




*Becoming A
Milt*


A woman with short brown hair and purple eyes, wearing a yellow long-sleeved top and a white apron, stands in a kitchen. She has a frustrated expression with a furrowed brow and a small frown. A speech bubble above her head contains the text. The kitchen features wooden cabinets, a sink, a window, and a large pot on a shelf.

Toshiro! Will you
wake up?! Come on,
it's already 9



Come on, it's Sunday let
our son sleep a little
longer so we can be
alone...

Ugh, honey,
please not now.
I have to make
breakfast. Can't
you see?




Umm, you're impossible...

Ohh, don't worry... I can eat something else to fill my hunger...




I told you, not now!




Umm... Can't
you see how
rock-hard I
am?

Ahh, honey...
oh no...



Ahh, b-but someone will see... ahh, oh my god!

Ughh... So what? Let them see. I'm just fucking my wife. God, your pussy's gotten so loose since we got married.




Ahhh, w-what if Toshiro sees us... sees me like this... ahhh...

What? I'm sure he knows he came into this world because his father fucked his mom, haha...

Ahhh, you're so disgusting! He's our son... ahh...

And you're my wife who's getting fucked in the kitchen right now.





Ahh, fuck! Can you squeeze my breasts!

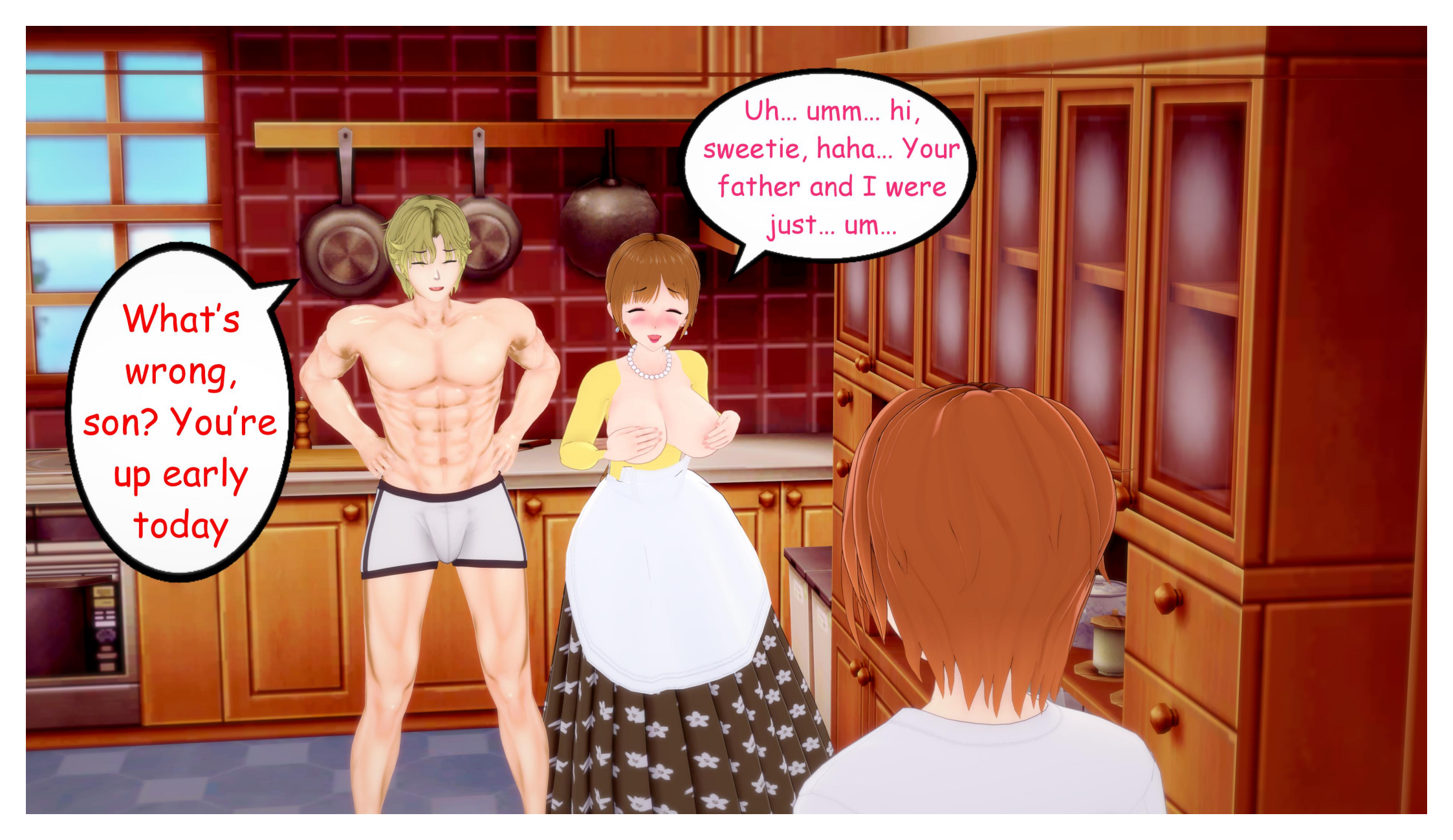
Haha, looks like someone's pussy is wet! Damn, are your boobs sagging already?

