Alt-Ending: Moving In (Neighbour to Suburban MILF TG)

By FoxFaceStories

In this alternative version of the story, Matt decides against manipulating the Lumin's Syndrome of his cheating neighbour Benny, and instead lets Benny's changes play out. This time, instead of becoming Matt's dream wife, Benny is horrified to find himself becoming the thick, curvaceous MILF of the neighbourhood.

Alt-Ending: Moving

Moving back to Chareton had been one of the best things I'd ever done. Not only had I found a decent place, but I also had a good pair of neighbours in Patricia and Benny. She was a real cute thing, with a pixie cut and a slim figure, and I couldn't help but think that Benny had it pretty good with her. They'd moved in to the place next door at the same time as I had, and Benny and I had struck up a good friendship. The fact that we were both blokes who'd grown up on the wrong side of the track and then, with a bit of help, made something of ourselves was certainly part of the bond. The fact that we could both play a mean game of pool didn't hurt either. They were a bit younger than me; Patty was twenty five and Benny was twenty seven, and I won't lie, I was a little jealous of my new friend. He was handsome, tall, and fit, with blonde hair and a charismatic smile. I was in no bad shape - I'd been doing a lot of labour work in the EU in the years prior to settling down - but I was average in looks at best. Whenever I saw him and Patty together, being all sweet, a small part of me got jealous. It made me dream of having a wife like that, someone to share my life with, especially since I was getting my transport business started up.

Which was why, when opportunity came knocking, it was damn hard to resist taking advantage of it, even though I knew it was completely wrong. You see, during their big moving in party to which I was invited, I had to go upstairs to use their second toilet since the first story was occupied. I was pretty shocked to hear Patty and Benny going at it *hard* in the bedroom; who has sex in the middle of their own party they were hosting? But then imagine my surprise when I ducked back down and saw that Patricia was still mingling and laughing with her family and guests. My good friend Benny, who was already on the way to basically being my *best friend*, was a bloody cheater!

Well, I'll tell you, I've always looked down on cheaters. Always. And especially when said cheater is taking advantage of a girl like Patty, who was sweet, good-looking, and damn witty besides. When Benny came over to watch *The Dirty Dozen* with me and share some

cold beers, he got a little tipsy and started talking about his love of women. About how he'd enjoyed their company quite a bit.

"Before I met Patty, of course!" he clarified, which I knew was a bold-faced lie.

"How is Patty lately?" I asked.

"Ah, she's a bit angry with me. I spent too long at work, and she didn't like an interaction I had at a work party the other night. Thought I was a bit flirty or something."

My interest was aroused by that. "Oh? You have a workwife or something?"

It was said with the cadence of a joke, but I tried to give it a bit of an edge.

Benny just laughed it off. "Oh, you know how it is, Matthew. A good woman in a pencil skirt and white blouse is a nice sight to see. I was just pointing it out. Really, there's some very attractive women in the office and you'd have to be a cold-blooded lizard not to notice. But it's not like I acted on anything. I just made a couple of jokes and it put me in the doghouse."

He asked me what my perfect lady was, and I considered giving a detailed answer, but decided against it.

"Look, I think a nice girl who fits in with the neighbourhood and wants to have a pair of little ones with me."

"A nice suburban MILF type, eh?"

I chuckled and took another sip of my beer. "You could say that, yeah. Don't mind the voluptuous types. Future football mom, I guess you could say."

We laughed, and kept on watching the movie, but I couldn't forget his clear attempt to justify his cheating. Even if he hadn't been totally upfront about that, I could tell that he was going to be, had I agreed with him.

But that wasn't the opportunity that was put before me. That came a few days later, when I overheard an argument taking place in their house. I had never considered myself an eavesdropper, but maybe there's something about becoming a suburban bloke that turns you into a local gossip lover.

"There has to be something the medical community can do!"

"Fuck all. Fuck all, Patty. I've looked into everything. There's nothing!"

"But Benny, we were going to try for a family-"

"I goddamn know what we were going to try for, damn you! You think I don't know what this is? It's fucking Lumin's Syndrome, Patty! I'm turning into a goddamn woman."

They continued on, but my ears perked up. I went to my desk computer and did a little research, and sure enough, Lumin's Syndrome was exactly what he was saying; a super rare condition that could flip a person's chromosomes or whatever and turn them into the opposite sex. More than that, it affected men far more than women, and it often left their transformations suggestible. Some footballer ended up as a total nympho girlfriend to a

teammate, and some bloke even turned into an Asian chick and started popping out babies for the man who used to be her bully victim. The recorded cases went on and on, but it was a genetic condition, not something infectious, thank God. But that one part about the change being *suggestible* intrigued me. I could see the possibilities grow in my mind; I could mould her into my perfect wife. A sexy thing with large breasts, a perfect hourglass figure, and maybe a pixie cut like Patty, or at least a cute bob. She would be my devoted girlfriend, then a stay-at-home wife and future mother of my children. She'd be thin and gorgeous but with curves in all the right places. Perhaps even a little old-fashioned in her clothing, like a 1950's model. Or perhaps something modern and elegant, showing off her body just enough but still looking respectable, so all of the men in the neighbourhood were jealous of me.

Bloody oath, it was tempting. So goddamn tempting.

It was also wrong as hell.

