

## Turning into my Girlfriend's Mom 2 (Man to GF's MILF Mom TG AP)

By FoxFaceStories

### An Anonymous Commission

*Zeynep Ozdemir has a problem: as fabulous and brilliant and curvaceous as she is in the eyes of her loving partner Hasad, she has to come forward with the truth. The truth, that is, that she used to be a young man named Peter, her current daughter's boyfriend before a body-switching accident transpired. But revealing this dark and strange truth will make it hard for him to ever trust her again. Still, is it possible to win his heart a second time, and in doing so, truly accept her new life?*

### Turning into my Girlfriend's Mom!

Zeynep was nervous. Despite how naturally confident she looked, especially when dolled up (which was practically always these days, since she'd mastered that ability), there was no denying the internal conflict brewing within the gorgeous Turkish woman. Though she was now thirty-seven years old, she could have easily passed for thirty thanks to her fine looks and pert body. Her immense G-cup breasts were held up magnificently by her push-up bra, the deep line of cleavage emphasised by the open buttons of her stylish red-and-white blouse top. Her high-waisted pants clung tightly to her curves, showing off her motherly hips and long legs and certainly her fine *göt* - her ass, that was to say. Her matching jewellery and expensive necklace (sapphire pendant nestled in her cleavage to emphasise her big *göğüsler*, of course) only added to this appearance.

*And yet I am still nervous!* she thought to herself, checking her dark wavy hair in the mirror several times and making several poses. *Does this show off my breast enough? Too much? Is this too . . . slutty? Too forward? Ha! My chest is always forward, and I know Hasad likes that. Or at least, he did like that. Ah, Aşkım, I sometimes wish I had not told you the truth about me.*

The truth she was thinking of was the one that now defined her entire life and that of all her relationships. The truth was that Zeynep Ozdemir, proud Turkish MILF and mother of a brilliant daughter named Zehra, had not been born Zeynep at all. Or Turkish. Or a woman. She had been a young white inventor named Peter Collins, who had created a teleporter machine in his basement. Zehra had been his girlfriend, and the original Zeynep the irritable, vicious, and controlling woman he had to contend with as the mother of his lover. But when an accident with the machine occurred, he found his body slowly turning into Zeynep's, and hers into his. As he raced to find a way to change back, he was horrified to find that the real

Zeynep was more than happy to steal his life and sabotage his chances of turning him back, leaving him stranded as his own girlfriend's mother!

It had been a hard journey with many surprising twists, but in the end everything had turned out well. Peter didn't turn back, but instead came to love her new life as Zeynep. She adored the fashion, the style, the opulence of her new life. She loved the feeling of being mature and beautiful, of indulging in feminine interests without shame, and possessing an eastern heritage to be proud of. Living the wealthy life of Zeynep suited her, and she'd become enamoured with Turkish coffee culture. She'd also discovered just how much she enjoyed having an absolutely killer body, particularly with her large breasts, and she knew she could make any man's jaw drop at the sight of her.

And, of course, she'd also come to love Zehra again, no longer as a girlfriend but as her daughter. It had been a long, winding, and strange road for them both to travel together, but they had reached the other side accepting each other for who they were now; a mother and daughter who lifted one another up, who dressed up together, who discussed boys from time to time and celebrated each other's accomplishments. All was well and perfect.

Except for Hasad.

*The man I fell in love with*, she thought to herself, checking her makeup a third time, applying just a little more red lipstick over her full lips. *With those kind eyes, that perfect black goatee. His hair with those wonderful flecks of silver. Yakışıklı. Handsome. And as good inside as he is to look at from the outside. And a maker of the best Turkish coffee in the state.*

The man who had loved Zeynep before Peter had remade her as a much nicer individual. The man who she had slept with, experiencing womanhood fully as a result. The man who, when she had accepted and embraced her new life, she had rushed to see. She had briefly broken up with him, but she broken speed limits (and got a nasty fine) just to arrive at his doorstep. But in that moment when he answered, beaming to see her, she desperately desiring him, she knew she had to what was right.

*I just had to tell him the truth. Like a total salak!*

He hadn't believed her at first, but Zehra confirmed the truth. They showed him what remained of the telepods, even brought up their records and journals. Finally, he accepted the truth.

And he had asked for time.

And then he had asked for a break.

And then he had asked for nothing at all but silence.

The silence had hung in the air between them for a long, long time. The months had passed achingly, and she distracted herself with her charity events, her position on the local university board, her expensive socialite dinners. Her body had needs, as damn lustful as it

was, but she resolved them by herself, desiring no man but Hasad. Zehra had been sympathetic and done all she could to help her mother, but she was not always around. She had a new man - someone called Malcolm - and Zeynep was occasionally struggling not to snoop and judge and assess the worth of this man for her daughter. Not in the cruel way of the original Zeynep, but in that way so many mothers did when they wanted what was best for their children.

*But now we have a date*, she thought, turning to the side to inspect her stomach. She looked great, that much was clear. She had lost a bit of weight, mostly around her stomach and waist, leaving her hourglass figure even more prominent. Her boobs were still large and thick, her curves fully developed and then some. *Enough to surprise him, and remind him. Surely this will go well?*

“Mother, aren’t you supposed to be going?” came a voice.

Zeynep yelped before recovering. She had nearly burst out of her top. Perhaps it was stretched a little too tight?

“Zehra, my *kiz*. You scared the life out of me!”

Her daughter, as beautiful as her mother if not quite so curvaceous, smirked as she folded her arms. “It’s going to be fine, *anne*. Mother. You’ve been on lots of these little dates lately anyway. More and more, in fact! That’s a good sign!”

Zeynep frowned, looking back to the mirror. “I know. We’re taking it slow. But he insists it’s nothing romantic. It’s always just talking, talking, talking, walking, walking, walking. And never long enough. It’s like he’s afraid of me, *aşkim*.”

“He’s not afraid, *anne*, just cautious. I mean, I still sometimes can’t believe that my boyfriend became my awesome mom.”

Zeynep grinned, and stepped forward to embrace her daughter and kiss her on the forehead.

