

THE MILFENING

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Only **ADULTS** beyond this point.

All characters are consenting adults at least eighteen years old.

1



Lila Henderson parked her dusty Subaru Forester beneath a twisted cottonwood, the only spot of shade along the cracked county road beside Olde Creek. As soon as she turned off the engine, the cicadas were noisy—like some broken electrical box—and the air seemed to pulsate from the heatwave. She grabbed her field kit from the passenger seat and stepped out into the blazing afternoon sun, already feeling the sweat prick along the back of her neck without the air conditioning cranked to the max.

Not far away, the creek gurgled quietly, winding through the reeds and wild grasses.

To the untrained eye, it looked like a healthy sight: a prime fishing opportunity. And she could easily picture a family in their canoes coasting along. But Lila knew better. Something was off. The fish population had thinned this summer, local frogs were disappearing, and the last batch of samples she'd sent to the lab in Lansing showed irregular nitrate levels.

Another chemical dumping ground, she assumed. It was all too common, especially with the lack of regulations protecting the environment.

So, why not destroy the rivers? Why not destroy town water supplies and vital food sources?

If only she could grab some of these CEOs by their necks...

Lila carefully made her way down the incline to the bank, boots crunching over dry soil and broken twigs. Her khaki pants clung to her legs, and her navy polo—branded with the small logo of the State Water Quality Board—was already displaying sweat stains underneath her armpits. She had never been an outdoors person, which was ironic, since her job should've required someone who loved nature. Mainly, she cared about innocent animals. A toxic creek would endanger numerous ecosystems and *especially* all the cutest baby animals out there in the wild, and she could *not* allow that.

Pulling out a probe, she crouched by the water and took a sample.

"Okay," she exhaled. "Please make the evidence easy for this one."

She had to keep it submerged for a few seconds. Then, she climbed the bank and returned to her Subaru. After opening the back hatch, she pulled out her laptop. Once it was fully booted, the information from the probe was already wirelessly transferring to the software. Temperature, turbidity, pH, dissolved oxygen—a little off baseline, but nothing that set off alarms. Probably just the unusual summer weather patterns. As the rest loaded in, she unbuttoned the top two buttons of her polo and fanned the collar, letting the sticky air circulate. Her red hair, pulled back in a loose braid, had already begun to frizz in the humidity. Five minutes into this adventure, and she already felt like

she needed a full-body scrub. Maybe a massage. Massages should've been included in government benefits.

Numerous red messages popped up on the analysis.

Phthalate count: high. Parabens: high. Formaldehyde releasers: high. And *microbeads*?

She started the analysis over again just to be sure. Same results.

Her jaw tightened. Someone upstream was *clearly* dumping, and all the evidence was right here in her computer. Fuming, she returned to the creek and stuck her hand into the water. At first, it felt refreshingly cool and ordinary, but when she lifted her hand out, the water clung thickly to her skin, trailing off her fingers in sluggish strands like clear *slime*. Several viscous threads dangled off.

"Jesus!" she groaned, shaking her hand clean. "These damn companies will be the end of this country, turning all this good land into toxic waste zones, I swear to God..."

Back at her Subaru, she grabbed her phone and sat down under the raised rear hatch. Paul was back in the regional office forty miles south, and he would've gotten the test results already. He was a data nerd, so she knew she could rely on him. And he was kind of cute, even as dorky and scrawny as he was.

The line clicked, and after a short delay, Paul's voice came through, slightly crackly but unmistakably upbeat. "Lila? Hey, are you doing your analysis of Olde Creek? Uh... wow. These numbers are off the charts."

"Yeah, no kidding," Lila said, continuing to wipe away the sweat. "Tell me what I'm looking at with these phthalates and parabens and the rest. You have a better internet connection than I do right now."

"Ah, here we go," Paul said, his mouse clicking in the background. She could practically hear him pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose. "Seems like fragrances. Makeup. Some, uh, low-end moisturizers, sunscreens, shampoos. It reads like taking a bath in this creek would be like swimming in liquefied drugstore cosmetics, especially all the old stuff they've banned. I can't imagine *that's* healthy."

Lila winced. "What's upstream?"

"The factory for Gold Medal Cosmetics."

"That was quick, Paul."

"Well, I just searched for the word, and it's mainly backwoods. It can't be many other options, not with the data you've gathered."

"And if it's flowing straight into Olde Creek," Lila said, her stomach sinking, "then it's flowing right into the Northville reservoir, which is the town water supply. Paul, people might already be *drinking* this stuff. And showering. And watering their lawns and killing baby bunnies without even knowing it. We have to tell someone."

"Who should I call first?"

Before Lila could answer, her voice caught in her throat. A strange tightness had crept across her chest, her body feeling *swollen* against the polo as if it had shrunk down a size. And while she had expected to sweat in this damn heat, she was so *soaked* that she felt feverish. She blinked hard. Her skin tingled—hot and hypersensitive—as all the fine little hairs on her arms went stiff. A wave of dizziness passed through her body, as all the seams of her clothes seemed to pinch into her skin just a little but more.

Oh shit, she thought. *I touched that crap with my bare hand.*

She tried to recall the procedure for dealing with toxic exposures...

“Paul, give me a sec—” she croaked, fumbling with the phone before placing it screen-down on the bumper and taking more deep breaths, her breasts rising and falling.

Her fingers dug under the hem of her shirt, trying to adjust her bra, because the underwire felt like it was cutting into her. Her whole chest—but especially her breasts—felt so achy and full and unbelievably *heavy*, the cotton cups squeezing them like prisons.

“Nnh—oh *God*...”

Her discomfort then escalated into something impossible.

The fabric across her chest stretched, all the threads of her cheap work-issued polo straining before finally giving out with a loud *rip*. Her bra then exploded out, *overflowing* with mountains of unexplainable breast-flesh before it, too, suffered a destructive fate, ripping apart like wet paper from how soaking wet it was. Her tattered shirt clung to her swollen curves like a second skin, riding up over her belly as it rounded out, her waist softening, hips widening, her tummy *swelling* over the waistband of her own damn pants like she was getting *fatter*...

She gasped, arching her back involuntarily as the pressure spiked downward through her trembling body. Her khaki pants constricted around her thighs and then split at the seams with a sharp series of pops, her hips and ass blooming with unstoppable fullness as she literally felt her own skinny butt squish outward, spreading into blobs of curvy flesh on either side of her heaving, growing body.

Lila’s hands gripped the car’s frame. She could feel her nipples hardening against the shredded remains of her bra, impossibly sensitive. A low, involuntary moan escaped her lips as she looked down and took the time to completely realize that her breasts—formerly just A-cup mounds barely needing more than a training bra—were large enough to *sag*. Her face flushed, and a deep throb pulsed between her legs as she scooped up her new, huge mammaries into her shaky hands, only intending to examine them and investigate their weight and find out more about whatever the hell was happening, but quickly forgetting about all that as she moaned from rubbing her palms across her fat, swollen nipples.

Her belly had expanded into love handles. She had honest-to-God *stretch marks*.

Her sweaty ass crack felt like a canyon, the material of her modest underwear stretched tight like some kind of *thong*, riding hard and tight against her privates even as she barely shifted. And her arms were fleshier. Not just *fatter*, but sort of wrinklier in spots, with the same kind of sagging skin that her mom had.

“What the hell...” she moaned, as sweat dripped down her chest and pooled between her engorged breasts. Her hands drifted, almost on their own, down between her thighs. She rubbed—gently at first, carefully, then *submissively*—moaning through clenched teeth as her fingers found the outline of her pussy, her clit like a hard button pushing out through the khaki. She had never felt it so large, so *needy*.

Her resistance faded quickly.

Lila’s fingers slipped beneath the waistband of what remained of her soaked and shredded underwear, her pussy lips already glistening with slick, pulsing heat. The moment her fingertips brushed her folds, she cried out softly—half in fear, half in desperate need—as pleasure jolted up her spine. “*Nnhh*...oh, this isn’t *right*,” she whispered to herself, but she couldn’t stop. Her luscious curves and fat tits quivered as

her fingers explored her own wetness, her hips rocking gently, the hole just *begging* for those digits until she gave it what it craved.

