

Witchy Impersonation (Man to MILF TG AP)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Michael has been asked for a huge favour by his friend Emily: she and her mother Sandra are part of a coven of witches and must be away for an incredibly crucial gathering for one week. The only problem is that her mother Sandra is a single mom with much younger kids. The solution? Michael will be well paid if he will allow himself to be transformed into a copy of Emily's very attractive mother and take care of the kids while they're away. What can go wrong? Who knows, perhaps Michael will enjoy being a hot single MILF?

Witchy Impersonation

"I know it's a lot to ask, but I wouldn't be asking if it wasn't a literal, huge emergency!"

Michael was flabbergasted. His friend Emily was practically *pleading* with him, but even as big favours went, this was a huge one. The biggest, strangest, weirdest one he'd ever heard of. He rubbed his temples, closed his eyes, and breathed.

"Let me get this straight, you want to transform me into an exact copy of your *mom* for a *whole week*?"

Emily blushed, sipping her coffee as they sat on the park bench together. He rather liked the blush, finding it cute. Of course, Emily was a total lesbian, which had put a nix on any potential relationship after he had tried to pursue her five years ago when he and she were just fifteen. Instead they had become good friends, and even played wingman to one another more than once.

"I mean, you'd be paid as well. Mom's good for it! You know we're not exactly struggling."

"But it's your *mom*! That's so . . . so weird! I mean, she looks a bit like you!"

"No she doesn't! I don't even have her hair colour!"

That was true. Emily had strawberry blonde hair in a long ponytail with striking baby blue eyes. Her figure was lithe and athletic, a result of her love of working out. She had a small nose piercing and an eyebrow piercing as well, and tended to wear minimal makeup. Her mother Sandra, on the other hand, had dark brunette hair that was cut just before it reached her shoulders and a pair of ovoid prescription glasses at all times. She had a rather curvaceous body, what with having given birth to three children, and that translated to a thicker waist than her daughter, thicker thighs, and a lot more blossoming in the chest. Suffice to say, there were jokes around the neighbourhood that Emily's mom was a bit of a MILF. It only made the prospect of *becoming* her even more oddly daunting.

“Okay, granted, you both look quite different, but you’re still asking me to become, like, a forty eight year old woman!”

Emily scoffed and rolled her eyes. “Please, my mom is only thirty six years old. You know she had me when she was sixteen.”

“Fine, fine. But still, you’re asking me to be cursed-”

“Not cursed.”

“Fine, hexed-”

She shook her head. “No, not hexed either! It’s simply a transformation spell. Your mind won’t be mom’s don’t worry, though she and I will be able to give you some key skills and pieces of semantic knowledge so you won’t be drowning in the deep end.”

Michael exhaled. “But - but I’ll be your mom!”

“Oh, grow up. It’s not gross or anything. I won’t tease you about it, I promise. Anyway, magic relies on consent, so I’ll only be able to do it if you give the okay. It’s a really big favour I know, but you also know I wouldn’t ask if this wasn’t an emergency.”

Michael rested against the bench. It was a fine Summer’s day, with nary a cloud in the sky. All was well in the world except that his best friend was asking him to become a thirty-six year old single mom. *Her* single mom.

“It’s that big of an emergency?” he asked. “She can’t take Dexter and Ash with her?”

Those were her younger kids. Dexter was four years old. Ashley was only seven months. They were brilliant kids who absolutely adored Michael when he dropped round, so they wouldn’t be total strangers to him at least.

Emily shook her head. “No chance, I’m sorry. This is a meeting of pretty much all the witches’ covens in the northern hemisphere, perhaps beyond. There’ll be spells galore and a number of barriers to pass through, all of which only a trained witch can pass through for safety purposes.”

“End of the world stuff, then?”

Emily bit her lip. “You know how it is.”

“I really don’t. You’re the witch.”

That was the other thing: Emily Hayes was a witch. So was Sandra, who had taught her the ways of witchcraft. Michael had barely been able to believe it when Emily had told him four years ago, but he’d seen her weave arcane spells, change lead into gold (albeit only temporarily), and even get his housecat to talk so that Barnaby could be better instructed on how to use his damn litter. The fact that there were covens all over the world, most of them devoted to just getting by and living well, others more . . . sinister in nature, was quite a shock to his system. It felt more ordinary now.

At least until a convention of all the major covens was called because of some great omen reading that foretold doom unless they combined their powers to seal a breach in

reality, or somesuch. Michael didn't really understand it. What he did understand was that he was being asked to be transformed into his friend's mom for a month. Suffice to say, it wasn't how he expected things to go when Emily asked if he wanted to catch up at the park that day.

"Let's just put it like this," Emily continued, leaning forward and placing her hands under her chin in deep thought. "This is something a good witch cannot refuse to go to. It's too important, not just for our lives, but ordinary people such as yours. But it takes time; these things always do when dealing with threats beyond our world. It's all a lot of mumbo jumbo to you I'm sure, but it really is a big deal. And at the end of the day, we can't take Dexter and Ash with us, and we can't leave them on their own for obvious reasons."

"Can't you just put them into a magical stasis or something?"

"Jeez, Michael, do you think we'd ever risk it?"

"But why me?"

She placed a hand on his shoulder in a platonic gesture. "Because you know the kids. Because Mom trusts you, and so do I. And because we're desperate. Please. It'll be the last time I ask, I promise."

Michael sagged. It wasn't like he had much else going on. He was between work, and he didn't have a girlfriend. Even Barnaby was no longer around, so he couldn't use that excuse. He ran his hands through his short, light brown hair, then looked down at his body. He was nothing special, a totally average male. The best thing you could say about him was not that he kept fit, but that at least he kept himself lithe. And he was being asked to give that up, though at least the pay was good. Sandra was nothing if not monetarily generous.

"Fine," he said. "I'll do it."

Emily beamed. "Really? You're sure!?"

"Don't ask me that, because I'm really not. Sure, that is. But . . . fine, I'll do it. I need the money, and your Mom has been awesome in helping me out when I've hit hard times, and you're my best friend, and after this you will owe. *Big time*. Really, really, really big time."

Emily launched herself into him, hugging him desperately. "You're the best, Michael. If I wasn't a total femme, I'd -"

"Be all over me, yeah, I know. At least my lesbian friend has taste in good men."

They shared an awkward chuckle, which then petered out into silence.

"So, this change," Michael said, breaking said silence after twenty odd seconds.

"When do you need it to take place?"

Emily bit her lip. "Well, this weekend would be good. Actually, this weekend at the very latest."

Michael sighed. "And it's already Friday. God, what am I getting myself into?"

He had no idea.

“Again, I can’t thank you enough,” Sandra said. “We would never ask if it were not an emergency, though I was still looking for other options. Emily said you would be up to it, and I trust my daughter’s judgement, don’t I, you little cutie you?”

She held up her little gurgling one year old. Ash gave an adorable smile, some teeth now visible though not all the way there. Sandra cooed over her before placing her down on her mat. She began to crawl around before finding a plushie toy to drool all over.

“Well, I know how much you two have done for me. Besides, it’s the end of the world or something, right?”

Sandra rolled her eyes behind her glasses. They suited her, Michael though. “Oh please, at the very worst it’s the end of Denmark. Maybe North Dakota as well, depending on if that breach splits. Still pretty disastrous though, and so it’s all hands on deck and everything. And we may not even be a week! Did Emily go over the basics with you?”

Michael blushed a deep shade of red. The so-called ‘basics’ were not just how to set the house alarm (the mechanical one *and* the arcane one) and how to stack their special dishwasher, but also the insides and outs of feminine hygiene, how to fasten on a bra, the menstruation cycle and so forth. Well, the last might not be an issue; it was TMI but apparently while breastfeeding Sandra hadn’t experienced her monthly visitor. Yet. But then, that was the other thing . . .

“That’s excellent,” Sandra said. “I’ll go over anything you missed. It’s probably best that I show you how I get little Ash to latch. She’s pretty easy.”

“Y-yes,” Michael said, going somehow *even further* red. He hadn’t even considered when he’d signed on to this insane deal that he’d have to breastfeed Sandra’s daughter. It was obvious, really. They weren’t going to switch to formula for no reason, and as a witch Sandra could be a real Earth Mother All-Natural Remedies type. Now it was too late to back out, and so the whole thing had gotten, somehow, even more awkward than it had been previously. “That might be best.”

Sandra’s house was a nice place out in the suburbs, green front and backyard and two-car garage and everything. It had an upstairs and downstairs, a playroom, two bathrooms and a nice kitchen with its own walk-in pantry and island station. There was plenty of light, and by all accounts the neighbours were utterly lovely. It was the ideal location to hunker down for a week, relax, and get one's affairs in order. At least, that was how Sandra put it. While her daughter was full of energy and was practically bouncing with excitement for the coven meeting, Sandra had always possessed - at least as long as Michael had known her - a relaxed and chill vibe that went with the flow. She was the

mythical 'cool mom' who took things in stride, barked only when needed, and otherwise trusted her kids, at least she trusted Emily. Dexter could be a bit of a rascal at his age. She was a hell of a fusspot when it came to the kitchen though, much to everyone's benefit. She knew all the best magical spells to enhance flavour, but that was only boosted by her own knowledge of the culinary arts. Michael made sure to pay as much attention as possible and take notes while Sandra went over her expectations for the dinners, but she also passed him some cash to order takeaway if it all became too much.