“And I cannot believe my girlfriend became my daughter, or how proud of her I could possibly become in doing so. I don’t regret it at all, though.”

“Even when you get your period?”

“Ah! Don’t remind me! I am worried to be due soon, and that would be a disaster, since . . .”

Zehra giggled. “Since it’s a *restaurant* meetup tonight. A date.”

“He claims otherwise.”

“Well, you’ll just have to make him *know* otherwise.”

Again, Zeynep hugged her daughter. “I have such a wise *kiz* to take advice from. I hope Malcolm appreciates that.”

“Mom!”

“What? I still have my old Pete self in here a bit. I want him to measure up to, well, me! Besides, he’d have to be brilliant to match up to the woman who is rebuilding the telepods!”

Zehra blushed, still unused to praise from her mother. “Well, it’ll take time. But I think I can get it to work.”

“And then you’ll be deservedly famous and successful, as I know you deserve.”

“We both will be, Mom. We did this together. Now hurry up and get downstairs! You’ve got your first real romantic date in two years, and Hasad will be an idiot if he doesn’t treat it as such. I’m heading over to Malcolm’s. The house will be empty . . . just in case.”

“Zehra!” Zeynep cried, astonished.

But her daughter just giggled. “What? Mothers and daughters can talk about such things. And you *are* my mother. The best two years of mothering I’ve ever had. So stop being so nervous!”

Zeynep sighed. “You’re right. It’s just . . . I haven’t been this nervous since I was a teenager.”

Her daughter smirked, raising one eyebrow as she folded her arms. Zeynep realised she stumbled into a conversational trap immediately.

“So, you mean since you were dating me?” Zehra asked.

“Oh, you know what I mean! Go on, have a good night with Malcolm before I ground you for that comment!”

She meant it only *half*-jokingly.

“You’ll do fine, Mom.”

Zehra gave her one last hug. And with that, she stepped out.

*She truly is special. Somehow, being her mother and watching her grow into herself is even more rewarding than being her boyfriend. Who would have thought? The old Zeynep could only see a competitor, even sexualising her own daughter and turning her into an enemy. She should have loved her as a proper mother from the start. I’m glad I’m able to give that to her.*

It helped, of course, that part of her change and mental transformation allowed her to access some of the original Zeynep’s memories. She could ‘remember’ her little girl growing up, achieving her straight A’s in high school and going to great heights in college. It made her proud.

But now her attention turned back to herself. She turned back to the mirror, checked herself again, and exposed one more button of cleavage.

*Can’t hurt*, she thought, pride creeping into her mind. *I am Zeynep Ozdemir, after all. It’s only right I go in with brash confidence and show off this fine vücut. Hasad would be a fool not to be taken by me.*

She knew Hasad would appreciate it. He loved lowering his gaze to her cleavage, but her tight pants would also emphasise her rondure behind and wide, child-bearing hips. Once, she would have described her figure as MILF-ish. Now that she was a proper high-class socialite . . . she still damn well did.

*And I am pulling off!*

There was still a bit of the old Zeynep's pride in her, from the way she styled her ebony hair to her skincare routine, to how she wore her high-heels so they would click-clack for his attention.

*If he doesn't want me tonight I don't know what else I can do. Treat him for blindness, I suppose!*

She posed one last time before checking her watch and panicking.

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Zeynep had to summon her old Peter Collins mind to remind herself of the stakes. She was a rich woman now, and that rich expectation flowed through her new blood. It had taken less than two years to become utterly accustomed to this life, and so it was important to remember that while a date at a nice French restaurant was fairly low-key to Zeynep Ozdemir, it would be quite a fancy, high-class establishment to the more middle-class Hasad. He was the proud owner of his own coffee cafe, but it made enough to keep on chugging, and little more.

Still, there was a flutter in her heart as she saw him waiting outside the restaurant, followed by a spike of fear that she had indeed arrived too late and been rude.

*I hope my comfortable life hasn't distorted my worldview too much! Oh God, what if he thinks I've become just as prissy and selfish as the old Zeynep? What if I have!?*

She sealed that particular anxiety away as she stepped out from her car, motioning for her driver to head back home. If things went well, she wouldn't need him again. That was the hope, at least. The plan for the date was dinner, and then to see where the night took them . . . if it took them any place at all. She put on her best sensual smile, confident look, and stepped towards the restaurant, her heels clacking upon the pavement, her hips swaying from side to side. The motion left her breasts bouncing just subtly in her large G-cup push-up bra, and she knew she was putting on a sight because a nearby man nearly ran into a pole, leaving his friends to laugh at him. She smiled at them, but returned her focus to Hasad.

He turned and saw her.

And, to her deep and thankful relief, he *smiled*.

He was wearing a smart-casual attire; a fine white button shirt sans tie, and slacks that were both professional without being too restrictive. His hair was artfully done, his beard recently cropped, and the flecks of silver in his hair seemed to gleam, somehow, almost as much as his eyes.

“Zeynep!” he exclaimed, moving forward to greet her halfway across the pavement. “You look ravishing. You look splendid. You look - you are - *muhteşem*.”

*Magnificent*, she thought, echoing the word as well as the sentiment.

“Are you sure?” she asked, looking over herself. “I was worrying that I had dressed down, and should have gone with an elegant dress.”

She was partly lying; she knew she looked fantastic, but she loved to hear him compliment her looks.

“Nonsense!” he declared gallantly. “You are a vision as always. Though I admit, the black dress was on my mind a little . . .”

She smirked. “The black dress is for when you finally come back to me, Hasad.”

At that, the conversation dropped away for a moment, and he lowered his gaze. She was caught in the headlights, unsure if she had stepped in it. Too confident? Too bold? Or simply too soon?

“I do miss you,” he said. “But . . . let us see how the night goes first, Zeynep. Even after two years I still feel a distance, and it’s hard to close.”

She nodded, saddened. “Well, I understand. You look fantastic too, Hasad. Very handsome. You know I love the silver in your hair. And the beard . . .”

“I thought of shaving it off until I found out how much you like it.”

“Good, I demand you never remove it. Shall we?”

