

Family Reallocation (Man to Young Woman TG AR)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Shadowowlfm60

Mike claims to be a loving family man to his wife Sarah and their three adult daughters, but in truth he barely sees them, preferring to be at work or at the bar. Having had enough, Sarah conspires with her daughters to 'raise him right,' by turning him into a woman of the same age and similar looks to his own daughters! It seems Mike is heading for a reallocation within the family, and he won't be able to stop it!

Family Reallocation

"Where were you, Mike?"

Mike exhaled, already knowing he was going to get it from his wife Sarah. She was still pretty in her mid forties, with natural blonde hair and a good figure. Still, for him it wasn't worth all the effort at times.

"I was just at work dealing with corporate," he sighed, trying to move past her to get to the living room. A football game was on soon, and he frankly didn't care who played.

"Don't walk away from me!" she snapped. "You and I both know your office closes at 7pm. Where have you been for the four hours following that?"

"I was just having some drinks with the boys at the bar, you know how it is."

"It was Lily's birthday today. She's twenty one now, Mike! This was a big event for her, and you missed it. People were asking where you were. I didn't have the courage to tell them that you'd also missed Mikayla and Samantha's big birthdays because you were drinking and working."

Mike rolled his eyes. "I'll make it up to them. I got them a present, didn't I?"

"You got cash. That was it. It's not enough to make them feel loved, Mike."

"Well, they'll make do. Now let me past, I've had a long day and I want to kick my feet up. Pass me some of the birthday food, will ya?"

Sarah just barely managed to avoid screaming as he shoved past her and sat down on the living room couch, the one he'd failed to clean several times despite her asking him to. She was about to *throw* the food at his fat, balding head instead, when she saw an ad come up on television.

'Have a problem in your everyday that just won't go away? Someone who just won't behave? Would you like to look different, or lead a new life? Have you got a malady, a sticking point, just something you wish was a bit different? Come to the carriage of the Wandering Witch, currently located in Nesbith Park. I'm the witch herself, and for a small

price, my magic can change what you need changed, fix what you need fixed, and generally give you the life and love you deserve. Don't miss out, I'm only in town for five more days!"

Mike scoffed on the couch. "Lame scam artist bullshit. Where's the frickin' game?"

But Sarah paid attention. She couldn't quite say why, but she *believed* the Wandering Witch, this strange woman in the advert who had olive skin and numerous trinkets in her hair and - most of all - kind, trustworthy eyes. It was like the ad was *calling* to her.

"Enjoy the game, Mike," she said to her tubby husband. "I'll be with the girls."

He grunted understanding, and Sarah made her way up and through the house. Mikayla didn't live with them, being twenty five and all, but she was staying for two weeks to celebrate with Lily, having come interstate to visit. Samantha was twenty three and was looking to get an apartment now that she had steady work, but lived here for now. Lily was still figuring things out; her father's lack of care stung her sensitive nature the most, Sarah suspected. She knocked on the door of Lily's room and entered when approved, finding all three women snug in their pyjamas and watching a romantic comedy together. The party had been briefer than expected, cut short by Lily's sadness over her father's absence.

"What's up, Mom?" Mikayla asked.

"How do you girls feel about going for a little walk in the park tomorrow?" Sarah asked. "I think some mother-daughter time is in the cards. Trust me, Lily, I've got a feeling you'll like it."

The four women were hesitant to approach the carriage at first, situated as it was beneath the shade of several trees in a dark corner of the park, likely illegally at that.

"Are you sure we should do this, Mom?" Mikayla asked. As the eldest daughter, she was often the most responsible and reasonable one.

"He forgot Lily's birthday," Samantha said. "He deserves some comeuppance."

"Yeah, exactly," Lily said, folding her arms angrily. She had her mother's blonde hair and blue eyes, and appeared to be a somewhat petulant princess in her gestures. "We might as well look at it. I want to at least prank him for being such a shit dad."

"Language, dear," Sarah reminded him. "But you're not wrong. Your father used to be such a caring man, but I've had enough of his behaviour for the last ten years, I swear! It's time to see if magic is real, and if it can help us."

The Wandering Witch must have noticed them, because she waved them over.

"Come on over, come on over! Sarah, right? And these must be your three daughters?"

The women were stunned, but the witch just chuckled. She looked more like a kind of friendly hippie vegan than anything else.

"I'm a witch, remember? And as I can tell, you're looking for a solution to your husband problem, now doubt."

"How did you-"

"Witch, again. Now, tell me truly, is he worth having around? As a husband and father, I mean?"

Sarah sighed, walking closer to the side of the carriage window. "He's watching soccer at the moment. I doubt he even knows I'm gone. He doesn't even know his own daughters' ages. Frankly, he acts like a petulant child more than a husband most times."

The woman chuckled. "That's a definitive answer, then. Well, I've got something you might like to give to him, but only if you want more of a . . . let's say, *radical* solution."