I couldn't do it. I was on the very threshold of that decision, but the fact was that I'd been a bit of a bastard in my youth, and I didn't want to be that guy again. Don't get me wrong, part of me still thought that Benny was getting what he deserved after treating Patty the way he had, but I wasn't going to be the guy who stuck my beak in and made matters worse. I'd just have to try and remain a good neighbour . . . and maybe keep a curious ear and eye out for how things developed.

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The next time I saw Benny, he was fucking *miserable*. I couldn't help but feel sorry for the poor bloke. He'd rocked up at my doorstep, obviously a little bit tipsy, and asked if he could play a few rounds of pool and maybe grab a couple of cold ones out of my refrigerator while he was at it. I pretended not to know what was going on with him, but the small clues were all there: his features looked subtly softer, and his eyelashes a little bit longer. Benny's voice even had a slight croak to it, as if it were on the verge of shifting up a notch. I didn't even want to comment on the fact that his nipples were hard and obviously pressing against the fabric of his work shirt.

"Sure mate," I told him. "Come on in. What's up?"

"Just . . . bullshit at home. Jeez, you really haven't unpacked yet?"

I chuckled. Half of my stuff was still in big marked boxes around the living room.

"Not yet, I guess. Been too busy trying to get this transport company off of the ground. This place really doesn't have any good distributors, apart from the national gougers. I think there's a space to . . . but that's not why you came over. Come on, let's get you a beer in one hand and a pool cue in the other."

“Thanks,” he said, his voice squeaking just a little more. “I’ll need another one in me before I tell ya what’s been going on.”

Sure enough, he had to have three more. I won the pool game handily, but I don’t think it was just because of his drunken state. Benny was also moving in an odd way without even seeming to realise it; he was swaying his hips a little, pushing out his butt dramatically while bending over, and he couldn’t stop touching his nipples and feeling the flesh beneath. I’d read that the unexpected growth of breasts was one of the first true warning signs of Lumin’s Syndrome, and evidently that was the case here. He definitely had, at the very least, ‘pockets’ of flesh that had grown in beneath his nipples.

“Fuck!” he whined as I knocked the 8-ball in with ease. “This fucking game, I swear! Goddamn fucking stupid game! It’s all bullshit!”

He tossed my pool cue to the ground and kicked the garage roller door.

“Oi!” I yelled. “Calm off it! Jesus, mate, what’s going on?”

Benny’s shoulders sagged. He flopped into the couch by the pool table and finished up his dry beer. “I’ve got Lumin’s Syndrome. The one that turns you into a fucking woman.”

“No way!” I proclaimed. Now, I’m no actor, but I think I sold it well enough. He looked up and nodded at me, as if I really was surprised.

“I’m already growing tits. My nipples are always stiff and stuff. My voice is cracking, and have you noticed my face?”

“It does look softer.”

“It’s a bloody travesty. Patty and I have already had a couple of disagreements, and now this has just come at the worst time. I don’t deserve this, Matt. I don’t deserve it at all! Sure, I coulda been more loyal to her, but she’s my wife! I’m meant to be her husband. She doesn’t know how to take it, she says. How the fuck does she think I feel about it? My bloody dick is shrinking here!”

I sympathised. I really, actually did. For all that he was cheating on a fine girl, I couldn’t deny that him turning into one wasn’t fair. It confirmed that my decision to *not* try and manipulate his change had been the correct one. The poor guy wasn’t blameless, but he wasn’t a monster.

“Hey mate, I’m here for you, okay? Whatever you need, I’m here for you.”

“Thanks,” he said, nodding a little. Tears were in his eyes, and he wiped them away. “Just gotta stay away from anything that might encourage the change. Away from . . . temptation. Damn mind is betraying me.”

“Well, I won’t,” I said. And I meant it. “You’re welcome around anytime, and I’m sure Patty is there for you, too.”

Another nod. “Yeah, we’ll patch things up. I’ll figure it out. There’s gotta be a way not to change. I’m not getting a fucking pussy. And I’m definitely not ending up as some braindead bimbo bird, I can tell you that.”

I actually believed him. Benny was a smart guy, and he had a lot of willpower. If anyone could beat this, it was him.

“Here’s to you kicking this thing’s ass, then,” I said, raising my bottle of dry beer. He grabbed another and clinked his against mine.

“Fucking hell, I’ll drink to that!”

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I was invited to come have dinner with Patty and Benny on Saturday. I made my classic family cobloaf and grabbed some cider and headed over. I wasn’t quite sure what to expect, except perhaps that the pair had made up and had some idea of what to do next. Regardless, I had a wine back in my fridge in case there needed to be a little more consolation for bad news. What I *didn’t* expect was Benny’s appearance when I opened the door after I knocked. His hair was longer, but it was also darker; dirty blonde now instead of that light blonde he’d previously possessed. It now went almost down to his chin, and his eyelashes were quite feminine. His manly jawline had started to soften, and his face was now completely bereft not only of facial hair, but any sign that it had ever grown any. Coupled with his puffier lips, and he was almost bordering on a little androgynous. That wasn’t even getting into the fact that he was clearly an inch shorter and his chest was pushing out a little from his dress shirt. It hung loosely around his middle, which told me that his waist was thinning as well. I tried not to look down at his hips, but risked a glance without really even intending to. The poor bloke was definitely widening there; in fact, it was perhaps the most dramatic change of all! His hips had clearly stretched out since I last saw him at the start of the week, and he’d be getting some odd looks around the office by this point I’d imagine.