She held out her arm, and he linked it to his, leading her through to the restaurant. It was indeed quite fancy, and so she took the lead in discussing the reservation and table seating - she was most adamant for a very private, very indulgent table. She was the one covering the whole cost, after all, no matter how much Hasad tried to be a gentleman. They were directed to a small two person table near the back of the restaurant, the area darkened slightly, giving it an intimate, romantic feel. The lit candles and gorgeous red curtains and spectacular table-setting only added to this sensation. The two looked over their menus, and in the end the banquet option was decided upon.

“Trust me, *escargot* is not repulsive, but indeed very fine,” Zeynep said.

“Did you feel that in your old life?”

She halted, swallowing. Discussing her past as Peter was awkward for her. She had hoped to not need to do so with Hasad, perhaps foolishly. She placed down the wine that had been poured for her and sighed.

“No, I didn’t. I suspect it’s part of the original Zeynep.”

“The one in your body.”

“This is my body, Hasad. It is. And always will be.”

“Okay,” he said, nodding. “I can understand how after two years you would come to feel that way, but-”

“But it is,” she said, haughtiness creeping into her voice. She sat up straight, presenting him quite the view, and gestured to herself. “Look at me and tell me you see anything but the woman before you, Hasad. Tell me.”

He looked deep into her eyes, and then his gaze roamed over her body. She enjoyed it, despite the slight tension in the air. Then he took his glass.

“You are right, of course, Zeynep. I cannot. But to know is another thing.”

“Should I not have told you?”

“Of course you should have. I’m very glad you did. I needed time.”

“And you have had time, and so have I. I have come into my own in this life and I adore it. And you that I adore you, Hasad.”

She slipped her hand across the table, allowing it to fall upon his. She squeezed it lightly and left it there, and rather notably the man did not pull away. In fact, after several long seconds he turned his hand so that he could grasp her fingers in turn.

“And I adore you too, Zeynep. I truly do. It is just . . . an unusual situation.”

“But one in the past. We don’t need to acknowledge it, *aşkım*.”

It was a daring thing, to call him ‘my love,’ but he didn’t seem to wince at being called so. In fact, it just made him nod silently, drink a little more, and stare at their interlocking hands.

*I love his hands. The worn-ness of them. The manliness. I miss being held by them.*

It was so tempting to say something, but instead she let him have his contemplation. The waitress assigned to their table delivered their entree; they’d gone with oysters in the end, something she had come to love with Zeynep’s palate.

“Shall we try?” she asked.

“Of course,” he said, cracking a grin. That made her smile too; Hasad was most certainly a man whose love could be earned through his stomach. The two of them tried the variety of oysters with their several sauce selections, and the taste was of such refinement that Zeynep couldn’t help but moan almost lasciviously in response.

*Mhmmhm, but they are good. And I know that he likes the sound.*

She played it up a little, just for him, even throwing her head back a little as she gulped down the delicacy, playing with her necklace with one hand so that her deep line of cleavage was emphasised in her top.

“These are very . . . good,” Hasad said, momentarily hypnotised by her deeply impressive rack. “V-very good indeed.”

She stopped mid-moan, then threw him a wink. "Oh, were you talking about the oysters?"

He chuckled. "I think we both know that is absolutely no longer the case, Zeynep."

"That's another wonderful part about being a woman now, especially one with such a proud chest. I can hypnotise men with just a low cut."

"And you often do this?"

"All the time," she teased, unshucking another oyster. "But never further than that. You are the only one I want, Hasad. I know you know that. I spent ages picking this outfit while thinking of you."

He exhaled, taking in the sight of it again. "You picked well. Very stylish, very *şık*. I just wish I could measure up."

"I only need your silver hair, and perhaps a nice button shirt. But if we stop meeting for little chats and actually begin dating again - truly dating - I could more than offer my expertise in such things. I have become quite the fashionista, as you can imagine."

He nodded, though his expression turned more serious. "I can indeed imagine. But it makes me wonder how much of that is Peter, and how much is the original Zeynep."

"I have parts of both, but you know the difference. You heard the horrible things I said when I was falling into her mind. Zehra saved me, and you did too, in your own way. *That* was the kind of person the original Zeynep was."

"The real one."

She shook her head adamantly. "No, just the original. You know I'm real. You've *felt* how real I can be in *all* places."

At that, he blushed a little, something which amused her. He tugged his collar to let out some of the head.

"What I wouldn't give for the comfort of a good coffee from my homeland right now," he said. "Or just one from the cafe."

"They *are* good."

*Very, very good. I can't believe Peter wasn't completely obsessed with Turkish food and drink despite dating Zehra for so long. Şükür - thank God - I became Zeynep.*

He grinned, but that too faded. He pulled his hand back from hers. "It is just difficult," Hasad admitted. "I don't want to lead you on, Zeynep. After our break, and when we started doing this again, I still couldn't stop thinking about you. I still can't. I want to love you as you love me, I want you to know that. I truly want to love you, and there are time . . . but then I remember the horrible things I found out about Zeynep Ozdemir. The rea- the original one, I mean. It was as if her mask of beauty has fallen away for me, revealing the ugly, hateful, and arrogant woman she truly was."



“But that wasn’t me,” she said, reaching out for his hand. He kept it at reach, and there was a pause as their plates and bowls were collected.

“I know,” he said. “It was you succumbing to her. But I also learned that the original her had been so horrific to Zehra. She is such a special child.”

“A woman now,” Zeynep corrected. “And a brilliant one. Brilliant in mind *and* heart, as I well know.”

“And that’s just it,” Hasad said. “I see you in three ways, Zeynep. As the beautiful - and frankly *deeply attractive* - woman before me. Kind, intelligent, and perhaps a bit deservedly prideful. But I can’t help but see *her* as well.”

“And the third?”

“The scrawny white boy, Peter Collins. What would it make me, to love - to even just *lust* - after you?”

“Lust, you say?” she said, breathing heavily. She knew it made her bosom rise and fall slowly, her enormous chest positively straining at her top, her breasts almost screaming that they wanted to be touched and groped by this man. From the way Hasad squirmed a little in his seat in agitation, she had little doubt she was instilling in him a rather powerful erection. She extended a soft leg and brushed it against his, taking advantage of the attraction.