All four women peered forward as the Wandering Witch produced what looked like a soda can. It *was* a soda can, in fact.

"That's . . . just a soda can," Lily said, disappointed. Her mother looked confused as well, as did the other two.

"Not just any soda," the Wandering Witch explained. "If you get Mike to drink this, he will no longer find himself a husband, or even a man at all. In fact, he will become a young woman, around the age of your daughters, and reality itself will make it as if everyone else thinks he, or rather *she*, has always been that way."

Sarah's jaw dropped. "I don't . . . I don't believe it."

The witch shrugged. "It's only fifty dollars. My work is cheap and effective. Take the offer if you wish." She grinned a little, her eyes gleaming. "But I think you know it would be a fitting fate for a man who never has time for the young women in his life, to suddenly *become* one."

The four exchanged another set of glances, each asking for permission from the others. Then, without a word, each woman rushed to get out their wallets.

Getting Mike to drink the soda was the easiest thing in the world. In fact, it was a stroke of genius courtesy of Samantha, who simply placed it in the fridge with a message taped to it:

DON'T DRINK. BELONGS TO SAMANTHA.

It was gone by the next day, greedily drunk up by an uncaring Mike who was finishing up his weekend with yet more domination of the living room so he could just watch sports.

"I can't believe he did that," Lily said.

"I can," Sarah said, "and you should too, dear. He skipped your birthday, remember?"

“I know, it’s just . . . I was hoping he would prove good enough not to make this necessary.”

Mikayla coughed. “We still don’t know if it will work, remember? The most likely thing is that we just got ripped off fifty bucks, especially since she told us it would take a full week for the changes to finalise. By then she’ll be out of town and good luck to any of us trying to track her carriage down.”

Still, no one could quite deny that there was excitement in the air, especially since Mike was still sipping the entrails of the drink from the previous night, just out of range of hearing their gossip. The pudgy, slightly balding brown-haired man was flicking through channels and getting ready to head to the bar - on a Sunday, no less! The fact that Mike was occasionally grunting in an odd manner and burping constantly only made them suspect that at least *something* had been in the soda can.

“Uggh,” he grunted, running his hand over his stomach. “Sarah! Samantha! Whoever is out there in the house, stop buying weird soft drink shit! It’s making my stomach all *bubbly!*”

He placed his hand to his mouth in shock, and they did the same for theirs. They retreated as he looked around to see if anyone was nearby.

“His voice,” Lily said excitedly. “It went real high just now!”

“It could have just been a squeak,” the sceptical Mikayla said.

Samantha narrowed her eyes. “It sounded pretty feminine. Could be a first sign.”

“Let’s hope,” Sarah said. “I’m in need of a better man, I think, and I can only get that when this one is another daughter.”

The four of them giggled together, just imagining what the new Mike would look like.

The next day, Mike began noticing something. He was back behind his desk at work, running numbers for corporate and ensuring that even the most valid of insurance claims could be rejected on even the flimsiest of grounds. He was, however, feeling kind of strange. His stomach was still bubbling, and he occasionally burped at random, making himself appear even more like a slob than usual. And yet . . .

“Derek?” he asked one of his companions, who was walking by his cubicle. “Do I look thinner to you?”

Derek paused, assessing him. “You look the same as ever, Mike. You were never too big anyway, right?”

“R-right,” he said, before getting up for an impromptu bathroom break. He moved

quickly to the toilets, and he found it hard to shake the strange sensation that the world looked a bit different, somehow. Bigger, maybe.

“Wait. Am I shorter? There’s no fucking way, right?”

A quick examination in the mirror couldn’t exactly confirm it, but he definitely *looked* a little shorter. He had always been a big man, being six feet in height. Now, he looked like he’d dropped a full inch, maybe more. And what’s more, his large beer belly had *definitely* shrunk.

“My face,” he marvelled. “It looks . . . it looks thinner. What the hell is happening to me?”

For the first time in a long time, he actually decided to come home straight after clocking out, instead of racing to the bar. He would normally drown his sorrows, but this situation was far too weird for that, and he needed to get his bearings.

“Probably just having a bad day, imagining things . . .”

But when he arrived home, his wife and three adult daughters *rushed* out of the house to meet him, their eyes gazing upon him.

“What!?” he snapped, weirded out by their behaviour and not really wanting to interact with the women in his life. “What are you all looking at?”

The four of them shared a rather loud giggle.

“Oh, nothing dear,” Sarah said. “We’re just happy to see the *man* of the house come home on time for once. Have you been working out, by the way? You look like you’ve lost some weight . . . oh, never mind, I don’t see much new muscle. Must be my imagination.”

Again, the four of them giggled and returned to the house. Mike was left standing in front of his porch, heavily confused but a little worried. He scratched the back of his head, surprised to feel that he needed a haircut already.

“What the hell was that about?”

