

The Mature Women's Sharehouse - Part 1

Commissioned Anonymously

By The SpiralledEye

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

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Tyler

They decided to meet the next day, luckily, they all lived fairly close together and managed to find a cafe within walking distance of them all. That gave them the afternoon and evening to go 'home' and figure out who they were exactly.

Apparently, Amira did not have a car so Tyler sat uncomfortably on the public bus, hoping the maps app on his ancient phone was up to date. He'd just saved up to get the latest iphone, now he had a flip phone that looked like it belonged in 2007. He wasn't sure why but out of everything, that irritated him the most.

When the bus stopped close to the point on his map he planned to get off but to his surprise, he moved without looking at the screen; his body was on autopilot while he was lost in thought. Before he knew it he was standing at a tiny, cramped looking apartment building with a faded red door.

His body and to some degree his mind knew exactly where to go and even to avoid the broken elevator. It was strange; even before he turned the key he knew exactly what he would find inside the space; a grey apartment that he or rather Amira, had tried to make look cheerful. There were potted plants all over the place and bright paintings on the walls, but nothing could distract with the inherent sadness that seemed to have seeped into the walls.

The eviction notice on the table only added to the vibes.

It was an odd feeling, stepping into a place for the first time and yet knowing it intimately. His shoe scuffed along a rough patch of wood where a year ago he'd spilled hot tea that had somehow seeped past the paper thin varnish.

He stood there, staring at the stain not really knowing what to do. The eviction notice felt like a weight around his neck. His eyes glanced over the page, but like so many things the words were familiar. He'd read them, or at least this Amira version of him had, many times.

It was politely worded but firm; the building was being demolished, he had until the end of the month to vacate. No compensation would be given. He already knew the amount of money in his bank account and it was far less than he was used to. In one afternoon he'd gone from a full time businessman to a woman who worked part time at a craft store. How the hell was he going to find a new apartment? This situation was stressful enough without worrying about real estate in this economy.

Without realising it, Tyler went into a new sort of autopilot. He was so caught up in his thoughts that he didn't even realise he'd made a cup of tea until he was sitting in the well worn seat by the window sipping it. He hated tea, he was a coffee man, the caffeine kept him going. And yet he couldn't stop the sigh of satisfaction that left his lips as he sipped at the hot liquid.

It tasted of herbs and grass, and somehow it was far tastier than the bitter liquid he was used to. All around the tiny space were little reminders of a past he didn't actually experience, photos, paintings, a few books in Dari, which he suddenly realised he could speak fluently. It all felt wrong and yet so right.

A familiar anxiety began to ball in his stomach; he needed an outlet, control; and once again his eyes landed on that eviction notice. Maybe it was what he needed after all, a distraction from all this. There was an ancient and painfully slow laptop sitting on the kitchen table. With all the focus and determination he used at his old job he threw himself into finding a new place to live.

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Tyler was used to pulling all nighters, in fact, it was his norm. He wanted to get to the top as soon as he could, so he spent every extra moment he could working. On reflection, maybe sleep deprivation was why he'd forgotten to send that email in the first place. Turns out coffee and cigarettes can't replace sleep after all.

Tonight though, he had no excuse. He'd spent several hours online trying to find a place within his budget that wasn't in the seedy part of town with zero luck. He was a single woman now, he had to take his physical safety a lot more seriously...it wasn't a good feeling. Not that he felt physically weak but the idea of running made his knees ache just thinking about it. Just walking to the cafe six blocks away had them a little sore.

The cafe smelt of coffee and ginger; an odd combination and surprisingly Tyler found himself more drawn to the herbal smell than the coffee. Out of pure stubbornness he ordered a black coffee and told himself he liked the sip he took; even if it was a fight not to pull a face.

“Amira!”

He turned, responding to his new name automatically to find Ethan waving at him from the other end of the cafe.

“What on earth are you wearing?” Tyler asked as he sat down.

“Come on, you’ve never seen a sari?”

“Not one quite that...bright.”