“Hey Matt,” he said, the words coming like a sigh. His voice had also gotten higher, but it had also gained a slightly feminine quality to it. “Thought I might answer the door and get the embarrassment over with.”

“You look good mate,” I said. “Could be worse, right?”

“You don’t have to bullshit with me, Matt. I like that you’re a straight shooter. I mean, for God’s sake, just look at these hips. They’re getting wider than anything. I tell ya, it’s hard showing my head at the football club these days, especially when they rock from side to side. A lot’s changed in just five days.”

I gave him a sympathetic smile and held up the pack of ciders. “Well, I brought these. And a cobloaf. Got a strong red back in the fridge if you want me to bring it round.”

He shook his head. “Nah, bad idea. Patty’s been on me to not drink all the time to cope. Besides, it makes my thoughts wander and that . . . furthers the change.”

“Shit. I didn’t know.”

“S’okay. Just another thing on my plate, I guess. This damn Syndrome.” He exhaled, clearly struggling with it. Then he perked up, and it was hard not to see the future woman in his eyes. “But what the hell am I doing? Come on in, mate. Patty’ll want to see you. She’s been chatting all week about how she’s been looking forward to catching up.”

I stepped into their house, which was much more immaculately set up than mine, which still had half my stuff boxed up. Patty was in the kitchen finishing up a meal. God, she was a beauty. It was hard not to appreciate her cute brunette hair and her dashing smile as she turned and saw me. She placed one hand on her elegant hip and cocked it to the side, and used her other hand to brush her hair back over one ear. If I was a foolish man, I’d almost be assuming it was a pose intended to seduce me.

“Matthew! So great to see you, neighbour! Come in and make yourself comfortable, but come here first!”

To my surprise, she actually advanced with alacrity and put her arms around me, squeezing me with a hug. When she pulled back, she had a blush upon her cheeks.

“Sorry! I hope that’s okay. I’m a real hugger, especially when it comes to stressful situations. Benny tells me that he told you . . ?”

I nodded. “Lumin’s Syndrome, yeah, I heard. I’m so sorry, for both of you. You don’t deserve this, especially after you’ve just moved in and gotten married not too long before that.”

Benny made a sniffling noise, and I saw him wiping his eyes. He blushed too. “Just stupid hormones,” he said. “Doc says this is normal. Can’t say I like it. Fucking female emotions making me all hysterical, I swear.”

“Benny, don’t say that!” Patty exclaimed. “You know I hate it when you say stuff like that about a woman feeling emotions, even about yourself.”

“I’m not a woman yet, goddamn it! So don’t call me one! Or imply it!”

I hesitated. The room fell silent in the wake of their miniature eruption. Awkwardly, I gestured to the addition I’d brought in, which I’d sat on the dining room table. “I, uh, brought some cob loaf. And some cider.”

“Thank you, Matt,” she said. “You’re a good one. Nice to know a man who can cook, too. I’ll just finish up and we can enjoy dinner.”

She waltzed back to the kitchen, her ass swaying more hypnotically than I thought was natural, for whatever reason. Again, there was no way she was flirting with me, right?

“Jesus Christ, she can’t let it go that I’m no fucking chef,” Benny muttered, his voice cracking. He placed his hands on his womanly hips. “I cook a mean barbecue, don’t I? What more can a man do?”

A lot, I imagined, but I didn’t tell my friend that. Poor bloke was already struggling. Instead, we talked about last night’s game and Manchester’s tight victory and some calls and strategies we did or did not agree with. Halfway through, Patty brought out a lovely duck roast with wonderfully seasoned and cooked vegetable sides. We opened the cider and raised our glasses.

“To hoping it all works out,” Patty declared, holding her drink out.

Benny sighed. “Don’t mince words, Patty. To me not growing a fucking vagina.”

I clinked their glasses, trying to avoid inflaming any further tension. Maybe it was a bad idea to come over? I could tell Patty sensed this, because she put her glass down.

“I’m sorry, Matt. We promised not to fight or make things awkward. We just wanted to have dinner with you to keep you in the loop and reach out to you as a trusted friend. Benny is going through a real hard time and-”

Benny groaned. “Love, can’t we just eat in peace for a moment? Matt doesn’t want to hear any marital shit.”

And so we did. We ate in peace, and I tried *not* to look at my transforming neighbour, but it was impossible not to when my chair was opposite his, and so when he leaned over to scoop up a bite to eat with his fork, I had a good view down his button shirt. The man had cleavage. Actual *cleavage*. His breasts must have been growing at a rapid pace, and it was obvious that as he shifted he was also experiencing minor wobbles. Still, we didn’t talk about it, not even when Patty brought out some classic spongecake and tea for dessert. Every time Benny’s wife tried to bring up his changes, how we could support Benny, the various attempts to prevent him from changing too much, and so on, Benny shot it down. His mood was practically black, and in the end he stood up at the table and then pushed his chair in.

“I’m off to bed,” he declared. “Thanks for the cider, Matt. Sorry to kick you out early.”

“Benny, don’t be like that!” Patty declared. “It’s rude to kick out a guest when-”

“Honey, I had coworkers pointing out that I’m a fucking *B-cup* yesterday. Today at the club I had guys making jokes about my hips. I can’t even talk without my voice squawking.”

“I know, and that’s why I thought being able to talk about it here, all of us, might help to-”

“Jesus, woman! Grab a hint! No wonder I . . . never mind. I’m off.”

