

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

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Badabada

Peter is a young genius with a gorgeous Turkish girlfriend Zehra. He has just invented a teleportation device, but things get freaky when an act of sabotage leaves him and his girlfriend's manipulative mother Zeynep trading places. Stuck with an increasingly MILFy body and even gaining her proclivities, Peter must race against time to restore himself, or his relationship with Zehra will be a lot more familial going forwards!

Turning into my Girlfriend's Mom!

It was finally done. Peter checked all the systems, made sure all the complicated welds were seamless, and ensured that the power lines were stable. Everything checked the boxes on his list, but he went over them a second time just to make sure.

I've done it, he thought to himself. I've actually done it. I've created a teleportation machine. Well, I think I have. Time to test it.

There were two pods, both large enough to fit a person. Organic matter should theoretically pass through with no problem, but he wanted to make sure non-organic matter worked first. The young twenty year old placed a simple block of lead in the first pod, sealed the door shut, and returned to the control settings. It was time to test it.

But before the young genius could hit the button, the door leading to the basement opened and a beautiful figure descended down the stairs. Peter removed his goggles and turned to see his loving girlfriend Zehra moving excitedly towards him. She had a beaming smile on her gorgeous Turkish features, with well-defined black eyebrows and a long, regal nose. Her skin was a faint olive, and her shoulder-length hair was raven-black and wavy. He couldn't believe how out of his league she was: he himself was a pretty average-looking white guy with messy light brown hair and thin lips. Still, he worshipped her, and she knew it.

"Zehra!" he exclaimed, wrapping his arms around her and giving her a kiss. She returned it easily, and for a moment his potential great achievement was forgotten.

"Sorry I'm so late! Mother was having another one of her little dramas again. Did I miss the test? Is it happening today?"

He smiled. That was one thing he had going for him; Zehra loved his smile. It was full of boyish enthusiasm and passion, two things he knew she utterly adored about him, enough to make her fall in love with him.

"You're just in time," he responded. "I'm starting the inorganic test right now, in fact."

"Ooh! Let me see!"

She put on the goggles, pushing back her luscious black hair and pressing up next to him by the controls.

"If this works the first time, I owe you one homemade baklava," she whispered.

"Damn, way to raise the stakes! Your baklava is the best."

"My mom's is better."

Yeah, but she's an absolute bitch, so I'd rather not.

Instead, he said: "Nah, she's got nothing on you, Zehra. You're way better" Which was absolutely correct. Zeynep Ozdemir may be the reason for her daughter's incredible looks - she was, Peter had to admit, a total MILF - but she also clearly didn't like him, mostly because he was a scholarship kid who was 'too poor for my daughter,' as she often put it. She was one hell of a manipulator, and it stressed Zehra out. Which was why it was very important to him that this works. Zehra kissed him on the cheek.

"Best of luck, *aşkı*," she whispered in his ear. It meant 'my love,' and it made him overjoyed each time. She ruffled his hair for good measure.

"Now hurry up and press this damn button! I'm an impatient woman."

"I know, you get that from your mother too."

"That's it, I'm pressing it then!"

He beat her to the punch, and the pods lit up. There was a surge of energy, and then after several seconds it subsided. An excited Peter checked the pods, and sure enough, the lead block had transferred to the other pod. He checked the readings to make sure there was no radiation or other harmful issues or powders in the air, and when it was all clear he opened the pod and retrieved the lead.

"It worked!" he declared. "And all on camera!"

"Wait, we're being filmed? You didn't tell me - my hair is a mess!"

It wasn't, but she always liked being complimented on it. She was very proud of her hair.

"Nonsense, your hair looks gorgeous, my love."

"And you are very cute when you are successful. You are smiling from ear to ear."

"And why not?" he asked, grabbing her hands and dancing in a circle. "We've actually done it!"

"You did it."

"Ah, but you are my muse! Teleportation can be achieved! Next, a biological test!"

She cracked a smirk. "Just don't become a fly."

"I wouldn't dream of it, Zehra. I wouldn't get any more baklava if that were the case."

"Speaking of, mother has invited you to dinner tonight. We can tell her the great news then, yes? About how you're going to be incredibly successful and rich?"

Peter sagged. *It won't be enough. She doesn't like me not because I'm poorer, but because I'm not Turkish-American. Or because I'm not good enough for you. Or because she's one of those psycho moms who sees her daughter as competition.*

Or, he suspected most of all, it was because he and Zehra were young and loving life, whereas she had lost her years as a single mother when she'd fallen pregnant at only fifteen.

"Okay," he said. "I'll come. If I have time. This is obviously very, very important."

She kissed him, beaming as much as he was.

"Of course it is," she said. "But can't your amazing girlfriend brag to her mother about how her nerdy boyfriend has proven her wrong? That he's a total genius?"

If only it were that easy. But I can't let Zehra down. Besides, maybe Zeynep will actually be impressed?

Zeynep wasn't. In fact, she didn't seem to believe Peter's success at all. This was despite numerous repeated tests that day with inorganic matter, and even some early tests with teleporting organic matter: some hairs, skin cells, a pelt of rabbit fur, etcetera. All had been wildly successful: transference of matter was down to a mere three seconds, and that was across the entire basement floor! If the distance were widened and the duration maintained at such a minimal level, it would literally *revolutionise* the world as they knew it.

But his girlfriend's mom didn't seem to care when he pointed this out. She was sat opposite them at the table, one thick eyebrow raise, her full lips pursed as she served out the traditional pilav with great care.

"So you've tinkered around in the basement," she said dryly. "I'm sure that's very impressive. Of course, it's not like you're going to an *Ivy League* college, Peter, so I wouldn't be getting ahead of myself if I were you."

"Mom, you're not being fair," Zehra said. "This really is game changing. Peter could be one of the wealthiest people on the planet soon. And he's so young!"

Zeynep just rolled her green eyes. They were a marvellous green, and Peter sometimes thought it was a shame that Zehra had not inherited them.

"Please, we have a saying from the homeland: the fruit of a tree falls near its roots."

That's basically a saying here too, Peter thought.

"Zeynep-"

"Miss Ozdemir, thank you very much," the woman muttered as she began to eat.

“Miss Ozdemir, you’re welcome to come around and I can show the technology. It truly is fantastic. It can teleport an object in only three seconds right across the room. I really think you’ll understand once you see it.”

The woman on the other side of the table was silent for a deliberately awkward length of time. She ate more of the food she had made, which was quite exquisite, and when she eventually responded it was without looking in Peter’s eyes.

“How did you afford all this equipment, Peter?”

“I’m sorry?”

She raised her eyes to stare at him in a judgemental fashion. Despite the beauty of his girlfriend’s mother, he always found that stare withering. From the way Zehra clutched his hand beneath the table while they ate, so did her own daughter.

