that even while using protection on both sides she’d still managed to get knocked up after a particularly . . . *vigorous* night of passionate lovemaking. But it was one thing to accept turning into a thirty-two year old woman with a family, it was quite another to accept getting literally impregnated four years later, and feeling your belly grow heavy with child, all while putting up with morning sickness, sore ankles, tiredness, cravings, and - of course - even bigger boobs that were preparing to make what felt like a *lot* of milk.

“It’s just a lot, sometimes!” she sighed.

“I know, dear. You’re handling it so well. You’re absolutely glowing.”

She gave him a sweet smile, let him lean down to kiss her. She couldn't help feel a strong tingle of arousal as he held her swollen form. If she'd been a submissive minx of a housewife before, pregnancy had supercharged her libido something fierce.

Thankfully, Dorothy pushed them apart.

"Mommy! I want to feel the baby too!"

"Of course you can, dear!" she laughed. "Put your hand here."

"I bet you never thought you'd get *pregnant*, Mommy."

"No dear, I didn't."

"It's kinda funny, Mommy."

"Oh, haha, you little naughty girl!"

Dorothy giggled. She still had all her memories of her past life, of being the strong, muscled man. But like all the others, she'd come to embrace her life. As a baby, she'd been deeply soothed by her former best friend's milk. The relationship between Mark and David had irrevocably changed now that they were mother Maybel and daughter Dorothy, but they maintained a closeness that everyone in the family could see. As Dorothy had adjusted to being an infant in the first couple of years, she had relished the times when she nursed from her new mother, just as Maybel had found it a re-bonding experience. But as Dorothy aged, now an adorable four year old, she had even come to embrace being a very girly girl. Her blonde locks were now long and full and done up in a princess style, and she even wore a pastel blue dress that was incredibly cute, and she knew it. Sometimes she thought of what it would be like to have her old life again, but thankfully her young mind was easily distracted, and there was an unbridled joy in re-experiencing childhood in full. It was a blessing no one else had ever received, to her knowledge, and she intended to take it in the fullest. But that didn't stop her from stirring up memories of the past occasionally, just to poke fun at her total housewife of a mommy. As usual, her dad, once her little sister, always got her back.

"Is my little princess making fun of mommy?" he exclaimed, picking her up and tickling her. "Does she need reminding that she's an utterly adorable little girl now!?"

"Stop it!" she laughed. "You win! You win! I won't make fun."

"Good!" he said, tickling her one more time. "Because otherwise daddy tickle monster comes out to play, and you won't get to feel your little sister kicking!"

"Want to feel!" she cried, trying not to laugh again. "I won't make fun of Mommy!"

"Better not," Maybel said, breathing heavily. "Mommy is very tired from making a baby right now. Ooh! She's kicking again! Let her go, Pat."

Patrick did so, and Dorothy ran to feel her sister kicking. She marvelled at the life within her mother's belly, barely able to believe the soft little impressions against the tight red housewife's dress was an actual new sister.

"I'll have a new sister again!" she beamed.

"You will!"

"Only I'll be *much* nicer this time, and teach her all about princesses and cute dresses and how to do your hair!"

"That's wonderful to hear, darling," Patrick said, patting her head. He shared a knowing look with his wife, one that was more than a little smug. He still got quite the enjoyment out of having his big brother now embracing the life of an adorable little girl. It was at that moment that there was a knock on the door. Maybel cringed.

"Oh gosh, oh dear me," she said in her old-fashioned non-swearing way, a far cry from her old self. "That must be them! I thought I'd have more time!"

Still, she patted down her dress and waddled slightly to the door, Patrick's reassuring hand on her back. She opened the door, and put on her most welcoming expression. On the other side were two people. The first was Harvey, now a grown eighteen-year old man (even if she couldn't help but see her former girlfriend as her 'little boy' regardless). He'd grown his hair out a little longer, had a piercing over his left brow, and had a slight anti-authoritarian look to him, especially with his biker jacket. On his arm was a woman who looked the same age, though she was apparently one year older at nineteen. She was attractive, with bright blue eyes, long vibrant ginger hair, and a figure that stirred quite the jealousy in the currently bloated, rounded form of Maybel. An hourglass figure with C-cup breasts is exactly what she wished she had at that moment, despite loving the pregnancy at times. Still, she stroked her belly and gave an enthusiastic welcome.

"Hello Harvey! My goodness, you must be Sarah! It's lovely to meet you. I'm Mrs Howard, Harvey's mother. But please, call me Maybel!"

"Lovely to meet you, Maybel," she replied.

"Please, come on in! This is Patrick, my husband and Harvey's father. And this little tyke here is Dorothy, our youngest."

"For now," Harvey said, embracing his mother for a quick hug. "Geez Mom, you're huge!"

"Harvey, what a thing to say to your own mother!"

"Sorry, it's just that you're a blimp!"

"Sarah, I hope he doesn't talk to you like this!"

She just laughed. "He's actually quite the gentleman. You raised him well."