But the four women had decided to keep Mike in the dark for now, at least until they could have a little fun with him first. Mikayla was breaking out the tape measure to track his shrinking height, and Sarah the scale to see how much her husband finally lost weight. But Lily was starting to become the most eager of all. Her Dad had never been there for her, but now . . . now she would be there for him.

Every step of the way.

To *support* him, of course, in becoming a new *her*.

It was Tuesday when Mike was starting to realise something was seriously wrong. He woke up to go and have a shower, and was astonished to find that not only was his hair impossibly

longer, but that his bald spot had closed over. Furthermore, his dark brown hair was also lighter, the roots looking almost blonde!

“What the hell?” he said, his voice a little lighter. “What the fuck is up with my nipples? Where is all my damn chest hair!”

His nipples had indeed swollen, gaining feminine areolas as well. Around them, much of his body hair had dissipated, and the same was true for the hair under his arms and his lower belly. Even his neck hair was gone, and his short beard was retreating also, thinning out. His skin was smooth, and once more it appeared that he had lowered in height.

“No, no, no goddamn no!” he cried.

He got out of the room and tried on his clothes. Indeed, he had *definitely* lost height. Sarah noticed this as she was getting ready for her own work, and she noted mentally and with some amusement that her husband was almost equal to her own height at this point.

“Whatever is wrong, dear?” she asked her confused husband. She was surprised to see how much more slender his limbs were becoming. His gut had finally sucked in; magic had done what years of her nagging him to try and keep in shape had not. He didn’t even look like a man of forty-five anymore. He appeared five years younger, if not in his late thirties. Certainly, the weary lines around his forehead had retreated significantly.

“What do you mean, wrong!?” he yelled. “Can’t you see me? Look how much I’ve changed?”

“Well, you certainly have finally started losing weight, which is great, but you look the same as ever.”

Samantha walked in after knocking, curious to see her father. She managed just in time to hide a vivid smirk.

“Hey Dad, why are you yelling? I’m trying to sleep in. Lily’s still asleep.”

“I - I - you can’t tell how different I am? My hair!?”

“Yes, you do need to finally get that cut,” Sarah said, touching her husband’s longer mop. “I’ve been telling you for weeks to cut it down.”

Mike swallowed. He had no idea what to even say. Was it all just in his head?”

“But my clothes - they don’t fit, damn it! Explain that.”

“No offence Dad,” Samantha said. “But you’ve always been quite schlubby. Why don’t we all get some better fitting clothes for you?”

“Great idea, Sam,” Sarah said with a grin. “Now hurry to work, my love. And go to the bar if you wish. We are all happy to support you now.”

“You - you are?”

“Oh yes! Live life how you like it. You’re the man of the house now, of course.”

A confused Mike left, not quite knowing what to think. His body felt different; he *knew* it felt different. How could they not see it? Even Mikayla barely looked at him as he said

goodbye, though she was laughing at something she claimed was a video on her laptop. And yet for the rest of the day at work he found it hard not to touch his swollen nipples. There was a pressure in his chest that was hard to ignore, and he could have sworn his chest was becoming a little softer and more . . . round. Fatty. He had more energy, at least. He *felt* younger, and several people at work smiled and told him he looked good.

“But my hair,” he mused, touching it. It was reaching down to his eyes now, and that had never been the case before. “And my . . .”

He didn’t even want to *think* about that part. The bits that were between his legs, of course. It was hard not to; they had seemed smaller that morning in the shower, and it had been a warm shower too, not a cold one to shrivel up his genitals. Now, there was almost a numbness down there, like his manhood was shrinking yet further. It was accompanied by a slight ache in his hips, almost like his pelvic bone was wanting to stretch out further.

By the end of the day, he decided to be brave and go to the bar. His hair was *definitely* longer by that point, but he was still in denial, and no one seemed to be noticing anything else.

“Just have a few drinks,” he said to himself, lowering the register of his tone deliberately. “Just a few drinks and laughs and stories, like always.”

Except things didn’t go how he wanted them to. He was finally relaxing and laughing with his other chauvinistic work buddies when he got a sudden urge to go take a piss. He stood up, heading over to the bathroom, and to his horror found that his penis had definitely shrunk. It looked half its usual size, and its sensitivity was way down as well. Moreover, his chest definitely had gotten slimmer, his shoulders even smaller in his ill-fitting suit.

But that wasn’t even the worst part. No, the worst part was when he decided to take off his suit jacket from its poor fitting and walked out with it in his arms. Suddenly, out of nowhere, something pinched his backside.

“Sorry, cutie, I just couldn’t resist!”

Mike spun around to see one of his own coworkers - Douglas - who had arrived late. He and Douglas loved to rate and talk about hot ladies in the office, even though they were both married.

“Doug, what the actual fuck are you doing?”

Douglas’ eyes went wide. “Woah, Mike! Dude, I’m so sorry. From behind, with that ass, you kinda looked like a lady . . .”