“It’s a simple question. You’ve talked about money problems before, so how on earth could you possibly have achieved this?”

“I, uh, have a grant. From the university.”

“I see.”

More silence. *Better for her to think that than to know your own daughter helped fund it with the ludicrous amount of money you give her each month. But then, it’s not like you actually had to earn that money Zeynep, you hypocrite. I know you married rich and then had the good fortune for your sugar daddy husband to die young, letting you live this life of splendour.*

And it was splendour. The dining hall alone was impressive, and the wider homestead immense, all of it constructed in Turkish style with numerous paintings, ornaments, furniture and the like all custom-made to fit the theme.

“Please mother,” Zehra urged. “Just come and see it. Just the once. It really is remarkable. Do it for me.”

Zeynep softened, though only a little. She relaxed her shoulders, and Peter found it hard not to stare at her chest and the way it strained her stylish, and no doubt incredibly expensive, purple and black dress. *Seriously, she is stacked. If Zehra and I ever had kids, I hope she gets a chest like that. And those hips. Ugh, this is an ugly and gross line of thought!*

“Fine, fine,” Zeynep muttered, gesturing aside as if the matter was closed for now. “I shall come visit tomorrow. Don’t let me down Peter. You know I already have been.”

Peter held Zehra’s hand beneath the table tighter. He exchanged a glance with his girlfriend, one that said everything, even as Zehra tried to play diplomat.

She’s never going to accept me, is she?

As if to remind Peter of the wealth disparity that existed between her family and his, Zeynep had dressed up even more regally than the day before when she arrived at his rental. He wasn't even poor; just 'poor' by her standards, of course. Nevertheless, she arrived wearing sunglasses and adorned in a long purple dress that pulled around her thick, albeit still quite womanly waist. She had driven Zehra, who also was done up splendidly, wearing a matching purple dress to her mother's. She seemed quite embarrassed about it, especially given that Zeynep was doing a lot more to flaunt her curves than her own daughter.

Jesus. She walks like she's too good for this neighbourhood. What kind of mother keeps pitting herself against her daughter like that? Poor Zehra.

Nevertheless, he knew that Zehra viewed her mother sympathetically, given that she was her only remaining relative in the country. Peter tried to focus on his love for his girlfriend, swallow his frustration, and try to show the woman that might one day be his horrible mother-in-law exactly why he was worthy of dating her beautiful and smart daughter.

"She's been badmouthing you," Zehra whispered as she came to embrace him ahead of her mother. "But then I told her; if you badmouth his career, you're badmouthing mine. I'm going to be an engineer after all. That shut her up."

"Nicely done! I think I may actually have a chance of impressing her this time."

"Me too. Go break a leg. The teleport it."

He chuckled. "Great to see you Zey - I mean, Miss Ozdemir. Thanks for coming."

"Well, my daughter insisted," she said. "Now, if you don't mind showing me your gizmo. I'm worried about the crime in this neighbourhood."

There isn't any, but you would think that, wouldn't you?

He ignored the jibe and invited her in. She turned down tea and coffee - Turks made the best coffee, don't you know? Everything else is trash - and instead descended down the basement at her daughter's urging, complaining about nonexistent spiders and dust heaps all the while.

"This just looks like some sort of nerdy science experiment," Zeynep said when she saw the setup in the basement.

"That's exactly what it is," Pete said, smirking.

Zehra chuckled. "It's true mom, he's a real science nerd. But a successful one! You'll see."

"Very well, get it started then."

Peter did, biting his tongue all the while. He conducted the test several times in front of the older woman, showing the initial teleportation of lead, followed by plastic, then inert organic matter. At each stage she remained still, her arms crossed, though he did catch her

eyes widen several times. Clearly, she was aware of some level of significance of what he was doing.

“Well, it’s not all that impressive if it’s just across the room,” she noted.

Peter scratched the back of his head. “I’m working on extending the range. The teleporter pods could technically extend another few feet but there isn’t the room. That’s the next challenge, and one that will revolutionise everything. Imagine it, Miss Ozdemir, in the future you might be able to take a single step into one pod and arrive in Paris in mere seconds. No more crowded aircraft-”

“I always take first-class, young man.”

“Well, no more waiting on flights at all! Just instant transport!”

Zeynep, for once, actually did seem impressed. That was, until a slim smile crept over her features.

Shit. I know that expression. She’s found something to judge.

Zehra recognised the look too; she closed her eyes, wincing in anticipation. Slowly, her mother stepped forward and stuck her head into the pod. She looked about, as if searching for something, and then she looked back at Peter.

“You say this, but you haven’t exactly teleported a person yet, have you? That would truly be impressive.”

“Mom, there’s a lot of risk involved, and-”

“I understand darling *kiz*. It would take a strong man to actually put such ideas into practice, of course.”

She gave a sly look in Peter’s direction, and something in his mind broke. *That damn well tears it. I’ve done enough checks already. If she thinks I’m not ‘man enough’ then I can show her!*

“I’ll do it,” he said.

“Peter, don’t-”

“It’s fine, Zehra. Your mother would like to see the full capabilities of this machine, and I can show her.”

He entered the necessary data into the pod, making sure that everything was fine. In his annoyance and impatience he quickly passed over the contamination protocols, checking Pod B - the arrival pod - and assuming the same sterilisation was true of Pod A. After all, he’d already teleported the substance out of it, right? It would be the biggest mistake of his life, though he didn’t know it yet. When all checks were clear he strode forth into the chamber, disrobing as he went. Zeynep actually gasped.

“What?” he said, taunting just a little. “I can’t do both organic and inorganic together.”

“But - by God, the temerity of what you’re doing!”

“Just being a *man*, Miss Ozdemir.”

Zehra, despite the worry in her eyes, had to stop herself from snorting. And with that, Peter stepped into the pod. There was a separate series of controls on the interior, and he used that to activate them. He was starting to think this was a terribly dumb idea - what if he came out inverted? - but he was too driven and annoyed to worry too much at this point. His heart pounded in his chest, but he was not to be swayed.

He hit the button, and the chamber lit up with a terribly bright light. For just a moment he thought he saw something small and long and dark near his feet, but then his vision was blinded. If he'd looked earlier, he might have seen that it was a human hair. A hair belonging to his girlfriend's mother, from when she'd stuck her head in earlier.

When he opened his eyes, he was in Pod B. He only knew so because it had lettering stencilled into the interior metal. He quickly looked over himself; nothing had changed.

It worked. By God, it worked!

Zehra was there to greet him at the pod exit. She was beaming, though he could tell it was mainly from anxious relief. She wrapped him quickly in a towel.

"It worked, Zehra!" he declared. "How good was that?"

It was only then that he noticed something was off. She was looking at him funny, like he'd missed something important.

"What is it? What aren't you telling me?"