The two parents exchanged another knowing glance. Raised for just four years really. Dorothy broke the awkwardness as Sarah was let in.

"She's got lots and lots of red hair, Harvey!" she proclaimed.

"She does, Dor."

"*You* used to look like that."

"None of that now!" he said, ruffling her golden locks. "It was just, er, a phase!" Sarah raised an eyebrow. "This I'd love to hear about."

"Trust me, you wouldn't believe it."

While Sarah was given the tour by Patrick, as well as the room she and Harvey were sleeping in (his 'old' one, since he was now rooming at college), Maybel worked on preparing the lamb shoulder roast and minding Dorothy, who was playing with her toys. Thankfully, her still-growing baby was now back asleep in her womb.

"Never thought I'd end up like this," she said to herself, stroking her full belly. "But I wouldn't have it any other way, odd as it is. I can't wait to meet you, my little one."

Finally, after some casual time in the living room where Sarah rested against Harvey, the former woman finding it difficult not to appreciate his girlfriend's curvaceous form, dinner was called. Pat was glad for it. He was hungry, and while he'd been a horny young woman once, being in the presence of a horny young couple trying desperately to hide it was certainly tiring for the working father.

"Alright! Time for food, everyone! and remember, Mom gets the first and biggest serves, she's eating for two and she made the darn meal!"

"Aww," Maybel replied.

Everyone took their seats, and Pat took over serving out the meal. It smelled delicious. From there, a small grace, which Harv rolled his eyes at, followed by tucking in.

"So Sarah, what do you do?" Pat asked.

"I'm studying to be a psychiatrist, but I currently just work at the Fish'n'Eat."

"I love the food there," Maybel said. "God, I'm craving it right now."

"I'll get you a late run," Pat said, kissing her on the cheek. "Lamb for now."

"Oh trust me, honey, I'll still be hungry later. Baby is growing in spurts!"

Sarah looked at Maybel. "When are you due?"

"Exactly one month from now, and certainly feeling it!" She laughed, gesturing at her full form, very gravid with her little daughter. "As you can see, I'm getting pretty big."

"Big in the boobies too!" Dorothy squealed. "Big boobies!"

Maybel turned a crimson red, staring daggers at her former best friend. They'd always stirred each other in their old lives, and now little Dor was grinning from ear to ear. Sarah coughed awkwardly.

"Yes, thank you, little Dor, but that's probably rude to point out."

"Well, I'm not complaining!" Patrick exclaimed, grabbing a bit more lamb. The others laughed, even Harvey who was nearly as sheepish.

"I'm surrounded by traitors," Maybel sighed, rolling her eyes. "And don't you talk about my boobs, Dor. You were rather hooked on them for a while."

Another laugh. Sarah ate a little more, chatting about her studies and how she met Harvey, a story which was quite amusing in its own right: she'd caught him staring at her and always trying and failing to approach her, and in the end she'd thought he was cute and sweet enough to approach herself.

"Glad someone finally did!" Pat said.

"It's good to finally meet you all, though," Sarah said. "Harv speaks so well of you all. Calls you his 'wholesome family,' and I can see why."

They all chuckled at the in-joke. They continued to eat, and eventually Maybel stood to get them dessert, until Pat demanded she rest and eat up for her and the baby both, while he served out instead. The sticky date pudding was homemade, and Sarah's compliments made Maybel blush, and even feel a bit emotional at the sight of her and her son's relationship.

"Sorry!" she said, grabbing a tissue. "Damn pregnancy hormones! It'll happen to you someday!"

Sarah seemed to find it cute, because she rested her hand on Harvey's thigh under the table, and winked at him.

"Your family is lovely," she said, flicking her red hair behind her ear.

"Yeah, they're pretty good. Even Dorr."

It was night, and the couples were all settling in to sleep. Dorr had obviously gone to bed first, but after a little more getting-to-know-you time with Sarah, the young couple had retired to their room at a respectful hour, and then a tired Maybel and Patrick too. With some help from her husband, she managed to get her dress off, leaving her in her black lingerie. Patrick's gaze lingered on her impressive cleavage: her bountiful breasts were further swollen from even a week ago, and now looked potentially even bigger than the F-cups that were struggling to contain her. They were flushed and full, perfect globes with large dark nipples that ached to be sucked upon. She breathed heavily, and they rose and fell like boulders during a slow-motion earthquake.

"God, so huge!" she muttered. "They're almost bigger than my own head! I'm almost grateful they can rest on this big belly."

"Well I think you look gorgeous. Deeply sexy, curves and all."

Maybel sighed in relief as her husband cradled her belly from behind, lifting it slightly and temporarily relieving her of her burden.

"Ohhhhh yeahhhh, that's good. Mhmmm."

"Ha! You sound almost a little sexually excited, honey."

She giggled. "It's the preggo hormones. I was never this randy even as a guy."

"Well, you certainly have demanded a lot of me lately."

She put her hands on her hips, the hips that had widened just a little further in preparation for childbirth. "I don't hear you complaining."