“It makes you the same as any man,” she said. “Hasad, you would be mad not to at least *lust* after me.”

“Is that a Zeynep thought? It sounds haughty.”

She actually giggled. Her confidence was rising, perhaps because the discussion was honest and open. “I can afford to be a bit haughty, looking as I do. But I am not cruel.”

“You don’t have any of her compulsions, as before?”

She hesitated. She wanted to say no, but a realisation did indeed strike her: *I do have some compulsions. That occasional tug to be self-obsessed, perhaps even hateful at times. I always beat it, but even right now that damn waitress is taking far too long for our next course and frankly it’s utterly beneath me that I should have to wait! I am an elegant, rich MILF of a woman, and a regular patron of this establishment! What does it take to get some service here, kahretsin!*

Hasad at least seemed to share her frustration, because he paused his musings to check his watch, then the clock, then his phone to assess the time.

“I’m starting to get rather hungry here. Have they forgotten us?”

*Yes, and they are going to pay for this insolence.*

That was the thought, of course. The urge to lash out could still bubble under the surface, the haughtiness and hatred seeking release once more. Instead, when the waitress returned in a rush, her face one of embarrassment, Zeynep calmed herself.

"I'm s-so sorry!" the woman said. "Your meals will be along shortly."

Zeynep fixed her with a gaze. "That is good to hear, but I did indeed see our meals prepared at the bench over there for a while. It is clear they are being replaced now that they have gone cold. This is an important date for the two of us, so I ask that you be on the ball with this. *Teşekkür ederim.*"

The waitress made several apologies and was suitably chastened, but even that chewing out had been an act of enormous restraint on Hasad's part.

"Fairly well put," he said. "I hope she takes it to heart. The old Zeynep would have been harsher."

"I know she would have," Zeynep said, and began to tell him about what she had been feeling under the surface. The occasional calls to be the worse person, to give in to who she had briefly become two years ago. Hasad listened patiently, the two of them pausing only when their meal arrived, and then she continued, talking about the various methods she had learned to use to keep her mind sharp and her tongue at bay, to shift her mindset to be far more Peter than Zeynep, even if she still had the latter's maternal instincts (albeit rendered compassionate rather than manipulative). And she told him how Zehra was at the heart of it, her wonderful girlfriend-turned-daughter who was her light and life both, who encouraged her at every turn, who she was absolutely determined not to fail as her original mother had failed her.

"She is my *kız çocuğu*, my daughter dearest. I don't care that I used to be the man she dated, and neither does she."

Hasad was fascinated. They had never so openly talked about her previous life, about her transformation like this, and she viewed this as a positive sign.

"But surely it is awkward and uncomfortable at times?"

"Of course!" she said, laughing, "what relationship between mother and daughter doesn't have its awkward moments? But far more often we simply joke about it, like an amusing secret between ourselves. She has moved on, found another man, and I am as close to her as ever. In fact, we still go to the cinema together, and discuss complex engineering topics - when I can be bothered, of course. She has the college life keeping her in close contact with such things, but we work on the telepods slowly. But mostly we just tease one another lovingly."

*Sometimes too much teasing, she mused. For once it would be nice for my daughter to congratulate me on how good I look in a dress without laughing about how amusing it is to know that her former boyfriend is filling it out better than she ever could!*

Hasad leaned forward, cupping his cheek in his hands. "Astonishing. I would have thought things were awkward."

“Hasad, we have never been closer. She helps me pick out good bras, even if she’s a little jealous that she has not reached my cup size.”

At that, she shook her shoulders just a little, letting her breasts bounce subtly before him for his pleasure. It made him blink, and from the squirming under the table, she knew she was leaving a physical impression once more.

“I imagine it was quite a surprise to grow them!”

“Mhmm, it was. But I don’t regret it one bit. They *do* make me rather stand out, don’t they? And for all their weight, they bring me a lot of pleasure. Though they have been starved for attention lately . . .”

Again, she placed her hand over the table. *Take it. Take it, you wonderful beyefendi.*

He did, and instead of giving her usual calm, confident smile, she actually *beamed*. She held his hand as if afraid he would let go.

“Miss Ozdemir,” Hasad said calmly, his poker face up, “I believe you’re trying to seduce me.”

“Oh, was the mountainous breasts on display not evidence enough? I knew I should have worn a clingy dress. Though I did notice you staring at my very fine ass as we went through the door.”

He laughed. “In my defence, it is the Mona Lisa, the Statue of David, the Hagia Sophia, or asses.”

She giggled like a schoolgirl, raising a glass. “Well, since you keep avoiding the notion of whether we are dating one another again, let’s toast to my ass, then.”

“And your hips,” he reminded her, shifting to one side of the table so he could drink them in. “I can’t forget those.”

“Nor should you,” she purred. They clinked their glasses, raised a comedic toast, and drank. The wine was certainly making them more amenable to talking like old times. “Just like I cannot forget those wonderful muscles hidden beneath that shirt. Your forearms. Oh, and a certain something that is exactly the right girth and length for me. Something I have missed very dearly the experience of.”

Again, Hasad shifted. *God, I have missed teasing you, Aşkım.*

She rubbed her leg further up his. It made her wish she’d gone with the dress and stockings, so that her bare skin could be felt by him. Alas, the high-waisted pants matched his own attire too well!

Hasad smiled at her, and for the first time she saw lust and love mingle in his eyes, in his expression, without any hesitation. There was no sense of holding back from him this time, and it was like he was seeing her fully for the first time; the fun, flirtatious Turkish MILF who could be prideful and self-obsessed, but who, unlike her previous incarnation, was deeply caring and compassionate, who could love fully, with no strings attached.

“Zeynep,” he said, voice lowering, becoming personal. “I will not lie. I do miss you in . . . that way. Deeply so. God, the nights alone where I remembered us together. And going on a proper date with you, seeing you like this . . . it makes a man think that he could, in fact, possibly learn to-”

His words were suddenly cut off by a deep rumble that came from his own stomach. Zeynep was shocked, putting her manicured hand to her mouth, but then her own stomach repeated the motion! Both were shocked into embarrassed silence for a moment. Finally, red-cheeked, Hasad spoke.

