

Mini-Story: Great, Now She's My Stepmom (Friend to MILF TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Ben isn't happy. Not only did his best friend John develop Lumin's Syndrome and turn into a woman, but she became a very curvaceous MILF who is deeply attracted to Ben's own dad, Craig! Now, Ben laments that not only is his best friend his new stepmom, but she is now expecting his baby sister as well!

Great, Now She's My Stepmom

"Oh my God, Jennifer, congratulations! I'm so excited for you and Dad! I'm finally getting another sibling!"

Claire embraced her stepmom, who still had the pregnancy test in her left hand. The one that read as positive. Meanwhile, Claire's younger brother Ben could only fold his arms and pout from the living room.

"I can't believe she's pregnant," he muttered.

"Does Dad know?" Claire asked the beautiful and quite curvaceous redhead who was her new stepmother.

"I told him right away!" Jennifer exclaimed, placing her hand on her rather full chest above her heart. "He's so excited. I mean, this wasn't planned, and it's all so much. I mean, I've only been a woman for eight months and yet . . . it feels right! I do hope this is all okay."

"Are you kidding me?" Claire laughed. "I'm ecstatic, Jen! I always wanted another sibling. It better be a girl."

Jennifer chuckled, lowering a hand to her stomach. "Well, it's a fifty-fifty chance, right? So here's hoping. Though I think your father wants another son. Regardless, we'll love our new addition all the same. I hope I'm up for this."

"Of course you are," Claire said, placing a hand on her thirty-six year old stepmother's shoulder. "You've become a total natural at being a woman, Jennifer. I'm sure you'll do just fine."

"You're definitely okay with it? Even though . . . even though I used to kinda have a big crush on you?"

But Claire just giggled. "Please, I think we can both agree you're better off with my Dad. Besides, it's not like you ever asked me out. You were just my brother's nerdy best friend."

Ben groaned as he overheard this conversation through the open doorway. He rolled his eyes and couldn't help but mutter in a louder-than-intended voice.

“She was better as my best friend instead of my damn *stepmom*.”

“What was that, little bro?” his blonde-haired sister asked in a teasing manner. “Did you congratulate Mom on the great news?”

Ben shifted his position in the sofa chair he was slumping in. “First of all, she’s not ‘Mom.’ She’s my Stepmom. And second of all, why should I congratulate her? It’s bad enough that my best friend turned into a total MILF, but then she ended up married to our Dad! Why aren’t you outraged over this, Claire?”

She just shrugged. “I like a happy ending, and I’m not a bitter little pill like you, bro. Besides, Dad is happy. So why don’t you just get with the program, and-”

“Claire,” Jennifer cut in, looking a bit awkward as she stood between the pair, still holding her positive pregnancy test. “Can I talk to Benjamin alone for a little bit?”

The joyful twenty-one year old looked over at Ben and gave him a playful grin, then hugged her new stepmother one more time. “I’m just so happy for you and Dad!” she exclaimed. “I call dibs on helping organise the baby shower in a few months!”

She took off, leaving just Jennifer and Ben in the same room. The two couldn’t contrast further if they tried: one was male, the other female. One was just nineteen years old, the other thirty-six, though *technically* that was just what her new ID said she was. Ben was dark-haired, which he got from his birth mother, who had abandoned the family when Ben was only a baby, while Jennifer had fiery red hair that fell to just above her shoulders, and therefore shifted about whenever she turned her head. And while Ben was rather thin, Jennifer had a voluptuous figure: thick but in all the right areas, with wide childbearing hips and a very prominent bust that couldn’t be hidden even by the thickest of sweaters. Not that she was wearing a sweater, of course. Benjamin wore a simple *Metallica* shirt and shorts, a style Jennifer had once shared. But now she wore a lovely green dress, fresh off a date with her husband Craig that very night, and one that had a noticeably low cut that showed off her very large creamy breasts, which were pushed up to form round globes that would entice any man. She stepped closer, fiddling with her necklace which normally sat within her deep cleavage, and bent over a little to face Ben.

