

# The Mature Women's Sharehouse - Part 3

**Commissioned Anonymously**

**By The SpiralledEye**

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

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**Mosi**

"I'm worried about her."

"You and me both."

Priya and Mosi sat at the kitchen table, hands wrapped around warm cups of tea while they chatted. It was Friday which they had both learned was the hardest day of the week; because it was the day after Farah dropped off Omar. Over the past few weeks, they had become accustomed to the little toddler visiting every Thursday and it had become a weekly highlight, so much so that Mosi had requested Thursday be her day off at the restaurant just to make sure she was home to see his angelic little face.

Amira adored him; she turned into her world's most doting grandmother the second he walked in the door. She even put up with Farah's prissy attitude for his sake. It was the one day a week where Amira was truly herself; relaxed and happy. Then Friday would roll around and Tyler would rear his ugly head.

The former man seemed determined not to enjoy his new life and falling into it headfirst every week on Thursdays was a source of shame for him. For whatever reason. Priya and Mosi had more or less accepted that this was their life now and frankly, couldn't be bothered pretending to care otherwise anymore; which only drove the wedge deeper between them and Amira.

Both women looked up from their drinks as Amira finally walked into the kitchen with a sour look on her face. She wasn't wearing her headdress.

"Would you like a cup of tea?" Priya offered, trying not to sound overly gentle.

“Coffee.” Amira replied definitely, walking over to the little glass jar filled with instant coffee that only she ever touched.

“Amira, you hate coffee, stop trying to make yourself like it again.” Mosi chided, but Amira ignored her, mixing up a cup and taking a big gulp.

Her face twisted into a fake smile of satisfaction that fooled nobody, not even herself.

“I’m going to head to the library again, see if I can find something in the older science books. Maybe some theory that is considered disproven that can explain how we got here.”

Her words were hollow and Priya sighed. That was an excuse and they all knew it, why did Amira insist on doing this still?

“Stop it, Amira.”

“Tyler.” She hissed through grit teeth.

“It’s a constant cycle, you spend all week getting more and more stressed, Omar comes, you accept yourself and then every Friday you come crashing down again!” Priya said.

“Darling, I think it’s time to accept we’re here for good.” Mosi said gently. “I know that’s hard for you to accept-”

“No it’s not!” Amira wailed, “That’s what’s so awful!”

Mosi and Priya exchanged confused looks.

“I love this life.” Amira sighed in defeat, flopping down at one of the seats. “I love being a doting grandmother, even if I am a bit young for it. I love tea, I love being in early retirement and not having any stress anymore.”

“Then...what’s the problem?” Priya asked.

“Well, isn’t that wrong? Shouldn’t I be filled with masculine pride, hating every second of this instead of loving it?”

Mosi giggled and placed an arm around Amira's shoulders.

"Darling, have you been denying yourself all this time just out of obligation? Because you thought that's how you were supposed to feel?"

There was a pause and Amira's cheeks turned a red colour.

"When you put it that way it sounds silly."

"Because it is silly!" Priya scoffed. "All this time we could have been having fun and you've been forcing yourself to be a sourpuss just because you used to be an uptight ass."

"Hey! I wasn't that uptight."

"Oh please." Mosi grinned teasingly. "Forget a stick, you had an entire forest up your ass."

Amira snorted in laughter and three of them laughed.

"Alright, maybe I do need to loosen up a little." Amira admitted.

"How about this week, just do what you want to. Not what you feel like you should want, what you actually want, at any given time." Mosi suggested and Amira gazed wistfully out the kitchen window at the unkempt garden.

"I suppose...instead of going to the library I could clear out those weeds, then tomorrow go to the garden shop..."

"That's the spirit!" Priya cried. "Go with the flow, that's what I say!"

Mosi poured her friend a cup of tea and smiled as she watched Amira sip at it. She had a soft smile on her face, rather than the forced one she usually had when she forced down those cups of coffee.

“Just because you enjoy this new life doesn;t mean you can’t use some of your old skills, like I did with getting this house price down.” Mosi added. “Why not just try and subtly lean into Amira for a bit and see what feels right?”