He ascended the stairs. Patty was mortified, and personally I felt incredibly embarrassed on her behalf. I knew Benny was going through some deep shit, but this just wasn’t the done thing. Still, I helped Patty clean the table and made my apologies before exiting.

“Matthew, wait!”

I paused on the front footpath and turned. Patty had followed me out of the house. She rubbed her arm, hesitated, and then stepped forward. But then she just looked at the ground and said nothing.

“Patty? Is there something I can do? Look, about Benny, don’t be embarrassed, he’s-”

“Is he cheating on me, Matt?”

That was enough to almost catch me off step. She was looking straight into my eyes, and the determination was there. I could believe this small, slim woman could scare off a raging elephant with those eyes.

“Patty, look, I’m really sorry for everything that’s happened. Benny’s in a hard place, and-”

“Please, Matt,” she said, and she surprised me again by suddenly taking my hand. It was warmer than expected, and I stiffened a little, my body going rigid at her touch. Bloody hell, when was the last time a woman as pretty as her had looked at me with such desperation and trust, and touched me so affectionately? Far too long, it seemed, because I immediately wanted to do anything for this woman.

“Please, tell me the truth,” she said. “I know we’ve all just moved in, and we’re all still getting to know one another, but Benny trusts you. He goes over for drinks . . . but sometimes I know he doesn’t go to you. And I know he’s not always working at the office. I need to know if it’s true.”

My shoulders sagged. I couldn’t lie to her. There were some things that just weren’t in the bro code, and this was one of them.

“Yeah, he is,” I said.

She did not break down crying. Instead, she sucked in some air, and held the tears at bay. “I see,” she said simply.

“I should have told ya,” I replied. “I’m sorry, Patty. It was wrong to hold it in. I only found out a bit over a week ago, I swear. He didn’t exactly confess, he never confirmed he cheated, but . . . I know when a man talks like that, especially to another man, what he really means.”

“A girl at the office?”

This part would hurt. “I gathered it was more than one, actually.”

She closed her eyes, taking in the pain. I wanted to hold her and smell her hair and tell her that everything was going to be okay.

“That fucker,” she hissed. “I love him. Or at least . . . I loved him. Up until this moment. I think . . . God, I think I actually just felt my love for Benny die completely. Right now. Like a switch was just flipped. It’s just . . . gone.”

I scratched the back of my head. “Look, I know everything is really hard for you and him right now-”

“The cheating was before that. I’m not stupid. He can’t even get his dick up now. It’s the size of his little finger. Less than, even.”

“I just mean . . . I’m here for you, Patty,” I said. “I want you to be happy, and I want Benny to turn out okay. Even if, well, he’s an asshole who . . .”

“Deserves this?”

I chuckled despite myself. The fact that she’d said it with a funny smile added to the unexpected humour. “Yeah, something like that, I guess. It’s weird, I still think of him as my friend. Is that weird?”

“I don’t know,” Patty replied. “I don’t know how to go about any of this stuff. I just know . . . I can’t love him anymore. But I can’t kick him out. God, we just bought a house together. What the fuck do we even do?”

I squeezed her hand. “You’ll figure it out. I’ve only known you a few weeks and you’re already one of the brightest, coolest ladies I know.”

She smiled at this. For a moment, we looked at one another.

Then she went up on her toes and kissed me right on the lips, her hands on either side of my face as she pulled me into it. I was so surprised I almost didn’t kiss her back. Perhaps I could have claimed not to be a total tosser if I hadn’t.

But I did. I kissed those soft lips, and God in Heaven I enjoyed them. I even circled my arm around her little waist, and she lifted her leg up like she was a dame from one of those old-timey romance flicks.

And then it was over almost as soon as it had begun. She pulled back, and so did I.

“Um, sorry,” I said.

“Don’t be!” she blurted out. “I . . . it was me. There’s a lot going on recently. I shouldn’t have done that.”

“I understand,” I said. “I shouldn’t have kissed you back.”

We stood staring at one another for several long seconds. She took my hand and squeezed it gently.

“I should have married a man like you,” she said, and this time she gave me a gentle, perhaps too-long kiss upon my cheek. I spent a long time thinking about both of those kisses when tucked in for the night. I lay awake thinking about Patty, how pretty and smart and put-together she was, and how Benny didn’t deserve it.

My last thought before I fell asleep, as I recall, was that I wished Benny would change even faster.

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I soon got my wish. Benny arrived back in the middle of the work day while I was signing some contracts out front with a delivery driver. I was surprised to see him driving into his garage. I only caught a quick look at him, but he'd definitely changed further; his hair was obviously longer and I would have thought he was a woman if I hadn't known his story. I finished up my little discussion with my employee-hopeful and made my way next door. The garage door wasn't down, and I had the feeling it was deliberate, because Benny had gotten out of his car with this mopey look on his face that said he wanted company. A very feminine mopey face at that, with plump lips, a soft jawline, and a nose that had shrunk. His hair was now past his chin, and it darkened to a light brown. It was his figure that shocked me the most, though. His shirt fit very oddly on him, and the reason for that was the obvious pair of breasts jutting out from his figure. They had leapt up in size; he looked like he was smuggling Double-D's, and since he had refused to wear a bra, his large nipples pressed quite clearly against the white fabric. He'd tucked in his shirt, but this only emphasised his broad, sweeping hips. I won't lie, my instant thought was that they looked like a real pair of babymakers, and I felt bad straight away for forming that association. But the pants looked really uncomfortable; his thighs had clearly swelled, and not in a muscular sense, and so they'd become a tight fit.