Over the next few hours, Sandra and Emily went over everything with him. It was bewildering, and only made him regret his decision further, but there was no turning back now. It was only a week, after all, and if he could handle a week then he could extract a huge magical favour back from Emily, probably one that left him taller and with nicer muscles. Certainly, Sandra would be willing to lend her superior magic to the cause as well.

"It'll be worth it," he told himself after checking the back garden and making more notes on how best to take care of Sandra's other pride and joy; the flowerbeds.

When he returned inside, the magic circle had already been traced upon the floor in coloured chalk, along with various arcane runes and sigils. They were glowing softly, and the air shimmered as a result. Emily stood on the other side of the circle; she'd changed into her witch's outfit, pointed hat and all. It was a lilac blue colour, which suited her blonde hair and blue eyes. She grinned awkwardly, looking a bit guilty. Sandra just looked relieved, though she was fussing over the edge of the circle and ensuring all the lines were right. Michael had a good look at her rear and hips through her casual jeans as she did so. God, if this worked, he was about to get damn thick, and damn curvy. That wasn't even mentioning that Sandra had a pretty large rack, as far as he could tell. She generally wore casual tops and flannelette shirts, but the outline of her breasts were obvious.

"Okay," she said, brushing some brown hairs behind her head. "That should be good. Airtight, in fact. Are you ready, Michael?"

He gulped a little, but nodded. "As I'll ever be."

"Good. Don't hesitate to use the marble statue to contact Emily or myself. It'll respond when you tap it three times on the head, it's a lovely enchantment. Don't forget Dex's bedtimes or the feeding schedule for Ash. She's on half solids but still on the boob when she wants it, but there's plenty of frozen milk in the fridge to warm and use the bottle for, so don't worry there."

Michael could have cried in relief. "Th-thanks," he stammered instead. "Um, what do I do?"

Sandra smirked in her knowing way, and gestured to the centre of the circle. "Simply step inside, young man, and become an older - though not *old*, I won't be taking that particular descriptor, thank you - women. Trust me, it's a pretty good body."

“Mom!” exclaimed an embarrassed Emily.

“What? A mother can’t be proud of her form? I’ve had three kids and I think I look fine. So do the men.”

“By the Old Gods, Mom. Please Michael, become her so we can get to the Coven and she can stop deliberately embarrassing me.”

Sandra put her hand to the side of her mouth and winked conspiratorially. “Oh, I’ll embarrass her there, too. Lots of cute female witches who I’m sure would love to get to know my lovely Em.”

“Ugh! Magic already!”

Michael agreed, though he was getting plenty of blackmail material already, and Emily knew it. Still, his own moment of embarrassment had come. He stepped forward into the living room.

“Wait, where are Dex and Ash?” he asked. “I don’t want them to get freaked out.”

“Don’t worry,” Sandra said. “Ash is asleep in her crib, and Dex is watching a movie - a very special treat - at the upstairs television. But we must hurry, there’s not much time before either adorable little minion comes racing down - at least in Dex’s case - or cries her lungs out, in Ash’s.”

Michael’s heart raced, but he stayed within the circle. Emily cautioned him to be silent and “just let the changes happen,” before reassuring him that they knew what they were doing. They better had: he wouldn’t be here otherwise! Mother and daughter took up opposite sides of the circle and began a low chant. The words were indecipherable to Michael, like an ancient language brought back from the dead, pulled from stone tablets and far beneath the earth. It was not guttural, but had an elegant vibe that spoke of the Earth and its history, like what he imagined ancient druids once sung of. They raised their hands, and slowly the magic circle glowed ever more brightly, hues of green, purple, and blue rising in strange patterns to form a sort of tube, one which he was at the centre of. A crackle of electricity filled the air, causing the hairs on his arms to stand on end.

“Woah,” he said. He’d never witnessed magic on this scale, nor been on the receiving end of it. The closest he’d come was when Emily used her duplication trick to give him some spare chocolate. Otherwise, his own body had been unaffected. But here and now he could feel the magic flowing into him, small tendrils curling from the top of the cylinder and pouring over his head like showers of brightly coloured waters. He went briefly weak at the knees as the energy soaked him through, not just over his skin but through his very form, his very *essence*.

“Wow, this f-feels kinda strange.”

“You’re doing well!” Sandra said. “Just stay there and focus on the changes. That’s all you need to do.”

She returned to her chanting, and this time the light *bloomed*, becoming a series of kaleidoscope-like circles and patterns that interlaced and intersected and interspersed alongside one another. It was hypnotic. It was beautiful.

And it also signalled the beginning of his actual transformation into a copy of Sandra.

The change was faster than he could have imagined, affected body part by body part rather than all at once.

“Ohhhhh,” he groaned, as the pressure emerged in his backside first. Michael closed his eyes, trying to keep himself professional and together, but when his ass *exploded* outwards into two large, impressive cheeks he almost leapt out of the magic circle entirely. His clothes, thankfully, expanded with them, though only just - a seam or two gave somewhere. Emily’s eyes went wide with shock until her mother gestured for her to keep the chant going.

“H-holy shit,” Michael gasped, feeling his new derriere. “It’s so huge. It’s - NGHH!!”

Next were the breasts, providing the perfect counterweight. They ballooned outwards, stretching the very confines of his shirt until that too was allowed to stretch to accommodate his massive bust. Their weight and softness was incredible, and they hung like two great balloons filled with sand. Michael could scarcely believe their weight, or how they were jiggling already. His fat nipples pressed visibly against his top, embarrassing him.

“OH GOD I HAVE BREASTS! BIG ONES!”

Sandra visibly smirked, but kept her cool as she continued to chant. More changes were coming, and they were coming faster and faster by this point. Far from pulling in, his waist actually thickened, gaining those motherly curves that Sandra proudly possessed. His hips cracked wider, expanding dramatically so that his fleshy behind finally had a good purchase on his body instead of looking like some kind of swollen insectoid thorax. He gasped as they became womanly and maternal, and there was a strange pleasure in it that only made him feel more humiliated for experiencing.

“Mhmmmm!” he moaned, trying not to give voice to that reluctant bliss. “S-so wide! Ahh!”

“And about to get wider!” the woman he was rapidly becoming teased. Emily gave him a sympathetic smirk. She knew that her mother’s hips had been a subject of discussion back in high school among the boys, and probably still was in their present reminiscing.

“You’re doing so well, Michael!” she called. “You’re the best.”

“I d-don’t feel - ohhhh - so well! Or the b-best! NGH!!”

His hips finished, and the swelling lowered to his thighs. Even as this occurred, his body hair erased itself from existence, shrivelling down to nothingness. His stomach gained a small pooch of fat, and it was not just because of Sandra’s somewhat MILFy body type. No, there was a further change that followed within his lower stomach. His organs shifted

aside as a new one bloomed within him. He gulped as what could only be a uterus - a functioning, actual female piece of reproduction equipment - swelled into formation within him, followed by a pair of ovaries that spiralled out from its centre. This was followed by a tugging sensation in his penis and testicles. He knew this was coming. He hadn't wanted to think too deeply about it, however. Now it was impossible for it not to take his attention, or for him to *not* fall victim to the pleasure that resulted.

"Ohhhhhh, oh God. Why does it f-feel so - mmhm! It shouldn't be sooooo - ahhhh! MHM!!"

He barely managed to hold his lips shut as the very symbols of manliness pulled back into his body. He'd never been a hugely endowed man, but it still crushed his ego all the same to experience his penis inverting, his balls melting away, and a vulva and vagina tunnel forming in their wake. A pair of sensitive lips and throbbing clitoris were hot on their heels, leaving him squirming and barely able to stand, an orgasm just on the verge.

"Ohhhhhhhh f-fuck! S-Sandra, Emily, I didn't mean for - why didn't you t-tell me that - Ahhhhhhh! Ah - ah - ah - yessss!!"

The climax hit him, a rush of female pleasure that engulfed his tits and left his nipples sticking out against his stretched shirt. He couldn't help himself: he grasped said tits and squeezed his nipples slightly, shuddering in pleasure. Like a whole body sneeze, the final changes came all at once. His lips swelled up, though not massively. His nose became a little longer, and his vision blurred as a need for glasses became evident. His features softened, leaving him looking strikingly attractive for a man who had become a thirty six year old woman. His body gained a softness to it, his legs shapely but with the curves of age and motherhood added to them. His shoulders shrunk, his hair lengthened, turning the same brown as Sandra's.