Amira nodded, feeling lighter already. There was a beeping sound and Priya jumped before digging her phone out of her pocket and started to fiddle with it.

“Stupid thing...” She muttered, “touch screens ah, dammit!!”

Mosi and Amira exchanged glances and tried not to giggle as their technology inept friend tried to answer her phone and finally succeeded. Excusing herself to the other room quickly to chat with her daughter.

“You know what this means.” Mosi raised an eyebrow.

“Another round of ‘listen to me brag about my very accomplished daughter?’” Amira nodded. “Yes, I wonder what award that girl has won now.”

“Oh don’t wonder, you’ll know soon enough.” Mosi replied. “Priya won’t shut up about it all day I am sure.”

They were just pouring out another cup of tea when Priya’s voice, at its very highest and loudest pitch screamed.

***“What do you mean you’re PREGNANT!?”***

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## **Amira**

The hospital stank of disinfectant, Amira couldn’t help but wrinkle her nose. Normally she would be avoiding this place at all costs but Priya had practically begged her and Mosi to come.

“Slow down,” Mosi urged, “My knees can’t keep up, the baby will still be there when we reach the end of the hall.”

“Pregnant.” Priya hissed. “How could she not tell me until she was in labour! Nine months she kept this from me, more or less. I am her mother!”

“Probably because she knew you’d react like this.”

“She’s not even finished her degree! She was supposed to get a good job and get married before this happened!”

“I don’t think she’s listening to you.” Mosi added.

“I mean, really! She doesn’t even know who the father is! What sort of woman does that! I thought I raised her better.”

“Maybe stop the ranting before we reach her room?” Amira suggested gently, grabbing her arm. “Take it from somebody who knows, the lecture will get you nowhere.”

Priya took a deep breath and straightened her sari and cleared her throat before they moved into the hospital room. A young woman, very young in fact, was holding a tiny bundle in her arms that was wiggling and fussing. She gave them all a sheepish smile and then lowered her eyes.

“Hi, mom...”

Amira watched as Priya’s anger melted away in an instant, her motherly and now grandmotherly instincts kicking in instantly.

“Oh sweetheart, come here.” She gently hugged her daughter.

“I’m sorry mom, I know I let you down.”

“Shhhh, no need to worry about that now, let’s take a look at her. Oh she’s beautiful! What a lovely little girl. Of course, I’ll watch her so you can finish your degree. I’ll look into getting a crib for the house...”

Mosi and Priya raised their eyebrows and then shrugged.

“I guess Omar will have a playmate.” Amira shrugged, smiling as she watched Priya fuss over her new grandbaby.

Tyler had never wanted kids, hated them in fact. It was crazy to think about really, Amira couldn't imagine having such a mindset, especially now watching that little baby curl up on Priya's chest. Her heart bloomed with affection; she may not have work anymore but her life was filled with love. Something Tyler has been sorely lacking, even if he hadn't realised it. It was hard to miss something you'd never had.

She and Mosi left the Sharma's to get to know their newest addition and wandered down to the hospital cafeteria to see if they had anything decent to eat. Amira caught her reflection in one of the many metallic surfaces dotting the hall and smiled; she'd chosen a beautiful blue headcovering this morning and a matching navy outfit. For the first time she looked and allowed herself to enjoy the new body. Knowing those sinful curves were hiding underneath all the conservative cloth had a certain thrill to it. She could feel herself growing wet and at once remembered walking in on the others. Instead of fighting the feeling though, she embraced it. She was going to enjoy this week of embracing her new self, she had a lot of fun to catch up on.

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Amira got to her feet, ignoring her aching fingers as she clapped her hands together in satisfaction. The whole garden had been weeded and cleared, now all she had to do was finish putting in the veggie patch and she would be finished. It would already be done but she and Priya had been looking after the grandbabies all day and there was only so much you could get done with a newborn and Omar toddling around with his little bucket and spade. It had become their routine, and Amira was enjoying the hominess of it. Learning to take pleasure in the small moments rather than constantly striving for the next big achievement had done wonders for her stress levels. Even if it had slowed down her efforts. Now that both children had been picked up she might actually be able to start the fun part of gardening.