Mike stormed out. Normally, he’d be furious enough to start a punch-up, but he felt noticeably weaker, and *definitely* more emotional. His eyes stung with tears, and he tried to avoid sobbing as he got in his car. Even putting the seat belt on triggered a sensitive reaction from his chest.

“This can’t be happening!” he cried. “This can’t be!”

He shouldn't be driving so soon after drinking, but he didn't give a damn. He quickly sent a message from his phone to work stating he'd need three days of leave - the first time he'd ever done that, then booked a doctor's appointment for himself as soon as possible - they could only fit him in two weeks down the line. Cursing, annoyed at his higher voice, he drove home. When he arrived he went straight to bed, not wanting the other women to even see him.

Sarah was very impressed with her husband's changes. The magic was indeed real, and it was working fast. By the end of the week Mike would definitely be a woman. She called his insurance company to say he was sick, but apparently he'd already done so. She smiled; he was starting to realise, but she decided to leave him sleeping late so that the changes could take their course. Already it looked like he had little A-cup titties, and his hips were starting to become obviously wider even as his waist thinned. No body hair was visible either, and that made her amused.

"Another daughter," she mused. "Well, can't be worse than a hapless, hopeless husband."

She gathered her daughters around in the main living room. Lily was most excited of all, having been recently spurned by her father, despite her initial hesitance. Mikayla was wondering how they would even integrate their dad into femalehood, but Samantha came up with the best idea.

"We should track his changes! Make him know what it's like, instead of just hiding it from him."

"That's a good point, Samantha," Sarah said. "We can't keep this going much longer anyway. Mikayla, you measure his height before every meal and help estimate his age. Samantha, help get him in touch with his feminine side, including hygiene and products. Lily, you and I are going to *style* my former husband, getting him the new clothing his feminising body will require. Are we all agreed?"

The three daughters giggled, especially Lily.

"Yes!" they declared, immediately racing off to plan their duties. It was a good thing too, because an hour later Mike finally woke, having slept in till 11am. When he took in his new changes, especially the obvious breasts he now possessed, the dark blonde hair that went down to his chin, and his almost slender frame, he actually *screamed*.

It was a woman's scream at that, too.

"*Like*, what is happening to me!?" he cried as they all ran in. Sarah had to suppress a grin as she noticed that her husband was now definitely a little shorter than her, even sitting

as he was on the end of their bed. He had obviously just been looking at his junk; in his boxer shorts, it was clear that his size was much, *much* less impressive than before as well. “You can’t just explain this away!” he cried, tears falling down his cheeks in full rivers now. “You just c-can’t! I’m s-starting to look like a g-goddamned *woman!*”

It was at this point that Sarah put on her best act. It wasn’t entirely an act; she did feel a little sorry for the man she once loved, even if his fate was totally karmic.

“Oh, honey, you’re right. I don’t know how I didn’t see it before. He does look different, doesn’t he, girls?”

The three daughters all answered in the affirmative, but couldn’t help themselves from just a little teasing.

“You’re right Mom, he’s shrunk so much! He’s shorter than you now!”

“And no offence Dad, but you need to cover up. You’ve totally got boobs now!”

“His face! Dad, you’re looking younger, and prettier too! Seriously, you look girlier just like you say!”

Mike sobbed again. It was his worst nightmare come true.

“What - what do I do? No one else seems to notice much is different! It’s like all my changes are happening because of magic or some shit, like I’ve been fucking cursed or something. Even my ID has changed; look!”

Indeed, his ID photograph looked like he did now, only without the tear streaks and, surprisingly, a little bit of makeup. One could be excused for thinking the person in the image was a somewhat mannish girl, though not without *some* prettiness.

“Honey, this is just all so weird,” Sarah said, summoning her best acting classes from when she was young. She placed her hand on his shoulder, offering a comfort that was both warm and genuine, while full of falsehood at the same time. “We’ll get through this together, but if this is truly a curse, you don’t want to go to the doctor, do you? They’ll make you a medical marvel, and you’ll be on TV across the world. No, we have to adjust and research independently, and try to keep track of your changes. That makes more sense, doesn’t it?”

Mike wanted to disagree. He wanted to fight this. He wanted to be *decisive*. But what he *wanted* and what he *felt* had changed significantly. Already his hormones were pumping him full of estrogen and other feminine hormones, making him feel more emotional as a result of the process. The magic was also making him more of a submissive woman, and without even realising it he was starting to look to his wife as an authority figure. It didn’t help that his intelligence was lowering somewhat, reducing so that his ability to discern options and possible solutions was becoming less and less.

“I - I don’t know what to do,” he whined. “You’ll help me, won’t you? Women should h-help the man of the house. I’m m-meant to be in charge.”

“You will be again,” Sarah said. “Once we sort this out. In the meantime, let’s get all this recorded.”