"Benny?" I said, almost as if I wasn't sure it was him.

"The one and only unlucky bastard," he groaned in a voice that was unmistakably female.

"Did your boss send you home?"

He cracked a wan smile, one that looked surprisingly attractive. "In a manner of speaking. I was fucking *fired,* Matt. 'Can't perform your duties anymore,' apparently, the sexist bastard. 'Not wearing the proper attire.' As if I'm gonna wear a bloody bra! And then Charlie, one of my own damn coworkers I've known in sales for nearly five years, turns to me and says I'm 'starting to look like a real thick MILF' and that he can't wait to see how I'll turn out. What was I supposed to do? Not give him a whalloping?"

"Jesus," I said, taking a step closer. "Don't tell me you punched him."

The changing man blushed. "Sorta. I, er, slapped him. And then he laughed at me for hitting like a lady, so I slapped him again, and then I started shrieking and crying and tried to scratch his eyes out with these."

He held up his hands, and I saw that he now had long, clearly feminine fingernails.

"Damn," I said. "Can't you, I don't know, appeal it or something."

"It's not the bloody courts, mate. I'm stuffed. I haven't even told Patty yet. God, Patricia. I've fucked it all up. And now I look at her and I don't even . . ."

I stepped further into the garage. Benny turned in profile to me, and I almost gasped. I hadn't realised that he was developing some real junk in his trunk either, or that he was developing quite a thick waist, one that was quite womanly in a mature way. It was embarrassing to admit, but Charlie was right; he *was* starting to look like some kind of MILFy broad, and I was kinda curious as to how he'd turn out.

"You can tell me, Benny," I said, placing a hand on his shoulder. "I won't tell a soul. Promise."

Tears appeared as single dots in the corner of his eyes, reflective and ball-like. He sniffled, and if I'd had my eyes closed I would have sworn up and down that this was a woman, as much as water was wet and the sky was blue.

"I don't . . . I don't even find her attractive anymore, mate."

"Look, to put it bluntly, your dick is shrinking up, Benny. It's just a temporary-"

But he shook his head. To my surprise, he actually cupped his breasts, pushing them up. The top button of his shirt was undone, and so he was showing off even more cleavage than I would have expected him to possess. He let loose an involuntary moan that almost raised my own member a little. It certainly twitched invisibly within my pants.

"Ohhhh. But don't you get it, mate? *These* things are bloody sensitive. My nipples go hard when I . . . when I get turned on. My goddamn dick isn't doing shit, but my nips are going crazy when I get turned on."

"See!" I said, seizing on this piece of information, bizarre as it was. "You're not losing attraction to Patty. You're just, er, feeling it in a different way."

But then his face fell, and he shook his head slowly. He looked around, as if trying to see if anyone was listening in to this rather unique conversation.

"No, that's not it at all, mate. I don't find Patty attractive. At all. She's angry with me. She suspects I . . . she *knows* I had a little fun behind her back. But I still thought, hey, what if I get the romance going? She might forgive me. She might open up and stay with me, after . . . you know. But it didn't work out that way. Because I felt *nothing* for her."

"But you just said -"

"I felt that way about Charlie at work. *That's* why I fucking slapped him."

My jaw fell. "Wait, are you saying-"

The teary blobs grew bigger in his eyes. "I'm saying I was fucking *attracted* to him. He's a suburban wannabe-Dad with a shit attitude and he's got ten years on me, but I was just thinking about what it would be like to be . . . to be his *wife*. Fuck me, even just thinking about it right now pisses me off. And it's not just him, it's blokes I see out on the street around the neighbourhood. These silver-haired foxes, these fuckin' handsome single dads at the playground."

"You were at the playground?"

“I was goin’ for a walk! Trying to clear my thoughts. But then I saw this hot dad in his forties and I couldn’t look away. I started . . . I started to change. Faster than I did before. And then I come back from my work break and I’ve got a fucking *rack*, Matt! I’ve gotta find a way to reverse this. Shit! I’ve gotta find a way to earn money.”

He pulled me into a hug, which was not like the Benny I knew at all. The soon-to-be woman cried into my shoulder, and all I could do was awkwardly tap his back and try to ignore the lovely doughy feeling of his large breasts pressing against me. From this perspective, I could tell how much shorter he was, not to mention that his ass was jutting out.

“Ohhhhh - nnghh! Oh God, this was a mistake!”

He suddenly leapt back, wiping the tears from his eyes. “Fuck, when I get all womanly and hysterical I - nghhh! I start to change f-faster!”

“Mate, are you okay?”

He doubled over, then clutched his breasts and squeezed them together. I could only stare in disbelief as his shirt grew tighter around his chest, only for the pressure to finally give way and send a button pinging off into the street at high speed. He wailed in a highly erotic way, suddenly standing up straight and curving back. His boobs had gone up a whole cup size in just seconds, and that was not the only thing changing. Right before my eyes, Benny’s hair grew to pool upon his shoulders. It turned a mid-tone brown, now far removed from its blonde origins. His jawline cracked audibly, shifting to leave his face in a heart-shape, some extra fat on his cheeks that made him look like he was in his mid-thirties, along with a few extra subtle lines around his eyes to also suggest the progression of age.