The last change came as the chant shifted. Neither Sandra or Emily had mentioned his spurt of pleasure for which Michael was very, very grateful. Instead, they had shifted their attention to the mental changes. The magic turned a bright golden yellow, shifting upwards to infect his brain, his hormones, his instincts. Knowledge poured into Michael as if through a sieve, the distilled information he would require in order to act the part of Sandra. Feeding schedules, makeup skills, cooking necessities, even dating (*DATING!?* went Michael's thought process). He even knew where she stored the pumping equipment, Dexter's favourite television shows, and what times to catch up with the other mothers in the park. Disappointingly, he received practically nothing about witchcraft, which he'd always been curious about. He did, at least, get some minor understanding of the strange objects he'd seen the few times he'd managed to spy into Sandra's study. But that was it; no greater awareness of the covens, other witches, except that one of her walking buddies was one,

which took him by surprise given that Helena had been a houseguest present when he'd hung out with Emily more than once. All that time she'd been a witch . . .

"I think it's w-working," he said, voice now an exact replica of Sandra's: a sexy contralto with a slight rasp. Not a smoker's rasp, thank God, but the kind that came from having a naturally lower-register and a totally chill attitude, at least with the original.

"Nearly done," Emily said.

"Just one final tweak to avoid too much confusion," Sandra said. "Get ready to be female."

"To be female? Aren't I already?"

"Not in mind! Not yet! Don't worry, it's just temporary!"

The final sweep of changes followed, and somehow they were almost as invasive and emasculating as literally losing his dick and balls. Michael grunted in a rather unfeminine manner as his very identity altered. It didn't go down to the deepest routes, but his personal pronouns switched instantly, as if a set of neurons had been severed, altered, then reconnected.

"I'm - I'm a woman," *she* said, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Her mind was freaking out though. "Why do I think I'm a woman? Oh God, I recognise my name as Sandra. Holy moly, you go by Sandy? How did I never know that Miss Hayes?"

The chanting wound down, leaving the new woman standing there, an exact replica of her friend's mother. She hadn't even noticed in all the commission, but she was now wearing a set of tight women's jeans and a casual shirt that fitted perhaps a little too well over her large breasts. My, they were large. Bigger than Michael had imagined, and enough to look truly enormous from her new point of view. He was shorter than before too, but her major concerns were 1) having breasts, 2) having a pussy, and 3) thinking of herself as female automatically. It took effort - a minor one, but effort nonetheless - to think of herself as male, despite having been so all her life.

"I - I think I need to sit down," she said, wobbling on her shapely, thick-thighed legs. Sandra (Sandy?) was there to help catch her, and Emily was just as fast on her other side. Despite proposing the witchy impersonation in the first place, she looked quite shocked to see two of her mother, like a pair of suddenly reunited twins.

"Wow, it worked perfectly," she said. "You really look and sound like Mom."

Michael took a deep breath. His large breasts rose and fell dramatically, eliciting a groan from him. "Well, I'm really in it now. It's just a week, right?"

Sandra (he was increasingly thinking of her as Sandra now) put a hand on the new woman's shoulder. "Just a week, maybe less. You're amazing Michael. Rest assured, we witches are both in your debt. We'll give you some time to settle into your new - well, *my* -

body, and then we'll be off via portal and broom. But first, I think a glass of water is what the doctor ordered, fresh from Iceland."

She chanted something, clicked her fingers, and a crystal clear glass of water appeared in her hand. Michael gulped it down greedily; it tasted divine, cleaner than any water he'd ever tasted.

"Th-thanks," she breathed. "I think I might just need a moment, and then I'll walk around for a bit. Get used to the new . . . centre of gravity."

Emily was the one that broke first, erupting into a series of giggles.

"Hey!" he yelled. "You owe me for this!"

The mother and daughter witch pair left not long after, both giving big hugs and cuddles to Dexter and a tearful goodbye to sleeping Ash, all while Michael remained out of sight. Emily left him/her a sending stone just in case he/she needed to communicate any short messages without going through Sandra. The strangeness of being in Sandra's body was deeply unsettling to the new woman, not least because of how quickly they portalled via their brooms out once the changes were finished. Less than an hour after Sandra and Emily had changed Michael, including feminising his mind, they were gone. It almost made the former male wish she'd agreed to be changed on the Friday rather than the Saturday, as it would have given her time to adjust and think of questions. No one can ever think of a question when asked, 'now, do you have any questions?', but an hour later? Oh yeah, that was when they flowed.

Not that Dexter and Ash were willing to give the new 'Sandra' (or 'Mommy' in this case) any time to adjust to her new curvaceous MILF body. Instead, Dexter's program ended, and the rambunctious, wonderful, but utterly mischievous young boy immediately raced around - nearly tripping down the stairs - searching for his mommy to tell her everything (*everything*) that had just happened in the latest episode of *Race Maniacs*.

"Mom! Mom! There was a red car named Billy and he shot out the missile and it hit the green one but I forgot his name except he has a red stripe too but they're not brothers that's the orange cars and one can turn into a helicopter, but I don't like him as much as the one that can turn into a jet because jets are faster, he wasn't in this episode but . . ."

And so on and so forth. Michael had a good working knowledge of the programs Dexter enjoyed, though as a man he'd seen the kids enough in the company of Emily that she could glean it now anyway. But how to deal with this sensory overload of excitement?

"Um, that's wonderful sweetie! It was a good episode then?"

"The absolute BEST! Can I watch one more?"

“No, I’m sorry, that’s just one today. That’s what your mother always says, right?”

He cocked his head to the side, confused. “But you are mommy. Aren’t you?”

A bead of sweat fell down Michael’s temple. She had been a woman only an hour and a half and was already getting caught out.

“Of course I am, sweetie! Mommy was just talking funny!”

He beamed, grinning conspiratorially and laughing as if this was the most perfect, sensible explanation in the world, and at the same time a wonderful game.

“Well, Dexter thinks it’s really funny!” he said, adopting the third-person and continuing to talk about the episode while grabbing his toys to smash into each other. He continued to delight in talking in the third person while Michael was pulled along, still getting used to the way her hips shifted from side to side massively (on account of how damn breedable Emily’s mom’s hips were) and the heaviness of her new tits. They were so, so, so much bigger than she had imagined, and she hadn’t even really seen them yet. Really, that was what she needed to do most: to just find some peace and quiet so she could inspect her body up close. Not in a creepy way, mind. Just in a way to actually grapple with all her changes and come to terms with them.

Alas, only twenty minutes later little Ashley began to cry out loud. Michael immediately felt her nipples tense, throb, and then spurt some milk into her new maternity bra. She hadn’t even realised she was wearing it, or had just forgotten. It was soft and relaxed on her rather than tight like regular bras were supposed to be - she knew that because of her new semantic knowledge - but it was still weird to be wearing a bra, though given the size of her bust she needed them (F-cups, not exactly small!). Dexter managed to be distracted by his play cars, and the little brown-haired boy scampered off to his room, leaving her with the daunting task of actually feeding a baby. An actual baby. With milk. From her breasts.

“God, what did I get myself into?” she asked herself in her still-unfamiliar voice. She made her way to the nursery where little Ashley was present. She had upgraded from a bassinet to a crib recently and was now crawling about in it, the little seven-month old looking utterly adorable. Something in the cocktail mix of new hormones and excessive estrogen triggered a maternal response in Michael. She couldn’t help but coo a little at the sight of the little one, even as she cried for her sustenance.

“It’s okay, Ash. Your, er, mother is here. Yep, that’s me, your mother. I guess if I fooled Michael then you can’t be so hard, right?”

She couldn’t have been more wrong. It turned out that babies have an instinct for when their mother is acting off, because she only cried louder and louder when Michael picked her up and tried to comfort her. She knew the baby needed milk but was building

herself up to that moment, and evidently the delay was enough that Ash's young features turned to absolute confusion.

"No, I swear it's me! It's mommy! Look, it's mommy!"

She pulled a few faces, but these obviously weren't the *right* faces, because Ash only cried louder. Michael grunted as more milk let down from her breasts, soaking her bra further.

"For Christ's sake, how much milk does Sandra have in these! Are they *all* milk?"

They certainly felt full, uncomfortably so. Like any red-blooded male, Michael loved breasts, not that he'd had a lot of dating success that led him into contact with them. Ironically, the boobs he'd seen the most of were Emily's, and that was because they both knew damn well that he wasn't getting near them. But now that *she* had her own pair - a very large pair too - she was surprised at how unerotic they were. They were large, full, and quite flushed with warmth. The milk was positively overflowing and it needed expressing.

"Nope, still not feeding you that way," she said to herself. "Let's get you a bottle."

She carried the crying baby, trying to soothe her all the while, to where the milk was stored. Working one-handed she managed to warm one of the frosted packs and then pour it into a bottle. From there, she managed to fend off an excited Dexter (who had never seen his mom use a bottle for his baby sister and so had a thousand, thousand questions), and sit down on the couch.

"Just a moment, um, dear-"

"What? Why dear? You always call me sweetie!"

"Um, that's right. Just a moment, sweetie. I just need to feed little Ashy."

"You *never* call her Ashy. Why are you calling her Ashy, Mommy?"

"I can't slip anything by you, can I?" she said slyly, dodging the question. "You clever little man!"