In a haze of need, she reached for her phone.

Paul: "Lila? Are you okay? What were those noises I heard?"

She kept her fingers moving, churning, *pumping*. "I...I don't know what's happening to me, Paul. My body's had some kind of reaction to the chemicals in the water. I'm swollen, and sweaty, and...*God*, I just pictured my fat ass in a leopard-print skirt. I hate that the dress code at the office is so strict."

"Lila, I'm calling an ambulance—"

"Don't! Wait. Paul, I'm fine, I'm not hurt. I mean...I guess I'm a little on edge, because I can't stop touching myself, and I'm thinking about you."

"Me?"

"What do you think of me? My body, I mean. If I came up to your desk and asked you to fuck me, would you? What if we didn't stop? What if we just decided, on a whim, that you should *breed* me..."

"Lila, I—uh—" Paul stammered.

"I need to know. Tell me. Just tell me I'm...*hot*. That I'm sexy. Please. Just say it, Paul. I'm so *wet*, and I really, *mm*, value the opinion of young men such as yourself." She whimpered as her slick folds tightened around her fingers. The juice just would not stop running. She felt like some horny teenage boy, unable to control herself during this new, strange puberty that made her fatter and curvier and *sluttier*.

"Lila, I-I always thought you were smart and cute but—"

"*Yes! Yes!*"

"I'm a virgin."

"Stroke that big, virgin, nerdy cock for me!"

Her flabby body jerked, trembling from the buildup inside her, and her fingers moved frantically, plunging as deep as possible until the heel of her palm was slapping against her clit. She didn't care how much her voice cracked, how filthy she sounded, how deeply she craved it. Her thighs clenched, her back arched, and then the tidal wave hit.

"*Fuuuuuck!*"

Lila threw the phone down, not even looking where it landed. The orgasm felt like a lightning strike. Her entire body spasmed, sweat flying from her skin, her pussy tightening so hard around her fingers it felt like she might crack the bones. Her voice rose to a shameless, guttural wail, echoing off the trees and the inside of her Subaru.

She came harder than she ever had in her life—*multiple* shock waves rolling through her thickened, altered body, leaving her panting and twitching and rubbing her own face with her juices just to surround herself in her own climactic *scent*. Her pussy throbbed almost painfully in the aftermath.

And her mind slowly cleared.

Lila slowly got out, her body feeling like jelly. With every movement, she could feel the heft of her new figure—the wobble of her hips, the slapping of her massive tits. Some of her clothing remained, but none of it made her decent. She reckoned she must've gained thirty or forty pounds. There was *nothing* left of her skinny physique.

She saw herself in the window's reflection.

It was her face. But it wasn't.

She leaned in closer. Her cheekbones were a little more pronounced, her eyes slightly softer at the edges, and her skin had the faintest hint of mature elasticity—no longer the tight, poreless texture of youth. A smattering of faint lines stretched around her eyes and mouth. Her lips looked fuller—almost surgically enhanced like some porn star's. And right at the crown of her still-sweaty head, beneath the frazzled braid, she spotted pale, silver streaks threaded subtly through her red roots.

The Lila Henderson in the reflection looked *forty*. At least. Almost her mom's age. She even had the beginning of *jowls*. And her body had the presentation of a woman who had likely raised a family.

"Oh my God," she whispered, touching her flabby curves. To even restore her original figure, she'd need some extreme liposuction. But on the other hand, her new butt would probably look *amazing* in jeans.

A battle raged in her mind as she squeezed her tits.

She badly wanted to screw someone. Almost *anyone*. Just to prove that she was still hot and sexy with a body like this. The boys loved MILFs nowadays, didn't they?

Also, she figured she should probably warn Northville about the danger to their water supply...

2



As usual, the lunch rush at Burger Bullseye made Demi question all her life choices. The smell of sizzling grease made her want to puke, the customers were fucking annoying, and she'd blow a guy—preferably Braxton, but probably anyone—to handle the old-ass fryer on account of how many times she'd been burned. Trays slammed, orders bellowed through the speaker, and people honked impatiently. Plus, it was *hot*. It was like a fucking heatwave outside. And her red polyester visor, matching polo shirt, and black apron were all stained with sweat as much as ketchup.

Normally, she alternated between the drive-thru window and the registers as needed. One of the screens kept freezing. *Again*. A man in a necktie, who insisted on unwrapping his food while at the window, yelled at her because his Rodeo Burger had two bottom buns. A toddler threw an entire chocolate shake over the counter. One old guy tried to pay with exact change, but dropped the coins onto the pavement and refused to get out and pick them up or find more while the line grew.

"I said no pickles!"

"Young people are the laziest and slowest."

"I could come back there and do a better job than you with no training."

By the time the lunchtime mob finally thinned out, Demi was in the back, fanning herself with a laminated menu and making a mental note to check if Walmart was hiring. Or the fucking gas station. *Anything* but this hell, where she was treated like a second-class citizen and paid barely above minimum wage.

"You alive over there?" came Sierra's voice from behind her. Sierra, her coworker and partner in suffering, was taking out the trash. With her teal-dyed hair tied in a messy bun—per corporate rules—she looked less like a nineteen-year-old and more like a thirty-something hippie mom.

"Barely," Demi groaned, rubbing her lower back. Her skin was slick with sweat under the collar, and she could feel her socks clinging to her feet like washrags. Before this job, she'd taken one shower each day. Now, it was *two*. "I think my soul left my body somewhere around the twentieth Whopper."

"Wrong restaurant, genius."

"Whatever, it's all the same. Whopper. Big Mac. Bullseye Special. Why can't I be out of this shit? Just hit the fast-forward button and have my degree and be making more money than...none at all." Thirsty, she grabbed a paper cup from the dispenser and stumbled over to the tiny employee sink behind the prep station, where a tap jutted out

of the wall. Cold water gushed out. She filled the cup, raised it to her lips, and chugged it all down.

“No! Demi!” Sierra practically lunged at her, hand flying like she was going to swipe the cup away. “What are you doing?”

“What?” she said innocently.

“Everyone knows not to drink the tap water in Northville. It’s gross. And there’s no telling what kind of toxic garbage gets dumped into it. Get water from the soda fountain. At least it’s *partially* filtered.”

Demi shrugged. The water had tasted fine on the way down. “Why you gotta make such a big deal about it?”

“Because, ever since I saw what happened in Flint, I’ve paid attention.”

“What’s Flint?”

Sierra rolled her eyes. “There’d be a nuclear attack, and you’d wonder why everyone was running because you don’t pay attention to the news.” After she’d dealt with the trash, she decided to take a break too, and she pulled out a bag of pretzels from her pocket while leaning against the counter next to Demi. “So,” she said. *Crunch. Crunch.* “You gonna ask Braxton out?”

Demi nearly choked. “What?”

“Girl, your eyes are like magnets to that dick. People up there in some space station can look down and see you checking him out.”

Demi didn’t confirm or deny any such interest. However, she peeked past the swinging door toward the kitchen. Braxton was back there loading frozen patties into the chest freezer, his sleeves rolled up, showing off forearms that clearly lifted weights three or four times a week. He was from the next town over, where guys were clearly built differently—and probably not inbreds.

Sierra: “If you don’t go for it, I will.”

“I’m gonna go for it.”

“Today, or next Christmas?”

“Just relax.”

“Maybe we can share.”

“No.”

After the all-too-short break, Demi was called back to handle the drive-thru. The headset was crusty with someone else’s sweat, and the order screen still froze when it got too hot. There was a fan blowing, but it didn’t help much.

In fact, everything felt *hotter*. The restaurant. The heat wave. She felt like she was standing on the surface of Venus, or something. Her armpits were soaked. Her polo shirt clung to her like she’d gone swimming in it. And every time she shifted—while feeling dizzy—she had to fight the urge to claw the fabric away from her skin. Her pants felt tighter. The same could be said about her bra, although she just chalked that up to usual monthly fluctuations.

“Order one-eight-four!” she called out into the headset. An old sedan sputtered toward the window as a bag slid her way. She gave her usual mindless smile and leaned out the window, stretching over the sill to hand the food to the guy in the driver’s seat.