‘Recorded,’ in this instance, meant that Mike’s neglected daughter got to have a lot of fun taking down his changes. They found out he was now only five foot eight, and that his figure now was slim enough to support some female clothing. They played guessing games in front of him, estimating his new age.

“No offence Dad, but you look closer to Mikayla’s age than Mom’s!” Lily teased.

“I reckon he’s around thirty three or something,” Samantha added.

“No way,” Mikayla said. “My friend Abby at university is thirty three and she looks older than Dad.”

“That’s just because he needed proper makeup!”

“No makeup!” he exclaimed.

“Clothes though! You *have* to get clothes, Dad. You *have* to.”

“Yeah,” Samantha said. “You’ve got slimmer hands than me Dad. What else is changed? We need clothes for your thinner figure.”

“Tomorrow! Tomorrow! I’m not doing it today. I’ve got to, *like*, research and stuff.”

Mike, for all his flaws as a human being, for all the ways he’d failed the women in his life, wasn’t stupid. He knew how to research, how to puzzle things out. It was part of his job investigating insurance matters. But now . . . now he was finding it hard to stay on track. It was like, along with being younger, he was also getting more impatient, maybe even less intelligent. Without thinking he was opening tabs, looking idly at dresses and cute women’s jeans, the background conversation of his daughter’s directing the conversation. The whole time, his new breasts ached, though he refused to acknowledge what they were just yet.

“Ngh,” he grunted, feeling them expand subtly. He breathed heavier, trying to get his brain back on track.

Even as he squirmed on his seat, his ass expanded, becoming peach-like over the following hours.

It was Thursday, and Mike couldn’t fight it any longer. He *needed* new clothes. His body was radically different by this point, coming to only a mere five foot six by this point. That was the least of Mike’s concerns, though. For one, his genitals were almost nonexistent by this point, and a strange hood was forming around them, like the beginnings of a labia. It was utterly emasculating, and even worse because the rest of his figure looked utterly female too. His stomach was flattened entirely, and even starting to look toned. His hips were spreading wider, though they still ached with the promise of future growth. His shoulders were slimmed,

and his hair was now falling to his shoulders - he'd cut it last night but it had magically regrown by the time he'd woken up. Not it was a mid-tone blonde, heading to further lightness to judge from the roots. His boobs were now B-cups, their shape undeniable. As got up from the bed it was impossible to resist feeling them; their sensitivity was shocking, especially with how his nipples stiffened with unwanted pleasure as he touched them.

"Ohhhh," he moaned, voice now a feminine contralto. He had little doubt it would get higher still.

Even his face had changed. He had the rounded cheeks of youth, looking to be in his late twenties now, and lips were fuller too. He still looked a little plain, but the fact that his eyes were turning blue was inescapable - one was even further along than the other.

When he came out into the kitchen space, he was wearing the smallest pair of shorts he could find, as well as a shirt Mikayla had helpfully left for him. He actually looked *adorable*, all meek and embarrassed and *short*, emerging in such a humiliated manner that he was trying to hide his form, and failing utterly to do so.

"Nice little hip swing there, Dad!" Lily said, grinning. "You look like Mikayla before she has a hot date."

"What? Wh-what do you mean?"

"He's right, Dad," Mikayla pitched in, pleased for the comparison. "You've got a nice sashay to your hips. And no offence, but your boobs are bigger and starting to bounce."

"Yes, you need to cover those up dear, at least until we change you back," Sarah said, placing her hand condescendingly on her husband's shoulder. "That's why I'm sending you off with the girls to get new clothes. Women's clothes, specifically."

Mike was horrified. "What? You can't mean it! I just want men's clothes that will fit these freaky changes, until we can r-reverse them!"

"Uh-uh, I'm not tolerating that. You're clearly becoming a woman, and that means you'll dress appropriately like one too. Samantha has always been the most maternal of our girls, always playing dress up with dolls when she was younger, so she'll lead the charge."

Mike bit his lip - his much fuller lip. His wife stared down at him, and he felt the need to go with her authority. "Like, this isn't fair," he moaned, sounding a bit like a shallow valley girl.

"And don't forget to let the girls track your changes. Let's get him measured and weighed, everyone!"

What followed was more humiliation. Mike had dropped a further ten pounds, and only weighed a little more than his eldest daughter now. His hair was getting luscious, something Lily attended to, and was now measured down upon his shoulders - it had happened so quickly, extending even longer after waking up! Worse was his dimensions: Mikayla was the measurer for this, and she teased her father with lots of compliments.

"I'm very jealous, Daddy," she said. "You have such a perfect young woman's figure."

"I'm not young! And I'm not a woman!"

"Please, Dad, you look like you're only twenty eight or something. Definitely less than thirty. You're like my new big sister. Oh! My! God! We should give you a new name. With your hair getting lighter and lighter and your changes happening most when you sleep, we should call you Luna!"

"No!"