Dexter beamed, giggling and running off to find more toys. It gave Michael time to feed Ashley, and good God was time needed. So much time. Time and frustration and crying and a sore maternal feeling in her chest that she was already screwing this up. Ashley did *not* like the bottle. She could barely keep it in her mouth, and when she had it she didn't like the texture or feel of it. For a brief, frenzied moment, Michael genuinely considered just popping out the nipple and letting her drink, but that was too . . . galling. She was in the body of her best friend's *mom*, and the idea of using her breasts - no matter how attractive (and frankly, quite MILFy) she was - was just all wrong.

In the end, Ash drank, was burped and changed, and felt good enough to go back to sleep shortly after a small crawl around the living room. But it had been a harrowing hour of increasingly desperate attempts, and Michael wasn't sure she'd drunk enough.

“I know you have some goo packs you eat now,” Michael said to her in a distinctly ‘mommy’-like voice, “but you still mostly need milk. I really hope I’m not screwing this up.”

She carried that sentiment in her mind for the rest of the day as she entertained Dexter, sorted out dinner (a simple reheated mix in the fridge, thank God), and put them both to bed. In between she had to drain her breasts and freeze the milk, and that meant finally confronted that she had actual *milkers* on her chest now. Better than actually feeding a baby with them; the sensation of having her breasts drained was surprisingly soothing. Like finally untensing a muscle.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned softly at one point. “That feels soooo much better. I felt like these balloons were going to burst!”

She had to read Dexter his usual three stories, make sure he’d used the toilet (an arduous process in of itself) and brushed his teeth and so forth. Ash woke up for another feed which startled Dexter, and then there was the struggle over the bottle yet again, followed by her gulping down her baby food far more readily. She had pain over teeth coming through so Michael put one of the salves on her gums, and after that she seemed to settle again.

And only then was it over. For the first day. Michael stood in her underwear and maternity bra before the full-length mirror in Sandra - Sandy’s - room. She had a little bit of belly fat and a thicker waist, certainly what one would describe as a ‘mom bod’, but not in a bad way though. Michael felt absolutely run roughshod and ragged, and it showed in the lines beneath her tired eyes. Still, it was interesting to inspect her body and really see it, though she needed to keep her glasses on for that now.

“Who knew Miss Hayed was *this* stacked?” she said to herself.

She lifted one breast, marvelling at its weight. She could literally *feel* the milk coming in, and got the sense she’d have to get used to that.

“Okay, time to bite the bullet. Not like I haven’t peed twice today anyway.”

She lowered her panties, followed by her hand.

“Wow, that’s weird. So damn weird. It’s like a total absence. A gap. A space. A - ohh! Oh, that’s sensitive. Really sensitive. Wow.”

Indeed, her new tunnel moistened a little as she touched it.

“Okay, putting that away now. That’s well enough for me!”

She went to bed, not used to the fact that sleeping on her chest was not an option unless she really wanted to have super sore boobs. She was just nodding off when Ashley cried out.

The baby was hungry. Again.

'How goes everything? Do you need any help? I hope it hasn't been too much for you?'

The message came by Emily's sending stone three days after Michael had started the witchy impersonation of Sandra. During that time sleep had been poor, Dexter had been constantly demanding to go to the park and running hyper around the house, and attempts to feed Ash the bottle had gone ever more poorly. Michael may have been gifted Sandra's cooking knowledge, but that didn't mean she got the skill as well; her meals were adequate but never up to standard, and while Dexter was a well-meaning kid, he was also unfailingly honest in his critiques. It had all left the new woman feeling totally adrift, and the few times she had visited the park and seen some of Sandra's fellow mom friends, the conversation had been awkward as she tried to keep up with it all, particularly when they talked about motherhood experienced she had no actual experience in, past three days excluded. In fact, she had come desperately close more than once to using the little marble statue of the grinning witch in the study to just communicate with Sandra already and beg for her to return, end of the world or not.

But now Emily was checking in on her via sending stone, and it was clear from the voice emanating from the rock that she too was having second thoughts. That she thought Michael couldn't cut it, and would need to be relieved of his/her new motherly duties. Perhaps she was right, but it set off something deep in Michael, a new feeling, a sort of maternal pride that was in the process of being wounded. She defiantly stuck out her large chest and took the rock, pressing her thumb against it as she'd been told and relaying a short message back.

"No need Emily. Everything is fine and dandy. Dexter and Ash are well. Only four more days, anyway! Go focus on saving the world!"

She released her thumb, then sagged.

"Well shi - shoot. Why did I do that?"

But she already knew. She had to prove herself, not just in the eyes of Sandra and Emily, but herself as well. She *was* going to do this. She *could* do this. And she could do it *well*.

"Dexter!" she called, and the little four year old appeared from nowhere as if he'd inherited the female magical gift of the family.

"What is it, Mommy?"

She smirked. "Let's fetch your sister. We're going to Slide World."

His eyes widened, and he launched himself at his 'mother.' "You're the best, mom! I love you! I love you soooo much!"

A warmth came over Michael, and she actually had to wipe tears from her eyes. "I . . . I love you too, little man. And your baby sister."

“Slide World! Slide World! Slide World!”

Slide World was a success. Dexter had a blast going through the playgrounds and slides and ball pits, all while Michael held Ash and gave her the occasional crawl time. Afterwards they had ice cream, Dexter’s favourite, and Michael discovered that her new tastebuds adored strawberry best. She had even dressed up for the occasion. The last three days she had been plain as a stick, only wearing jeans and shirts that wouldn’t stick out, often opting for frumpier or baggier clothing that would conceal her figure a bit. Now that she had made an internal vow to do this motherly job right, she did something she never imagined doing: she wore a dress, and a cute one at that. It was a flowery yellow maternity dress with a cute belt around the waist, and it conformed nicely to her impressively wide hips while not pulling too tight around her behind. In fact, she thought she looked very attractive in it, and so put in the effort of doing make up too; a job she’d actually taken to rather well, smacking her red lips together and even restyling her hair. The fact that a few single fathers were looking her way at Slide World was evidence she had dolled herself up well, though she blushed at their attention.

“Don’t want to go too far,” she told herself, and again when eating ice cream in the presence of yet another male admirer. “I know Sandy likes the occasional date with men but that doesn’t mean I . . .”

“Mommy? Mommy, what are you looking at? Mommy? Mommy? Mommy, what are you looking at? Mommy!”

She snapped back to attention, smirking at Dexter. “Sorry honey - I mean, sweetie - Mommy was just admiring the, uh, view of the docks and all the pretty boats.”

She certainly hadn’t been looking at a handsome hunk of a silver fox in a stylish button shirt who was walking confidently past. And she certainly hadn’t been blushing terribly and grinning sheepishly as he smirked in her direction, his eyes lingering over her form appreciatively. No siree. Not at all.

“Goddamn it,” she whispered to herself on the drive home as her mind kept conjuring up an image of the man. “Of course it makes sense, but they could have told me that the change would make me *totally into men*.”

It was an image that was hard to get out of her mind throughout the rest of the day. She chopped the carrots most forcefully out of some kind of primordial resistance. She didn’t want to think about anything long and hard and *thick* at that moment; her damn womanhood was already getting moist at the drop of the hat at the mere suggestion. Instead, she turned

her mind to the success of the day, and how after three days of struggle she was finally getting a handle on things.

Michael tossed and turned in bed, deeply frustrated. Despite how well the day had gone, she was struggling to sleep. Sure, it wasn't a total success: she'd forgotten to reply to a work email and had to make apologies (Sandy worked as a reseller of curiosities and rare items, a perfect job for a witch. She'd postponed her work to not overload Michael, but asked that he communicate with her regular clients when they inquired), but surely that warranted a good sleep? Even Ash had gone to her crib well, falling softly to sleep as Michael sang 'twinklestar' in such a way that left the new woman feeling oddly emotional.

"Can't fucking sleep," she grunted to herself, turning in bed again and causing her big boobs to flop about. "Why can't I sleep?"

Of course, she knew the real reason why. The silver-haired fox was in her mind, and the passion in her loins. A strong passion. She'd put in a lot of effort after becoming Sandra/Sandy, not just in what she did, but in what she ignored. She did her best to ignore her breasts, her nipples, her butt and so forth, and most especially her pussy. It was a piece of equipment that didn't belong to her, and so she didn't feel right with experimenting with it. It was too . . . weird. But now, stuck lying awake past midnight, she couldn't stop thinking about that damned handsome man and the way he'd looked at her so approvingly, how his eyes had lingered briefly on her breasts, enough to notice their lovely and large shape, and then lowered to her backside and hips. She could imagine his hands touching her, those strong forearms encircling her. She had felt her own breasts only when necessary, when fitting into bras and getting them off at the end of the day, or cleaning herself in the shower (during which she closed her eyes quite a bit). Now though, she wanted to feel not just her own hands playing with those breasts, but someone else's. The man's. Yes, him cupping them and groping them and squeezing her sensitive nipples, placing his mouth over them and sucking deeply in . . .