“Now to get planting...”

“Do it tomorrow, Amira. The sun is setting.” Priya urged. “Besides, you are covered in dirt, you need a shower before dinner.”

Amira pouted; she was right though, her clothes were starting to cling and her hair felt heavy under her headdress. Technically, she knew it was fine if Priya or Mosi saw her hair but the garden walls weren't high enough for her to feel comfortable being outside without it off and in the heat it was slowly turning her head into a hot box.

The shower was a welcome change and she sighed in relief as the cool water moved down her body. She could feel it flowing over every curve and into every tiny nook; including the more sensitive ones.

Amira had felt much more relaxed lately, since accepting her place here. She didn't even miss being Tyler; she definitely didn't miss his high stress life. If she'd continued on that path she probably would have died of stress by the time she was...well, her new current age. Priya had started helping her feel more comfortable in her body by dressing for the occasion. At first she'd turned red at the idea of wearing thongs and other sinful underwear but Priya had made it too much fun to resist. She still dressed conservatively, but got a small thrill out of knowing what naughty items lay beneath.

Mosi made them all wonderful food and for the first time in either of her lives, Amira felt like she had a real connection with other people. A sisterhood almost; she watched out for Priya and Mosi and they looked out for her.

Prayer had started to feel less like a chore as well, in fact, when she was stressed trying to get the garden just right, or she had a fight with Farah, she found it helped to calm her. Though there was one source of frustration; the sexual variety.

Ever since she changed, Amira hadn't had a single orgasm. Months of deprivation had left her overly sensitive, liable to get turned on by even the most friendly of touches. It really didn't help that she had an almost perfect MILF body; which had been one of her biggest secret fetishes back when she'd been a man.

Sometimes she could hear Mosi and Priya experimenting and she laid in bed, fingers twitching as she slowly moved them toward her pussy only to grab a handful of her sheets instead. She wanted to masturbate, god damn, did she want to. But she couldn't get over the guilt now associated with it. It was the same feeling she got when she forgot to pray, or thought about taking off her headdress.

She wasn't even religious anymore but the cultural practice had been baked into her at such a young age she couldn't seem to get it out. Or get off. The shower was tortuous; she could feel the rivers running down her thick thighs and down her cleft. There was just a lot more of her now and her lovely peach shaped body seemed tailor made to be teased.

Finally, when she couldn't stand it any longer she got out and towelled herself off, hands hovering between her legs just a little longer than was probably necessary. If she could only figure out this one little issue, life would be perfect.

Her arousal stuck around, because of course it did. Every time she got turned on it seemed to last longer and longer before dissipating. Making that temptation all the stronger. Most people would have given in but if there was one thing she had in spade, as both Tyler and Amira, it was stubbornness. So she stewed in her own arousal all through dinner, hoping she could get back to her bedroom and force herself to sleep so she didn't need to think about the warmth between her legs.

"Alright, it's been a busy week. Why don't we have a movie night? There is a lovely romantic comedy showing on the public network." Mosi said.

"Yes! It's been too long since we all spent some time together, just the three of us." Priya replied. "We keep pairing off, it's time we had a girls evening! We live together for goodness sake it shouldn't be that difficult to see one another."

"I'm pretty tired from all that gardening..." Amira started but Priya held up a hand to stop her.

"Come on, you're acting twice your age! It's a house movie night, not clubbing. Let's have some fun!"

Amira demurred; Priya was right. It had been a while since the three of them had done something together, maybe a movie is just what she needed to distract her.

Only it wasn't.

Trust Mosi to find the most flirtatious romantic comedy in existence; how was something this overt even being shown on public television before the sun had set? The two leads were practically necking in every second scene, getting closer and closer to full on sex with each escapade before some wacky hijinx inevitably interrupted them.

All Amira could think about was how it must have felt to be the woman in the film; what did it feel like to have somebody kissing that little hollow near her throat? How did it feel to have somebody slip a hand into her shirt and gently massage her breasts? Her Husband Hassan had been a good man, but devout. Their relations had been quick, to the point and notably, not about *her* pleasure.