"Peter, that didn't take three seconds. You were gone for nearly five minutes."

Five minutes? Did something go wrong?

He moved quickly to the controls, ignoring Zeynep standing silently by, looking at him with just as much confusion as her daughter. The screens were all red, with a number of warning signs flashing the phrase *CROSS-CONTAMINATION DETECTED*.

The hell? What could be the cross contamination?

He checked the files, and sure enough there had been a second DNA strand in the first pod that had travelled with him to the second. Only it had never arrived.

A second strand? What the hell could it be?

"Peter," Zehra whispered. "Your hair."

He turned to face her. "What about my hair?"

"Um . . . it's different. It looks . . . darker."

Panic was starting to set in. Zeynep continued to look at him in amazement, and somehow her silence was, for once, not calming him. She wasn't making snide comments but looked genuinely alarmed.

"I need to check something," he said, pushing past her. She didn't even make a comment about how aghast his behaviour was, which only told him that something was seriously off. He marched up the stairs and out of the basement and went straight to the

bathroom. Then he stopped to take in what had changed. Sure enough, just as Zehra had said, his hair had changed. It was no longer dark brown but instead matte black. Raven black, just like the hair of Zehra and her mother. It even looked a little bit wavy, despite its shortness.

What the fuck could have caused this?

It didn't take long for him to surmise the probable cause. Peter felt like an idiot for not noticing sooner that when Zeynep had stuck her head in, she had inadvertently caused a contamination breach. Not that she would see it that way, and not that he could really blame her: it was his device, his cockup, his mistake to fix. Though he wasn't quite sure how to fix it: somehow, he had developed hair like Zeynep's, though thankfully quite short. It wasn't the biggest problem in the world, but certainly felt like a violation. Also, knowing he now had his girlfriend's mother's hair was just so completely wrong.

She will be laughing at me for the rest of my life. Or just mocking me for it. Yeah, definitely the latter.

He was right: Zeynep really didn't appreciate Peter "stealing" her hair, as she put it.

"It's so embarrassing," he bemoaned to Zehra when she came over to visit the next day. He had his head in his hands as he sat on the front step of the rental, his fingers occasionally teasing at his new hair. It felt a bit like Zehra's too, smooth and silky.

"It's not all that bad," Zehra said.

He gave her a look, and she shrugged.

"Okay, so it's not great."

"I literally have your mother's hair. Thank God that's the only thing that's happened! Imagine if I'd turned into her completely or something."

"Yuck, gross! I can't imagine a worse outcome!"

"It's rare to hear you speak bad of your mother like that," he said.

Zehra blushed on her light olive features. She was so beautiful, just like her mother. It was one thing he *could* credit Zeynep with: at least she had passed on some incredibly good genes to her daughter.

"I'm just very frustrated with her now. She's using every excuse to try and drive me away from you. You're not good enough for me, not handsome enough, not rich enough, and now you're a 'creep' apparently because you stole her hair."

"I didn't steal it! It was partly her fault! I don't even want it!"

She rested a hand on his shoulder and kissed him on the cheek.

“Well, at least you’ve got a little bit of Turkish in you now, right? Mom can’t complain about that!”

He chuckled, placing his hand on hers. “Thanks, Zehra. You know how to cheer me up. I’ll keep working on the machine and try to undo this. Worst case scenario, I’ve learned a big lesson about rushing things.”

“Well, if you need any help styling that newly luscious hair of yours, Mom taught me how to deal with mine, so now I can return the favour to her . . . hair.”

He laughed loudly this time, and she giggled with him.

Things could be worse, he thought to himself as Zehra kissed him then ruffled his new hair. *A lot worse, really. I was dumb to rush things, but at least it’s only a small change.*

Of course, he had no idea. No idea at all. Things were about to change in a much bigger way. It would just take some time.

It was several days later when Peter began to feel a little bit tired and sore. He had been burning the midnight oil trying to sort out the hair issue, as well as figure out exactly how the cross-contamination had affected him, when he found himself having to massage his chest and his rear in response to some weird aches and pains.

God, I feel like a masseuse has done a deep tissue massage on me, and not in a nice way. I’ve been working myself way too hard. I’ve been hunching over the desk too much judging from how sore my chest is.

He didn’t notice yet, but there had been some small, gradual changes occurring there. His rear was just a little bit more *rondure* in shape, while his nipples had swollen a little. His thighs too were a tad more rounded, and while he wouldn’t have noticed unless looking closely, his body hair had begun to thin, shedding into his bed. Zeynep’s DNA was coursing through his system, slowly yet implacably overriding his own DNA. He rubbed his temples, annoyed at the headache that was building there.

“Maybe I just need to take it a bit easier today,” he said to himself as he emerged from the shower. He had scrubbed his body over with soap, but the slight extra jiggle in his buttocks and slight swell of his chest was not yet totally discernible. Something that was a bit identifiably different was his attitude. He normally dressed down in a simple shirt and jeans, something that he knew annoyed the hell out of Zeynep, who was always wearing high fashion clothing that showed off her impressive chest and rear and overall figure. But as he looked through his slightly messy closet space, he couldn’t help but feel that much of his available wears were quite . . . ordinary.

God help me, I’m beginning to see what Zeynep meant about my lack of fashion.

To his own surprise, he picked out one of his better button shirts he normally reserved for dates. It was a colourful maroon, and paired well with some nice slacks that he barely wore.

“Hmm, might as well dress up for once. I’m going to see Zehra in the lair of the dragon, so it’s better to come prepared.”

He began to get dressed. Oddly, it was a struggle to get the pants on.

“Must be putting on weight. Damn, I thought I was watching my diet.”

During dinner, Zeynep was in one of her moods again. Her food was exquisite as always, authentically Turkish, but she couldn’t stop leering at Peter as she served up the food.

“What’s up with her?” Peter asked.

Zehra leaned in close when Zeynep turned to get the next meal on the table. She was a fan of extravagance and waste, and none more than when it came to food. It gave them time to chat, at least.

“Two things. One, it’s only a week away from the anniversary of when my Dad did a runner after getting her pregnant.”

“Oh, shit.”

“Yeah, she’s always a little more . . . drunk and angry around this time of year.”

“And the second thing?”

Zehra sighed, looking a little awkward in saying this part. “She had a date last night. Another one. It didn’t go well.”

Jesus, how many dates does she have?

“Or maybe it did,” she continued. “I don’t know. But she came home tipsy and complaining about her life. About all the ways she feels her youth was wasted. Even told me that I had to enjoy my ‘best years’ because hers were ‘stolen’ from her.”

“Sounds like she blames *you* for that,” Peter whispered. He could see Zeynep in the kitchen, taking more food out of the oven, and doing so in a manner that could only be described as violent.