Oh no! He's coming! Quick, pull out!

Fuck!


Mom! Have you seen my brush?!






What's wrong, son? You're up early today

Uh... umm... hi, sweetie, haha... Your father and I were just... um...



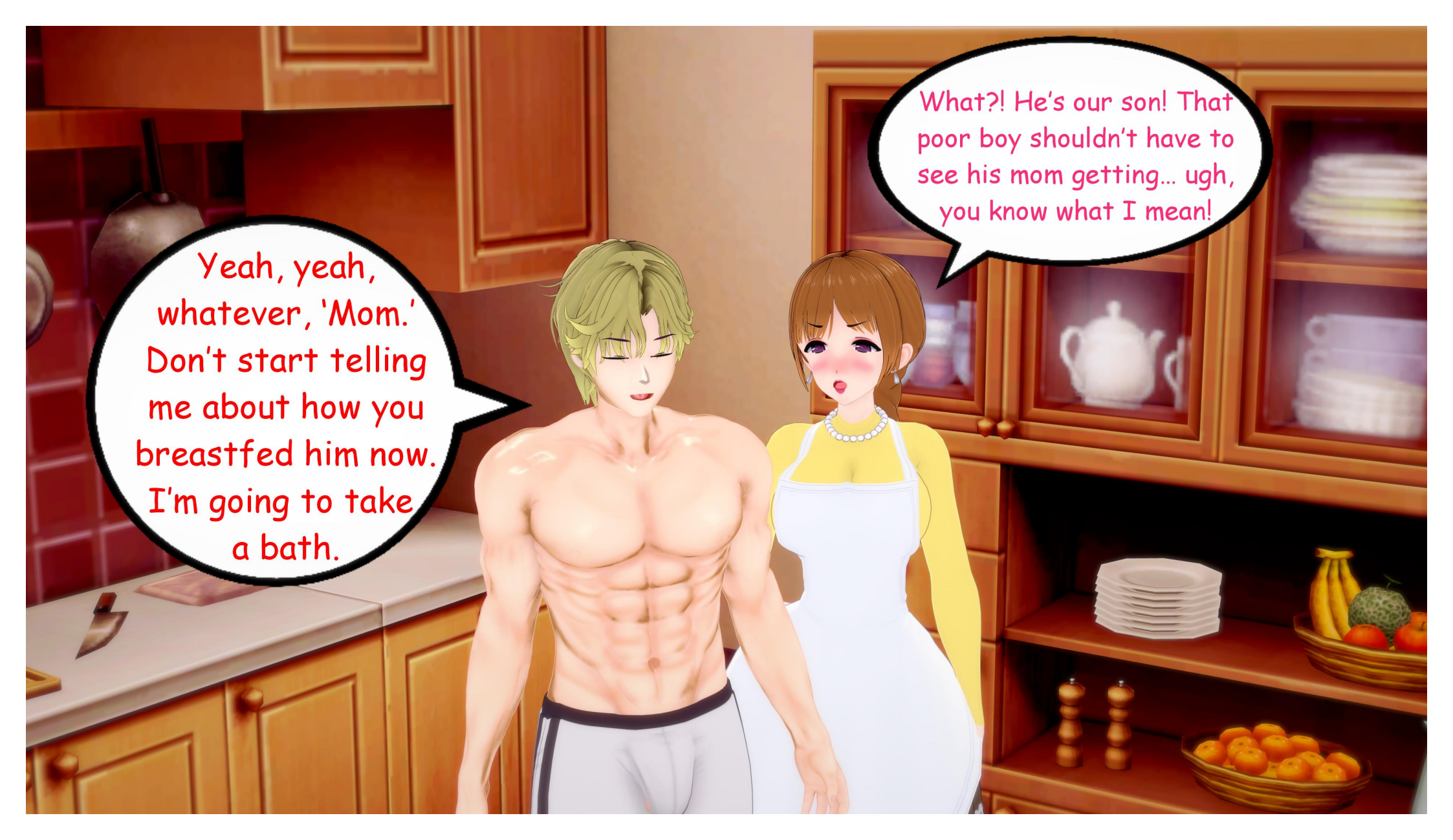
Ugh, why does Dad
keep fucking Mom
wherever he feels
like it...