It was bright, jade green with shimmery gold embroidery all over it and a pink trim that was almost neon. Ethan had done his long hair in that same long braid, and paired the whole ensemble with hanging gold earrings covered in glass beads.

“My wardrobe is full of them, I couldn’t decide.” Ethan beamed. “I spent half the night trying them all on and matching jewellery.”

“Not sure I’d call that matching.” Tyler made a face as he tried to enjoy the coffee.

“It’s better than wearing a suit everyday.” Ethan replied, “There are only so many variations, like ‘ooh, do I want to wear the grey suit today or be fancy and wear the dark blue one?’ it’s boring.”

Tyler shifted; his clothing felt sweaty and gross after sleeping in them. Getting undressed had proven...too awkward last night. So he was in the same outfit as yesterday and he was suddenly aware and embarrassed by all the obvious wrinkles in his skirt. Without thinking he tried to smooth them over with his hand which only made the fabric damper with palm sweat.

He could feel it in all his new crevices too, especially the hair between his legs. It seemed perpetually damn with natural moisture which only made him more aware of the stickiness of his now wide thighs. The fabric of his bra clung to his bust as well and he had to resist the urge to fiddle with the bra strap. He had no idea how to even take one off; at least not one he was wearing himself. It was a lot easier from the outside.

“Well I am glad you’re enjoying this. As if this wasn’t stressful enough, I’m being evicted.”

“My building is full of rats.”

The two of them jumped as Marcus sat down and once again Tyler found himself impressed with the man, uh woman's, poise.

“Alright, you win.” Ethan said. “I was about to say how my landlord is a total creep.”

“Really?”

“He’s always watching me come and go, asking if saris are hard to remove, saying how wild I must be in bed because I’m Indian and know the kama sutra. Which, by the way, I don’t.”

“Sounds like none of us won the lottery when it comes to living arrangements.” Marcus sighed, “and I checked, I can’t afford to move, at least not anywhere good.”

It soon became apparent none of them could and Tyler huffed in frustration.

“How can three people not be able to afford a place?”

“The economy is in shambles.” Ethan deadpanned before brightening. “Hey I know, why don’t we share a place? I bet we could afford something together.”

“If one person can’t afford a one bedroom, three of us can’t afford a three bedroom either.” Tyler rolled his eyes but Marcus nodded thoughtfully.

“Actually, there was a little town house I passed on the way here.” He said, “it’s been on the market forever, maybe we could get it cheaper.”

Tyler squirmed in his seat; he didn't want to get comfortable here. But he also didn't want to end up on the street in a few weeks if they couldn't sort something out. He thought of the homeless woman who camped out near the park next to his apartment; her scraggly hair and dirty clothes. The last thing he wanted was to end up like her.

“I suppose we could go look at it.”

Secretly glad to leave his bitter drink half finished, the three of them walked over to the townhouse while Marcus talked to the agent on the phone. Clearly he wasn't wrong about the owner being keen to sell because the agent agreed to meet them then and there.

Tyler could see why the place hadn't sold as soon as they arrived; the tiny front garden was filled with weeds and the grass was up to his knees. The paint was peeling, the windows were cracked, and the entire place seemed to have surrendered to neglect. The housing agent, a blonde haired woman with too much eyeliner, arrived and opened the door with a shove; clearly it had been a while since anybody had asked to see the place. The agent, with a forced smile plastered on her face, led them through the musty rooms, extolling the virtues of the property with an eagerness that bordered on desperation.

Inside a musty odour greeted them, a combination of old wood, dampness, and neglect. Tyler wrinkled his nose, suppressing a sneeze as he glanced around the dimly lit foyer. Cobwebs hung like delicate veils from the ceiling, and dust danced in the slivers of sunlight that filtered through the cracked windows.

"This place needs more than just a fresh coat of paint," Tyler muttered under his breath, her practical nature already tallying the costs and labour required to make the house habitable.

"Come on, Amira. Look past the dust and grime. Can't you see the potential? With a bit of elbow grease and some TLC, this place could be our dream home." Marcus grinned before whispering, "if you'd seen the size of the rats in my old place you'd feel the same."