"Mhmmm," she moaned, despite herself. "T-touch me. Mhmm. Touch them. Feel them."

She bit her lip, embarrassed by what she was feeling, but unwilling to put away the desires entirely. For one, she was now a totally heterosexual woman. And for two, it was goddamn 1am at night and she deserved to feel good about herself, damn it! She cast aside any concern that she was in someone else's body - Sandy hadn't exactly made mention or put up any rules about this sort of thing, after all - and instead took off her maternity bra. There was a risk of leakage, she knew, but she didn't care. She wanted to *feel* herself, and

so she did. Her nipples were already stiff, throbbing with demand to be touched. She circled her wide areolas, dark pink and perfect, before sinking her fingers into the divine flesh.

“Ohhhhhhh,” she groaned, twin surges of ecstasy rolling through her. “S-so sensitive. Ahhhhh, yesss. F-feel them, Jake.”

She had decided the man’s name was Jake, for whatever reason. It gave him a personality: caring, wry, thoughtful, but also *dominant*. Not that she couldn’t be dominant also: the new woman imagined grabbing his hands and wrenching them over to her bountiful breasts, maybe even forcing his face into her mammoth cleavage and suffocating him briefly. Her whole body shuddered, and her tunnel went from moist to *wet*. It was an alien sensation, but not an unwelcome one.

“Not unwelcome at all,” she whimpered, her chest rising and falling with each gasping breath. She groped her chest again, squeezing her fingers in and picturing someone else doing it to her. She tweaked her nipples, teasing them and stroking them. She knew women were turned on by this but had never imagined the pleasure to be so great. She seized on the moment, lowering her hand down to her womanly folds. She stroked her throbbing clitoris, eliciting further moans from her. If her breasts were sensitive (and leaking milk, which also felt rather nice at that moment), then her pussy was on a whole other level.

“Holy f-fuck,” she breathed. She had to swallow, stop, and collect herself for a moment. But then the man with silver hair and the nice button shirt entered her vision again and he was *smiling* at her, *wanting* her, and so she dove back in, daring to slip two fingers into her wet tunnel. Her vaginal muscles contracted, pulling tight against her fingers, stimulating every damn nerve cluster that was there. And there were a *lot*.

“Ohhh, mmmhm, yes! Ahhh, f-fuck me! Fuck me! I want you in m-m-m-meeee! Ohhhh!!!”

It took longer than it would have for a man to reach orgasm, but there was no world in which Michael was complaining. Sandra’s body was incredibly responsive, the build slow but the rush high, and the crescendo was beyond anything he had ever felt as a man. It was like entering a whole-body seizure, only in a good way: she briefly lost control of her motor functions and began quaking.

“OHHhhhhhhhh fuuuuuuuck. Oh God, that was . . . that was incredible. Jesus. That was . . . something else.”

It was also *mature*. Michael couldn’t quite think of it in precise words, especially with that wonderful post-sex haze obscuring her thoughts, but the receptiveness of Sandra’s body was like a fine wine, aged to perfection. This was a body that had done this dance - by itself and with other partners - enough times to know what pleased it, and how to be brought to its utter full. The fact that she had just imagined being fucked by a man was something that embarrassed her, but much less than she’d imagined even a few minutes ago. Right

now she felt totally settled and content. She dreamed of that man again as she slept, and slept well, for the first time in three nights.

Something had snapped into place, and that act of embracing her temporary femininity and sexuality had done it. Michael had no desire to take advantage of Sandy's body, even if it was, technically, just a copy. She also wanted to stay in character and not get all ridiculous. But now that she'd gotten over the hump of feeling her feminine parts and experiencing the pleasure that came with it, a whole new untapped reserve of energy and enthusiasm was uncorked. When Dexter got up at six thirty in the morning she wasn't bedraggled and tired but instead happily letting him lie in bed with her until he felt comfortable to go out with her and have breakfast. When Ashley cried out for attention and food, she bounded over to her daughter and gave her as much love as she had to offer, which was a lot.

"I'm so damn maternal today," she said when she paused for a pee break and looked at herself in the mirror. "I even *look* like a total mom, in my expression and everything!"

And it was not a bad feeling at all, rather a lovely one, in fact. There was something about the way Dexter adored her even when she could not figure out his incredibly convoluted rules for playing with dinosaurs (why could some fly but others not despite their wings? Why did they race and fight and eat each other but always kiss and make up?) that just stirred her heartstrings. And when Ashley gurgled happily or made some nonsense word while looking up at her it just broke her heart in all the best ways.

"You're looking at me like I'm the whole world, aren't you sweetie?" she said.

Which was why at lunch, after she'd made Dexter his sandwiches and managed to debate him into cleaning up after himself, she decided to give Ash her proper lunch as well. Not from the bottle this time, but from the breast, just as she was most used to. She took the little baby up into her arms while she was fussing.

"A little feed and then a diaper change, I think. Come here, honey."

She sat down on the couch while Dexter played in the backyard. Slowly, she pulled back the side of her maternity dress and with it her maternity bra. Her large F-cup breast on her left side popped out, full and already leaking sympathy milk.

"Look at that, Mommy has so much milk for you! So very much! Yum yum!"

She knew she sounded ridiculous to her own ears, but it was perfectly ordinary in the role she was playing, and even starting to enjoy. Far from having trepidation, there was a relief at placing her nipple before Ashley's mouth. The adorable little seven-month old grasped the breast lightly, her tiny fingers sinking into the soft flesh, and easily latched on.

She began to suckle enthusiastically, looking up into her mother's face with a vacant-yet-contented look.

"Mmmmm," Michael murmured, resting back into a more comfortable position. "That's it. Drink up. Ohhhh, that's actually really nice. Very relaxing."

She was so hungry that she even switched sides. Michael was happy for that, it means both breasts could be drained a bit; Sandy's body was very productive, so it would save on her having to express so much later. But more than that, she felt truly bonded to this little girl in a way she could never have imagined. She was literally giving this girl life; the nutrients and sustenance she needed to survive and thrive, all while providing the skin contact that brought her comfort. Ash seemed more relaxed than she had been in days, and so Michael felt that same emotion. She had to wipe her eyes from the wellspring of maternal compassion that swept through her.

"Oh. Wow. These mummy emotions are powerful. It's just so easy to fall in love with you, my little baby. My little daughter!"

She paused, realising what she had said even if it was making Ashley gurgle happily.

"Um, oops. Not my daughter. Stray thought there. You're just too cute not to think of as mine sometimes!"

It was a stray thought, true, but one that disturbed her. Why had she thought that? The answer was obvious: the connection that feeding this adorable baby was giving her was a very strong one. There was a reason why so many women connected to their babies through the act of breastfeeding. Even doing it as a former male, to another person's baby no less, a small part of Michael wanted this baby to be hers, as crazy as that was.

"It's just the hormones," she said. "And me being stir crazy in this house. It's time to get out to the local park, I think!"

She changed Ashley, showing a lot more tenderness now, as well as a lot of excitement with her 'son' as she prepped him to walk to the nearby neighbourhood park. He was ecstatic as ever, though she almost had to put him in timeout because he refused to wear shoes for no good reason (four year olds had the strangest concerns at times). As they arrived there were several other kids on the playground, as well as a gathering of mothers and even some dads.

"Are we going to play with Mister Carpenter's kid? With James?"

"With . . . who?" she asked as they moved forward, she dressed stylishly in a nicer pair of mom jeans and a cute green blouse that fit her figure well. She was pushing Ash in the pram, but before Dexter could answer her question, a tumble of memory poured through her mind courtesy of the spell. James was the son of one of Sandra's neighbours several doors down, a handsome older man in his own right named Patrick. He would have to be in his early forties or so, and he had a dashing manner about him. His hair was dark but going

grey around the temples in a way that Michael found rather sexy, and it matched his tall height and muscular build; apparently he'd been a fisherman in an earlier life, which accounted also for the tattoo sleeve with nautical imagery on one arm. But now he was glassblower, one who worked part-time as he raised his son. He was single, and definitely attractive. Michael knew this because Dexter had immediately found his friend James and dragged him over to say hi, and Patrick followed after, grinning in his down-to-earth way.

"F-fuck," Michael whispered to herself, feeling that flush of attraction as she looked at his fit figure in the light t-shirt and shorts. He was a total fox, even better than the man with the silver hair, and he was coming right at her with an appreciative gaze that easily matched or beat the other man's. "How has Sandra not jumped this guy already?"

The information poured. She *had* wanted to. But after she split from her last partner - the now-deadbeat father of Dexter and Ashley - she was nervous about getting into a new relationship. Michael understood, but a small part of her was annoyed that this man wasn't already under her roof, until she realised how totally messed up that would be. And also how super wrong it was for a twenty year old guy in a MILF's body to think that way.

"Sandra, how very nice to see you!" Patrick called out. He extended a hand and she took it. It was fairly formal, though the handshake was casual and loose.

"Oh, Patrick, how are you? And little James?"

"Both well!" he smiled. "We were starting to worry that you'd moved!"

She chuckled. "I've only been missing a week from here. Actually, that's not true. I visited Tuesday morning."