Nothing... I'm
going.




What? This is our house, how am I supposed to control myself when you're looking this milfy?

I'm so embarrassed... This is the third time he's caught us! You need to control yourself!



Yeah, yeah,
whatever, 'Mom.'
Don't start telling
me about how you
breastfed him now.
I'm going to take
a bath.

What?! He's our son! That
poor boy shouldn't have to
see his mom getting... ugh,
you know what I mean!

A woman with brown hair, wearing a yellow long-sleeved top, a white apron, and a pearl necklace, stands in a kitchen. She has a slightly distressed or frustrated expression. The kitchen features wooden cabinets, a countertop with a bowl of fruit (bananas, melon, and apples), and a white pitcher. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing text.

Ugh, he's impossible! He left me so horny... I need to hurry, Toshiro's going to start yelling for breakfast any minute now

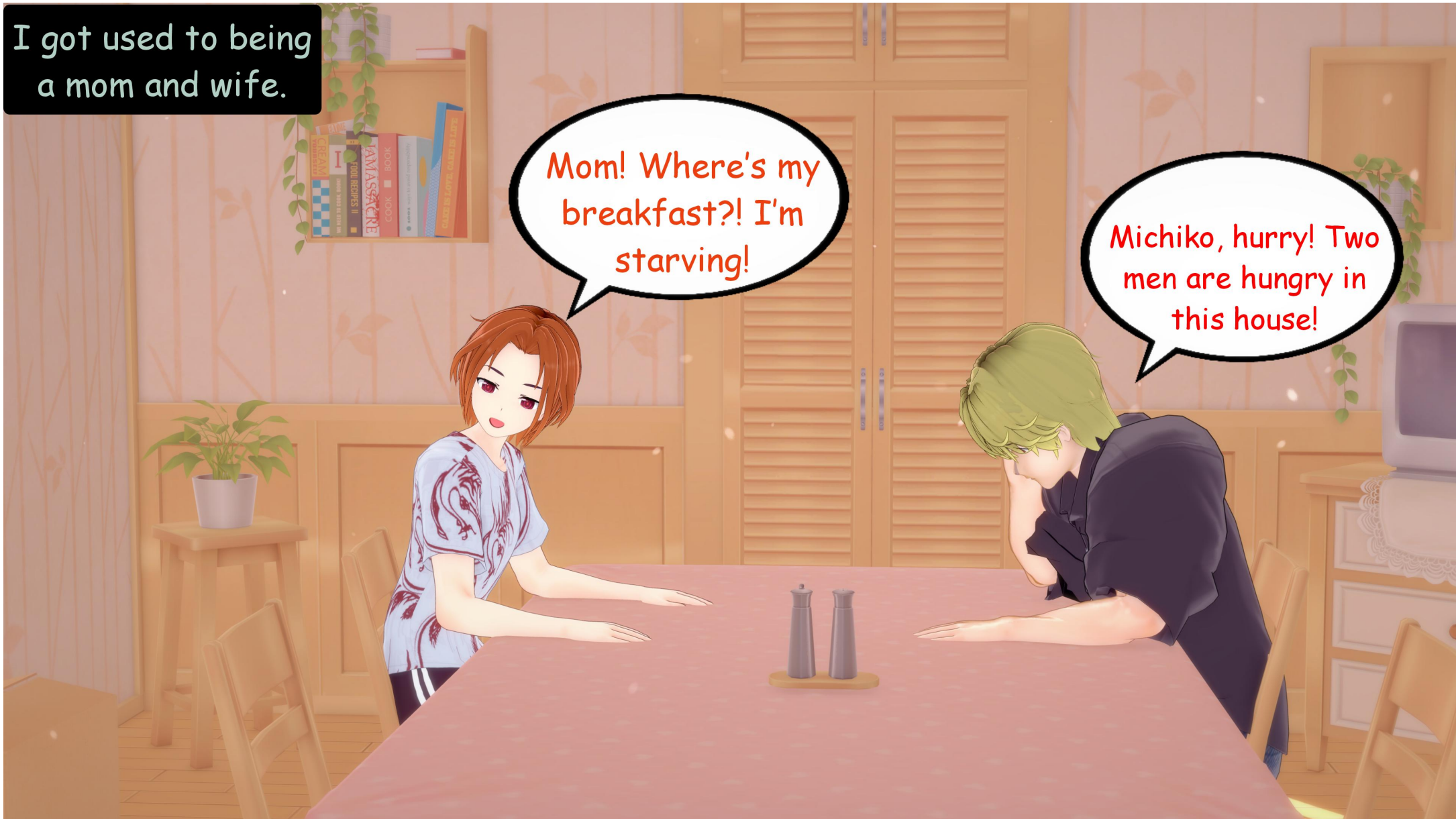
It's been a year since I became a woman... a "MILF," as the young kids call it. More like I got used to being a woman