She had considered finding another husband in the past; but obviously that had gone out the window in recent history. The leads were at it again, this time in an elevator of all



places; the man was slipping his fingers into the woman's skirt and Amira felt like she was on the edge of her seat...

"Are you alright?"

She was so tightly wound she almost flew up onto her feet.

"S-sorry I was just really invested in the movie." She lied, though her stammer didn't make it very convincing.

Priya looked her up and down with a curious expression before a small smirk formed on her lips. Amira felt a burst of terror; when Priya got that mischievous look on her face nothing good could possibly follow.

"Hey Mosi...I think Amira is getting turned on by the movie."

Amira wished the ground would swallow her up right then and there. Her face burned with embarrassment which, of course, only confirmed Priya's suspicions.

"It's been a while, alright?" Amira snapped defensively. "And this is basically softcore porn!"

"Aw, come on, we're just teasing." Mosi smiled, sliding a little closer on the couch. "No judgement here, darling."

Amira could feel Mosi's leg resting against her own even though their clothes. It was like a burning hot poker against her skin. Lusting after women was...taboo to say the least but she couldn't deny just how much listening to the others go at it every other night was turning her on.

"So...what about the film was turning you on exactly?" Priya grinned, sitting down on the other side of Amira so that she was sandwiched between them.

"Well...I was just wondering how it would feel to be the woman. That's all. Nothing weird."

“Oh?” Mosi smiled, “So you were wondering what it would feel like to have somebody touching you? A little like this...?”

She leaned over, running her dark fingers along Amira’s thick thighs. A shiver ran down her spine and her whole body shivered in response.

“I think she liked that.” Priya giggled. “Let me give it a try.”

She copied Mosi’s movement on the opposite leg and Amira let out a small squeak. A MILF threesome; Tyler had watched so many videos about that and here she was *living* it. Or at least a tame version of it. Just a bit of petting and yet her body felt as if it were on fire.

“You two d-don’t feel shame for liking this?” She whispered, still holding onto that guilt.

“Not at all, lesbian sex is far more comfortable than regular.” Ethan giggled. “Just enjoy it and tell us what you want...”

Amira shuddered.

“I was also wondering how it would feel to have my neck kissed.” She whispered, swallowing thickly.

Mosi reached up with her free hand and gently removed the head covering before threading her fingers through Amira’s hair. It was a simple gesture yet it felt so intimate. Within a moment the covering was gone and two warm sets of lips pressed themselves to her neck on either side. This time Amira let out more than a squeak, it was a full on moan.

“She’s louder than I expected.” Said Mosi between kisses.

“You’re one to talk.” Amira replied breathlessly only to moan again as Priya gave her a soft bite.

“Been listening in have you, naughty girl.”

Another shiver down her spine; wetness was starting to pool inside her underwear.

“I-I’m no girl.”

“That’s right, you’re a mature lady.” Mosi whispered, slowly moving her hand to Amira’s waistband and slipping it inside her long skirt. “And you deserve to be treated like one.”

“Oh...”

Priya’s hands went to her breasts, beneath her shirt and slipped between her bra and skin to tweak at the nipples. Amira leaned back, exposing more of her throat for them to kiss as their hands worked magic over her body.

“Ahhh....ahhhh...”

Mosi was pressing her fingers against her mound, pushing the soft panties into her wet slit until they were soaked through. She could feel the fabric brushing against her clit and with each pass it grew more and more sensitive. Her inner passage was burning, desperate for friction but she was already so overwhelmed she couldn’t even manage the words to beg. All she could do was gasp and moan, hoping that Mosi would show her mercy.

“She’s getting close.”

“I know...”

Priya squeezed her heavy tits, brushing over the hard nipples and gently tracing a finger around them. It was pure, blissful torture. Then, finally, Mosi pushed the panties aside and began touching her for real.

“Oh Gods!”

“No Gods here.” Mosi giggled.

“Just us.” Priya added. “Now cum for us, darling.”

Amira held on, partly out of pure stubbornness but also because she didn’t want this to be over yet. Her hips bucked on the couch and Mosi slipped one, then two fingers inside her

passage. The wet sound of her thrusting in and out soon filled the air, along with Amira's moans and the other pair's teasing remarks.