Zehra bit her lip, taking a moment before responding. “She doesn’t blame me. She cares for me. I know she does, in her own way. But sometimes I get the feeling . . . she wants to live through me.”

What gave it away? The fact that she dresses you up like a little Russian doll version of herself, or how she polices everything you do?

But by that point Zeynep had returned to the table, and the conversation ceased. They ate in relative silence, broken only by the older woman’s complaints.

“Men these days, ridiculous,” she muttered. “They never know how to treat a woman right. I wish I was still in my youth and could make things over. I would never let a man take advantage of me again, I tell you.”

Zehra and Peter didn't reply. She clearly didn't expect one.

“Getting me knocked up and single when I was young. Leaving me. And then another marrying me just for my looks and then cheating on me. And then dying! Bah! To be young again and make different decisions. You are too young to understand the blessings I give you Zehra, or else you would not be making mistakes with this . . . what is wrong with your chest?”

Zehra covered herself, clearly fearing that her lower-cut dress had slipped. But it was Peter that Miss Ozdemir was staring at. He looked down, and to his shock so that his nipples were denting quite visibly against the fabric of his fine shirt. They looked like they had swollen.

“What . . . I swear they weren't like this before. I must be having a reaction or *something*.”

Both mother and daughter's eyes widened. So did Peter's. His voice had cracked up an octave for a moment, sounding almost *feminine*.

“E-excuse me,” he muttered. He stood to leave, but even his walk away from the table was awkward. Not only were his nipples pressing uncomfortably and sensitively against his shirt, but his pants were far too snug around the hips and rear. He tried to look normal as he retreated, pushing his hair behind his ears.

“His hair is longer,” Zeynep said as he retreated. “And his body . . .”

But then the conversation between Zehra and her vanished while he went to the bathroom. His body was flushed, overheated. He groaned, trying to keep in the dreadful feelings. His skin didn't feel like his own, like it was burning up.

What is happening to m-me? It feels like I'm getting singed all over my s-skin. Ngh!

He grimaced, shaking a little. His stomach twisted - literally, it felt like his intestines were shifting about for a moment, as if something inside him had grown or developed and was making space for itself. Of course, that's exactly what was happening, as unbeknownst to the otherwise brilliant young man, his body was absorbing more of Zeynep's DNA and beginning to grow him an actual, factual *womb*. It would be the first major step towards womanhood for the young man, though his mind hadn't gone to such fears yet. Instead, he spent a long few moments panting, slowly catching his breath back. His nipples were aching and distended, and his rear sore, pressing against the fabric of his pants quite tightly.

Finally, the feelings passed, for the most part at least.

“God, that was weird. Need to get myself checked out in the lab tomorrow. I might still be having a reaction of some kind.”

He emerged, not noticing that his hair was a little longer, but tucking it behind his ears nonetheless. It was unfortunate that it had grown, because it meant that it was the only thing Zehra noticed when she saw him, as opposed to other less obvious changes that would prove far more significant.

“Peter! Your hair is longer!”

“It is? Oh, shit! I bet that’s why I felt all weird.”

He fussed over it, feeling annoyed he hadn’t noticed it, and Zehra was right beside him, touching it and checking its length and looking over to her mother for comment. But Zeynep said nothing. Peter felt like he was being examined, like some kind of science project. The older woman’s eyes were not focused upon his hair, however, but his overall figure. He could feel her gaze on his chest, on his rear, and on his skin.

“You look a little sunburnt,” she mused coldly.

He checked his arms, and indeed they seemed a little more bronzed than his pale Caucasian skin usually was.

“Damn, that’s why I felt myself burning up. I’m having some kind of allergic reaction or skin issue as a result of the pods. I need to get it checked out tomorrow.”

“Indeed,” Zeynep said, and then she gave a quizzical pause. When she next spoke, it was with a far sweeter tone than usual. “And I would love to come see. You stole my hair, after all, so you owe me, young Peter. I would like to see this machine a second time.”

What is she after? he thought to himself.

He should have kept thinking, or the disaster to come could’ve been averted. But how could he have known the sabotage that was to come? How could he have known that Zeynep was far more perceptive than he realised? And how could he have known that she was looking at his male body not with disdain, but with intrigue and jealousy?

If not even Zehra could have realised, then Peter had no chance.

And soon the changing man would have no chance at all.

Peter was becoming worried. The strange tensions across his body were continuing to develop, and were even beginning to manifest as physical changes. Sleep was a necessity; his body was often physically exhausted and his mind tired. He’d slept through both of his alarms, and had to push through a mind fog just to get up and get to work. It would normally be a day at campus for him, and no doubt Zehra would be concerned as to his whereabouts since they always had lunch together. Instead, he’d woken up at nearly midday.

“What the hell is going on with me?” he groaned as he made his way to the shower.

His question only took on greater importance as he saw the person in the mirror.

“Good God,” he muttered. “That’s - that’s not possible.”

His hair had grown significantly. It now fell to his chin, and possessed all the vitality and shine of Zeynep and Zehra’s hair, even after a groggy sleep. But that wasn’t the only thing; his nose had changed shape. It was longer, and had a slight hook to it, giving it that dignified appeal that he often found when he took in his girlfriend’s face. His lips were a little bit fuller too, and the slight sizzling feeling in his skin remained, now manifesting as a darker pigmentation.

I’m going fucking olive! Just like them! Just like her.

But other changes were even worse. Peter wasn’t just changing race, it seemed, but sex as well. His nipples were puffy and bloated, and looked to be developing wider areolas around them. They had darkened a little too. He and Zehra had had sex a number of times without her mother suspecting, so he recognised what her nipples looked like.

Oh fuck, but it’s not her nipples, is it? It’s her mom’s. Ugh!

Slight fatty deposits had already developed on his chest, and his hips were sore, presenting just a little wider. When he turned in profile he could see that his ass had swollen visibly, while very little body hair remained on him. Even his penis had changed: it was smaller. Shrunken.

“Fuck. Oh, fuck fuck fuck fuck. This isn’t good!”

He quickly got dressed, trying to avoid touching his sensitive nipples. He quickly cut his hair back in the hopes that it would do something - anything! - but it was obvious that his body was changing.

What the hell do I do? I’ve got to run every diagnostic I can think of.

Unfortunately, that’s when the doorbell rang. Peter paused, unsure whether to answer it. It rang a second time, and he decided to take the risk; Zehra had just sent him a message asking if he was okay. It was likely her visiting.

It wasn’t. On the other side was a postman. Peter knew him, actually. His name was David Spence. He delivered so many packages for Peter’s teleportation project that the two were on a first name basis. Only now, something had changed.

“Oh, hello there miss! I’ve got a package for Peter Wellis. A living package! Is he here?”

He doesn’t even recognise me. But I haven’t changed that much, have I?