“Benjamin, sweetie, can we talk?”

The young man winced at the sight of his former best friend’s enormous breasts hanging right before him.

“Not with your giant boobs right in my face,” he complained.

“Oops!” Jennifer said, standing erect again and quickly adjusted her boobs in her dress. “Sorry, sometimes I still forget about these things!”

“How could you? You’ve got udders like a cow, John.”

Jennifer sighed and placed her hands on her wide hips, her red lips in an annoyed pout. “Ben, we talked about showing more respect. I am your stepmom now, after all.”

“Ugh, don’t remind me!” Ben groaned. “At the start of the year, you were my best friend! We were both nineteen! We played video games together and you wanted so badly to date my older sister. Which, by the way, I would have been much cooler with than you going out with and then marrying my freaking *Dad*.”

“Well, no one is more surprised at how things turned out than me, Ben!” Jennifer said in a playful tone as she gestured to her curvy and maternal body. “If you’d asked me a year ago if I would be happy as a mid-thirties woman I would have called you crazy, even more so if you suggested I’d be married to a *man*, and downright psychotic if you suggested that man would be your father. But getting Lumin’s Syndrome changed everything. In just a week, I was no longer a man, no longer young-”

“The docs say you won’t age until you reach your *actual* thirties,” Ben said.

“Still, it just means I’ll be in my mid-thirties for a lot longer.” Jennifer suddenly grinned. “Which I know your father isn’t complaining about.”

“Ew, God! I can’t know that!”

“Look, my point is that my entire life was upended. I couldn’t even find Claire attractive anymore. You were acting all sorts of weird to me, despite the fact that you were my best friend up until that point. And your father . . . your father was deeply supportive. He was there for me. He helped me get my new documents set up. He helped me buy new clothing. He made me feel like family.”

“Because he liked the look of you.”

Jennifer smirked. “Well, can you blame him? I wouldn’t, and I would know, since I used to be a guy. But it’s more than that. I came to love Craig, Ben. It’s why I married him. Even now, when I get embarrassed over being a woman or forget some social thing and act too much like a man, he’s always there to support me and help me laugh it off. I love him, just like I still love you and Claire, only as my stepchildren. In the end, I’m grateful for this change. I want you to understand that.”

“Yeah, so much to be grateful for,” Ben said with his own pouting expression. “You lost fifteen years of your life and got turned into a total MILF type.”

At this, he took a quick peek of her cleavage, though not so quick that Jennifer didn’t spot her friend looking. Suddenly, it all came together for the former young man. She took a step back and stuck out her chest a little, then deliberately stretched her hands above her head and leaned forward, which showed off a colossal amount of her cleavage.

“Ahhhh,” she moaned a little, deliberately stretching further and cocking her hips from side to side. “Sorry, these older bones need a good stretch from time to time. Do you mind?”

She gave her friend-turned-stepson a playful wink that left him going as red as a raspberry. “J-Jennifer! What are you doing!?”

“Oh, just confirming a theory I should have developed a good few months ago. Hey, my eyes are up here, Ben.”

Ben realised he was checking out his stepmother’s cleavage and quickly looked away, humiliated. “What - what the fuck is this, dude?”

“I knew it!” she declared, jumping a little in victory, which only caused her various curves to wobble rather distractingly. “You’re not angry that I married your Dad - I mean, you probably are a little - but your *real* frustration is that your Dad got me instead of *you*.”

Ben leapt to his feet, fuming, his hands shaking. “What - what are you talking about!? You’re crazy, John!”

“Uh-uh, you don’t get to distract me by using my old name,” she said, hands still on her lovely hips, her beautiful face now all smirks. “I finally get it. You like older women, don’t you? That’s why you dated Ilsa Faunicker back in the day. You said you thought she was hot because she was an exchange student, but she was over six years older than you! And she had curves like I do - well, not quite as much as I do, but you get my point. God, how didn’t I see this earlier? You were hoping to date your best friend, ha!”