"Yes!" Lily cried. "It's a lovely name, and it'll suit you when we get you new clothing!"

Mike groaned. Something was happening to his mind, making it harder for him to resist the changes. That bubbling began in his belly again, and this time he burped. The others laughed and chided him: it wasn't a ladylike behaviour, after all. But in the aftermath came a horrifying realisation:

"Oh God, oh fuck," the transforming male muttered. "Why am I thinking of myself as Luna now? Why am I, *like*, thinking of myself as a damn *chick!*?"

The revelation only pleased the sisters, who pushed Luna into the car and paraded her through the mall. They found cute dresses, hot dresses, *short* club dresses. They found sexy shoes, female sandals, nice lady denims - shorts and pants, as well as blouses and camisoles and headbands and, most important of all, *lingerie*. Luna, as she now thought of herself, tried to fight these purchases at every turn, especially since it was *her* wallet paying for them. But she was too bummed out by her new female self-identity, as well as her increasing submission and failing reason, to stop them.

In the end, they came home with multiple bags of clothing, all fitted to her new hourglass figure. It was a nightmare for Mike-turned-Luna. She held onto her male name, grasping for it whenever she could, but somehow she knew that when she slept, the name would be consolidated further.

She fell asleep anyway, drifting off on the couch during a football game. It had been hard to follow it all; the rules just weren't that interesting to her anymore. It was only when a good-looking player appeared that her interest piqued, and *that* was something she refused to think deeply about.

When Luna woke the next day, she was shocked to find herself no longer on the couch. She wasn't in her bed either. In fact, she was in the guest bed, which was in Samantha's room.

"What the -!?" she started, only to clutch her throat. Something was odd. Something had changed. She no longer even sounded like a contralto, but rather a young woman with a

sweet, almost musical voice. The kind of voice that would fit with a fashionista or gossip, or a young woman full of passion and not much sense.

“Luna, my sister, you’re awake!” Samantha cried. She launched herself at Luna, who realised she was now in soft female pyjamas, and hugged her almost violently. The motion caused her breasts to wobble, and she realised to her horror that they had grown again. They still fit her B-cup bra - the one she was suddenly wearing courtesy of her wife, not that she knew that - but they were most certainly a full B-cup, that was for sure.

“Why am I here, Samantha? This isn’t my room!”

“It is now, Luna. We had a family talk last night about your situation, and we came to the conclusion that you’re probably not turning back, right? And people will ask questions if we call you Dad, or if you’re sleeping in Mom’s room. So from now on, you can be Mommy’s daughter, which makes you our sister! Isn’t that exciting? You’ve got a whole new life as a total girly girl, and you’re looking just beautiful already!”

Girly girl. The words entered Luna’s ears, filling her with fear. She now wasn’t just thinking of herself as Luna, but as a total woman too. She tried to summon the word ‘Mike’ into her consciousness and succeeded, but it was too strange to apply to herself. Her body felt different. Her face felt different. Samantha beamed, looking over the changes. She’s already taken secret photos and shared them to the others: their private family text chain was going off, speculating that Mike was now Luna in full - a total woman.

“I don’t understand,” the former male said. Her head seemed to be full of fog, as if her own understanding of the situation was all over the place. The desire to wear pretty clothes and look at pictures of boys floated around in her mind, as did the idea of taking photos of herself and putting them on social media. She had no true way of knowing it, but her IQ had gone into freefall, leaving her to become increasingly shallow, her new instincts guiding her to act as stereotypically feminine as possible, no matter how much she fought it.

“I, like, totes need to see what I look like!” she exclaimed, rushing to the bathroom. Her boobs bounced heavily, and her hips swayed. Her stomach was now slim and petite, her shoulders small. Her hair, now light blonde, whipped against her back. Her back! How had it gotten so long, so fast?

The image in the mirror only confirmed how womanly she had become. She locked the door and removed her clothes, shuddering at the image she presented. She was on the borderline of female, if she wasn’t already. Her penis was so small that it was practically little more than a clitoris, and her labial lips seemed to have formed completely. All that was missing was an entrance, but the cleft between her thighs showed that it was developing.

“This isn’t, *like*, fair at all! This is super not cool!”

She grimaced, annoyed at her new speech pattern, but she couldn't figure out how to *not* talk like that. Hell, she couldn't even recall how to properly do her old job: all those sheets and forms and complicated numbers, it made no sense anymore!

"Hey Luna," Samantha's voice rang from the other side of the door. "Are you ready to come out now? We've got some clothes for you to try on."

"I, *like*, don't want to! I can't go out looking like this!"

"Nonsense, you're just so cute! C'mon, Luna. You're one of us now, there's no point in fighting it. If we can't change you back, this'll be you forever. Might as well be brave and make a head start, right?"

"But - but -"

"Come out now, dear," Sarah's voice echoed, and the authoritative request made Luna give in, her submissive nature folding once more. She exited out, still naked, and the women of the family 'ooh'ed and 'aah'ed at her changes, inspecting all of them.