I got used to being a mom and wife.

Mom! Where's my breakfast?! I'm starving!

Michiko, hurry! Two men are hungry in this house!



I got used to treating my mom more like a friend than my mom

Oh, it was a gift from Hikaru, he got it for me in Shibuya.

I love your dress! Where did you buy it?



I'm glad Mom, I mean Sachika forgot what happened that day at her house. I guess she doesn't want to remember it. That's probably for the best.

Can you believe what Kaito did yesterday? Oh my god, when will that boy grow up?!

Yeah, I can relate...
Toshiro's impossible to deal with too.



I wonder what my old
male self, Kaito, is doing
right now.

Kaito! Breakfast is
ready! Come quick!

Yeah,
Mom, just
a minute!



Even though I'm used to seeing him as "not me" anymore, I still always wonder what he's doing.
Is he okay?

I'm so tired... I just want to sleep again...



I did get used to being the "English Ma'am." Young boys keep lusting after me and simping with male teachers, while all the schoolgirls love hanging out with me.

Good morning, students.

Good morning, Ma'am!



One thing I truly loved getting used to was being a mom and wife.

Here's breakfast you two hungry beasts! I wonder what would happen if I ever disappeared!



I don't know why, but I love Toshiro more than my own life. I never understood it. Whenever he's in pain, I feel it too, like it's my own

Sweetie, are you okay?! Here, drink some water!

Toshiro coughing



Maybe... it's her lingering memories. That's why I love and care for him this much.

Thanks, Mom.

No problem, sweetie.



Memories... yes. It's Michiko's memories that let me survive and adapt as her. They taught me how she felt, how she lived.



Without them, I wouldn't have known how to put on a bra, how a skirt should feel, or why it doesn't feel strange anymore.

If only I knew what really happened to the real Michiko... the person who gave me this gift. One day I might thank her, for this warm family, for this body I once lusted after from the outside.



For now, I am Michiko. A 45-year-old mother, a wife, an English teacher to some, "aunty" to others, a friend to a few... and of course, a MILF to countless strangers.

I hope this life I've embraced stays happy. thanks to my son, my husband... and farewell, my dear sister Michiko.




Becoming A Milf

Somewhere else

Will you calm down Shizuka?! Don't interrupt, I'm doing it, can't you see?!

What are you waiting for?! Hurry! Erase his memories before he tells everyone!





Ahh! No! Stop what
are you doing?! No!

HURRY! HURRY!
I'm doomed if you
don't!!







The End?



Becoming A Milf