“N-no! Don’t look at me!” he cried. “If a man - a hot man like you - looks at me, it happens faster! Fucking get away, you bastard! I don’t want to ch-change any more than I have to! Ohhhhh!”

I backed up slowly, but my reactions were delayed by the severity of his changes; his work slacks were tearing apart as his thighs gained more soft fat, but his shoes fell from his more daintified feet. He tore apart his shirt in some kind of aroused agony, leaving his increasingly mature body on display, his breasts large, his body thick-waisted and pear-shaped.

“Holy shit,” I breathed.

“C-close the fucking roller!” she whined. No, *he* whined. He was still a man, I had to remind myself, but he was clutching his member between his legs in horror, as if desperately clinging to the last remnant of his own manliness.

I reached up and pulled the cord of the garage door, sending it down with a clang. I took another couple of steps back, barely able to comprehend what had just happened, and yet forced to grapple with the reality of it nonetheless.

“Matt? Matthew? Are you okay?”

I turned around. In all the chaos, I hadn't seen Patty sneak up behind me. She was sticking her head out of the window of her car, clearly intending to park, but she must've seen the look of shock on my face, because her own expression shifted immediately.

"Benny?"

I nodded.

"Is he a . . ?"

I shook my head. "I don't know. But he just changed a lot, right in front of me."

She got out of the car immediately, approached the garage door, then stepped back when she heard her husband's eroticised moans of change. Something like a strangled cry caught in her throat.

"Oh, Benny," she said. "Oh God. I don't love him. But . . . he doesn't deserve *this*. Oh God, Matthew! What am I going to do?"

She turned and wrapped me in a hug. It occurred to me that Benny had just done something similar, but there was no volatile change this time. I placed my arms around her, and there was a quiet intimacy that passed between us. I lifted a finger, hesitated, and then wiped the stray tear from her left cheek.

"Hey, it'll be okay," I told her. "I'm here for you."

Was it manipulative? I second-guessed myself. I remembered back to how I'd almost been tempted to turn Benny into some kind of trophy wife. Was I now trying to seduce Patricia? I mean, she'd been the bird who'd kissed me the first time, and yet I couldn't help but feel . . . wrong.

I pulled back, though she grabbed my hand quickly.

"Patty, this isn't right," I said.

"I wish I'd met you first," she said plainly.

"You don't wish that. Look, this is a crazy time for you and him, and-"

"And he was cheating on me the whole time, Matthew. He was cheating on me, and now he's turning into a woman. I thought I had a perfect husband to have a family with, but I chose poorly. I - I don't think I'm choosing poorly now."

"Patricia . . ."

She smiled, just a little. "I like it when you use my full name. I don't normally like it, but I like hearing *you* saying it, Matthew. Just like I liked kissing you the other night."

Another groan emanated from the garage door. It dispelled this moment of forbidden romance between us.

"You better check on him," I said.

She swore under her breath. "You're right. God, I pick the worst times, don't I? You must think I'm a mess."

“Just the opposite, Patricia. But as much as Benny has been the wrong guy - and I’m not denying he’s been an absolute wanker as well - you should go to him and at least help him on his way. Y’know, before we . . . do anything.”

She sighed, then ran a hand through her short brunette hair. “You’re right,” the beautiful woman said. “Of course you’re right. He’s . . . I don’t love him, but I don’t hate him. Maybe if he wasn’t turning into a woman I’d hate him, but I just can’t. I want to help him adjust to it all, even if it means I’ve lost my husband. Even if . . . I’d lost him a while ago.”

I nodded. “That’s because you’re a good person, Patty. Look, I better go. We’ll . . . we’ll talk, okay?”

“I’d like that,” she simply said. But she kept her fingers interlaced with mine until the last possible second of separation. And honestly? So did I.

***

I was surprised to get a text from Benny two days later. He wanted to go for a walk with me. It was the weekend, so I figured why not? I hadn’t talked to Patricia either, as much as I deeply wanted to. The poor girl had enough on her plate without me taking advantage of her. Besides, I wanted to check in on my mate. Benny may have been getting a little of what he deserved, but I didn’t want him to suffer or anything. I told him to come ring the bell, and he did so not long after I’d had a late breakfast. I just wasn’t prepared for what I’d see when I opened the door.

It was a woman.

There was no other way to describe the person I was seeing. A woman who had to be in her mid-thirties, possibly late thirties except that she looked so goddamn gorgeous that time seemed to defy her anyway. She had long dark brown hair, bordering on black, and it fell in slightly curly tresses over the back of her shoulders. She had dark, almost hypnotic eyes, and her figure was the kind of set of curves that any man would hope his wife would grow into after having children or simply aging. Her figure was pear-shaped in a way that would have driven Greek sculptors mad, with wide childbearing hips and a thick, healthy waist, and a pair of breasts that were positively voluminous, the sort of breasts that teenage Matthew would have seared into his memory back in the day. They were a big pair of jugs, far from Benny’s wife’s chest, which was slim and model-like. Instead, Benny now possessed a pair of melons that looked like she was smuggling a pair of overripe cantaloupes. If you were to see this woman on the street, you’d assume she’d had a few kids to grow them to that size, and a kind of robustness that kept them relatively perky despite their size.