“I think they’ve forgotten our meals again.”

Zeynep couldn’t help herself. She burst out laughing, getting the attention of the entire restaurant. At least the men got a good show from the way her breasts bounced from the motion. Hasad had front row seats.

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“Well, that was a complete disaster!” Zeynep declared, giggling a little on Hasad’s arm as they left.

“It wasn’t *that* bad, *sayın*,” Hasad replied, though even he couldn’t contain an expression of disbelief. “Though forgetting the *main meal* was certainly a new one for me.”

“Next time, a Turkish restaurant. I should never have gone French!”

“They do things in their own time, I hear.”

“Ha!”

She held his arm close, pressing her body against him, allowing Hasad to feel the press of her hip as she walked, and herself to enjoy his strength and warmth. His height was wonderful against her. *How could I not have known how deeply sexy it is to have your partner be taller and stronger than you? Oh Hasad, hurry up and be my protector, damn you. I am aching for it.*

“The fact that they left the shell in the sauce was the final straw,” she said.

“To be fair, I’m rather happy they did that.”

“Oh, really?”

“Absolutely,” he said, and then his eyes gleamed mischievously, his hand lowering to brush against her rotund backside just briefly enough to make her shiver in delight. “It meant you had to walk to the bathroom, and I had great fun watching you go.”

“I was putting on a bit of a show,” she replied, letting her hips smack against his side for further emphasis.

“You mean you *didn’t* accidentally drop your purse, have to bend over to pick it up, and spend a long time doing so?”

“Maybe,” she said, giggling.

“Well, I don’t think all the men and even some of the women minded. It was probably the highlight of their night no matter which side of you they were facing.”

She shrugged. “I’ve got a killer body now. It would be an utter shame not to let the world appreciate it. That’s a part of Zeynep I definitely still have.”

“Well, I won’t lie, Zeynep. I very much appreciate it.”

“I knew you would. So my idea for the night turned out to be a total flop. At least I got my deserved refund. I was expecting to take you elsewhere tonight, but the night is still far too young. So . . . what do we do?”

*Please don’t cancel please don’t cancel please don’t cancel*

The words ran through her mind on a loop despite her outward calm. Hasad was admitting full attraction to her, the pair of them flirting through the thick sexual tension that was clearly in full bloom between them. But still, things had gone well before and he’d called the night early, still uncertain about how to proceed now that he knew the full truth.

“Hmmm,” Hasad said, “let me have a think.”

As he did so, Zeynep’s phone buzzed. She pulled it out, stepped aside from Hasad a little to read the message discreetly. It was from Zehra.

*‘Hope the date is going well!?!?!’*

Zeynep sent back a winking emoji, and hoped that would convey enough. The thumbs up emoji came as a response, followed by:

*‘Wait, you don’t mean!?!?!’*

This was followed by four vomit emojis, which had Zeynep rolling her eyes.

*‘Not yet,’* she responded. *‘But leave the main area clear tonight. Please.’*

More vomit emojis.

*I can’t believe I once dated her! Well, I can. But as my kiz, she can be so . . . lacking in maturity! Kids these days, I swear. Even if that is a Zeynep thought.*

Thankfully, Hasad thought of something.

“It’s . . . cliché,” he said, putting his hands awkwardly in his pockets. “But would you fancy a night walk through the park? I know a great food van on the way between here and there. *If* you’re willing to lower your standards and take in a bit more grease.”

*Grease . . . ugh! Surely he could never expect a woman so find to . . .*

But then she saw the hope in his smile, and the teasing part of his question. The inherent dare to see if she could be someone other than the old Zeynep Ozdemir. The kind of woman who could accept the still-good, if less finer things. A category he perhaps reserved as well for himself.

“My dear Hasad,” she said, gesturing to her fine figure. “Are you asking me to reverse my frankly wonderful weight loss?”

“I had noticed a trimness to your figure,” he replied. “But one meal could not devastate it. You are far, far too perfect for that.”

“Ha! *Akilli adam*. Clever man. Then walk me there! It’s been too long since I walked through the park in such fine company. The last time was with Zehra. I was stung with a bee. Let’s make this more romantic.”

She had referenced her older life deliberately, just to check if Hasad was still bothered by it. There was a momentary confusion on his face, but it settled immediately.

*A good sign*, she thought.

“I would love to,” he said. “And shall endeavour to be the fine Turkish gentleman a woman like you deserves.”

She put out her arm again. “Then hurry up and walk me, sir. I’m starving.”

*And not just for food. Please let this date go well. Please let him see the real me. All of me. And then take my fucking clothes off.*

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It was not nearly so greasy or junky as Hasad had made it sound. In fact, Zeynep chose to have the traditional *Manti* ravioli, and the deep-mustachioed gentleman in the van took great pains to stress its authenticity. And while the gorgeous woman could not claim to have actually been to the real Turkey until literally earlier that year on a ‘new heritage’ trip, it truly did taste authentic based on her limited experiences and the original woman’s memories.

“You are her husband, yes?” the man asked in a thick Turkish accent to Hasad.

“Oh, um, not quite.”

“Boyfriend?”

Hasad looked to Zeynep, who tried to keep her features straight.

“Something like that,” he said diplomatically, placing his hand around Zeynep’s waist. “I’m a very lucky man.”

“Far too lucky!” the man boasted, laughing. “Hold on to her and do not lose her, or I shall ask for her hand first thing!”

“You might just have it,” Zeynep joked, raising an eyebrow, “if he takes too much time decided where he stands.”

The man gave a raucous laugh and wished them well. She didn’t even mind the fact the fact that he had practically bored holes into her boobs from the way he was staring at them. She chose to take it in stride; besides, his manner had been lovably boisterous and respectful, and had stirred Hasad forth to be a bit more gallant.

“I shall get you away to the park,” he said, “before any other man dare steal you away.”

“Oh, so I’m yours to have, am I?”