And then something strange happened.

A sudden *pressure* bloomed in her chest like balloons inflating. Her nipples tingled, then burned as they pressed painfully into the confines of her bra, and she gasped as her breasts, for no explanation, *surged* out of her neckline, formerly being completely

invisible and now *overflowing* with a lengthening line of quivering cleavage. She blinked, startled, looking down just in time to see her polo strain, the threads splitting as spots of flesh started to show. Her name tag popped off. The fabric tore down the middle with an ugly rip, her overfilled bra bursting and ripping the same as her shirt while two massive tits *tore* out of her work uniform in a matter of seconds.

“Holy sh—” the guy in the car started, eyes going wide with cartoonish glee.

The final threads gave out. Her new tits *flopped* right out into the open for the next three cars in line to see. The sensation of air across her swollen, bare nipples was as sharp as razor blades. She gawked at them, *drooping, stretching, elongating*, and losing their firmness and gaining...like actual *stretch marks*?

Everywhere she looked, a pair of eyes stared.

“Don’t look at me!” she shrieked, throwing the bag of food—it landed on the hood of the car—and yanking her apron up in a feeble attempt to cover herself while bolting. The massive boobs bounced like soft bowling balls, her sneakers squeaking across the tile floor as she darted past confused coworkers and slammed into the tiny employee bathroom, wondering if everything had just happened.

Her reflection was fucking bizarre. First, the massive tits—*yeah*. But also her hair had started to curl at the ends, soft spirals forming like she’d just stepped out of a salon, and golden-blond streaks now weaved their way through her roots like some mom’s summery highlights, but only on *one side*. On the other side, her hair was still straight and dark, still tied into a ponytail.

“What the fuck?” she uttered, staring at her mismatched styling and seeing *gray roots* on the blonde side, as if she were past forty. Even her eye on that side had more wrinkles.

But her chest was the main event. Her boobs were just *outrageous*: veiny, saggy, hanging halfway to her belly button like a mom’s pair after years of pregnancies and breastfeeding. Her hands wouldn’t stop shaking while feeling how thick her nipples were, no longer just little sensitive buttons but wide, firm *teats*, in comparison.

She held her new breasts in her hands, feeling their tremendous weight, and nearly screamed all over again.

Her thighs reflexively squeezed together as she was suddenly...horny?

The door creaked open. “Demi?” Braxton’s voice was low and concerned. “Are you okay? You were freaking out...”

“Mind your own business!” Demi spat, yanking her arms up, trying to cover her chest with her forearms, even though it was hopeless. Her breasts were like her own little pair of *beanbags*.

Braxton’s eyes widened. He was already in the bathroom with her, and he was staring.

Demi opened her mouth to yell again, but...God, he was so *dreamy*. He looked so strong, and so *youthful*, and that was kind of weird how that got her loins burning. Even after this shit job, everyone sweating their organs out, he smelled clean. And that hint of cologne made her skin tingle.

“Just shut the door,” she ordered.

He did so. “What the hell happened?” he asked, as if she had answers. “Are those your boobs? Why are they so big?”

Her fingers trembled over the exposed shelf of her tits while her toes curled. She felt ridiculous and embarrassed, but the sudden surge of arousal between her legs made her

forgive so much. “Do you—do you think they’re...gross?” she whispered, lowering her hands slightly, letting him see how large they were.

Braxton blinked. “What?”

“These!” She cupped them, hefted their weight like she was about to throw them at him—instead, they jiggled right in front of his torso. “They’re huge and veiny and flabby, like an old woman’s, and...and...” The rush of emotions was spinning her into delirium. “Just say you find them hot, or I’m going to be upset!”

Braxton swallowed. “Um. Sure.”

“Sure *what?*”

“Your breasts are...beautiful.”

“My *big, saggy* breasts?”

“Yes. Your big, saggy breasts.”

Demi dropped to her knees so fast she startled even herself.

She didn’t even *like* giving blowjobs. She never had. Dicks, while neat, were kind of gross, especially when their owners didn’t practice proper hygiene.

Different story today.

Her hands were already tugging down Braxton’s waistband, revealing the thick outline of his cock straining against his underwear. He wasn’t *getting* hard; he was *already* hard. She couldn’t stop staring, her heavy tits making her feel like a mom getting naughty with her son’s college roommate or something. And—why did she think like that?

She nervously pushed back her gray-rooted curls.

Demi freed him from his briefs and gave an audible, hungry moan. Her tongue darted out to lick the tip before she took him in—messy, loud, uncoordinated but eager, sucking up the pre-cum, *slurping* on that rigid skin and throbbing veins. Her lips sealed around the shaft and moved, spit pooling down her chin and dripping onto the bathroom floor as her mouth just suddenly turned on the saliva faucet.

“Ohhh *fuck*, Demi,” Braxton groaned, hands lightly grabbing her shoulders.

His voice made her so goddamn wet. God, he sounded like such a young *stud*. And, well, she was young too, but even so, she felt *alive* because he wasn’t so old; he had tight skin, and stamina, and *God*, she could get her pussy rocked by his young cock for hours! She clutched her heavy tits, really slinging her head forward and *scooping* him into her mouth as her throat sucked down more of his fluids.

He’s so hard for me, and I look like shit, Demi thought. *I need to wear more plunging necklines. Jewelry. My mom’s got some pretty necklaces...*

Another deep bob. She moaned while squeezing his balls.

I’m way too skinny, she thought wildly. *I shouldn’t be skinny. Not with these tits. My thighs need to be more complementary, jiggling like cake batter...*

Demi whimpered like a slut, burying one hand between her thighs to rub her tender entrance. She was *soaked*. Her fingers pushed right in. And with her pussy satisfied, she groped her own tits, tugging at her thick, swollen nipples and wondering why she had thought they were ugly when there was *so much more* to play with.

They required her whole hand.

By now, she was unhinged—flushed, drooling, grinding on her own hand like a dog rubbing its ass on the carpet. Her skinny thighs clenched around her wrist as she pushed harder, faster, panting between sucks. Until he finally popped.

She slammed him down her throat and swallowed the hot, salty ropes while he clenched his fingers into the curly side of her hair. She drank greedily, nose pressed against his pubic hair, her tongue working out every drop and his jizz just *dumping* into her esophagus where it belonged.

When she finally pulled off, a string of cum and spit stretched from her lips to his tip. She wiped it away with the back of her hand, then sucked her fingers clean.

She licked up her pussy juices too.

Her brain buzzed with ecstasy.

“I don’t know what just happened,” she said, pulling her eyes off that beautiful, young cock and looking up at the man above. “But that was pretty hot, right? I feel like I should bake you cookies or something, as gratitude...”

3



Jason liked summer. He liked it even more now that high school was behind him. No more homework, no more weight checks, no more crack-of-dawn practices with Coach DeWitt barking down his throat like a damn Doberman. He was *free*—well, until college, and after participating in a charity car wash fundraiser for the high school athletic department.

He stood in the parking lot of a long-deserted Radio Shack, squinting into the sun as he scrubbed the soapy windshield of a minivan with long, easy strokes. His tanned, shirtless torso gleamed with sweat and suds, sometimes making him feel like he was one of those bikini girls in a racy music video, for some so-and-so rapper. Next to him, Devonte—the football team’s former safety—sprayed down the rims while laughing about some TikTok, and the always-joking Ray—former wide receiver—danced shirtless to the music blasting from a Bluetooth speaker perched on the folding table with a donation box.

“How much you think my dance routine’s gonna earn today?” Ray shouted over the music.

Jason grinned, wringing out his sponge. “Enough to get the team new helmets, I hope.” Then he counted the cars in line. All three. “On second thought, maybe just a new whistle. Or a razor for that disgusting back hair.”

Devonte added, “Man, that dude is like a damn werewolf.”

Jason: “He spent more time with his shirt off than we did, which was kind of weird.”