"I'm so jealous of your butt, Luna! You've got such a great butt!"

"Those lips! Those blue eyes!"

"And so short and cute too - you're even shorter than Lily, here!"

"And a thigh gap! God, between your thick thighs and cute little calves and that gap, boys will be all over you."

"Boys," Luna said. Her mind was filled, just briefly, with images of attractive young men in their twenties, all of them looking at her with interest. It made her shiver with a strange anticipation, and she realised with a dawning horror that she was actually *attracted* to men now. Shaking, she tried to imagine a gorgeous woman, the kind she had flirted with at bars even while married, the ones that had sometimes been the same age as her own daughters: pretty blondes with big tits and hourglass figures. She *could* imagine such a woman, but the image now did nothing for her. In fact, part of her wanted to *be* the kind of woman that a man would lust after. A growing part of her knew even further that she was *was that woman already*.

"C'mon, let's get you dressed now," Sarah said. "I can't have my latest . . . family member being naked in the house."

Luna was helpless but to submit to what followed. Her new 'sisters' dressed her, adjusting her look, her hair, and even insisting that she try on makeup. She couldn't resist them, and worst of all it set off little dopamine rushes in her mind, exhilarated to be pretty even as it repulsed her male ego, which was just barely managing to cling on. At the end of this process, she appeared to be a gorgeous blonde, blue-eyed young woman wearing a really cute blue skirt that left much of her legs uncovered, as well as walking sandals that left most of her feet bare too. A slice of tantalising midriff was left on display, as they had purchased a cut-off shirt for her that exposed her slender arms, and had a low neckline to

reveal her gently sloping cleavage and upper breasts. It was, humiliatingly, a cute pastel pink colour, and both articles matched the blue and pink hairband she wore that gave her an adorable ponytail. Her makeup wasn't thick, but she did have slightly glossy lips, light touches of eyeshadow, and foundation that left her cheeks slightly rosy. Not that she needed that last part; she was blushing hard enough through the whole process anyway. When they were finished, the three giggling women made her see herself.

"Oh fuck," she said, looking back at the mirror. "I'm beautiful."

"Just gorgeous!" Mikayla said.

"I can't be older than twenty five!"

"Younger, I'd say," Samantha said. "Oh, you're so pretty and cute. I know we're about the same age now, Luna, but God if I don't just want to adopt you."

Sarah overheard this, arriving to see the finished 'result. "Hmm," she expressed, turning this over in her mind. "What do you mean by that, Samantha?"

"Oh, just that Luna here is so cute! I swear, Mom, it's almost like I want to act like her mother. You know, teach her makeup and clothing, how to be a woman, help her come to terms with herself."

Luna's former wife smirked. In truth, she was glad to be free of her Mike problem, but she had quickly decided that she didn't actually want to deal with the burden of a fourth, rather confused daughter. But as she had often ruminated, Samantha was a deeply maternal individual, already baby hungry despite some bad luck with dates and boyfriends. She had always been compassionate and caring like that, and perhaps this gave an opportunity . . .

"Samantha, shall we talk privately?"

She took her daughter aside, even as Mikayla and Lily took new photos of Luna, asking her to smile so they could 'update the family albums.'

"What's up, Mom?"

"Well, it's just that now that your father is becoming Luna, we'll mainly be a single income household. I can hack it, but I can't do that *and* raise Luna into womanhood."

Samantha's eyes widened with hope. "Are you saying . . . are you saying I can be her surrogate mother?"

"I'm saying exactly that, honey. Obviously we can't claim as much in public - she's my daughter in this new reality, according to our changing documents - but in private you can be her mother. Think of it as a 'test drive', so to speak!"

Samantha squealed and hugged her mother. She practically *bounded* back to Luna, who despite herself was actually starting to giggle along with her new 'sisters' as they took silly photos together, even putting bunny ears over them as they all posed for a selfie.

"S-sorry, I don't know what came over me," she muttered.

“Nonsense!” Mikayla said. “You were having fun! There’s no guilt in having fun, Luna. You should embrace being a woman, especially when you look as hot as you do!”

Luna bit her lip, trying not to smile. She couldn’t stop looking at her reflection in the mirror and twirling, feeling the freedom of her skirt and the slight jiggle of her lovely breasts in her B-cup bra. She couldn’t deny that her hips *were* lovely. And now that she wasn’t addicted to just watching sport, there was a strange pleasure in actually interacting with her family, in having them involved in her life and vice-versa.

“I guess it’s not, like, *all* bad,” she said, giggling.

“That’s right!” Samantha proclaimed, re-entering the room. “And I’m going to be the one to show you how you can be a successful new woman, Luna. Mom is too busy keeping the household running to see to all your needs, so guess what? I’m going to be your new Mother. I’m going to parent you on how to be a woman. What do you think?”