He snapped his fingers. "Damn, I would have just missed you. Had to be back in the shed for my work that morning, and God knows James complained about it."

"I did not!" the boy whined.

Pat stuck out his tongue. "Now you and Dexter go play while Sandra and I talk here."

"You can call me Sandy," she said, being a little daring. It clearly worked, because he regarded her with interest.

"Sandy it is," he said. "How's little Ash going? She looks like a right little cutie if I can say so once again."

Michael blushed with pride, despite the fact that this wasn't her daughter at all. In that moment, it certainly felt like she was, though. She brushed her sleeping daughters cheek in the stroller and smiled.

"She's growing faster than I can imagine. Seriously, it feels like only yesterday I became a mom to her. Last week at the latest."

She giggled to herself at her own dumb joke, and Pat chuckled with her. "Well, she has one fine mother, that's for sure. Care to come sit and chat? I know you usually turn them down, but I've made my famous curried egg sandwiches. Not a complicated recipe, I admit,

but they go down a swell treat in the shed when I'm blowing glass, and they taste even better at the park."

"I'd love to," she said. She was surprised the words escaped from her mouth so easily, but then she *had* been given Sandy's knowledge, and that included the factual awareness that the mother witch had quite a crush on this guy and was just too recently burned to do anything about it. She didn't have the same problem, and she also had the receptiveness of Sandy's body when it came to older, attractive men with some rugged aspects to them. His tattoo sleeve in particular caught her curiosity.

"Still like the ink, I see?" he said as they walked closer to a bench that viewed the playground. Dexter and James were already playing pirates, commandeering the 'ship' that was the entire playground, and several other children were looking confused as the new rules of the game were handed down, much of which was a complex negotiation between the two excited boys.

"Well, it does tell an interesting story, doesn't it?" Michael said. She pointed to the classic anchor tattoo, the beautiful (and barely covered) mermaid, and the killer fish riding the tidal wave. "Hard to imagine you switched to glassblowing after such an exciting former career."

"Well, you know how it is, you have a kid, then have a divorce, and suddenly your life is much more important closer to home."

"Too true," she said, though in reality she didn't really know these things. It gave her a greater amount sympathy for Sandra though. No doubt witchery was often an exciting adventure, but her life was much more . . . sedentary. Perhaps it was what she wanted. Certainly, Michael was finding unexpected pleasure in it. She realised Patrick was waiting for a little bit more. "I don't talk to Ash and Dex's Dad. Bastard ran off."

"I know. I also know you don't like to talk about it."

There was a reason for that. She'd placed a hex on him for being a deadbeat coward. Bad luck would follow him the rest of his life. Nothing lethal, but all karmic. She'd dusted the situation and left it all behind her.

"It's okay," she said, deciding to be a bit more open than the real woman. "I don't mind. I know that I wanted to have more children, and I got them. Two adorable beauties. And Emily is just wonderful."

"Is she at college right now?"

"She's learning from the best and honing her special talents," Michael said flawlessly.

"Speaking of learning, I did order a hazelnut latte spare for you, just the way you like it. You know, in case you turned up."

He handed over the latte. Michael hated coffee, but her Sandra body *loved* it. It smelled divine, and the gesture was wonderfully cute. Maybe even romantic.

"You're the best, Patrick," she said, taking it.

"Well, if I can call you Sandy, you can call me Pat. But you were saying about your kids . . . ?"

She sighed. "Oh, just that I don't regret it. I just wish their father had been the kind of man I'd hoped he was. All ancient history now. I just have the future to look forward to."

All few days of it. Just a few days remaining. The thought immediately saddened her.

"I understand. Cassie was much the same, only she didn't run. She fought, and the divorce was bitter. Eh, I'm just rehashing old arguments now, but who doesn't when it comes to exes? Still, at least we're in good company now, right?"

"Right," she agreed, seeing the double-meaning he was hoping to hint at. She raised her coffee cup in a cheers, and he saluted his back. They drank together, not knowing quite what to say, and the conversation turned to commentating on James and Dexter's adventures, how little Ashley was faring, and upcoming events and barbecues around the neighbourhood. They even complimented each other's dress sense: him genuinely, and her sarcastically, given how worn his jeans and throw-on his shirt was. She also told him that he totally made it work (which was true; it was sending Michael's new female hormones through the roof. The man was *rugged* as hell).

So it came as a complete surprise to Michael when Dexter returned to her side and started idling about, fidgeting with his hands behind his back. She continued to talk to Patrick (or *Pat*, as she was now thinking of him as), but then James on his father's side with the same behaviour. Soon both boys upgraded to tapping each parent on the shoulders, or lightly kicking their heels, until both single parents finally got the message and had to exit from their increasingly enchanted conversation (enchanted even without having witchy powers, Michael thought).

"Fine, fine Dexter, I get the message!" she said, laughing. "Are you ready to go home now?"

He nodded silently. It was clear he was tuckered out, which prompted Michael to check the time on her watch.

"Oh my God, we've been talking for over an hour!" she declared.

Pat looked equally surprised, though not sad at all about it. "Definitely our longest. I wish it could have gone longer, to be honest. I like finding out more about you, Sandy. And I'd love to see this collection of curiosities you buy and sell and trade that you were talking about before."

She couldn't help but soak in his words, feeling positively warmed by them. She hadn't even realised until now, but her posture had changed while talking to him on the bench and then now as she was circling the edge of the playground with him; she was

thrusting her chest out more, letting her impressive wide hips sway from side to side with a bit more va-voom. She was also standing a lot closer.

“We definitely should catch up more,” she said. “Perhaps you could come over this Friday night? I make a mean dish. James would be welcome, of course.”

“I’d love that! And so would he. It’s a . . . shall we call it a date?”

She was about to agree, but she was wearing the body of someone else and wanted to be mindful. “Let’s just call it a friendly dinner for now. Wear something nice, though.”

He chuckled. “I’ll search through the cobwebs of the closet.”

But that was as far as they could flirt anymore, because at that point both boys were dragging their respective parent away, and little Ash was getting fussy besides. She’d need a feed when she got home.

“And I’m actually looking forward to it,” she said aloud as she buckled herself into the car after attending to ‘her’ kids. “I can’t believe it, but I’m actually looking forward to it.”

Among other things, of course. A dinner with Pat in particular.

‘Michael, so glad things are going well! You haven’t even used the statue to talk to us! Would you mind activating it tonight sometime? Mother and I have some spare moments to talk.’

Michael actually felt a little nervous contacting Sandra (Sandy? She thought of her as Sandy more often now) and Emily. The former because of how daring she’d gotten with her body (she’d masturbated again that night, this time thinking of Pat, and it had been utterly *divine*), and the latter because, well, it was embarrassing in front of her friend. Still, she’d just put Dexter to bed and had little else to do other than some peaceful TV watching, so she went to the statue of the classical witch image in the study and slid her fingers over its eyes, opening them. The statue glowed a light pink as she sat down in the study chair. Ashley was fussy again and struggling to sleep, so she had the boob out and was feeding her. It obviously came as quite a surprise to Sandra and Emily when a hologram-like pink projection of them appeared in place of the statue.

“Michael!” Emily declared. “It’s so good to see you! I’m - wait, are you breastfeeding?”

Michael blushed a deep shade of red. “Um, it’s better for her. She didn’t take to the bottle and I thought it would be okay.”

“It’s perfectly okay,” Sandy said, though she looked a little amused. “Glad to know you’re taking to my body well.”

Michael managed to avoid coughing. “Um, yeah. It all . . . works.”

Emily raised an eyebrow. The former male could barely look at her friend’s face.

“We’re just contacting you to say that everything has gone well. There’s a slight delay,” Sandy said. “The breach is closed, but a few larger incantations need to be weaved and then we’ll be back. Is it too much to ask for you to stay as me just a little longer? Three extra days at mos-”

“Not at all!” Michael declared a little too quickly. “I mean, absolutely fine. I can do it.”

“My Dex and Ash are all well then? No four year old blowouts?”

She smiled. “Nothing I couldn’t handle, Miss Hayes. Sandy.”

The mother looked relieved. “I do miss them so much. I’m glad to see my little Ashy at least! Who’s a cute little baby!”

The baby just looked confused, but continued to feed.

“You’ve really taken to this, huh?” Emily joked.

But Michael took the comment seriously, brushing Ashley’s cheek. “Yeah, I have.”

The mother and daughter exchanged an interesting look, then quickly went over anything else Michael might need to know. But Michael had it all covered, and soon they signed off, leaving their love.

The new woman had it all in hand.

“Three more days,” she said dreamily, looking down at her curvaceous body and her adorable little daughter. Well, her ‘daughter.’ “I almost wish it could be three more weeks. Or hell, three more months. Who knew being a mom could be so . . . rewarding?”

Michael was nervous. She was wearing a cute red dress that was a lot tighter on her figure than anything else Sandy owned. She knew that because nothing in her wardrobe had sufficed, and so she had taken the surprising step of going shopping while her children were watched by one of the moms at the Friday morning playgroup. It was a quick trip, but one that had led to the dress. It was not an inexpensive one, and of course Michael had paid for it with her own money, not Sandy’s. Still, it was amazing to her how far she was willing to go to experience this life.