He couldn’t be too upset at the low turnout, despite the signs, music, and their shirtless athletic bodies. It was fucking *hot*. Some kind of heatwave was burning across the whole region, and even with the water, it was nigh unbearable to be outside. If he’d had his way, he’d rather be sitting under the fan in his air-conditioned bedroom, but he still felt a sense of obligation to the team that had helped him get a football scholarship. It was a fundraiser in the most Northville way: janky, untimely, and advertised in the paper beneath some school board member’s prostitute scandal.

After finishing the minivan, the next car in line was a shiny black Range Rover, as sparkly as if it’d just rolled off a showroom.

The window buzzed down.

Jason instantly clocked the cherry-red nails gripping the steering wheel, the leopard sunglasses, and the gleam of lip gloss all belonging to the high school principal, Mrs. Kellar. Her arm hung out the window, gold bangles sliding down to her wrist. She flicked down her shades and eyed Jason, her smile practically purring.

“Now *this* is what I like to see,” she said. “Three hardworking boys, all grown up and glistening like buttered corn.” She curled her finger, inviting Jason over. He took a deep breath and obeyed. “My favorite quarterback, if I gave you a fifty-dollar tip, would you wash my car in something a little more...*exciting*?”

Jason glanced at his teammates, who were washing the Range Rover’s rear and out of conversational range. “Like what?”

She leaned over and held a skimpy little garment between two manicured fingers. “A little men’s G-string. As thin as floss. And there’s this tube that covers the front, and that’s *all*.” She giggled. “I got it for my husband, but he’s as sour about this stuff as a lemon. And he wouldn’t look as *tasty* in it as you, honey.”

Jason sighed, trying not to shake his head. He was used to this kind of thing from her. Ever since his eighteenth birthday, Mrs. Kellar had been *super*-friendly. Always leaning close, always complimenting his posture or his haircut or his scent or his *bulges*—all of them. It was clear that Mrs. Kellar badly wanted to fuck him. Jason didn’t want to be rude, and he was really appreciative of her help with the scholarships, and she *did* have a nice set of cans, but he couldn’t imagine the shitstorm if any kind of relationship between them ever reached the public. So, he usually just nodded and laughed and joked innocently about her attention.

“Maybe another time, Mrs. Kellar,” he said, smiling like there was definitely going to be a next time when he wore that G-string for her.

She pouted. “It’s so hot out. You’re wearing too many clothes. You know, I have a Jacuzzi...”

“That’s nice—”

“My husband’s cooking barbecue this weekend. You should come.”

“I should really get back to work.”

She grinned like she was a vampire about to enjoy a big feast.

Just not on blood.

After feeling her gaze scour every part of his body, he grabbed his sponge and got to work on the passenger-side door, still blushing a little. Everything continued as normal—the routine, the music, and the sweltering heat—but within moments, something didn’t feel right. His skin was *burning*, but not just on the outside. Now it felt like the warmth was radiating from inside him, *under* his skin, throbbing across his entire body. He paused, squeezing his eyes shut for a second as a flash of a headache pulsed through his skull, leaving behind a woozy feeling.

He tried to go on, but the disorientation worsened. He actually stumbled.

“Anyone else feel...weird?”

“Thought it was just me,” Devonte muttered, rubbing his forehead with a soap-slicked forearm. “Damn, I caught something. Wasn’t any food I ate, because I haven’t eaten since breakfast.”

“Same,” said Ray, standing back and shaking his head back and forth like a wet dog. “Feel like I’m spinning in a dryer. I itch like I have a rash.”

Jason nodded slowly. His chest ached intermittently and strangely. A dull, cramping sensation curled low in his belly like he’d pulled a muscle, but it wasn’t sharp. It was... *squishy*? His fingers trembled slightly as he dipped the sponge back into the bucket and then wrung it out over the front fender. More water splashed up his legs, refreshingly cool—or it should’ve been. Instead, it felt sticky and *warm*. His shorts began to feel

tighter around the waist. He loosened the draw string a little, thinking nothing of it while going around to the driver's side and telling Mrs. Kellar to roll up her window.

She eyeballed him. "Everything all right? You look a little pale, darling."

"Nothing a big, strong man like myself can't handle."

She winked before the window slid up.

Jason dipped the sponge again and started scrubbing the driver's side window, the glass hot beneath his palm as suds smeared in a slow, circular pattern. Mrs. Kellar watched him from the other side, her lips pursed, sunglasses lowered, checking out his flexing muscles in action.

And then something seized in his chest. Something tight. A pressure *expanding*.

"Huh—?"

With no warning, his pecs *lurched* outward.

The muscles beneath the skin ballooned rapidly, bubbling and swelling under the surface like fluid or air was being pumped into them. His nipples tingled, then throbbed as they too suffered the same fate of...whatever the hell kind of infection this was. He gasped and stumbled forward, already past the point of trying to hide his new growths as his large, shockingly heavy *tits* swung and jiggled against his chest—round, increasingly pendulous by the second, and unmistakably not masculine in the slightest.

"Holy sh—!"

The sudden weight imbalance threw him forward. His damn tits smacked hard against the driver's side window with a wet, sloppy slap, dragging thick lines of suds across the glass. Mrs. Kellar squealed—and not in a delighted way—and Jason scrambled to push himself upright, only to wobble again as new jugs expanded even more, sliding and bouncing along the glass and grinding his nipples in a way that made his knees weaker and his posture even *more* compromised. He grabbed the top of the door, his spine sagging as the pain of growth became the *pleasure* of dragging his hypersensitive nipples up and down and across in every direction.

One of his teammates shrieked.

"What the fuck, man?" Devonte shouted, yanking back from the hood of the SUV and clutching his own shirtless chest where two dark, heavy orbs now hung, swaying and sagging like a pair of *mom tits*. The nipples were as thick in diameter as Vienna sausages.

And Ray...

Same deal. His pecs were now plump, round, *juicy*, with broad brown areolas spreading out like small dinner plates. "Oh my God! How did this happen?"

Jason's grip on the sponge slackened as another lurch rocked through his lower body. A hot pressure built in his backside next, pulsing downward from his spine into his glutes. Then it hit like an airbag deployment. His shorts, already strained around his hips, cut into his skin tighter and tighter until they ripped open, and the sound was like strips of Velcro being yanked apart. His ass—now two meaty globes—broke free, so thick and heavy and wide that his stance automatically shifted into a bent-legged pose just to balance it.

"Nnh! Oh fuck!" he cried, stumbling again, only to catch himself by gripping the side mirror, his tits once more slapping the window.

The front was worse.

His cock had been *growing hard*, but now it reversed. A tightening, *retracting* force pulled at the tissue inside his semi-hard shaft, and the damn thing just popped back into

his body like a gopher into a hole. He clutched the area with his hands—and his new, dangerously longer fingernails that could gouge someone’s eye out—cupping nothing but *flatness* among the shreds of his shorts. But the area wasn’t devoid of sensation...

He found *folds*.

And *wetness* not from the water.

His waist cracked. A cushion of pudge rose like dough around his waistline, smoothing the angles between his abdomen and lower body. The skin across his torso wrinkled and formed the slightest creases of stretch marks, and his sides trembled as fat padded his hips.

Something honey-blond fell into his view.

“*Unnghh*, what the fuck?” he thought, wondering why his hair was lighter—and then wondering why he was out here letting it *bake* in this heat. Sun damage was no joke. “Devonte,” he groaned—*moaned*. “Something seriously messed up just happened...”

In Devonte’s place was a curvy African-American woman, with perfect salon ringlets, the plushiest dick-sucking lips anyone had ever laid eyes on, and a body that might cause earthquakes when it jiggled. Devonte the football player was gone. The *new* Devonte was hosing down his chest and rubbing between his legs.

And Ray...

He looked like a Hispanic MILF. And he was licking one of his own nipples.

God, where was I? Jason wondered. Oh, right. The car wash fundraiser...thingy.

Inside the SUV, Mrs. Kellar was completely frozen with huge saucer eyes.

“One second,” Jason told her. “We’ll get you cleaned up.”

He climbed awkwardly, stepping onto the front tire and lifting his wide, wobbly curves onto the water-slicked hood. Then he *smooshed* his soft body onto the windshield, writhing and grinding his ass right in front of the driver’s seat. At the same time, he scrubbed lazily—spending more time squeezing the sponge over his chest and drenching his bare tits in warm, sudsy water and letting it flow down his belly and thighs while his new pussy throbbed intensely.