"I'm not. Just anticipating."

She looked at his pants, where a very clear and very *firm* outline was making itself known. "Oh, I see. Are you sure it's okay? I mean, Sarah and Harvey are probably still awake."

"They're downstairs, dear. And besides, we can't be louder than they were."

She chuckled. "They probably thought they were real sneaky, I bet."

"Well, we knew what we were doing, putting the two together in a room. Better to let them have their fun than push Harv away. After all, he probably gets his libido from his father."

"God, imagine that!" Maybel cried, slowly removing her burdensome bra and letting her massive melons rest further down on her belly. "If Harv is to Sarah anything like you are with me, I'll be a grandmother within a year! That's a horrifying thought. Me, a grandma! And at only thirty-six years old."

"You'd be a hot grandma," Patrick said, rubbing her stomach lovingly and bending down to kiss it. "Of course, you're a very hot MILF already."

She blushed. Privately, she loved being called a sexy MILF, but it was still embarrassing to admit it. She sighed a little as he squeezed her plump behind, before moving up to feel her massive breasts. "Mmhmm . . . that f-feels nice."

"I can tell you've been wanting me all night."

"I *always* want you. I'm always so submissive."

"But you love it."

"Ohhhh . . . I do. God, I really do. Mark would be so embarrassed, but - ahhh! - I love the way you make me feel."

"That's because I can play you like an instrument."

"G-good. Because it's an effort to get down the stairs to reach the piano these d-days. Ahhh! Hurry up and suck on them. Please!"

He did so, feeling one full breast while licking and sucking on her large darkened nipple on the other. She let out a small cry as he pressed his entire face into her cleavage, then a giggle as he motorboated her. Something about having her husband, who had once just been her best friend's little sister, shove his face right into her tits was just *exciting*. *Wonderful*. It made her pussy moist and needy.

"I need you in me!" she gasped. "Help me to the bed."

It was an effort these days, with the bump. Sometimes she would go on her back, clutch her belly and play with her big tits while he went down on her. Other times she would go on all fours while he took her from behind, feeling her swollen stomach with his firm hands. But this time, she wanted to ride him. Feel his hands on her hips while she bounced on his big cock.

“God, you’re so freaking beautiful,” Patrick said. “I love you pregnant. I love having that big belly in my face.”

He helped lower her onto his cock. Maybel exhaled, shivered in pleasure as it entered her wet depths.

“Mmhm! I c-can tell. You don’t have to - ahhh - put up with all the downsides.”

“But think of the upsides,” he said, fondling her chest and making her squirm, even as she began to bounce on him. “You’ll have another gorgeous baby to feed and love.”

“MMhm, yeah, I will, won’t I?”

She stroked her round belly as they began to fuck more fully. She could feel an orgasm build already, and so could Patrick, but they held off as long as possible to heighten the pleasure of their other partner. After all, Sarah and Harvey may have made some passionate noises earlier, but they were mere amateurs. Patrick and Maybel may not have originally been destined to be husband and wife, but they were well acquainted with pleasing one another with their bodies now, especially since they relished their respective roles.

“OOhhhh!” she moaned as he continued to need and rub her breasts. “Keep f-fucking me! P-please!”

“I have no intention of stopping, my - ahh! - darling wife! You’re too beautiful! Too hot! God, I want to get you pregnant again!”

“I’m - Mhmm! - thirty six, dear! We already have th-three kids counting this one! Ughnn!”

“Still, we can afford a couple more.”

She lifted her head, making her big pendulous breasts stick out all the more. She leaned forward, and with him sitting up just slightly he just managed to suck her boobs. She moaned as small streams of milk escaped it. It seemed her body was indeed producing once more, and somehow feeding her husband like this only made her approach climax all the faster.

“Just - let - me - give - birth - to - this - one - first!”

“Of course, my love! But before that comes, let’s enjoy your beautiful pregnant body as much as possible!”

He bucked up, meeting her hips, and easily taking her weight. With that last thrust of his long, hard cock, she finally trembled in orgasm. It hit her like a truck, like a mighty tidal wave, and several times again as streams of his semen poured into her. More milk dripped

from her big tits, all while Patrick groaned loudly, cumming into her harder than he had in over a month.

Finally, he helped her off him, and she rested on her side. He spooned her, caressing her swollen stomach gently, feeling the sleeping child within.

“That was good,” was all she said, still practically purring from the intercourse.

“You deserve it, my darling wife,” he said, kissing her hair.

Suddenly, a thunk came from the room below them.

“Keep it down, you two! You’re making me embarrassed! I’m surprised Dor isn’t awake!”

The husband and wife chuckled sheepishly, trying to keep their laughter silent.

“I guess we weren’t that quiet at all,” Maybel said.

“I was. You were a lioness.”

“Mhmm, *your* lioness.”

“And those are our cubs downstairs, and in your belly.”

“Yeah,” she said, taking his hand and resting it on her stomach. “A lovely little family. I’m glad it all turned out this way.”

The End