This coming date.

She was frantic in the kitchen, trying to work around Dexter and make sure Ashley was fed and comforted and played with. She was cooking a lamb roast, and while Dexter made it very clear in his childish manner that he preferred pork, she was quick to shut down any pettiness.

“Now be on your best behaviour, sweetie! James is coming over as well, remember?”

“Oh yeah! Mommy, I’m so excited. I can show him my cars. He can’t play with them though.”

“Yes he can. Sharing is caring, and you are a caring young boy.”

The doorbell rang, and it sent a shot of fear down her spine. Was she really doing this? She looked at her reflection in the silver of the fridge door. The dress clung to her gorgeous motherly hips, and the dip in the dress meant that far more cleavage than usual was exposed. She was wearing one of Sandy’s push-up bras as well, and the result was positively dynamite. Tasteful, of course, but dynamite all the same. She adjusted her hair one last time - she’d used the curler to put some change to it, and she thought it looked rather pleasing - and then walked on heels over to the door.

“I can’t believe I’ve mastered heels. I’m a natural woman,” she said, just before opening the door. “Pat! Right on time! And looking dashing, can I say?”

“You certainly may,” he said with a wink, before pushing his son forth. “And James even more so.”

Pat was wearing a smart black button top that showed off his muscular form. The sleeves were rolled up (Michael had heard chicks had a thing for that, but now the sight of his strong bare forearms was making her melt), and he was wearing professional slacks that matched the shirt. His shoes had even been recently polished. James was a match for his father, and looking pleased about it. In a few years he’d had that, but for now he posed the same as his father.

“Yes you do look cute, James! Very cute! Come on in. Dexter wants to show you his toys in his room.”

“Yes! Dad, can I go?”

“Absolutely, little man. Go wreak havoc. I need to appreciate - I mean, *talk* to Miss Hayes here.”

She grinned, biting her lip subtly as she invited him in. Her nipples were already stiffening in her bra, her belly warm with desire for this man. His five o’clock shadow gave him an additional air of manliness.

“Well, I’ll appreciate being appreciated, especially when you salivate over my lamb roast. I assure you it’s quite . . . meaty.”

He looked down as she sauntered off. She could feel his eyes on her backside, and she swayed it a little more for emphasis.

“In all the right places?” he flirted.

She winked at him. “That’s up to you.”

“Oh, I have a feeling I already know.”

This was going *very* well, and he’d only stepped into the door seconds ago. The pair continued to flirt and continue their conversation from the previous day, talking of work and so on, while Michael checked the lamb in the oven and fiddled with the side dishes. Then, again trying for daring, she took him up to the study, where Sandy’s curiosities were. She

emphasised that they weren't to be touched (many were apparently magical, after all, and one glowed strangely to the point where she had to ad-lib a logical explanation), but thankfully he was utterly respectful, viewing them with a tradesman's eye of interest.

"These are fascinating. A large crystal eye, a chair that looks like it was crafted by something not quite human . . . how does that orrery work? The planet display, I mean? It seriously looks like it's floating on the spot? Is it magnet-based?"

Michael bit her lip. It was almost certainly being held up by magic, but at least he'd provided the perfect excuse. "Yep, definitely magic! I mean, magnets. But who knows? Maybe it *is* magic?"

He chuckled. "Well, the place certainly has the touch of the magical. I can see why you can run it as a full business. Do you find all these items and just re-sell them or do you touch them up as well?"

She drew upon her own semantic knowledge courtesy of the spell. "A bit of column A and a bit of column B. I tend to purchase items I see with potential then imbue them with a little of my . . . let's call it my arcane essence . . . and then find someone willing to buy. Some items are displayed for me though, of course. You have to love what you do."

"And I can certainly see the love. You do great work. And speaking of loving what you do, would you mind me stepping outside for a moment? I've got to get something from the car."

She didn't; she had to get the lamb out and get everything sorted. But she stopped when Patrick returned with a bouquet of immaculate flowers of numerous colours, only quite different from what most women would expect to receive.

"Oh my God, did you make these?" she asked.

He carefully picked one out; it was entirely made of coloured glass, and looked immaculately constructed.

"Sure did," he said. "Do you like them?"

She pretended to sniff one, then smiled. "I love them. I don't have the green thumb either, so I'll finally have lovely flowers that keep."

"Nonsense, you have a great garden out back, don't you?"

She blushed, realising she'd got her Michael and Sandy wires crossed. "Well, I don't like to brag. Oh, I wish I had gotten you a gift as well."

He just winked, leaning forward a little in a way that loomed rather nicely. "The dress is present enough, if I can be allowed to say it. And besides, that dinner smells lovely."

She leaned forward also, and it just happened; the two shared a kiss. It wasn't a long, sexually passionate one, but neither was it short and chaste. It was instead the tender, careful approach of two very interested parties who weren't entirely sure where they yet stood together, but had a very clear idea of where they'd *like* stand. She placed her arms

around his waist, and he did the same for her. Her large chest pressed against his, and there was something wonderful about the experience of her softness against his hard muscle. She could feel something stiffen against her, and the feeling in turn made her own arousal rise. They kissed again, and then a third time.

Only then did she part, courtesy of the two boys bounding into the room. A shame; for just a brief second, Pat's hand had lowered to her rear, and the feeling of his fingers sinking into her flesh there was something else.

"We're hungry!" Dexter demanded.

"Manners," she reminded him, parting just in time. Pat was trying to look totally innocent, which made her struggle not to laugh. "But you're in luck, boys. Dinner is served!"

"Yeah!"

The rest of the night went well, and there were little romantic exchanges between Michael and Pat that continued; a small touch of the hand here, an experimental touch of the thigh beneath the table there. He adored the dinner, and that old aphorism was proved true once more; the best way to a man's heart was indeed through his stomach. Mind, the dip in her dress that kept catching his gaze didn't hurt, and she used a lot of excuses to lean forward. Of course, they had to be careful: this wasn't an official date but instead had their children tagged along. And of course Ashley woke up and required a feed not long after dinner, at which point it seemed a good time to part. She was holding her little one, trying to rock her back to sleep, as she bid them farewell. Pat got James into the car - it was past his bedtime so he was starting to get quite excitable and jumpy.

"He'll likely fall asleep during the three minute drive back," he said with a laugh, approaching her at the doorstep. Dexter had waved goodbye but had headed back in: he was being surprisingly good about his own bed time. Which just left her, Pat, and a nearly-unconscious Ash in her arms.

"Well, I'm glad you came over for dinner," Michael said. "And for other things."

"I'm glad too. How about next time we make it a real date?"

Michael hesitated. She badly wanted to say yes. So very badly. This man was deeply attractive, a total DILF as she'd started thinking of him, and more and more she was coming to realise how totally right this life felt to her; having wonderful kids and a suburban house and a curvy body to call her own. But it wasn't really *her* life, and very shortly Sandy - the real Sandy - would be back to claim it. She knew that Sandy wanted this man and was just too nervous after her previous relationship to pursue it. It wouldn't be fair to take things so far.

"I think that would be a really good idea," Michael said, trying to thread the needle. "But . . . the next few days are really crazy for me. Is it okay if I reach out to you next week and we can discuss how we want to go about this? I am interested, Pat. I really am. It's just-"

He put up a hand. "I get it. After Cassie, I'm okay with taking things slow too."

She sighed in relief. "Thank you. I don't regret the kiss, though. It was fantastic."

"I don't regret it either. I'll be thinking about it. Perhaps . . . one more for the road?"

She easily obliged him. She was sure Sandy wouldn't mind too much. She placed her arms over his shoulders, giving him a much more passionate kiss than the first time. When he parted, his eyes were wide.

"Woah. Okay, I'll be thinking about that for a while."

"See that you do," she teased.

He said goodbye again, and then he drove himself and James away. That night, she had to please her body twice over just to eject all the lingering warm feelings that were keeping her up. She imagined Pat inside her, thrusting deep, a sexy single father who could be all hers to snap up.

"God, I want that life," she moaned to herself in the aftermath. It was a revelation that had been slowly in the making. She really did want that life, and the post-coital clarity of grasping her soft tits and pleasing her pussy only made it more obvious. She liked Pat - she really did - but it was the life of someone who could pursue a man like Pat that truly made her happy. She'd never been a hugely manly man, or greatly successful at pursuing women or even feeling comfortable in her skin. Confidence had always been lacking for her. But now, as a mid-thirties suburban mom, she felt totally okay with it all.

"Holy shit, I want this," she said to herself.

