

# Mini-Story: Wishing Stone Step-Mom

By FoxFaceStories

So . . . this is me. I know what you're thinking; this hot mid-30s woman is a total knockout, right? Big tits with a whole lotta cleavage on display, gorgeous face, a figure that is all curves in all the right places, and a dress sense to show it off. But before you salivate too much, you should be aware that I didn't always look like this hot momma.

I was an ordinary young man who'd just turned 20. My friend Scott and I were hanging out near the town lake swapping jokes and throwing stones into the water. Things got a little heated when my jokes started getting a little personal, however. You see, Scott's dad had been single a long time, ever since his wife had left him when Scott was only nine years old. I often joked that it was because my friend didn't have a mom that his room was always an absolute mess. I guess I made the joke one too many times.

*"Why do you even care about how messy my room is anyway? Geez, I wish you were my new mom so you had to clean it."*

And with that he threw the stone across the lake. The stone that had just developed a weird glow. Before I could question that I got a real weird stomach ache and had to rush home. Only by the time I got there I had aged sixteen years, swapped genders, grown a big pair of DD's, and swaying my hips from left to right because of a damn set of heels I couldn't remove. When I saw my parents, they waved hello to 'David's new wife', and told me how happy they were that Scott had a step-mom in his life.

Scott and I are the only ones who remember the man I used to be. To everyone else I'm Mrs Lucia Johnson, his father's hot new 36-year old wife. There's no way to explain how weird it is to go from being a 20-year old man with a best friend, to suddenly becoming that best friend's stepmom. The stepmom who sleeps in the same bed as his friend's dad, who he's known nearly his whole life that way. But now, because I'm stuck in this role (we tried finding that stone a hundred times and no luck), I have to play the part, and that means also getting intimate when my husband is in the mood. I don't know if it's a good thing or a bad thing that my new body is super attracted to him, but it makes those nights we have sex much easier to manage, though I'm pretty sure I accidentally woke Scott with my 'screams' one night. I don't even blame Dave. I mean, seriously, my new body is *smoking*. I literally struggle *not* to shake my amazing ass when I walk.

As for Scott, he doesn't love our new arrangement, but it's also his fault. He feels guilty, but still asks me occasionally to not wear these showy things that put my bust and hips on display.

Apparently whenever I drop him off to college his new friends (and some of my old ones) like to call me a 'MILF'. For what it's worth, I blame him for taking too long to get his own car and license.

When we have some of his friends over it's not hard to see them try to catch a peak down my top or watch my ass bounce when I walk. It's something I'm getting used to. But I just can't help it. It's part of the role I'm stuck with thanks to his stupid wish. I guess we'll both have to accept my new look and dress sense, particularly since that rock isn't coming back. Scott got what he wanted in the end; I always clean his room and make his breakfast and keep him taken care of now that I'm his stepmom.

What he doesn't know is that I'll be needing his help in a few months, because Dave got a bit too eager a couple of months ago, and now we can expect a little half-sister or brother for Scott by the end of the year. Scott already finds it weird to have his former best friend be his dad's hot wife, I wonder how he'll cope when his best friend is also heavily pregnant with a new sibling. Still, if he complains, I can always say I'd still be a man if not for his damned wish.

**The End**