Marcus turned with a confident smile on his dark lips. He'd always been a master negotiator thanks to his level head and despite his new feminine appearance, that same skill shone through as he turned toward the agent.

"So, what's the absolute lowest you can go on this place?"

The agent hesitated, a flicker of uncertainty crossing her features before she composed herself.

"Well, considering the condition of the property, I suppose we could entertain offers below the asking price..."

Tyler watched as Marcus leaned in, his voice lowering as he began to haggle, his words a strategic dance of persuasion and charm. There was something about his new voice, something low and soothing that gave it an almost motherly feel. Tyler felt a bitter jealous well up; he'd always wished he was able to keep a more level head like that.

As Marcus negotiated, Tyler's gaze wandered, taking in the layers of grime that coated every surface, the cracked plaster and worn floorboards that bore the scars of time far worse than the single rough patch in his current kitchen.

"Look at the garden!" Ethan smiled as he wiped grime from the window. "A day of weeding and that could be something special."

Tyler followed his gaze to the weed patch, he'd never had a green thumb and yet...

"The soil is good, the grass is green all the way up the blade, but the garden wouldn't get much sunlight on the left side, so all the vegetables would have to go on the right part, maybe a sitting area on the left..." He blinked in surprise before memories of gardening flooded his mind.

So many hours whiled away helping plants grow; his own disappointment when he'd moved into that tiny apartment and been forced to only grow potted plants. Without another word he moved through the house and glanced out the back door. The back garden was small, a courtyard really but she could get some bigger pots, even a few full planters to grow vegetables.

"What kind?"

He jumped in shock, he must have been muttering under his breath.

"Tomatoes...zucchini-ugh, what does it matter?" He scoffed.

He huffed, trying hard to ignore the way his bust rose and fell.

"Deal's a deal!" Marcus announced as he appeared. "We've got some paperwork to sign, and we'll have to figure out the downpayment but I am pretty sure we'll be moving in pretty soon!"

Tyler swallowed, missing the bob of his Adam's apple more keenly than he thought possible.

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It had all happened so fast, how had he gone from working a job to living as a middle aged woman buying a share house? It felt surreal. Returning to his little apartment only made things feel worse. He could feel the natural grime of the day accumulating on his skin; he desperately needed a shower and that meant getting naked.

Feeling a strange mixture of anxiety and excitement he finally walked into the tiny bathroom only to find there was no shower, just a simple bathtub. So much for closing his eyes and jumping in and out.

“Come on Tyler, you're being ridiculous.” He whispered to himself. “It's just a body.”

Steeling himself he began to run the bath, letting the room fill with steam as the tub filled with hot water. Then, finally, he began to strip off the conservative clothing. A long sleeved shirt, and flowing skirt fell off with ease, leaving him in nothing but his bra, panties and headdress.

Tyler had worked in diversity training for years, he knew the significance of wearing a headscarf and even if it was technically his own body, he still felt odd removing it and revealing the long, silky black hair. His new hair was gorgeous, no denying it, jet black too without a hint of grey yet. It was almost a shame to hide it away; but the thought of walking around in public where anybody could see it made him feel distinctly uncomfortable.

He examined his body slowly as the bath filled, turning to try and get a good look at his new curves. He was heavy set, with a pear shaped body and huge breasts. His fingers brushed over the faintest set of silver lines on his hips; stretch marks. From his first pregnancy.

The memories made him freeze in place; it was one thing to know in this life that he'd had children but another entirely to remember them. And remember *having* them. His son, Amir and daughter Farah were living across town with their own families. Little Farah wasn't so little anymore, she had a daughter of her own. Tyler had gone from a single man who only saw his ageing parents at holidays to having a whole extended family in a matter of seconds, at least from his point of view.

Water lapped at his toes and Tyler swore; he'd been so caught up in his thoughts he'd forgotten the bath. Carefully he got down on his hands and knees with a towel to mop up the mess and winced; he could feel his breasts moving back and forth with every stroke of his arm on the floor. He was glad when he could finally step into the bath and not think about that extra weight for a while.