All of this I could see because of perhaps the most mind-boggling aspect of all. I'd expected the bloke to change into a woman, and I'd even seen the signs that he'd been turning into a curvaceous goddess ten years older than his age of twenty seven. What I *hadn't* expected was for him to be wearing a pair of tight mom jeans that clung to his thick thighs and plump rear, or for him to wear a tight women's shirt in a pale pink that pulled tight against his chest and had a deep enough v-neck to tease at the veritable Mariana Trench of cleavage located there. The fact that I couldn't see his nipples and yet *could* see the outline of a rather large pair of cups told me that he was finally wearing a much-needed bra as well.

"Benny!?" I stammered.

He swallowed nervously, giving me an embarrassed grin that was surprisingly sexy. "The one and only still," he said, though his voice was now a sultry, womanly one, with a sensual husky quality to it. "Sorry for the surprise."

"N-no worries, mate. It's just . . . I didn't expect you to be wearing women's clothing. Or a bra."

"Kinda need one now," he said. "Got me quite a rack, as you can see. And they wobble and hang all over the place if I don't. Patty helped me with the shopping."

"That was good of her."

"Yeah, better than I deserved. Um, is this too awkward or something? I was hoping to pick your brain as we walked, maybe to the local park."

"Just let me get my shoes on."

I did so, and we set off. I looked back and could see Patty looking from the second story window as we left, gazing down at us. Her expression looked a bit uncertain, but I gave her a gentle wave to indicate it was okay. She waved back. That poor woman.

We talked about the usual shit as we walked. The latest football game. The upcoming Ashes test against Australia, those down under bastards who kept smacking us around all of last year. We talked about *Bridge on the River Kwai*, and whether it was the best damn war movie ever made, but we settled on *The Battle of Britain* as the superior film. One had to have a bit of homefield loyalty, after all.

But eventually, as we approached the local park, the old manly conversation ran dry. It was hard to keep it going regardless, what with Benny now having a figure that wouldn't quit. His arse bounced, and his breasts jostled with every step despite the obvious bra he was wearing.

"You don't have to look at my arse, y'know," he murmured. "I'm well fucking aware that it's swinging. I can't *not* swing it, mate."

"Well, I was afraid you were showing off, so that's good news for me."

He punched me lightly on the shoulder. It was a weak, womanly hit. "Arsehole," he said, his tone utterly female. "Jesus, what am I gonna do, Matt?"

“About your change?”

“Nah, about the weather. Of course about the change! Fuck me, I can’t stop swinging these hips. See that guy walking across the street there? My damn body wants to go over there and check out that silver-haired fox.”

“Jesus.”

“I wish it was Him, ‘cause then I’d be praying in church. This is genetic. Fucking Lumin’s.”

He sighed, his chest heaving as we entered the park proper. It was hard to think of him as a woman, and in the silence that followed, I felt like I was on some kind of weird date with a total MILF type. But then he dropped the bomb, and that thought bubble became a whole lot more literal.

“I don’t have a penis anymore.”

I stopped dead in my tracks right next to the rose bushes. “Shit.”

Another deep sigh. God, it was impossible not to look at those honkers on his chest. No, *her* chest now.

“Shit indeed,” *she* said. “I think my changes are just about done.”

“Bloody hell. Was I responsible? The other day-”

The new woman shook her head. “Nah, mate. Still had a little nub then. No, the change happened when Patty took me shopping. Christ almighty, it was embarrassing. She convinced me to go out with her. Told me the romance was dead, that we were getting a divorce, but she could damn well help me adjust to being a woman. Fuck me, I cried.”

I placed a hand on his shoulder, not quite knowing what else to do. I was just some blue-collar bloke from up north, words weren’t exactly my specialty when it came to stuff like this.

“You shoulda seen me, Matt. I was crying and begging and bein’ all sorts of pathetic. But she wasn’t backing down, my Patty. To tell you the truth, I was actually proud of my spitfire of a wife. She stood her ground and showed me the papers, then gave me a terrific hug and said that she knew I’d been cheating, but that this was my chance to turn over a new leaf and the like. That I could be a new and better woman, and not, and I quote, ‘such a colossal cheating arshole.’ That woman doesn’t mince words when she doesn’t need to.”

I chuckled at that. “That’s our Patty, alright.”

The gorgeous, rather voluptuously built woman chuckled back. “Just wish I knew what I had when I still had it. But she was right, and the weird part is that I wanted her to be right anyway. Guess it’s those Lumin’s Syndrome mental changes, right? Changes your body, but also plays a merry hob with your mind too. Truth is, I’ve been having all these dreams about wearing bras and trying on blouses, doing my makeup and the like. And . . . approaching men.”

“Is that what made you change?”

“Sort of. She took me shopping, and I got really into it. You shoulda seen me. It was all kinds of bloody stupid. I was trying on dresses, checking out my figure, even put on some lingerie. I was starting to giggle and act like a real broad, and Patty and I were getting on better than we have in months. And then I saw myself in the changeroom mirror while I was wearing this lingerie set, and it was like I’d been hit with a freight train. I was a fucking gorgeous bird, and I had these big tits and this thick figure and I could just fucking *see* how a man my new age or older would see me. I goddamn *wanted* it, Matt. Wanted to be that woman. Then I started moaning real loud - I mean *really* loud - and the rest is history.”