He shrugged. “I’ll say this for the French, their service is lousy but their red is wonderfully strong. I’m starting to consider it.”

“Even though you know the truth about me?”

They reached the park, which was lit up by numerous small lights around its darker recesses, but which maintained a steady romantic mood. Their pace slowed as they took the path to the right, traipsing over a stone bridge that overlooked the little river that wound through the area. He paused, looking over where the koi fish swam in the adjacent pond.

“Do you know the strangest thing about knowing the truth about you?” he asked.

She leaned against the rail herself and smirked in his direction. “I suppose the part where I used to date the woman I now called daughter is pretty bizarre.”

He chuckled, but batted aside that concern with the flick of his wrist.

“Oh, that was definitely the strangest . . . for a while, at least. But I’ve seen how you interact with Zehra, how you two look at each other. Whatever your past and my own issue with it, there is no denying you are *aiie* now. True family. No, what still makes me shake my head in confusion and astonishment still is . . . that you are, technically, still only in your early twenties.”

Zeynep paused. *Well, I suppose he’s not wrong, though I’m far, far more mature than that now!*

“And this is too strange for you?” she asked, placing her hands on her hips and facing him. “I assure you I hardly feel like I’m in my mid-twenties.”

“Yes, but it makes me wonder . . . I always prided myself on dating women my own age. Even some that were older. I scorned men who would only pursue younger women, seeing them as childish and immature. And now, through no fault of my own, I have fallen into this trap as well!”

*He’s kidding, right? He has to be joking about this. Surely he can see that -*

The tiniest smirk gave him away.

“Oh, you devil!” she said, smacking him lightly on the shoulder and laughing.

“It’s not entirely a lie! It’s amusing to think you’re only, really in a sense - at least chronologically speaking -”

She kissed him. It seemed like the right time, and they were on a gorgeous little stone bridge overlooking a koi pond and little river, anyway. There were few such good opportunities for such a moment. The surprise on his face was clear, but she closed her eyes, leaning into the kiss and choosing to let it play out as it may.

*I’d almost forgotten the feeling of that scruff against me. God, I love his beard.*

It didn’t last long, the kiss. Once more, Hasad pulled back. She kept her eyes closed for a few seconds, then finally opened them, her heart fluttering nervously in a way that the

usually somewhat-proud Turkish woman was not used to. Hasad had small tears in the corners of his eyes, and his hand was on her cheek, brushing it gently.

“What was that for?” he asked.

“I wanted to do it,” she said. “And I wanted you to know how I feel. I still want you, Hasad. I know you have needed your time, and wanted to start this slowly again, but I truly don’t know where you stand. It is, and I mean this truly, the only thing that makes me nervous these days. I am so confident and, yes, *proud* in so many ways, but you are the one person who can make me feel like a little girl again . . . figuratively speaking.”

Hasad gazed into her eyes, saying nothing. It was not an act of intimidation, she could feel him searching for something, like some greater truth, but nevertheless she felt intimidated. Like her soul was being read, the Peter divided from the Zeynep, and the connective tissue that had formed between being examined.

“I think,” he said, “I think I should take you home, Zeynep.”

Her heart fell.

*My sweet aşkım, what will it take to convince you?*

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The drive back was not too mired in silence. The two laughed and joked, swapping stories of when they had dated, comparing the current Zeynep to the older one, and speaking of hopes and dreams. In a way, knowing that the date had tanked allowed the mature Turkish woman to relax a little; the fluttering in her heart had ceased, and with Hasad still in her company, the despondency had not yet set in. That would be after he left. His vehicle was not nearly what she had become accustomed to - much smaller and compact, practical and ordinary. In a way, it was refreshing. It was, in essence, *him*. He took the time to slow down when passing locations that captured his interest.

“I grew up just over there!”

“That is where my first date was. Not nearly comparable to you, of course.”

“That was where my coffeeshop was originally going to be placed before I was outbid. The new location is better anyway.”

And so on. She listened eagerly, drinking in the sound of his voice, asking questions about him. She had been the subject of the night, after all. It was only fair that he had his turn.

But all good things have to come to an end, and so he pulled up outside the marvellous mansion that was her rich socialite home. She clicked the button stashed inside her purse to let the gates open, and he took her all the way to the entrance. But when she got out - him opening the door to hold her hand like a true *beyefendi*, he surprised her by



leaving the car there and not returning to it, instead following her to the door. She looked at him quizzically.

“I was rather hoping we could share a coffee on your lovely balcony before I retire, if that is alright with you, Zeynep?”

She grinned. Nothing could have pleased her more.

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Once more, they were against a railing, overlooking a pond. Hers was a bit more refined than the city's, a recreated version from an estate the former Zeynep had seen back in Istanbul, with a lovely mosaic-layered fountain in its centre to provide an artistic touch. But the true sight was the city beyond. The lights were dazzling, the view magnificent from the hill the estate resided upon. The hustle-bustle of the city was a far away thing now, but the horizon view it provided was stellar.

*Romantic, even*, she thought to herself, a moment of glumness setting in as she sipped her warm coffee. It was good, but not ‘Hasad’s coffee shop’ good. *Too bad we are just friends. I had hoped for more. Perhaps it’s time to let go . . .*

It was her fault, really. She had been such a damn *orospu*, an utter bitch when it came to so many things. Perhaps if she had not sternly warned the waitress, or stormed out with her haughty nose held high when the food was once again late. Perhaps if she had not come on so strong to Hasad and disrespected his wishes to take it slow.

“What are you thinking about?” Hasad asked, looking out across the city landscape next to her.

Zeynep sighed. “Many things, Hasad. Many, many things.”

“That’s a lot of things.”

“I suppose it is.”

“Zehra?”

“A little. She’s away at the moment with her boyfriend.”

“That must be very strange for you.”

She took another sip of her coffee. She hated how much it reminded her of his superior coffee, because from now on it would remind her of how he had gotten away. Still, she drank it.