Ray switched the music to Shania Twain.

I never listen to this old-people garbage, Jason thought. *But actually, it has a nice rhythm.*

Meanwhile, Devonte and Ray chased each other in circles, spraying and rubbing and laughing with bodies that looked like they belonged to football players’ *moms*, not even athletic in the slightest. They even started rubbing their tits together.

Jason arched his back and raked his fingers through his now-voluminous blonde hair, letting it cascade over one shoulder. He squeezed one nipple between his knuckles, humping the windshield of the high school principal.

When did I shave last? he thought, knowing he shouldn’t be showing so much skin without being smooth and waxed. A little hair was fine in his *fun spot*, but he didn’t want his gross legs driving away the hot studs.

He wondered if any local stores had makeup sales.

Did he have bras? He couldn’t remember.

Then he winced and rubbed his head. *Oh God, I’m like a MILF now*, he thought, while still humping and not sending his fingers away from that tight little hole between his legs.

He was so ready for college, but instead of getting a degree, he was imagining himself checking out all the hot, *young* college boys.

It would be a fucking buffet...

4



Demi sat cross-legged on her bed, wearing an oversized hoodie she hoped would hide her insane new chest—and, embarrassingly, one of her mother’s hefty bras, which fit *surprisingly well*. Braxton sat beside her on the edge of the mattress, scrolling silently on his phone. He’d stayed with her the whole time, being friendly and supportive even after that ordeal in the Burger Bullseye bathroom, and her insatiable need to taste that sweet stuff produced inside his balls. His mother was probably proud of the decent man he’d grown up to be.

She shook her head. Sometimes, her thoughts went to *weird fucking places*.

In the other room, her parents were watching the news.

“...toxicity levels confirmed well beyond healthy levels,” the anchor was saying. “Authorities are urging all residents of Northville to cease all use of tap water, including bathing, drinking, brushing teeth, and irrigation. The water has been contaminated with industrial runoff, likely linked to a cosmetics facility upstream. Again, this tap water is considered dangerous and will learn to harmful effects.”

Yeah, harmful on my shoulders, Demi thought with a snort.

She kept adjusting her hoodie, hoping to *diminish* the size of her fat tits. Somehow. It didn’t help that they were constantly sore and tender. Rubbing them felt kind of nice. It made her want to get, like, a professional massage, and have some guy with a sexy foreign accent to rub her down with lotion and oils. Someone who wasn’t afraid to get his hands *everywhere*.

“Hey,” she said softly, rubbing her thighs together. “Thanks for staying.”

Braxton looked over at her with that dopey, charming half-smile. “Yeah. Of course. It was kind of freaky, what happened. And after, uh...”

That delicious, sloppy BJ. The best protein shake.

“...you know, I just didn’t want to leave without making sure you were okay.”

She nodded, her hand moving across her hoodie again, brushing across her nipples which, despite being concealed under two thick layers, were poking like bottle caps. “This is so crazy. It was just *water*. Sierra’s like an environmental nerd, and I thought she was overreacting, but I guess she wasn’t. This is like Flint all over again.”

“What’s Flint?”

“Never mind.” Demi fidgeted with the curly side of her haircut. “I hope they make a cure. Because I don’t want to be old and ugly.”

Braxton laughed.

“Dude, I’m being serious. If my tits are just the start, imagine the rest of me. I’ll need help getting out of chairs because my fat ass will be stuck.”

“It’d be hot if it really was...uh.”

Demi stared at him. “What?”

The guy turned beet red and scratched the back of his neck. And while the heat wave was happening *outside*, he was sweating like he’d recently been out in the sun. Then he finally said: “If this is turning people into MILFs, I mean, you wouldn’t be ugly. I, um, like MILFs.”

“You *like* MILFs?”

“I j-jerk off to them. I have a whole library of forty-year-old porn stars.”

What a weird detail to admit. But Demi was conflicted. On the one hand, she didn’t want to have any mental image of some guy’s porn habits until they were at least three or four fucks into a relationship. On the other, she felt weirdly relieved that someone could find her fat tits actually *attractive*. She was so worried they’d make her look *elderly*, and she had to work harder with her makeup, coloring her hair, hiding her stretch marks, wearing pants that didn’t make her ass look so lumpy...

And where was her mind going with this?

Braxton had photos on his phone. The dweeb. A few swipes later, and suddenly Demi was staring at thumbnails of thick, curvy, mature women—tanned skin, long manicured nails, massive breasts stuffed into tight tops, plump lips, wide childbearing hips, and caked-on makeup. Every woman defied the stick-thin lingerie model expectations, and their clothes were nearly *bursting* around their curves.

Her nipples got so hard.

“I’ve always been into this,” he admitted, no longer embarrassed. “I love MILFs.”

“Sounds like you should date my mom then.”

Braxton swayed his head. “Your mom wasn’t the one who gave me the best blowjob ever.” Afterward, his eyes lingered on the curves of Demi’s body under the hoodie, like he was imagining what she’d look like in cute lingerie. And not just halfway. Not just freaky and unfinished. But fully MILF’d out—hips, lumps, wrinkles.

“You should go all the way,” he said carefully.

She raised an eyebrow. “Excuse me? You’re seriously suggesting I *drink more* of that toxic tap water?”

“I mean...yeah?”

Demi laughed, but it was a strange, high laugh. She hugged her hoodie around her chest. Her tits were aching again. And her scalp had started itching where the curls were. *Wearing mom’s bra isn’t so bad*, she thought. It was lacy. And she started to picture herself in more lace, the kinds of lingerie older women always wore, with hose and heels and *overdoing* it because this nice, young stud couldn’t help but get a major boner.

More women could enjoy life more if they considered the blood flow in young men’s pants.

She stared at the bathroom door. And suddenly, she was standing. “Fuck it,” she said. “They’ll make a cure. They have a cure for everything. And...I bet my mom’s got sexy jeans that’ll look great on me, if I have the right curves. What’s the point of having a butt if it’s skinny?”

“Yeah,” Braxton agreed.

“Looking mature means people think I have experience. I could probably get a job. Like being a manager.”

She stormed to the bathroom, flipping the light on. Braxton followed, his bulge leading the way. Demi turned on the tap in the sink. The water rushed out cold and clear—still healthy looking. Without waiting for second thoughts, she took a plastic cup, dunked it, and chugged it, while her panties began to feel soggy. She wondered if her thighs would jiggle. She wondered if her pussy would be able to take bigger, longer cocks.

She drank another full cup, the water dribbling from her chin.

Damn, she thought, I should clean this mirror.

Couldn't have boys thinking she was a slob, when she tried to be so sweet and sexy and motherly to them.

The heat exploded through her body.

“Ahhh...fu—” she gasped, doubling over as the cup fell into the sink. Then her hips cracked outward—literally *cracked*, like knuckles popping—as they began to swell, pushing out into childbearing curves that looked like they had already brought five kids into this world and could've easily added five more with a horny husband. Her leggings squealed under the stress as her thighs expanded, every fold in the material melting against the skin. She slid them off, then gawked at her pink panties *shrinking* into the layer of fat that created pocks and ripples and even a slight *fupa* above the top of the waistband. Flesh bubbled up on her flanks and created two love handles. And then her ass blew out—like a thunderous explosion, her huge cheeks stretching wide and sagging and *eating* her modest panties until they felt like a thong wedged into her deepening crack. A few seconds later, they ripped off completely.

“Nnhhh—Braxton,” she moaned, staggering and gripping the sink for balance as her nails thickened with a glossy sheen, lengthening instantly into polished, oval-shaped claws. Her hands were no longer youthful—they were womanly and wrinkly, the joints a little more pronounced. She arched her back involuntarily, sending her ass and tits into a jiggling frenzy as her hair's transformation continued after its half-day pause. The remaining dark brown roots lightened instantly, beginning at the crown. One lock curled, then another. The transformation cascaded down like a tidal wave of gold, turning her limp ponytail into a voluminous mane of hot, bouncy curls. The new weight of her hair tickled her bare shoulders and stuck to her damp, flushed skin as the color finalized into a radiant honey blonde with platinum highlights, like a suburban mom who's secretly fucking the college kid next door.