Of course, the tub was only big enough for him to recline in, so he had no choice but to look at his own body distorted under the water. He could see the dark hair between his legs and the pussy hidden partially beneath. It felt so odd, to be able to feel the warm water flowing over his folds, subtly moving the hair there back and forth till the skin turned tingly and his dark nipples began to darken.

As Tyler, he jerked off on the regular, it was just a good way to relieve stress and he was very much stressed today. But Amira...masturbation was sinful behaviour. Even as the thought entered his mind he felt his twin minds clash; one wanting release and the other trying to resist.

"It's still my body so it wouldn't be weird," he justified.

Tyler would be lying if he said he wasn't curious as to what it would feel like.

Slowly he lowered a finger down his body, brushing it over his slightly round tummy and down between his thighs. The folds parted easily and despite the water, retained some of their own slickness which made it easy for his finger to slip inside.

A shiver ran through his spine, causing the water to ripple and further distort his body beneath it. It felt so good but also...wrong. The guilt made the pleasure all the more salacious but he couldn't stand it, his hand withdrew. Tyler gave a frustrated huff; he'd never had any issues getting himself off before. What was it about this body that made things so different...besides the obvious.

He continued his bath, feeling that same sense of confliction ran through his skin as he lathered over his curves. He was just cleaning himself, it shouldn't have felt so nice. And yet he couldn't help running his soapy fingers over certain areas over and over again; like his nipples. By the time he got out of the water it was cold and his sexual frustration was at an all time high.

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Marcus

It was a whirlwind; a few days passed with them sorting out accounts and paperwork but before he knew it, a week had passed and they were all standing before the crooked little town house with their belongings in bags and boxes. The owner had been keen to settle; Marcus hadn't even realised just how quickly you *could* buy a house. Or perhaps this was a special case, either way, he was happy; no more waking up to the sound of skittering little feet on the ground.

Now that they were here though he felt the loss; he'd been the one organising everything and now that it was done he didn't have any other distraction from their predicament. He shoved his way into the dusty entranceway and plopped down his bag, sending motes of dust swirling into the air. He made his way down to the kitchen and took in the empty fridge and bare kitchen. The sight actually brought a smile to his lips; another job to do.

"Right." he clapped his hands together as the others joined him. "Let's get this place cleaned up."

He set about ordering the kitchen, unpacking all their plates and cups, dusting off the pantry and getting the fridge nice and cold. It took a good hour but when he was done the bear shelves were begging to be filled.

"I'm going shopping." Marcus announced.

There was little left in his bank account; he'd called the restaurant where he worked the day after they had changed and taken some personal time. Tyler was living off his late husband's estate and Ethan apparently managed to win big in his divorce proceedings, so Marcus was the only one with a job.

He would have to go back soon though. Of course, working at the restaurant would mean knowing how to cook creole food, or cook at all. Marcus had never cooked, in the day and age of home delivery there wasn't much need. He'd never seen the point in dirtying a bunch of pots and pans for a meal he could get delivered to his door in less than half the time.

His wedge heels clicked against the concrete as he walked to the shop filled with determination. There was no avoiding the kitchen now though; he couldn't afford delivery and he had to do it for a living. He couldn't exactly find a new job. It was strange but he was feeling oddly excited about the whole experiment; the idea of preparing his own food would normally fill him with dread. Instead he hummed an oddly familiar tune as he walked the shelves.

Instinct took over and he found himself picking ingredients he'd never even heard of, yet knew intimately. Okra and smoked sausages, fresh tomatoes and spices; objects that should have felt foreign instead felt right at home in his weathered palms. By the time he got back to the house his new womanly side had taken over entirely.

He sang to himself as he cooked; loud enough that his voice echoed through the house. It made the place feel truly homey for the first time, despite the dust. He didn't need

to think about how to hold the knife, or measure ingredients; it all just came so naturally. Of course it would, he'd been making gumbo since he was knee high. He'd grown up clutching his mothers legs as she cooked in their little kitchen in New Orleans.