Ben squeezed his fists again, but he didn’t know what to say. His secret shame was out and discovered, and it was clear from his face that it was true.

“Admit it,” Jennifer continued, folding her arms beneath her heavy breasts for emphasis. “You were hot for stepmom.”

“Oh God, please don’t say it like that! Jesus!”

“But you were, and still are a bit, right? You were hoping when I got Lumin’s Syndrome that I’d become *your* girlfriend. You never imagined that I’d become your *Dad’s*.”

Ben pinched the bridge of his nose. “I swear, I am going to kill myself.”

“Oh, don’t be so dramatic, sweetie. It’s a perfectly natural thing to be attracted to an older woman when you’re younger. I believe a certain Freud wrote something about this . . .”

The young man really did want to shrink into nothingness by this point. “I can’t believe this. You are never going to let me live this down, are you?”

“So you admit it!” Jennifer declared, fiddling with her necklace as she revelled in victory. “*That’s* why you’re so awkward with me.”

The dam broke. “Of course it is! Look at you, Jennifer! It’s not fair! You’re so fucking beautiful and hot and you’ve got huge perfect boobs. You’re everything I could want in a woman and for fifteen straight years you won’t even age! God, you were right there in front of me, and then my own Dad comes and steals you away. And now you’re pregnant with my future half-sibling! Your very existence taunts me!”

Jennifer chuckled lightly, but then moved to stand beside Ben and place her hand on his shoulder, making sure not to tease him too much.

“Well, I’m glad I solved the mystery. Don’t worry, I won’t tell your father.”

“Or Claire?”

“Well, she might figure it out herself if you keep checking me out. Seriously, sweetie, you realise you’re putting yourself in a wannabe porn parody, right? ‘Young Man Has Hots for his MILFY Stepmom’?”

Ben sagged. “I am more than well aware. Look, I *am* getting over it. I just . . . God, I need a girlfriend. And I am still struggling to deal with the fact that you’re pregnant.”

“Hey, chin up, sweetie. As a man-turned-woman with a female perspective, I can help you improve your game.”

“You . . . you can?”

“Of course!” Jennifer chirped. “You’re still my friend, you know. Even if things are a bit weird between us. Besides, I’m sure your super embarrassing attraction to me will end when I start blowing up with your Dad’s baby, right?”

Ben paused. “Ri-ight,” he said, not too convincingly. “God, this is humiliating.”

“Hey, I’m just glad I’m the one finally not being embarrassed by something. Like when I went out and forgot to wear my bra. Or when I manspread in a skirt on the subway.”

The pair of them laughed. Ben snuck another peek of his stepmom’s cleavage, but reminded himself more successfully that he was being a weirdo about this. His chance with his friend was gone. His dad Craig was the real victor. The pair lapsed into awkward silence again. Craig was still running a late errand after he and Jennifer’s date - likely getting supplies for future morning sickness, which left the stepmom and stepson in a strange limbo.

“Well,” Jennifer finally said, a smug grin growing across her face. “I’m waiting.”

Ben frowned. “Waiting for what?”

The curvaceous beauty lowered a hand and rubbed her stomach emphatically, one eyebrow cocked in expectation.

Her stepson gave a long and overly dramatic sigh.

“Congratulations,” he monotoned.

“That’s the spirit, sweetie!” she said, only to immediately ruffle his hair just like a mother would to her son. She walked away happily, amused at Ben’s predicament, but glad that something seemed to have been patched between the two. Ben, meanwhile, meticulously put his hair back into place, before catching the sight of Jennifer’s delightful derriere as she left the room.

“Dad, you lucky bastard,” he said. “It’s really not fair.” He looked down. He had a boner again. This really couldn’t keep on going, especially not since she was pregnant. Why was the thought of Jennifer getting a big round baby bump suddenly a massive turn on?

Ben sighed again. “God, I need to be in therapy, stat.”

The End