“Um, I can sign that for him. I live here also.”

He grinned. “Ah, you must be the Zehra he spoke so much about! Good to meet you, I’m David. I’ve been delivering packages here for a while.”

“Th-thanks for that,” Peter muttered. Even his voice was different. Higher. Almost androgynous sounding.

“He’s a good one, that Peter. Better hold onto him!”

Peter gave a thin, strained smile. "I'm trying to," he said, though the double-meaning was lost on David. He said his goodbyes and closed the door, only to slide down on the other side of it. The package was indeed living: a guinea pig that would be needed for his experiments. A literal guinea pig. But for now, his thoughts were elsewhere.

"Shit. Shit shit shit! How did he not recognise me?"

He dashed to the bathroom and checked himself again. Yes, his hair was darker, and his skin a little bit more tan, and his nose and lips a bit altered, but he wasn't *that* different. Most people would just think he had a little work done, or was having a sick day or been in the sun too much or something. Or was just having a metrosexual phase.

But he fully thought I was a woman. Something else weird is going on here.

He checked his messages again. Zehra was concerned. He flicked a quick message to her that he was tired and dealing with the machine in the hopes of fixing it. She sent back love heart emojis and other messages of concern. He couldn't even muster another reply. He felt sick.

Need to undo this. Get her mother's DNA out of me. I hadn't even thought of it that way: I literally have my girlfriend's mother's DNA in me. It's transforming me. I - I can't lose her. She's the only real family I've got!

It was true. Peter's folks weren't around anymore, and it wasn't like he had relatives close by, or even emotionally close to lean back on. It was half the reason he tolerated Zeynep, even if she hated him. Zehra made it all worth it. He focused on *that*, his girlfriend's importance to him, as he descended into the basement and got to work. For the next couple of hours he did his best to run every diagnostic possible. He teleported organic matter, combining DNA between strands of hairs and other matter and then seeing if he could separate them. Nothing worked. The only aspect he was able to isolate was the brainwave signature when he daringly teleported a literal guinea pig. He wasn't combining it with anything - he wasn't a monster - but Mr Test, as he called him, was useful in figuring out ways to stabilise his changes.

Okay, so the DNA is transforming me. Maybe into a halfway mix between myself and Miss Ozdemir? Or maybe all the way, if worse comes to worse. But I might be able to at least stop any mental changes by installing a safe guard and running myself through the teleporter again.

It was the most important thing, he judged. If he truly was rewriting his DNA to include Zeynep's, then there was no doubt his mind might change as well. It was just cells and electric signals, after all. But by isolating them in the teleporter matrix during the change, he could keep them consistent. Then he could figure out how to change back.

"Thank you, Mr Test," he said, putting the guinea pig away in its new pen and giving it some much deserved food. "You may have saved me."

He had managed to finish installing the mental guard and was almost about to put himself through the teleportation pad when there was another series of knocks on the door, this time even more insistent. With a sigh, he raced back up the stairs and opened the door.

“Hey Zehra, good to - oh, Zeynep.”

“Miss Ozdemir,” the stylish woman said, barging on into his home. “You would do well to remember that, Peter. It’s a sign of respect.”

“Look, Miss Ozdemir, now is not a good time, I’m-”

“You agreed I could see the machine again,” she said, “and what you are doing with it. I’m here to test it.”

His jaw fell.

“T-test it?”

She smirked. “Of course. You need the help, do you not? I can already see things are . . . changing for you.”

He blushed. He’d done his best to cover things up.

“You’re very perceptive, Miss Ozdemir.”

“I always have been. I could see at dinner last night that you were taking on more of my traits. You’re changing more and more, aren’t you? Becoming more like me. Turning into me.”

“I - I don’t know yet. I mean, I have some changes, but . . . it might only go halfway. Or it might go all the way. I’m not sure.”

She smirked, and there was something almost satisfactory in her expression. “How amusing, in a darkly terrifying way.”

“Not to me.”

“Oh? You would not like to be me? I am not all that bad looking. In fact, most men consider me incredibly desirable. I am desirable, am I not?”

What the actual fuck?

Thankfully, she burst out laughing before he could answer. “Oh, don’t be afraid, Peter. I’m here to help. Two Zeyneps is too many. I’m here to fix that problem. You need another human to put through the machine, I imagine? Well, I shall be that human. We can test it together without risking you further and without risking my daughter.”

That’s crazy. That’s insane. That’s . . . not the worst idea.

“Um, are you sure about this, Miss Ozdemir?” he said, even as she moved to the basement. Her ass swayed almost seductively as she descended. Despite being his girlfriend’s mother, she was only thirty five years old and deeply, deeply attractive. A small jealousy hit Peter.

Why is her chest so big compared to mine?

He cringed, tossing the strange thought aside. The sooner he was able to work out the mind-preserving element on himself, the better.

“What changes have you been making?” Zeynep asked, looking over the controls. “And don’t talk down to me. I had always envisioned becoming an engineer like my daughter, before my future was stolen from me. Explain everything, including how the machine works.”

Peter did. He wasn’t comfortable with all of this, but desperate times called for desperate measures. He outlined how the machine worked, how the control scheme functioned, and even the recent installation of the mental preserver ‘just in case.’ The last part particularly fascinated Zeynep.

“You really think you’ll be thinking like me?”

“I have no idea. It’s just a thought. Brain cells are just cells, after all. They can change as much as anything else.”

“Fascinating,” she said, a smile upon her ruby-red lips. “Just fascinating. Perhaps I underestimated you, Peter.”

She reached out a hand and tousled his hair. When she pulled her hand back he winced a little; she’d accidentally pulled at some of his hairs. At least, he assumed at that moment it was accidental. What he didn’t know was that she had very deliberately *plucked* them.

“Well, time to test this, then. You need me to pass through and test the mental preserver, yes? See if it can capture my brainwaves and stop any alteration.”

“Yes. You’re not actually at risk of alteration, of course. You won’t be combined with anything. I’ve already sterilised the chamber, and you should be able to clean yourself free of any external agents in the cubicle I’ve set up over there. I’ll, um, keep my head down.”

“Yes, do. Though I suppose if you don’t change back, you might eventually recognise all the bits anyway, ha!”

Don’t taunt me, woman. Not now. Not when I’m on the freaking brink.

Awkwardness followed, though apparently only for him. Zeynep disrobed in her cubicle and cleaned herself off, singing in Turkish the whole time. He caught glimpses of her shadowy profile through the change curtain, and that slight envy filled him before he pushed it away. She really was a curvaceous beauty, the kind with a total MILF body, thickened waist and widened thighs and all, and to say nothing of her large breasts that she loved showing off. The fact that she wore stylish designer clothing didn’t mean wasn’t flaunting her body, as the many dates she had reflected.

What the hell is wrong with my life? I can’t believe one mistake has led to this.