"Ahhhh...Ohh...Ohh yes, I...I'm going to-! AAAAHHHHHH!!"

Her whole body stiffened as pure pleasure washed over her; stronger than anything Amira or Tyler had ever experienced. It was pure bliss, and thanks to the wonders of female anatomy, it kept going. Mosi and Priya had no intentions of stopping; they kept right on touching her until one orgasm bled into another.

When they finally granted Amira mercy she felt positively drunk of ecstasy and flopped back onto the couch in a daze. Why had she waited so long to do that?

"Wow, you're a screamer." Priya teased.

"A months long dry spell will do that to you..." She muttered and they all giggled.

"Well, no more dry spells in this house, that's for certain." Mosi grinned. "Now, I think it's time you paid us back."

"Oh give the woman a moment to bask." Priya said. "Five minutes tops, then I want to see what else that mouth can do."

Amira stared at her friends in wonder; how had she gotten so lucky? She'd never eaten a woman out before but she was eager to learn and make up for lost time. Not caring about taboo any longer and dropped to the floor and lifted up Priya's sari with a wicked grin and leaned forward.

She had to make up for lost time.

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The kitchen smelt of spices and meat; Amira breathed deep and sighed in contentment as she entered and took a seat at the dining table; Mosi got a satisfied smile on her face.

"That means I am doing well."

"It smells amazing."

“Well the vegetables from your garden make all the difference.” Mosi smiled, “I wish I could use them in the restaurant.”

“I’d have to expand the garden to the whole block.” Amira chuckled.

She didn’t want to admit it, but that did sound fun. If only it were possible. Still, there was a farmers market held a few blocks away each week, maybe she could take the spare vegetables there to sell. It would be nice to earn a little money. Not that she needed it, she had plenty to live comfortably on thanks to Hassan's estate but still, she was only in her forties; it didn't feel right to be fully retired.

Then again it was nice being so free, she had Omar three days a week now and loved it. Farah had even started to thaw a little, coming for family dinners once a week.

“That reminds me, my son, daughter and both their families are coming for dinner next week. I should ask Priya if her girls want to come.”

“Sounds lovely.” Mosi replied, “we can make gumbo.”

“I'll have some fresh carrots ready to go!”

The whole scene was so domestic and homey it was a shame when the doorbell ruined it. Mosi was busy stirring so Amira reluctantly got up from her seat and made her way to the door; her mind occupied with thoughts of gardening and family.

She opened the door to reveal a slightly sweaty young man in a suit that was just that bit too crisp. The collar was tight around his neck and she could see he was resisting the urge to tug at it.

“Hello ma’am.” He greeted. “My name is Harold Sweets, I work for Bedford Marketing and Training Incorporated.”

Amira felt as though she’d been slapped in the face; that was Tyler's old workplace, *her* old workplace. It had been weeks, months really, since she had thought about that old stressful life. Most days she forgot it even existed.

“What can I do for you?” She asked with narrowed eyes.

“Well, we are holding a business conference downtown,” Harold handed her a flyer. “One of the sessions is a diversity panel. We would like people from all walks of life and different cultures to come and speak about their experiences in the US. What behaviours you have had to deal with, things like that.”

“And you want me to talk?” Amira blinked in surprise.

“Yes.” Harold nodded. “I had dinner the other night at a local creole place and the waitress mentioned your chef, a Miss Mosi, lived with two other older women from other cultures. I thought you all might be interested.”

“Older women?” Amira raised an eyebrow teasingly and managed to hold back a giggle as the man’s cheeks turned red and he started to back track.

“Not old old, just a more mature age. Somebody with....life experience, yes!”

She had been so much better at this job than him. She glanced down at the flyer and felt her eyes go wide.

“July...it’s July already?”

“It will be next month.” Harold looked nervous.

“Yes I know.” Amira shook her head, “I just...it’s been a very busy year and it got away from me. I will let the others know you stopped by and give you a call with our answer.”