“Not really, not anymore. A year ago, maybe. When I first changed, it would definitely have been. But Malcolm is a good man, even though I shall be watching him like a damn hawk to make sure he is worthy of dating an Ozdemir, and I shall tear him limb from limb if he mistreats her for even one iota of one second . . . but he is a good man. And I trust my

daughter. I can't see it as strange because I'm not the person I once was anymore. This is me, now."

She gestured to her very fine body. She wasn't showing off this time, even though her perfect breasts were still wonderfully displayed in her outfit, and her pose made for a high-class fashion magazine. No, instead she was just gesturing to the truth.

*This is me. All of me. Zeynep Ozdemir.*

"So it's just us, then?" Hasad asked.

"Yes. Us two friends."

"Mhm," he murmured, taking another sip. "Good."

Another silence rang out as they looked at the beautiful view ahead of them. There was a comfort in being near Hasad that she didn't want to let go of, but she couldn't think of how to continue the conversation. Oh, there were plenty of subjects; Turkish art, fine films, excellent restaurants, local events they could go to, the news - good and bad - and many other topics. Even fashion; Hasad was pretty switched on like that. But they all seemed inappropriate in a way that could not be described, so she remained silent, mind buzzing as she tried to restart the conversation.

"I'm so sorry!" she blurted out.

Hasad's eyebrows raised. He turned to face her.

"Sorry for what? Dinner wasn't your fault, Zeynep."

Tears began to pool in her eyes, and she found it hard to stop their flow.

"Not that, I'm sorry for everything. For being such a dreadful *orospu* all evening! I really, truly thought I had beaten back her influence, I thought I had succeeded just a few weeks after my transformation. But now I see that you were right, Hasad, and I've been a haughty, self-obsessed fool. I've indulged in this life of mine too much not to let her original influence to spread over me, and now I can't help but wonder if I was entirely wrong."

"Wrong about what?" he asked, concerned.

She breathed deeply, her large bosom rising and falling gently, straining a little at her top. It was a reminder not just of her womanhood, but of who she *was*, down deep.

*Who she is.*

"Wrong about the transfer with the telepod. I know that I have artefacts of her mind, and her memories. I know that I am not fully as cruel as her, certainly not to Zehra. But then I act like I do at dinner, all brash confidence and domineering tone, and I realise that something about the transfer of my mind must have failed. I must still have her in with me, pulling me over to the dark side. Making me like her. It's no wonder that you wanted to take things slowly and try to get a sense of me. You were right to be suspicious. Ha! Can you believe it, I thought it was paranoia at first? I was even proud enough to think 'oh, that Hasad

will come crawling back to me in just a few weeks, if that?' How like the original Zeynep that line of thinking was, and the worst part is that I didn't even recognise it."

She took another deep breath. The words were spilling out of her now. The private fears, the desperation, the fragile underbelly of her overconfident exterior. It was weakness, on some level, but it was also truth. And there was something deeply feminine about it too. That part, at least, felt right, especially in the comfort of a man she loved.

*A man whose love I do not deserve.*

"I'm sorry for not being the woman you deserve," she finally said, her voice now a shaky whisper. "I'm sorry I am still so much of *her*."

Tears fell down her eyes, tracing over her cheeks, before finally falling down to the balcony tiling. She couldn't even look him in the eyes at this point, and so she kept her head low.

*I should never have accepted this body, or this life. No matter how much I enjoy it.*

But then a strong hand reached out to gently cup her chin, and raise it. Slowly, Zeynep opened her eyes and looked up into Hasad's own gentle pair. There was no hate or disgust in his expression, just something else she couldn't quite define.

"What are you looking for?" she asked him.

He smiled softly. "I'm looking to see any trace of this 'her' you speak of. I see none."

"But during dinner-"

"You were a little short and more than a little commanding. I like that in a woman. But you were not her."

"But-"

"I repeat, you were *not her*."

She gulped, trying to contain the well of emotion. *I can be so strong, so easily, in front of so many others. How can he have this power over me? How can he make me so vulnerable so quickly, and so wonderfully?*

She placed a soft hand on his, now that it was cupping her cheek. "Then who am I?" she asked, and she meant it. At that moment she really couldn't say.

Hasad's face filled her view. His kind grey eyes, his silver-flecked hair, his magnificent beard, perfectly maintained. He was taking all of her in, and she was lost in his presence.

"You are Zeynep Ozdemir," he said slowly but certainly, as if realising it fully for the first time. "And it is I who have been the fool, my love, for not seeing it sooner.":

*What? I don't-*

But there was no time for further thought, because this time *he* kissed *her*, his lips locking with hers, his fine beard scratching wonderfully against her smooth face. Suddenly, Zeynep's fears all melted away. She moaned softly in relief, placing her arms around his

neck as he continued to kiss her. Their mouths parted, tongues dancing with one another, elicited by the sheer passion between them. His muscular arms encircled her, and was in the throes of them, taking in his strength and protection.

“Mhmm,” she moaned. “I didn’t think you would feel this way.”

“I was a fool not to immediately, *aşkı*m,” he replied between breaths. “I was so blinded by the knowledge of the person you were that I failed to see the person you had become. The person I fell in love with two years ago.”

He kissed her again, and somehow the passion rose yet further.

“You love me?” she asked.

“I do,” he said, breathing into her ear, hands roaming over her wonderfully curvaceous form. “I love you Zeynep, all of you. Every part.”

“Well, I *do* have some impressive parts.”

He chuckled. “And the confidence to know it and show it, not that I mind. I’m sorry, Zeynep. I waited far too long for this. It is not you who should be sorry, but I.”

She scratched his cheek affectionately, her mood suddenly returning to its teasing, domineering aspect.

“You know what? You’re right. You owe me a great deal, my love. I’ve been waiting God-knows how long for you to come around and accept me as, well, me. It’s been a very passionless two years I’ve had to put up with. Practically a desert of passion. And you *know* I’m a passionate woman, Hasad. Very, very passionate.”

With that emphasis she turned any attention away from the city skyline and instead pressed her body against him, making sure he had a spectator’s view of her massive G-cup breasts as they squashed against him, rising like a pair of gigantic souffles. She took his hands from her waist and lowered them, pulling him forward closer to her as well, until his hands were placed firmly over her large yet bubbly rear. Then she released them and placed her hands around his neck again, finally enjoying the sensuous joining together that was already making her tunnel begin to grow wet with anticipation.