Eventually, Zeynep was done. She emerged naked from the changing chamber and entered Pod A, instructing Peter to not look in her direction until she was in. He gladly

followed that order, thinking about Zehra instead. He wished she were here instead, but no way would he risk her.

“Okay, I’m just going to run the sequence now,” he said. “I’ll run a brief check to make sure no other strands of DNA are present.”

He ran it, and there was an immediate alert.

“What is that, dear Peter?” Zeynep said.

“Sorry, we’re going to have to start again. There’s another DNA strand in here. It’s . . . it’s *mine*. Huh. Okay, we’ll have to get you out of there, Miss Ozdemir.”

“But I thought you were testing the mental preserver?” she called, her voice carrying across the intercom.

“Yes, and it should theoretically work, but it won’t stop any cross-mixing of the DNA strands. I haven’t got a solution for that yet.”

“Ah, but why not test it now?” she responded.

Peter paused, trying to parse what she was saying. “I don’t understand,” he said.

“No, you wouldn’t, would you, young man? But you won’t be a young man for long, it seems. *And I will.*”

The sequence started. Peter’s eyes widened as the control scheme lit up. How was this even happening? He looked into the small window in Pod A and to his horror saw that Zeynep had listened very closely indeed: she was using the remote panel on the interior wall to start the teleportation process.

“What are you doing!?” he cried.

“Something radical,” she said. “I’m getting a new lease on life. One I deserve, Peter.”

He froze just a second too long as he took in the controls. The emergency abort passcode was right there to be entered. Five digits.

He only got four in by the time the teleporter flashed, the bright light emerging from the chamber. By then it was too late.

This can’t be happening. This seriously can’t be happening.

The following five minutes were filled with dread. Zeynep was gone, though at least her brainwave patterns had been recorded and were ready to be realigned when she got back. *If* she got back. Peter tried to figure out what she had meant, but in the meantime shot a message to Zehra to come quickly. He followed it up with a call, though he didn’t explain what had happened, only that it was an emergency. She was heading over from campus immediately.

Which left a dreadful waiting game. He idly scratched his swollen nipples, tried to ignore the way his hair continued to lengthen. When he sat at his desk, he was aware of how much more swollen his rear was. Everything was reminding him of Zeynep. How could she have been so foolish? What was her plan?

Finally, the teleportation pod flashed its brilliant light in Pod B, and she was back. Peter leapt to the controls, running every scan he could. Just as he had suspected, his own DNA was infused into Zeynep, and it was evident already from the small image he could see of her astonished face. Her hair was now light brown.

“Zeynep? Miss Ozdemir? Can you hear me! Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, Peter. Terrific, even! It worked, then? I have your DNA and my brain?”

He checked the brain diagnostic. Her brain patterns were unchanged and resettled. He breathed a small sigh of relief. “Yes, that’s the same at least. Zeynep, what the hell were you thinking? That was fucking insanity! Did you deliberately-”

“Language, Peter,” she said, opening the pod. She emerged, fully naked, and seemingly without shame. She moved to the changing chamber, a smug grin on her features. “Though I suppose I won’t call you *Peter* much longer, will I? If all goes well, you should be the future Zeynep Ozdemir, and I can take your place.”

Peter’s blood ran cold. “What the hell are you talking about?”

The woman gave a nasty grin even as she changed herself in full view. Her large, pendulous breasts wobbled as she settled them into the cups of her bra. They had to be F-cups, if not G-cups in size, and impressively round and full. Not the kind of chest Peter wanted to possess at all.

“Oh, Peter. For such a smart young man, you really are stupid. You see, I’ve hated my life for a while now. I love my dear Zehra, but she continues to make mistakes in her youth that disappoint me, including dating below her station. But the truth is, I’m not too happy with my station, either. I’m not getting any younger, and I missed the joys of youth. I have spent a life being taken advantage of by men or having to deal with them for pleasure only, knowing they would take advantage otherwise. I deserve a new lease on life, and this is my chance to be young again, free from responsibilities and even a member of the dominant sex. In short, Peter, I’m going to take your life, just as you’ll take mine.”

Peter managed to pick his jaw up off of the ground. “You can’t do this. Zeynep. It’s insane. And I will find a solution to this. I *will*.”

She smirked, and there was something terrifying about how she smiled at him, her new Peter hair on her head.

“Is that so?” she said. “Then I suppose my first act after getting an infusion of male DNA will be to do something *very* stupidly manly.”

Before Peter could act, she strode across the room and pulled the emergency fireaxe from its container.

“Wait, what are you-”

She swung it into Pod B, smashing the glass and then severing a number of the cords. The central guiding cable was next, followed by the computing system that joined the

two pods. Sparks flew, alarms sounded, and Peter roared, his voice a cry that was almost feminine in sound, its terror enormous.

“Stop! Stop!” he cried.

She dashed aside, nearly knocking him over as she tore apart the main controls, the axe head burying into them. More alarms blared, and more sparks flew. The emergency power came on in response to the main power shutting down. The mad woman could have electrocuted herself. Peter managed to wrestle the axe from her, but by that point it was too late. He stumbled backwards onto the floor, and stared up at the woman who was far more evil than he could have imagined.

“There we go,” she said, giggling. “Now everything is settled.”

Tears filled Peter’s eyes. “Wh-why? *Why?*”

“I’d rather risk everything to get what should have been mine all along. I’ll take a chance at becoming you Peter, or even half of you, just to start again. Treat Zehra well, won’t you? After all, you’re going to be her mother from now on.”

And with that, she made her way up the steps and out of the house. Peter was left in tears, horrified at all that had just happened.

Zehra found him there, still crying, half an hour later. He could already feel his breasts beginning to develop.

His girlfriend’s mother’s breasts.

“Peter. Peter, wake up! Peter, I need you to wake up!”

Peter opened his eyes. Something was strange about his figure. Wrong. There was a slight weight upon his chest that hadn’t been there before, a softness to his rear that felt like padding. He stirred, and his hair brushed against his shoulders.

That was enough to wake him fully.

He sat upright, only to be hit by a wave of strange nausea. The tension in his stomach had not gone away, the sensation of growth that heralded the expansion of a very female organ.

“Woah, woah, don’t move so quickly,” came the voice. It took him a moment to realise it was Zehra. When he turned to look at her his swimming vision made her appear like her mother for a moment, causing him to flinch.

“Don’t touch me!” he cried, shifting back.

“Hey, hey! It’s okay! It’s me, Zehra. Your girlfriend. Your *sevgili*, remember? I found you crying in the basement. It was a struggle getting you upstairs. Everything was destroyed. Peter, what happened? Did an experiment go wrong?”

A strange thought stirred in his head. "My guinea pig . . . there's a guinea pig."