Her cheeks drooped slightly. Her lashes grew longer. Her brows arched. The young woman disappeared behind a mask of maturity and seductiveness. Some loose skin developed on her neck.

And then it stopped.

Demi was in a state of shock as she lifted her hoodie, exposing her tummy—which was no longer flat but very visibly middle-aged and kind of droopy like after multiple childbirths.

I wish I made enough money for a tummy tuck, she thought. Or one of those mommy makeover procedures.

Then she looked at Braxton, who about passed out.

His clothes were wrinkled. Did his mother know how to iron?

“Demi?”

“Yes, baby?”

“Are you okay?”

She ruffled his hair. “Not until you be a good boy and eat me out.”

“O-okay.”

Demi didn’t waste time with coyness. Jiggling in about fifty new areas, she yanked Braxton back into the bedroom. Seeing as she was already naked from the waist down—and *dripping*—time was saved in getting to the good stuff. She threw herself down, breasts sloshing and ass quaking, spreading her invitation. She shuffled back, giving him room, her oversized hoodie slipping further up her ribs until her heavy breasts heaved free and joined the party: soft, pendulous, dotted with faint, pale stretch marks and bulging out of the bra. She squeezed them. Her beautiful *mountains*.

Braxton rested his hands on her *very plump* inner thighs and went down on her, his lips parting over the pale valley between her legs. Demi’s hands threaded into his hair without thinking, tugging him closer.

She was older now. Why be impatient? It wouldn’t be long until she was in her twilight years.

When Braxton’s tongue found her clit, Demi cried out—a sound that was so much *deeper* than a girl’s voice—and abandoned whatever reservations she’d carried into the bathroom. His tongue slurped right into her deep, tender hole, circling, flicking, then flattening in long, slow strokes that made her knees tremble and her ass buck. And everything he did sent shock waves through the new geography of her body. Her breasts bounced and rippled, her belly rolled, her thighs *trembled*. She thrust her hands inside her cups and squeezed those thick, sensitive nipples.

As she played with herself—and enjoyed the receiving end of the boy feasting on her snatch—she kept wondering about her wardrobe. It simply wasn’t suitable. She needed a bathing suit that actually revealed skin. Garters. Hose. *Heels*.

Time to get a new credit card. Or several.

“Faster,” she panted. “Don’t stop...*please—oh.*”

The longer he ate her, the more her mind dissolved into delicious desires. She pictured herself making a casserole for him. She wanted to kiss him and smudge lipstick on him. She wanted to become friends with his mom and act completely naughty around him without letting their relationship be known.

Then Braxton crawled up slowly, kissing her soft belly, his mouth trailing over her stretch marks like he admired every curve. He stripped out of his clothes with no less haste than if they were on fire. When he reached her face, he kissed her deeply—*passionately*—and she could taste herself on his lips.

“I can’t wait any longer,” he said.

Demi spread herself as wide as she could go. And when the thick weight of his throbbing hard-on pressed into her entrance, she thrust her chest upward so abruptly that something in her back popped. Her swollen pussy lips devoured him, and his full length slipped inside her with ease, despite being tight.

“You feel so good inside Mommy,” she said.

His eyes practically rolled back, and he whimpered at her choice of words, thrusting slowly, his hands grabbing her wide hips and soft waist for leverage. Demi’s tits bounced with every stroke—even the slowest ones—slapping hard inside her bra, the soft weight of them hypnotic as they thrashed endlessly.

Braxton grunted, picking up speed, the sound of their bodies becoming wetter, *louder*. Her hips rolled up against him as her mind flashed again: *I need new throw pillows for all this fucking...I need a wax...I need his fucking phone number...*

“Nnh—Braxton, right *there*,” she moaned, arching her back, her soft belly jiggling as much as her tits. *Plap-plap-plap*. “Give me all that cum. *Breed* me like I’m your housewife, baby. Your favorite MILF. I just want your seed...filling...*everywhere*...”

He plunged deeper, fucking her with more abandon now, her pussy squeezing around him like it never wanted to let go, savoring that hard length.

Then he lost it.

With a final thrust, he groaned her name, burying himself until there was no inch of his cock to see, pumping her with hot, sticky warmth. They collapsed together, tangled, sweaty, breathless, her body a giant cushion for him as his skinny hips continue to pump, all the deepest drops of semen rising and shooting into her, until she could feel the *cum-bulge* deep in her belly.

Afterward, she kept running her fingers through his hair.

They enjoyed the afterglow silently together.

Then, out of the blue, she said, “I think I need to start seeing my mom’s chiropractor...”

5



Jason and his former teammates were in Mrs. Kellar's master bedroom. He couldn't stop squirming on the bed. Not because he was uncomfortable—well, he *was*—but also because every little shift of his hips made the stretched fabric of his inadequate male briefs wedge *deeper* into his very canyon-like ass crack and rub across his new pussy, and not unpleasantly.

It was something related to the water.

Mrs. Kellar had brought them here first, then left to deal with the crisis, forming some kind of response with city management to stop people from using the tap water.

Devonte sat at the edge of the bed, bouncing his knees, his big cocoa thighs jiggling like blubber as his red underwear gave him a clearly defined *cameltoe*. He was on his phone, nails clacking. Then suddenly he cursed and shook his head. "Dammit!" he said. "I'm trying to make sure my friends are okay, and now I'm looking at purses on Facebook Marketplace. But seriously, why are purses so expensive?"

Ray stood by the vanity, toying with one of Mrs. Kellar's lipstick tubes. He popped the cap, rolled it up, and then looked at his reflection and sighed. "No. Guys don't wear lipstick. Am I nuts? Unless...if a guy was really handsome, and I *really* wanted to get into his pants on the first date—ugh, *no*."

Devonte: "I just really want to scratch my balls again."

Ray: "Cutie, you don't *have* balls."

Devonte: "I know that! But...it's strange, everything being so flat down there. I mean, I bet I would totally look amazing in some lace underwear. My girlfriend *never* bought me anything like that. Maybe I need a boyfriend..."

Everyone looked at each other awkwardly. Jason kept tugging at the waistband of his briefs, knowing *for a fact* that panties would be more comfortable, but still resisting the urge to go digging through Mrs. Kellar's underwear drawers. Not like anything would fit, anyway! He rubbed his soft belly, wondering if his mom had any exercise recommendations to trim down a few pounds. And at college, would the guys care about crow's feet? Muffin tops? He wanted to look *good* without overdoing it, but also, mom bodies were *hot* these days, and the world had moved on from the insane beauty standards of decades prior. *God*, he could probably fuck a guy on the first night if he wanted to. Dudes would be so *paralyzed* by his beauty, and his huge tits and ass—unlike those college girls and their thin figures.

Jason banged a fist against his head.

Stupid thoughts!

Ray complained about how he couldn't stop thinking of meal prep ideas and whether he should spend his money on a slow cooker instead of buying a new car. Devonte was suddenly cooing over photos of their football coach. "You know, I actually don't mind the hairy back," he said. "I bet he's an *animal* in bed."

Jason jumped up to his feet, sending his tits into a bouncing, swinging frenzy. "I can't take this!" he shouted in his high-pitched voice. "I'm a man! And I'm...I'm freaking out about not having a husband and a strong marriage by the time I'm forty-five...and I-I need *shoes*. What the hell were we thinking, playing football? I don't even have *heels*." He banged his head again. "No. No. I'm a jock. I fuck girls. And girls love me because I'm handsome, and I have a big dick."

Ray moaned. "I could go for a big dick."

Devonte: "Amen."

Jason threw his arms out; they flopped down and hit his jiggly flanks. He wanted to *relax*. He hated stress. Stress just caused more wrinkles, and he didn't want more because more would just make him look older than he already was.

He remembered that Mrs. Kellar had mentioned having a Jacuzzi.