Luna’s eyes went wide, and her jaw dropped. Lily and Mikayla waited in anticipation for Luna’s reaction. The new woman could literally *feel* her tunnel opening her vaginal passage on the verge of completion. It made her squirm on the spot, her male self and female self warring. She bit her lip as she did so often now, trying to think of what to say. Again, those images of men floated in her mind. Why were they so prevalent? Why was it so hard to think about anything other than looking cute and being stylish and seeing boys, boys, boys!? And yet . . . there was a peace to that, too. A temptation. A magnetic, hypnotic draw. Somehow, she knew that if she accepted this new trial into womanhood, into having her own former daughter now act as a surrogate mother, then the final change would take place, and there would be no looking back.

“I - I - I - Oh God!”

She rushed to her room - no, to *Samantha’s* room, the one she now shared with her. She slammed the door shut as her genitals, so shrunken and borderline gone, finally inverted one last time, her testes pulling in. She moaned, stroking her own chest, cupping her sensitive breasts, sliding her hands down her hips. She writhed, uncaring how much sound she made as she practically *humped* her body against the sheets voice rising higher and higher, sweeter and sweeter.

“Ohhhhh, mhhmm! It’s - it’s c-coming! The change, it’s - UGGGHHH!!!”

She came. The pleasure hit her, the first female orgasm she would ever experience arriving at the same time as her final change. Her hair grew just a little longer, her lovely hips just a tetch wider, her figure becoming just a small bit more petite. But most of all, her feminine passage formed in full, leaving her wet and aroused. The next orgasm came. And then the next. She gasped in unbelievably erotic pleasure, stroking herself and feeling her new pussy. She was so wet, so damn wet, and her imagination flung itself to vivid images of

cute men around her new age holding her, grasping her tits, sliding their cocks into her. It made the bliss all the more powerful.

It took a lot of effort for the new woman to finally rise. Embarrassed and blushing, she realised her hair was now all over the place and her clothing too. She fixed herself up as best as she could and slowly opened the door. On the other side was her stunned family, waiting to see exactly what had just occurred.

Sarah realised instantly upon seeing her former husband.

“Your change is finished, isn’t it?”

Luna was silent, not knowing what to say. She nodded slowly.

“You’re a full woman now?”

Another nod, borderline shell-shocked.

“And how do you feel about that?”

Even the normally talkative daughters were silent, their breaths held in anticipation for Luna’s response. Samantha was particularly interested, but so was Lily. The latter had wanted revenge, but now found herself surprised to realise she just wanted the new woman to be happy. Even Mikayla, practical and reasonable and wanting things to turn out properly instead of just for revenge, was hoping that Luna could embrace her new self.

“How d-do I feel?” Luna asked. She looked down at herself, seeing her gentle curves and pretty new form. She ran her hands over them, noticing most of all the gap between her thighs, knowing the presence of a womanhood there.

“I - I think I feel, *like*, super great,” she said.

And then, to all of their collective shock, including her own, Luna actually *beamed*.

The new status quo would take a while to get used to, especially for Luna. Her new age was now twenty three, and she was starting to adopt many of the traits of a young woman. She had a lot of catching up to do, though, and so she had quickly come to enjoy masturbating privately whenever she could, experiencing female pleasure. The others in the household were all aware of it, but chose not to tease her. Which was not to say they didn’t tease her about other things: the family albums all featured the new her, and the girls - even the technically younger Lily - all adored calling her ‘little sis’, much to her embarrassment. They also loved to style her, something Luna now accepted. A pink tank top with bright yoga pants looked dynamite on her form, and slowly Luna got used to being paraded through the mall and around town, even starting to notice how the men looked at her with interest.

“I reckon our new sister will be finding a cute boy soon!” Lily teased.

It didn't hurt that with her lowered intelligence and more spontaneous mind, Luna found it hard to hide her clear interest. She was also getting better at dressing herself and doing makeup and walking like a woman, among other things. Her new 'mother' Samantha was a fine teacher, and soon Luna was calling her 'Mom' without even thinking, occasionally causing a small embarrassment for herself when she did it in public.

Still, she had come to accept that she was a woman now. As much as they teased her, her 'sisters' loved her dearly, and Sarah was very pleased to be rid of a garbage husband. She was already lining up dates for herself as a pretty single mother, and several older men were already courting her, much to her pleasure. In her mind, Mike had gotten what he had deserved, but she was determined that Luna have a good life and be given a chance to change for the better. Of course, she didn't really consider herself Luna's mother. That was Samantha's job, as evidenced by how Luna said goodnight to her each night before going to bed.

"Remind me to thank the Wandering Witch for this excellent result," she remarked to herself one evening as Luna went off to sleep. "If, that is, I ever see her again."

Somehow, she knew that she wouldn't. After all, Sarah already had everything she wanted now, as did her daughters. What else could they ask for?

The End