Three more days passed far, *far* too quickly for Michael's comfort. It was so easy to get wrapped up in Dexter's vivid imagination, full of pirates and robots and talking cars and all kinds of mishaps, and just as easy to get lost in Ashley's baby smile, the way she crawled slowly yet implacable across the living room floor and squealed with delight when 'Mommy' picked her up with proud glee. They saw Pat briefly at the part again, but she maintained her rule about taking it slowly. Instead, she simply did the things she and her children wanted (well, Dexter spoke on behalf of Ash since she couldn't talk, such as saying that she somehow wanted him to get a double-scoop of ice cream). The days passed in perfect peace, and at night she would play with her adopted body, savouring the last feelings of it.

And coming to a decision.

Emily had messaged ahead when they'd be returning. They'd timed it for when Dexter was at a friend's house for a few hours, overseen by one of Sandy's friends from their shared playgroup. Ash was asleep and peaceful - Michael even got a bit emotional when she gave her her last breastfeed - and so she waited patiently in the living room, wearing the

same mom jeans and flannel shirt she'd been wearing when transformed. And a bit of makeup she'd done herself too.

WHOOMPH

A hole in reality opened in the living room, swirling vortexes of purple, and from them stepped Emily and Sandy. Both were adorned in classical witch's outfits, pointed hats and all, and both looked relieved to be back.

"Michael!" Emily cried, leaping into the new woman's arms. "I missed you, buddy."

"Missed you too, Em," she replied. "How did it all go?"

"Everything sorted," Sandy said. "Reality saved. Breaches ended. Gods, that was hard work. Where is my beautiful baby? I know I'll have to wait for my Dex, but I want to see Ash now. Has she been fed?"

"Just now."

"Shame, I need to express."

"So did I!?"

The real Sandy chuckled. "I guess you would know. I'll be back in a moment. But first, let's keep things a little less confusing, shall we?"

Michael had hoped that an entire magic circle was needed to end the spell, but apparently once cast in a complicated fashion, most spells could be dissipated relatively easily by the caster. She flicked her hands and gave a small chant, and before Michael could even say goodbye to the body she'd come to love (quite literally love at times), it deflated away. Her breasts shrunk to nothing, her hair became short, her wonderful hips became trim, and her age reversed. In moments, she was a man again, right down to the feeling of manhood between *his* legs. It felt uncomfortable. It felt unnatural. His clothes too; they were his regular shirt and jeans, and while that wasn't altogether different from what he'd been wearing as Sandy, it was still wrong, somehow. He touched his chest. Where was his bra?

"All better! We'll talk in a moment, Michaely, but thanks again so much!"

He was silent, not sure what to say. Thankfully, his friend was there to fill the silence. Emily quizzed Michael on everything, teasing him a little at points but clearly interested in how things were living as her mother for a while. Michael stumbled through the responses, but didn't mention anything about Pat - that would be a private conversation with Sandy later. For now, she simply talked about getting used to makeup, trying on dresses, her experimentation with cooking, how she went with Dexter and his games, as well as responding to a number of messages and getting the hang of some of Sandy's business. She must have given something away in her expression, because Emily's amusement turned to fascination, which turned to confusion, which then turned to realisation and awe.

"Wait, stop. Michael, stop."

He did. It was for the best; what the hell was up with his voice? He didn't like how low it was. Sure, Sandy's was low. But it had a sexy feminine quality to it. His didn't. Emily paused a moment, trying to find the right words.

"Did you . . . did you actually *enjoy* being my Mom?" she asked. There was no judgement in the question. Emily had always been able to see the truth of things, and it wasn't just the magic. He couldn't hide anything from her. Instead, he had to wipe away suddenly forming tears.

"I, um, I did. Yeah, I did. I actually really did, Em. Not in a creepy way. I mean, I hope it wasn't. But the suburban life, the kids, the being a mom thing . . . it really felt nice. It felt right."

"Wow. Here I thought you'd be itching to change back."

"I would have stayed longer. I know it sounds crazy, but I really liked it. Loved it, actually. I don't . . . I don't think I ever felt so complete."

He had to wipe away some more tears. Emily gave him a hug.

"This is a super strange situation," she said with a chuckle, "but I'm sorry I didn't realise. How - how are you holding up?"

"I don't know. I've got to tell your mom some things. About all the stuff that went down, Dex's knee cut, Ashley's feeding schedule. I'll get over it."

Emily eyed him curiously. He withered beneath that gaze. "Are you sure? I mean, is everything okay? It sounds like this meant a lot to you?"

It did. God, it had. It had meant so, so much. And now it was all slipping away.

Unless . . .

No. He couldn't.

(Could he?)

No, it was ridiculous.

(Was it?)

It was . . . but it was the kind of ridiculous he wanted. That *she* wanted.

"Emily, remember how you said I'd owe you a huge, huge favour after this?"

She cocked her head, confused as to the link he was drawing. "Yes, of course. But . . . wait, what are you going to ask me, Michael?"

"Um, I might have to ask you and your mother together about this as well. It's pretty big. Really big, actually. I might end up owing you right back."

Emily was silent, her jaw dropped. She knew what was coming. Michael was trying not to meet her eyes but found the strength to do so. He wanted this too badly. *She* wanted this. Yes, *she*.

"Emily, I want a life like your mom's," he said. "I want to be changed again. It's everything I could possibly want."

Sandy was astonished, to say the least. She invited Michael to talk to her personally and go over everything in private, and it was then that Michael told her about everything that happened with Pat. It was an embarrassing but necessary discussion, and one that Sandy was quite shocked by.

“He . . . kissed me? I mean, he kissed you?”

Michael nodded, blushing a little. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have gone so far. I had all these hormones and memories and everything stirring about, and I knew you were attracted to him but nervous to make a step. But he’s interested, Sandy. He really is. I stopped anything before it went too far. It was just one kiss. Well, it was two kisses. And the second kiss was like three kisses in a row. But he gave me - you - glass flowers. I think . . . I think you should give it a try.”

Sandy exhaled, blinked, collected herself. “Well, I certainly didn’t expect to come back from a reality breach that could have ended Denmark and North Dakota to find something even more bewildering. I wish I had been the one to make this step and not you, Michael.”

“I know . . .”

“But . . . I doubt I would have made it. At least now I know. And maybe this will give me the kick up my big butt to finally ask him out fully. So I suppose I can thank you for that.”

Michael smiled. Sandy had always been good at rolling with the strange, which was probably why she was a powerful witch. She stood up from her seat in the study, and circled around to Michael, regarding him curiously.

“I suppose we’re even then,” she said. “You did me a favour by accident, and you did me a massive one. Dexter is happy as ever, or so Maude has messaged me. God, I miss him. Ash is well-taken care of, I might even have a love life again . . . and you want to become a woman like me?”

Michael coughed. “Um, yeah. I realised, you know, while I had your body, that I had never felt more comfortable. More right. I never knew it about myself, but I want that for myself.”

She regarded him. Her eyes flashed an unnatural green for a moment, reading him.

“You really do, don’t you? Huh. The strange things we discover about ourselves when we come into contact with magic. I can see it, tracing all the way down to the bedrock of your soul. Well, there’s only one thing to do them. Grab that chalk.”

Michael was startled. “Um, what?”

“Hurry up, there’s no time like the present! You’ll need to tell me exactly what age you want to be, of course. Give me a good visual for the kind of woman you’d like to be. No secret twin of mine, thanks, you’ll be your own lady. And I can’t magic up kids and a husband, that’s on you! Same for the house, though I can patronise you a little there after all you’ve done for me. Enough to get you started paying off a house in the ‘burbs. Just don’t go stealing my Pat, thank you very much!”

It was happening (was it really happening? Holy shit!). She strode past him, ushering him to follow. She called down the stairs, mindful of the sleeping baby.

“Emily, get a magic circle prepped! Your friend here is going to be his true self!”

“Oh my Gods, really?”

“Really! I did a soul scry and everything. Come on, chop chop! You don’t want to make your friend happy?”

“Of course!” came the voice. Emily appeared at the bottom of the stairs as Michael reached them. “Michael, this is crazy. But I’m so happy for you. Holy shit, you’re actually doing this.”

“I - I guess I am. I want to.”

Emily grinned. “Well, I didn’t imagine sealing an arcane breach would be the second craziest thing of this month. You’ll still be my friend right?”

“Of course.”

“Of course he will,” Sandy said, reaching the bottom of the stairs with numerous magical artefacts. She threw another chalk to Emily, who continued to work on the circle. It was all happening so fast, but Michael was only getting more excited. It was happening. The former woman was going to become one again, and this time for good.

Just as she was always meant to be.

A thousand images of the kind of woman she desired be flitted through her mind. Mid-thirties, big hips, nice breasts, longer hair. Yes, longer hair definitely. And perhaps a little less belly fat, though still a bit of cute pooch. And a little younger than Sandy; she wanted time to have dating and marriage and kids. But thirties, definitely. At least thirty, and that too felt a bit too young. No glasses, but maybe colouring in her hair. Or red hair? Dark hair?

Her excitement was interrupted by a cheerful Sandy, clearly excited herself to be casting this spell. “Michael, earth to Michael?”

She looked up, a smile radiating across her features as she took in the woman whose body she had worn just recently. Sandy took her by the shoulders. “What kind of woman do you want to be?”

Michael thought long and hard. Then she smiled.

The End