"I'm not waiting around," he announced, pacing back and forth with his massive, drooping tits swinging like two fleshy metronomes. "Anyone want to cool off and get a little wet? It was so *hot* today. And it's hot in here, even with all my clothes off. There's a hot tub out back..."

"All three of us guys in a hot tub together?" Devonte asked.

"We're not *guys*," Ray said.

Devonte looked down at his body and rubbed his chest. "No, we definitely ain't."

The bedroom connected to the backyard via a sliding door. Jason led his two MILF'd teammates outside, where, despite being dark, it still felt like walking out into Death Valley in the middle of the day. Mrs. Kellar lived in a nice neighborhood, and sure enough, there was a Jacuzzi up against the rear of the brick home.

"Wait," Ray said. "You think the Jacuzzi water's safe? With, you know, the toxic chemicals being in the water supply."

"It probably has a filter," Jason said. "It's fine."

"Not like we could lose *more* of our manhood," Devonte said.

He fiddled with the switches, claiming he had experience. The jets burbled to life. And one by one, the boys climbed in after stripping off their underwear, their curvy bodies disappearing beneath the bubbling foam. Moans of relief came from all their throats as their sore muscles were massaged and the buoyancy took away some of the strain of their heavy bodies.

"*Ohhh* my God," Jason muttered, spreading his arms around the rim. "I feel like I've been at football practice all day. Everything just hurts."

"If this is permanent," Devonte said, "I'm going to seriously need some bras. I'd *love* to wear that racy shit constantly, but I need support too."

"Does anyone even know how to measure for bras?" Ray asked. "I don't know shit about the letters and numbers."

"I think you're X-sized."

"They don't go that high," Jason said. "They go to, like, F or something."

"I dated a girl who wore F-cup bras, and I'm like twice her size."

They talked about bras. They talked about which neighbors they thought were cute. They talked about raising families before the biological processes shut off, and Ray

actually started sobbing a little because he didn't have kids and he felt so *old*, like he was having some kind of existential crisis. Devonte petted him to calm him down.

Jason slid a little lower in the Jacuzzi, letting the jets pulse directly against his lower back and thighs. The water bubbled over his chest, and his massive titties looked like half-floating pillows as the ripples caused them to bob and sway. With the water's warmth caressing him, he felt another warmth inside him deepen. His nipples were already stiff, and now he was positively restless, sometimes *squirming* and masking it as just changing position.

"God," he murmured. "Maybe we don't have to go to college. Maybe we can just be secretaries, and I can afford my *own* Jacuzzi in *my* backyard."

Devonte chuckled. "Or marry a guy to buy one for me."

"A *man*," Ray moaned, tilting his head back.

Jason's hand drifted down between his legs, the movement concealed by all the bubbles and gushing jets, and he let out a low gasp as his fingers slid across his swollen folds. No longer could he get erections, but the *hot throbbing* inside his pussy was just as wonderful—or *more* wonderful. He rubbed slowly, biting his lip, until his palm was just *grinding* against his clit, and he stopped feeling like he had to hide what he was doing.

I'm an adult, he thought. *And I'm surrounded by my friends.*

"Yesss," Ray hissed, his arm making the same rhythmic motion Jason's was. "Anyone just want a guy to come along and ruin them?"

"Fuck me so hard I can't walk straight for a week," Devonte agreed.

"Mm...*guys*..." Jason groaned. "*Cocks*..."

Jason was full-on fingering himself now, jerking his arm and penetrating his entrance with two fingers, and the sloshing of the water made it completely obvious what he was doing. His fat tits swayed with every movement, his back arching as his thighs trembled under the surface. But no one cared. His former teammates were doing the same thing. It would've been totally inappropriate to jerk off in the locker room together, but this was different. They were MILFs. Hot, horny, curvy women in their *sexual prime*.

His current needs made even his male puberty seem insignificant.

Jason turned his head and looked at Devonte through the steam. Their eyes locked, and that was the only signal. He drifted across the tub, tits pushing water like two ships' bows, and he swung himself onto Devonte's lap, sending a massive wave that splashed back at him. Their mouths collided, tongues hungry and wet, as they moaned into each other. Devonte's lips were so *thick*—perfect for cocks, sure, but also perfect to suck and nibble on. Devonte's hands clutched Jason's hips, then slid upward to grab fistfuls of tit-flesh, squeezing them together.

God.

Jason was humping and kissing his former teammate, and it was hotter than anything he'd done with a girlfriend! However, he couldn't leave his slit unattended, and one hand stayed assigned to the task of masturbating himself—until *Devonte's* hand moved into the spot, and it was *Devonte* fingering Jason, leaving Jason to reach deeper into the water and find his buddy's hole, between spread legs that were already expecting it.

Every now and then, he glanced at Ray, who watched from across the tub, panting softly, one hand still pumping between his legs. Jason was *hungry*. He broke the kiss

with Devonte, then reached out to grab Ray by the wrist and pull him closer. Their lips met next—no words said, only just primal noises—and Jason crushed his buddy’s breasts inside his palms, feeling all that *expansive* flesh that made Ray moan into Jason’s throat. Then Ray, after having a momentary breather, bent his head down and wrapped his lips over one of Jason’s stiff nipples.

“If we can’t find a man,” Devonte said, watching as a spectator, “we’ll have each other.”

“That’s what—*oh*—friends are for,” Jason said.

“They make strap-ons, you know.”

“*Mm, strap-ons.*”

Devonte slid behind Jason and wrapped his arms around both of them, planting kisses along Jason’s shoulder and neck while one hand dipped beneath the water to join Jason’s own fingers, working in tandem. Before long, Jason couldn’t even tell whose hand belonged to who, but there was always one between his legs, thrusting and rubbing and making his pussy *burn*. He jiggled his ass back at Devonte, who humped Jason like the two of them were fucking. With Ray at the front, it was like being stuck in a MILF sandwich, bodies slapping and tits flopping and all of the worries of their lives condensing to subatomic size as they enjoyed their new big, curvy physiques.

All three of them pressed into a corner in a heap of limbs.

Jason tried to scissor Ray, but that was weird and awkward and way less fun than it seemed in porn videos. Devonte propped himself on the edge, sitting on the rim, and Jason was first in line to *devour* that wet pussy, gripping those wide, plump thighs and going to town, completely unbothered by the subtle taste of chlorine while dragging his tongue up and down relentlessly, cramping his neck in the process.

Then Jason was hanging over the edge as *they* ate him from behind.

He couldn’t know for sure if the water was changing him. Physically, nothing happened. His breasts were still large and unwieldy. His ass still felt like the back of a truck. And if the chemicals were affecting his mind in any way, he wasn’t aware of it—and who would care right now? Having his pussy licked was *amazing*, and he hated all his memories of having a cock. *Men* had cocks. He had a pussy. And all he wanted was to be licked, stuffed, and bred like a hot fucking housewife.

The sliding door rattled suddenly, and the three of them froze mid-grind and mid-moan. Mr. Kellar appeared. He had gone to the store to grab groceries and supplies, and Jason had completely forgotten that he’d inevitably return. With the Jacuzzi being right next to the door into the bedroom, Mr. Kellar was mere inches away, staring at his wife’s former-students-turned-MILFs tangled in a lesbian three-way.

“Um,” he said, adjusting his glasses and sweeping a hand across his bald spot. “I didn’t mean to, uh, interrupt...”

Jason’s eyes went wide. The sight of a *man* made him melt.

He was kind of pudgy, and he was losing his hair, but...

Men had *cocks*.

Jason popped over the edge of the Jacuzzi like an excited walrus, perched with his tits hanging over the rim and water splashing underneath him. “Come here,” he said, reaching out and clawing at Mr. Kellar’s waistband until the zipper came down. Before the man could even think about fleeing, Jason had a growing erection in his hand, and—via the grip on the shaft—he yanked Mr. Kellar closer and opened his mouth. It should’ve been wrong, but it felt so *right*. Especially with his tits. Especially with his ass.

Especially with his *pussy* aching with envy while his throat received a repeated pegging from Mr. Kellar's hard-on.

His lips slid along it, and he felt it *engorge*. Against the power of his grip, spreading his mouth wider, pressing down heavier on his tongue, *filling* the space.