I took in my friend’s words, looking over his body as she described it. It was impossible to deny that she’d embraced a sort of suburban mom style, one that teased just enough to tell single men in the area that she was on the prowl. It was almost impossible to believe that this was my mate, one who’d been hinting about all his female conquests lately.

“And how do you feel?” I asked. “That’s what I’m supposed to ask, right? You know, feelings and the like. Since you’re a lady now.”

She guffawed. “Shit, I guess you’re right. You know what’s dumb? I actually felt kinda nice that you asked me to vent. I guess I really am a woman now, pussy and tits and emotions and all.”

“Hey, don’t get all heated in my presence, mate! You look damn good and I won’t lie, those are some premium melons, but I’ve got no interest in you, in that way. We’re mates, not *mates*.”

She rolled her eyes, then folded her arms beneath her breasts, stretching her shirt to emphasise them all the more. “Arsehole. You flatter yourself too much, Matt. This is just a walk, and . . . because I trust you with something.”

“And what’s that?”

She blushed a little. It was a cute look on her. “I need your advice on something. Just over here.”

My feminised friend took me further into the park, closer to where the playground was. There, sitting on a park bench and smiling at his young daughter playing, was a man who looked to be in his early forties. He had that silver-grey hair that Benny had mentioned, and while I wasn’t one to judge these kinds of things, he was probably catnip to the kind of suburban MILF type that Benny had inadvertently been turned into by his Lumin’s Syndrome.

“Ah,” I see, trying to hide my smirk. “I see.”

She fidgeted with her fingers in front of her. It had the effect of accidentally pressing her rather large breasts together. It was not an unwelcome sight, to be honest.

“Look, don’t go judging me now or being a tosser about this, y’hear? It’s just . . . this body has needs, okay? And my mind has been all switched about. I’m thinking about guys like that. I ran into him when he was jogging the other day and his name is Harry and he seems like a good bloke, and he’s a single dad and his daughter is named May, and fuck me this is killing me just to say to you, so don’t make fun, alright?”

I put up my hands. “I didn’t say a thing!”

“You were thinking it pretty hard. Jesus, this Lumin’s Syndrome really did a number on me. Patty and I are through, Matt. I fucked that up even before I got this condition. Maybe . . . maybe it’s for the best. She can be happy, and . . . I don’t know, maybe I can work with this. I’m not a bad looking bird, even if these tits are too bloody big. But maybe Patty can find someone that makes her happy.”

“And maybe you can find someone that makes the new you happy too,” I said.

She smiled at that, and it was a warm, genuinely joyful smile. “Yeah, damn right,” she said. “So . . . should I go for it?”

“You like him, don’t you? He’s a good bloke, and handsome?”

“Well, yeah. To the new me, at least. He thinks I’m Bethany, and I like it, so that’s what I’ll be, I guess.”

I patted my friend on the shoulder. “Then go for it, mate. I’d be a shitty neighbour if I said otherwise.”

At this, she grinned a little wider. “Mind if we end this walk here then? Figure I gotta pull the ripcord and just go up and say hi again.”

“Have at it mate,” I said. “I got someone to see, anyway.”

With a bit of a bounce in her step, the curvaceous woman strode away from me, moving with speed towards Harry. Immediately, I saw him go from watching his daughter play to suddenly looking with excitement in Benny - sorry, *Bethany’s* - direction. Bastard didn’t know how lucky he had it, with a MILF like that walking into his life.

Neither of them had any idea how close I’d come to changing her to my own designs. A bloody good thing that proper sense had prevailed, because I had someone else waiting for me. I took out my phone and gave Patricia a call as I exited the park. I had hoped she’d respond. I didn’t expect her to pick up the phone immediately.

‘Matthew?’ she said. *‘Is everything okay?’*

“Everything’s fine, Patty,” I said. “In fact, more than fine. I think your Benny is a Bethany now.”

‘What? Really?’

“Seems so. And while I’m no expert on these things, I’d say our new friend has landed on her feet and will be alright. She’s got a real ‘hot local mom’ vibe to her.”

‘Oh, is that what we’re calling it now? Planning on scooping her up?’

I chuckled. “Don’t think so. But there’s a certain silver fox in the park who may be getting a new mum for his daughter.”

‘No! What? Really!?’

My chuckle turned to a bellow of laughter. “I’m not joking! She’s practically off the chain. Whatever you did to her, Patty, she’s embracing it. And guess what? She says she wants you to be happy. Wants you to ‘find someone.’”

There was a brief, pregnant pause on the other end of the line.

‘And let’s just say if I had?’

“Then I think you better take a chance on it. You know, before he gets Lumin’s Syndrome or something.”

‘Interesting. You know I’m not even divorced yet, right?’

“What can I say? I’m a magnet for beautiful, witty, brilliant, short-haired women who can rock a slim dress and flash a smile that makes me weak at the knees.”

There was a heated breath on the other end of the line. For a moment, I considered that I might have come on too strong. But then:

‘How soon can you get over here?’

I looked up the street. “Ten minutes if I walk. Half that if I run.”

‘Then I guess you better run, Matthew,’ she said, and then ended the call. I took a look at my phone, then back at the park behind me where my friend was currently chatting up the person who could be her new handsome hubby. Then I looked ahead, to where my own future wife could be waiting. Maybe moving here was fated. Maybe everything had turned out as it was meant to; Beth as the new suburban MILF, and me getting the girl who deserved a better man. If I could show her I was a better man, of course. There was certainly one way.

I started to run.

The End