Harold bid her goodbye but Amira only heard every other word as she closed the door; her eyes were still glued to the date of the upcoming convention. It was held the same weekend every year; she hadn't even realised so much time had passed since the three of them changed.

“Mosi told me to tell you dinner is ready.” Priya said as she entered the hall, “who was that?”

Amira explained as she sat down at the dinner table and the three of them lapsed into silence, lost in thought. Amira looked down at the warm, home cooked meal in front of her. Were she still Tyler she'd probably be eating some cheap Chinese take out at her desk while

working late; not even tasting the food. She'd be on her fifth coffee of the day, sweaty, stressed and preparing for the conference.

Instead she was sitting around the dinner table, in the home that she owned with her two best friends and sometimes lovers. She may be a middle eastern woman now, older to boot, but there was no denying her quality of life had improved significantly in the last year.

"I never did go back to researching how this happened." Amira said finally. "I didn't forget...I just didn't want to."

Mosi hummed thoughtfully.

"Do you think we should go give the talk?"

"I don't think so." Priya piped up. "I have no desire to be around stuffy corporate types ever again. Besides, what if we end up being turned back?"

They all shuddered at the thought.

"No way, I am not going anywhere near that convention hall ever again. Just in case." Mosi said sternly. "I had a mortgage I would have been working my entire life to pay off back as Marcus. No thank you."

Tyler agreed; he may have taken longer to accept it than the others but he had no desire to go back to being a stressed out twenty something. Not when he could live this body with this life as an alternative.

"I'll call and decline on our behalf." Mosi said finally, taking the flyer and pushing it under the fruit bowl where none of them had to look at it.

Amira nodded happily, getting to her feet and smiling as she boiled the jug.

"Tea, anyone?"

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“No, no, no. I told you the files had to be to me by the fifteenth! How...no, I have the email, hang on I will reforward it to you...don't blame me you're the one who's got us both in hot water. What the boss finds out I'm not letting my head roll for your sake!”

Amira hid her small smile behind her tea cup as she sat at the back of the cafe. The man at the table across from her had been here for twenty minutes and his drink remained untouched. He'd been hurriedly typing away at his laptop and talking on the phone, despite the fact that this was likely his lunch break. He looked about thirty, but the stress lines around his face aged him further. The nice barista had passed his table twice trying to get his attention and he hadn't even noticed.

Amira felt sorry for him, she really did. She watched with pity as he swore under his breath, packed up the laptop and stood up, gulping down half the coffee before rushing out the door. He was destined for a heart attack at forty if he kept going this way. She, on the other hand, had all the time in the world to properly enjoy her cup of tea, then a casual walk home to her garden. The farmer's market was tomorrow and she had a full palette of fresh produce to sell. She'd even considered taking up preserving so that she could start making her own pickles to add to the stall.

“What's a young, pretty thing like you doing sitting all alone?”

Amira looked up from her cup to see another young man, at least a decade her junior, smiling cockily at her. She smirked; funny how young men with things for mature women always mentioned their age when flirting. Did they think they were fooling her into thinking she looked more youthful? That saying things like that would automatically get them into her skirt?

Behind the counter the barista made a sour face; nobody had flirted with her while Amira had been around. It was true what they say; confidence is sexy; especially if you're a middle aged MILF. The young man was still smiling at her expectantly; he wasn't bad looking all things considered and while she had enjoyed the odd man here and there since the change Amira was more sure than ever that she preferred a softer touch.

“Enjoying my own company.” She replied and stood.

His smile faltered and Amira giggled, leaning in just close enough to tease.

“The young lady behind the counter is quite desperate, you may have more like there, young man.” She whispered before smoothing her skirt and heading for the door.



In her pocket she felt her phone buzz, it was an older model, a flip phone. She'd long discarded her need to have the latest gadget. A phone should be used for calls and nothing else in her opinion. The message was half garbled, Priya, her texting skills were atrocious but Amira knew her well enough to know she was asking when she'd be home.

The loose ends of her headdress blew in the wind as she stepped out into the fresh air and took a deep, contented breath. She took pleasure in the small things; the sway of her hips, the click of the high heels she hid under her long skirt and the knowledge that her two best friends and lovers were home waiting for her.