“V-very passionate indeed,” Hasad said, almost nervously.

*Oh, he is nervous! It has been a long time for him as well. This will be so much fun. I’m going to whip him into shape, alright. Zeynep Ozdemir can still be controlling when she wants to, right?*

She kissed him again, using her tongue to entice him further. Already, his hardness against her belly was very prominent, and it made her excited. Her nipples were growing stiff enough to want to shred holes in her cups.

“And impatient,” she reminded him, patting his hair, pressing her body more closely against him so that he could feel every curve, every wonderfully MILFy part of her voluptuous form. “And it wouldn’t do to disappoint me. I can be quite . . . commanding.”

“I remember that most fondly, Zeynep,” he said, running his hands over her form. “Very fondly indeed.”

“So what are you waiting for, my love? You admit you want me. I want you. The house is empty but for us. The staff are gone home.”

She grinned, stepping up on the toes of her heels to whisper in her ear.

“Let’s make up for lost time, already.”

From the way he smiled, and the hungry look in his eyes, she knew he was more than ready.

*God knows I’ve been waiting, Hasad. Now hurry up and make me yours.*

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Zeynep wailed in ecstasy as she rode Hasad. He was big, so damn big, and the feeling of his huge cock inside her was beyond compare. He was sitting back against the large bed, and she was straddling him, making out with her wonderful man even as he fucked her. Their hips met in a perfect rhythm, she bouncing atop him and him bucking at just the right moment to enter her tight, wet pussy perfectly. Her vaginal muscles contracted with each thrust, gripping him so that with each slide in and out her own pleasure centres were stimulated continuously and fully.

“Ohhhhhh, I m-missed this!” she cried, no longer speaking English at all but fully in Turkish by this point. That often happened when she was in a state of ecstasy.

“M-me too! I promise to make you feel this way every day, Zeynep!” Hasad responded, before shoving his face into her magnificent breasts.

*Yes, s-suck on them! Taste them! Squeeze them! It’s what they’re there for!*

He did exactly as she desired, suffocating himself in her proud cleavage and gripping her mammoth boobs with both hands. Her large dark brown nipples were right in his face, and he alternated sucking upon them, rubbing his teeth just gently along their length to draw out the sensations as much as possible. Zeynep threw her head back, lost in the delirious joy of it all, but never losing her focus enough to stop bouncing on him. She wanted to milk his cock for all that was worth, and she was already so very near climax.

*S-so near! So fucking close!*

They had already made love twice already. This was their third and likely final round for the night, but who knew what tomorrow would bring? Already, Zeynep was imagining him waking her up with his expertly placed fingers, or her with her mouth upon his prick. He hadn’t yet taken her from behind, and she knew they would both love it; the way Hasad fondled her ass as he fucked her showed that he appreciated all her curves.

*Good, he s-should w-w-orship them! Mmhmm!*

She couldn't *not* be proud of her body. After the terribly protracted dry spell Hasad had forced her into, it was doing its job perfectly. Hasad's own lust for it was abundantly clear, his gaze one of awe even as she rode him. He touched and caressed every available contour of her body, kissing her passionately as they continued to fuck. His hands lowered to grip her wide, childbearing hips. The sensation made her draw even closer to orgasm, sitting right on the cusp of it.

"I'm c-close, darling!" she moaned. "So f-fucking close! Get me there - I demand it!"

"Yes, my love," he replied, also in Turkish. "I'm c-close too! God, I'm c-close! Your body - it's divine."

"Mhmm, and it's all yours, so long as you treat it right, and never m-make me wait - ahh! - again!"

"I won't, I promise!"

"Good! Because I wouldn't let you anyway - you'd be a damn - ohohh! - fool to! Now cum inside me, Hasad! This rich, curvy MILF wants her man completely!"

"I - want - that - too! Ahhhh!"

"Yes! Yes, you do! You - yes! YES! YESSSSSS!!"

She cried out, gripping him so that her breasts almost enveloped his face entirely as her body was rocked by a series of orgasms. Her vaginal muscles squeezed his cock as it erupted inside her, fonts of his seed pouring into her body and into her waiting womb. It was heaven. It was perfect. It was, she felt, everything she damn well deserved after all the trials she'd been through. She gripped him with her thighs, holding him tight. Hasad welcomed this, and there was something dominating about it that just made it all the better for the Turkish woman.

*He may have captured my heart, but in the bedroom, this man is all mine. Completely mine. And I know he wouldn't want it any other way.*

He groaned with her, his voice muffled due to his face being pressed into her breasts. She loved having him there, so they stayed in that position for a long time until finally he was expended within her. His cock throbbed, slowly softening, and with it the post-coital bliss slowly faded. She pulled back slightly, if only to let her loving partner finally breathe.

"That was . . . magnificent, Zeynep," he said, caressing her cheek. "Everything I wanted. I wish I'd realised how perfect you are from the beginning."

"You'll just have to make it up to me then, my love," she responded teasingly.

At the moment there was a buzz on the bedside table. Looking over, Zeynep could see it was her daughter messaging her:

*'Hope everything is going super well! Best of luck!'*

It made Zeynep giggle.

"What's so funny?"

“Oh, nothing. Just how well everything has ended up.”

“You forgive me then, for not coming back to you sooner? For taking so long?”

Zeynep licked her lips, feeling a bit mischievous, her boldness returning to her. “Oh, I don’t know about that,” she said as she extracted herself and lay down on the bed. Hasad joined her, idly playing with her breasts as he faced her, his other hand on her round hip.

“Oh?”

She laughed, injecting a bit of deliberate haughtiness into it. “Well, I think there’s definitely one thing you could do to make it up to me?”

Hasad cocked one eyebrow. “Anything, my love. But what?”

“That’s easy, *aşkım*. Show me you’ll stick around by hurrying up and marrying me.”

From the smile that followed, she knew he would.

*A good thing too. I just realised we didn’t use an iota of protection just now.*

**The End**