She breathed a sigh of relief. God, she looked beautiful, adorned an expensive and stylish red blouse with a fashionable black skirt to match it.

"Don't worry, he's okay too. I've moved his pen into living room for now."

"Well, that's something good at least. Ugh, what's wrong with my voice. I need water."

She went and fetched some quickly, and he drank. But when he spoke again, the problem had not abated.

"Shit, I'm even starting to sound like her!"

Zehra's face fell. "I know. You look a lot like me. Well, like her. Why didn't you tell me you were changing further?"

"I didn't know until today how bad it was. I thought it was stabilising. But . . . I'm changing all over."

Both their eyes fell to his shirt. Zehra must have dressed him after moving him, because she'd bandaged up some cuts on his torso and shoulder, and left him otherwise shirtless. His pants were now his pyjama bottoms. That wasn't particularly embarrassing for him. They'd seen each other naked before, and those times had been very pleasant experiences. What was embarrassing was the fact that he now appeared to have actual breasts growing from his chests. They weren't large, not even particularly heavy. They were likely only A-cups or so, though his nipples were quite dark and pronounced. But breasts they indeed were, and they were already sore with the promise of further growth. It took a lot of willpower not to massage them, which would likely only stimulate further expansion anyway.

"Your growing boobs," Zehra said in a monotone voice.

"Your mom's boobs."

"Ew, gross!"

"Well, it's true. And it's also all her fault."

"C'mon, Peter. I know you and Mom don't get along, but -"

Peter held up a hand. "Zehra, there's something you need to know. The damage in the basement wasn't from me. It was your mother's doing. I'm serious."

Zehra blinked, shook her head slightly, but Peter didn't give her time to try and deny the possibility. He immediately launched into telling her what had happened, in as much detail as possible. The young woman listened silently, though her mouth slowly parted as he gave more and more detail on her mother's treachery, her perceptiveness, how she had worked out what was happening even quicker than he, the actual scientist! When he explained how she executed her mad plan to steal his life and then destroy his equipment, she actually gasped, and only then did she interrupt.

“Peter, that makes no sense. My mother may have her issues - plenty of issues, really - but she is not like that! I could never imagine her wanting to steal another life, let alone a man’s life!”

“Can’t you?” he replied. “Your mother hates that she lost her youth, and she’s always complaining about me, and not just me. She claims that I’ll betray you, and she doesn’t let any man close because she thinks they’ll love her and leave her or just control her. You said this yourself, albeit in different words.”

“But to actually steal your life, that’s something else . . .”

“I know it’s a lot to take in, all of this is,” Peter said. He looked down at his developing chest, at his increasingly olive skin, and swallowed. “But you have to believe me. It’s what your mother actually did, Zehra. She ran off so I couldn’t find her.”

Zehra blinked back tears, and so did Peter. It concerned him that he was becoming so easily emotional, but to see it on Zehra’s face was something else.

“Don’t cry so easily,” he snapped, only to catch himself. “Sorry, I don’t know where that came from.”

“Careful, or soon you’ll sound like my mother, Peter. I don’t want to lose you.”

“I know. It’s what I’m afraid of. I have to do what I can to repair the machine. We have to find your mother and talk sense into her. We have to put everything right before . . . before I *am* your mother.”

Zehra gasped. Clearly, saying it aloud made it feel all the more real for her.

It makes it all the more real for me to, he admitted to himself within the walls of his own mind. *Because there might not be a way to change back.*

He simply had to hope there was. No, he had to *believe* there was.

I refuse to become Zeynep Ozdemir. I refuse to become an older woman, or any woman at all. I am Peter Wellis. I will get my life back.

And the first steps lay in figuring out how in the hell to repair his experiment.

The rest of the day saw Peter frantically working away to determine the damage to his experiment, all while Zehra did her best to track down her mother. She had disappeared, and if she still had her cell phone on her, she’d either turned it off or wasn’t answering. Peter knew this because Zehra kept sending him frantic updates, right up until he asked her to stop doing so as it was only making his blood pressure spike. He was having a hard enough time focus on the science at hand, as well as determining what replacement materials would be necessary.

'Just let me have some time alone with my thoughts, dear,' he texted her. Something about the sentiment and the way he'd worded it sounded both right and wrong, though he couldn't be quite sure of why. Zehra notably did not reply, though the little *'Seen 5.24pm'* showed up beneath the message. He didn't have time to consider such minutiae however; his every thought was occupied with *not* becoming Zeynep Ozdemir. Already he was noticing far more changes to his body, little things like the slight age that had crept into his fingers, even as they appeared more delicate. He continued to bite his lip out of habit due to it feeling oddly fuller, and his teeth likewise were giving him grief, the gums being sore as his mostly straight teeth began to shift and alter to become Zeynep's perfect dental pearly whites. His hair continued to grow, and it seemed even cutting it was doing little good, due to its incredible growth rate.

By the time Zehra finally returned it was around eight at night. She gasped as she entered, and Peter had to blush a little on his increasingly Turkic features.

"Yeah, I was a little hungry," he said, gesturing to the scattering of takeaway around the room.

"I can see that. And you ordered Turkish food too."

Another blush. "It felt right. I mean, I love Turkish food, don't I? Besides, it's only cheap trash to keep me going."

"You do, but I've never seen you order it. My mother orders it a lot when she can't be bothered cooking it, though she complains about the quality."

"Oh?" he asked. "What does she say?"

A sad expression came across Zehra's face. "That it's cheap trash, just like you said."

Peter fell back into his chair. "Christ, I'm even starting to talk like her."

"More that you know, my love. That message you sent me, the one about 'needing some time along with your thoughts', where you called 'dear'? That's exactly what my mother says."

"God. Please tell me you found something of her?"

But Zehra just shook her head, tears bubbling back up in her eyes. "I'm sorry. I couldn't. I don't know where she is, or why she would do this to us. It's cruel! I never knew she was capable of this! I can only hope she's at a motel or something somewhere coming to regret this horrible thing she's done."

I doubt it. She hates me, and she came to resent her life. Now she's stolen my body and will do everything to keep it and start over. I have no doubt she's organising all sorts of financial witchery right now. Siktir!

He paused. He'd just *thought* of a swear in Turkish. He knew a smattering of course; he wanted to be able to talk fluently one day with Zehra. But now it had come naturally.

“The mental changes are happening,” he said, putting his head in his hands. “I’m becoming more and more like your mother after just two days.”

“Then we have to reverse them,” she said, taking his head in her hands and raising it up. “You are still my boyfriend. Still the man I love. I refuse to leave you, or let you become . . . become my mother. *Siktir!* Sorry for the swearing.”

“Don’t be, I just thought that same word myself. In Turkish.”

She gave a wan smile and kissed him on the cheek. “You would make a lovely Turkish man, but I want my Peter Wellis. You *will* find a way to change back, Peter. You *will*.”