It was fun feeling girls get wet.

But this was sensational.

Devonte rose from the foam and joined him, wrapping his thick arms around Jason from behind, pressing kisses into his damp neck as his hands reached out and began stroking the exposed shaft near Jason's lips. Jason moaned around the cock, sending vibrations through Mr. Kellar's length. But one MILF couldn't hog all the action, and soon Devonte was fighting for it like a Black Friday shopper, pushing Jason away and plunging down with a gurgle while Jason had to find some other way to satisfy his desires. So, he used both hands to squeeze and massage Mr. Kellar's balls, and he leaned *way* over the edge to plant his face up underneath and lick. Just *anything*. Because the man's scent was so damn intoxicating.

Then Ray had a piece, his dripping tits grazing Jason's shoulder as he pressed his face into the action and on the throbbing tip, now shining with three layers of drool.

Devonte whipped his head back. "God, cock is so delicious! How did we never suck cock in high school? Jason, how did I never suck *your* cock when we won games?"

"Well, we had girlfriends."

"Girls...pps~~h~~h."

All three took turns, competing for length, for depth, for the way Mr. Kellar groaned and shuddered at the attention. They all knew he couldn't join them in the tub on account of toxic waste possibly swirling in the water, and they *definitely* didn't want his cock going anywhere.

Between turns, Jason kissed the others, licking up spit and pre-cum off their lips. Devonte wrapped the man's cock in his cleavage, letting Jason hump from behind and fuck his deep, chocolate-colored tit-flesh while Ray fondled both their asses from the tub, fingers sneaking lower beneath the water.

Jason's mind was disintegrating.

College...manliness...degrees...

Yes, college guys are so hot, he thought. *But I like all manly guys, and it is like a hundred degrees out here.*

They moaned constantly, their tits floating like buoys. Jason whispered about needing a man in the house, someone to take care of him and rub his toes after a long day. Ray murmured about how much he wanted to brew coffee and cook breakfast for a husband. Devonte wanted a man who'd invite the whole neighborhood over to watch football, so he could wear cute little skirts and aprons and flash them all.

Jason's body quaked with *volcanic lust* as he clung to the edge of the Jacuzzi. He slowly turned around, bent at the waist, and hoisted his soaked, massive, MILF ass out of the water, wobbling like two heaping mounds of pudding, presenting his slick, puffy oasis toward Mr. Kellar. He looked back over his shoulder, hair plastered to his flushed cheeks, and moaned, "Please, sir...I need to be *filled*."

Mr. Kellar's cock was practically purple.

He hesitated like he was suddenly aware of his spoken vows. But Jason's desires couldn't be denied, and he felt ever more horny and sexy as Mr. Kellar gripped Jason's wide hips and slowly drove himself inside with a low grunt. Jason let out a ragged gasp

as his walls stretched around something larger and *meatier* than fingers, that thick cock plunging deep into his molten heat. His tits squashed into the water, his toes curling as the older man began to wrap around his tremendous curves and properly *fuck* him, slapping against Jason's fat ass and shaking his whole body.

Devonte and Ray, watching it all, couldn't sit still. Devonte began fingering himself wildly, moaning along with each of Jason's breathless cries. Ray kissed Jason, and everyone's tits were groped and squeezed by a multitude of hands—including Mr. Kellar's, which wrapped underneath Jason and held them from below.

Jason whimpered as he was pounded from behind. "Breed me! I just wanna wear the tightest pants—*oh*—and too much makeup—*yes*—and be told to make a fucking sandwich because I make the best damn sandwich in town! *Yes!* I want to wear heels to the grocery store—*mmm*—and miniskirts to church. And thongs to the beach. I want to be a bad influence."

Mr. Kellar grunted, then yanked out of Jason with a wet pop. Devonte was already presenting, next in line. "Me next," he panted. Mr. Kellar shoved into him with a grunt, and Devonte cried out like a porn star, his giant ass clapping back with every thrust. Devonte started half-laughing and half-crying, saying between moans how he wanted to make casseroles for his husband's work buddies and wash his husband's underwear at least three times per week. "Oh *God*, I want to bake pies, wear aprons, and have a man—*fuck*—bend me over the counter after dinner, his cum my dessert. I want prude women to get upset when they look at my curves. I want to speak to the manager because he's handsome and I want to suck his dick! *Fuck yes, baby!*"

Then Ray had his turn on the cock: "I want to wear yoga pants to drop the kids off at school, then sneak off to the gym just to flirt with the trainers who constantly stare at my fat ass—*shit*—and I want to be a teacher so I can catch two guys spreading notes about how they want to drill me under the bleachers, and then when I talk to their dads, *they* fuck me too—*ahhh!*—and I want, like, world peace too!"

By now, Mr. Kellar was making sounds that weren't even close to English—or any language. When he pulled out of Ray, he couldn't hold back any longer. The three of them put their heads together as the hot, thick ropes of cum arrived, shooting across their faces in chaotic arcs, splattering Jason's cheeks, dripping down Devonte's chin, streaking Ray's lips and cleavage. They squealed and laughed through the mess, licking at each other's skin, wiping globs onto their tits and smearing it around as they rubbed their bodies together and got jizzed on with every remaining drop.

Then the sliding door banged again.

"*What on Earth!*" Mrs. Kellar screamed, finding her husband mid-stroke with a deflating cock—and three faces stickily covered in semen. "I go away to help *resolve* this mess, like the responsible adult I am, and I return to find an *orgy* happening in my own Jacuzzi." She slapped her husband across the face, and he left the scene apologizing and not even bothering to pick up all of his clothes. Then Mrs. Kellar pointed at the trio. "You boys should know better."

Jason and his friends—with cum-painted lips—all smiled. "We're not boys," he said. "We're *MILFs*."

Epilogue

Lila Henderson sat in her state government office, still working the case of Gold Medal Cosmetics and the pollution in Northville's water supply. The legal work would take months and even possibly years until someone was held accountable and the victims of the toxic waste were suitably compensated for such gross corporate negligence and cruelty. A steaming mug of chamomile tea sat beside her—and also reading glasses, which she'd needed more often since her exposure. Her eyes just weren't what they used to be.

She leaned back slightly, her generous chest rising under a patterned blouse that didn't quite button all the way, with a few inches of cleavage bulging through. Honestly, she couldn't be bothered to buy clothes for her 36J bust. They were too expensive! And it didn't help that manufacturers had price-gouged in the wake of a few thousand people suddenly needing support.

She flipped open her field journal.

JASON: Former high school quarterback. Now identified as Jess. Aspirations of academics and sports were replaced with desires for domestic servitude. Once conscious of fitness, she now considered bending over and picking up laundry to be reps, and she hated breaking nails when doing the family dishes.

DEVONTE: Now went by Vonda. Already enrolled in cooking classes and building up enough recipes to publish her own cookbook, mainly with casseroles and pies, and she's trying to launch a line of *cookwear* for sexy housewives that includes versatile heels, frilly aprons, protective lingerie, and sexy chef hats.

RAY: Now Raquel. Frequent contributor to the PTA despite having no children and having a sex scandal with a high school student as a substitute teacher. Been banned from Planet Fitness for giving blowjobs in the men's locker room. Currently works part-time at a beauty store and reportedly flirts with every guy who walks in.

DEMI: Now worked as a manager for a Burger Bullseye in the next town over after falsifying her entire résumé and letting the job recruiter ejaculate inside her during sex. Still lived at home with her parents, although tensions were high at home due to Demi's new desires causing her to redecorate much of the house, casually wear lingerie, and drive up the water bill with her excessive amount of bubble baths. Still in love with her boyfriend, Braxton.

Lila could smile happily at that one. The victims were in for a tumultuous time adjusting to their new bodies and lives, but as long as there was a man in their lives...

Paul announced himself with a yawn. "Time to close up shop," he said, flicking the light off. "Gonna be a long year. We're only an inch deep into this mess."

"Oh, we're *deeper* than that," Lila said, her pussy already gushing into her panties. "And you know we can't close up yet."

A minute later, those panties were stuffed into her mouth as she was getting railed from behind...

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