Before he knew it, the sun was high in the sky and he'd spent the entire morning reminiscing while cooking all his favourite childhood dishes.

"Woah, where did all this come from?" Ethan sighed, taking a deep sniff of the air. "It smells absolutely divine, darling."

"I figured our house needed a good first meal to bed it in." Marcus replied, his smile widened as Ethan took a bite of one of the cookies he'd just finished cooling and moaned in delight.

"This is incredible. Where did you learn to cook like this?"

"My mother, back in New Orleans."

The two of them paused, the words hung heavy in the air; Marcus could see Ethan replaying the conversation in his mind the same way he was. Marcus had been born right here and since when did Ethan call anybody darling?

"I guess I just...fell into the role." Marcus blushed.

"Oh...me too." Ethan shifted uncomfortably and Marcus cocked his head to the side in confusion.

"What do you mean?"

Ethan motioned for him to follow and the two of them stepped out into the hall, which was spotless. So was the living room, and the staircase *and* several upper rooms. Floors swept, window sills dusted and glass polished. Not to mention the furniture they had moved in the day before had been scrubbed and spot cleaned.

"I just couldn't stand all the dirt." Ethan shrugged, "it was so...unseemly. I won't stand for living in filth."

“Ethan.” Marcus turned his head slowly to face his friend. “Last time I went to your apartment and couldn’t open the bathroom door because there were so many towels piled in front of it.”

Ethan shuddered in horror.

“Young men live in such squalor, clearly his, I mean uh, my mother didn’t teach him properly. A proper woman keeps house and teaches her son to do the same, or meet a nice girl who can.”

More silence.

“Yeah okay, that was weird.” Ethan conceded. “I dunno, I just feel compelled to act like...Priya. Even saying her name and not just saying me feels weird.”

“That’s how I felt cooking.” Marcus added thoughtfully, “where is Ami-I mean Tyler?”

The two of them wandered the house only to find their friend in the back garden, wearing a pair of gardening gloves seemingly produced from his bags, happily singing a song in Dari under his breath while he weeded. After a moment he looked up at them with confusion.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

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“So we are all feeling compelled to act out our new lives?” Said Tyler as he sipped at his tea.

The three of them had made a pot and were sitting around in their new living room, nibbling on cookies courtesy of Marcus.

“I think so.” Marcus replied. “I never enjoyed cooking but now I do. And Ethan was the exact opposite of a neat freak, and then there is...”

He froze for a second; he had been about to mention his job when another thought occurred.

“Are you alright?” Ethan asked.

“I just realised...the conference, we never went back on Sunday.”

The other two blinked and Tyler jumped to his feet.

“Oh no! How on Earth did we forget? Oh man, the boss is going to-”

“Do what?” Ethan shrugged, “we don't work there in this reality and the fact that nobody called us probably says that we were never contacted to do the talk at all so...nobody cares.”

They all stood there in silence for a second as the implications sank in.

“Huh.” Tyler blinked. “I guess...that's that then. I've been so focused on other things I hadn't even really thought about that job. It's kind of freeing in a way.”

“I work in a restaurant, what do you both do?”

Ethan and Tyler both looked embarrassed.

“I don't.” They both said together, “pension.”

“Well then, I guess we know who will be doing the chores around here.” Marcus crossed his arms and gave them a look. “If I am the only one bringing in proper cash here I don't want to be doing all the housework as well. We need a chore chart”

Marcus had always thrived on being organised, in both lives, so drawing up a chore chart was a breeze. It felt natural to put himself on cooking, maybe some nights he could even bring restaurant food home; then it was just a matter of splitting the rest of the duties between Ethan and Tyler. In the end he gave Ethan the dusting, vacuuming, moping and general tidying and Tyler the garden, polishing and bathrooms. It was oddly satisfying.

“Any arguments?” He asked, crossing his arms under his breasts and fixing them both with a hard stare. They both shook their heads.

“Good.”