He put on a sad smirk himself. “You sound a lot like your mother when you get commanding, you know.”

“Well, better me than you. Now, let me eat some of these leftovers, and then let’s make a plan together.”

It was exactly the kind of confidence and direction he needed.

I love her so much. I will not lose her. I won't. I can't.

The plan put into place was simple, but clear. It had a number of sequential steps, as well as side missions that could be pursued concurrently. They charted it together on a board, and it went roughly like this:

1. Clean up disaster area
2. Change locks and secure basement to avoid further sabotage
3. Secure all DNA traces of Peter and Zeynep that can be found (hairs, skin flakes, etc). Analyse these and record.
4. Fix what can be fixed on-site / Order replacement parts ASAP for what cannot be fixed
5. Research ways to prevent further mental change in progress.
6. Research ways to separate physical DNA change.
7. Change Peter back.
8. Find Zeynep Ozdemir.
9. Change Zeynep back.

The last two points in particular were on a separate board with its own series of investigative leads, like they were in a CIA or FBI show or something. These pursuits were for Zehra primarily, as she knew her mother best, though it was presumed that the more Peter changed, the more he would know her mother’s mind. This was a double-edged sword obviously, as it also meant dire consequences for him. After much discussion, the two had

concluded that as much of a worry Zeynep was, she wasn't a priority just yet; her presence wasn't technically needed to reverse Peter's change, as far as the young scientist could tell. The main thing was for Zehra to gain her DNA samples pre-change in order for Peter to establish a baseline of his DNA versus her mother's, and then hopefully separate the latter for his former, before it was too late.

And indeed, 'too late' was a very real possibility. Peter's body was still changing, and showing no signs of stopping. Zehra opted to stay the night with him to keep him company, and the pair had even indulged in some comfort sex in order to keep their spirits up. It had been the slow, almost melancholic fulfilment of an emotional need more than a deeply sexy act. In the middle of the night Zehra had come into his room and shifted closer to him in his bed, and for long minutes she lay against him, feeling across his body. Peter couldn't help but notice that she traced her fingers over the parts of him that were largely unchanged, studiously avoiding his breasts and hair and shying away from his buttocks. She preferred his back, and to slowly stroke his reduced penis into hardness. It wasn't too small for the act that followed though, as soon he was on top of her, entering her with her guidance, and he thrust into her a number of times before quickly climaxing.

"So soon?" Zehra said, smirking. "I must be enticing to you still."

"S-sorry," he mumbled, pulling out of her. It had felt like the very last of his semen had been emptied into her, and an innate sense of wrongness had followed.

Stop it, for God's sake. She's not your daughter. She's your loving girlfriend. She's hot as all hell and way out of your league and you know it. You're just upset.

"Don't be," she whispered, stroking him. "I wanted to show you that I still see you in that way.

But you won't soon, came those horrible thoughts. And if I don't change back in time, I won't view you that way either.

They clung to each other in the night, him trying to ignore the increasing soreness and pressure in his chest and ass, or how his hips felt like the bones within them were changing shape. Eventually, he fell into a deep sleep, only waking long into the morning. Zehra had left to continue pursuing her mother, even attempting to try on campus in case Zeynep was taking over Peter's life fully already - they had no idea if the transformation speed varied, after all. That left Peter to go over his changes.

And changed he had. When he sat up, the distinct jostling on his chest alarmed him immediately.

"Fuck! *Siktir!* I can't even hide them now!"

He'd grown up another full cup size. His breasts were now easily B-cups, almost as big as Zehra's. His nipples had come completely out of hiding as well, now looking completely female in nature, with darker areolas surrounding them. The weight of them was

strange. Not overbearing or causing a strain - though he knew they would eventually - but they were certainly alien in their softness, and he couldn't stop holding them, even giving them little bounces.

"My own *göğüsler*," he noted. "My own breasts. Ugh. So wrong. And my ass is getting bigger too, and my hips!"

They had spread. It was getting more perceptible, and worse, it was a tight squeeze into his pants; he caused a split in the first set right at the back as soon as he bent over.

"God damn it! This is impossible! I'll have to . . . I'll have to get new clothing."

From her. From Zeynep.

He decided against it. He still had some baggy clothing that could fit. Just. And he could wear a tight bandage around his chest to compress it, though it was quite uncomfortable and gave him some cleavage until he fitted his breasts properly. The notion of possessing cleavage was not a nice one for him, nor was how sensitive his breasts were becoming. Worse was what was happening below. His penis was almost half its usual length now, and he feared what would happen when something else began to flower there.

There's a strange tunnelling feeling just behind my penis. Like a fucking vagina is forming from that damn womb that keeps growing in me.

He could *feel* it develop, that womb, and would continue to feel it as the day passed. But at least that was hidden away and not yet obvious, even if he'd developed the merest pooch in his belly.

What would be more difficult to deal with in the meantime was his face. It too had changed further, and was already looking quite androgynous. His lips were more womanly than manly, and his chin had softened as well. Zeynep, like her daughter, had an oval-shaped face with a delicate and refined chin. Now Peter's jaw - which had not exactly been very square to begin with - was taking on the same shape. His earlobes were also different. He couldn't figure out why until he realised they were no longer attached; he had the 'free' earlobes of Zehra and Zeynep now. Even his eyebrows had darkened, and nose had lengthened a little. Soon, his old face would be practically unrecognisable on his new one.

The day wore on. There was no new still of Zeynep, but Peter cast that out of his mind. His chest was sore and eventually he freed his breasts from the bandages just to avoid the annoying pressure. He even took to massaging them idly, though he occasionally caught himself and stopped. He accomplished his goals for the day relatively early on: he cleaned up the mess, discarded what was useless and fixed as much as possible before ordering the replacement parts. Afterwards, he was able to work as much as possible on researching ways to turn back, delving as far into his theories as possible.

The key is the mental guard I put in place in the teleportation pods. Using brainwave recognition software I could prevent one particular change. If I can recreate a 'bodywave' of sorts using my unchanged DNA, I should be able to revert. Theoretically.

He continued to work away, but slowly the tiredness set in. The exhaustion that came from needing to change further. It was why his body craved food so much. Zeynep was a deeply curvaceous woman, and his body was burning calories to create those curves. Ironic: he was burning fat to gain even more of it.

"I need a damn coffee," he said to himself after his stomach growled yet again. "A Turkish one."

It was time to brave going outside.

Peter did everything to craft the perfect outside appearance. He cut his hair again, despite knowing it would soon grow back, and tucked its short dark waves beneath a cap. He had his breasts bound and wore loose clothing to avoid showing off his more womanly curves. Zehra arrived back at his home to help him out, and on his request she brought her veritable array of makeup, and in doing so helped lighten his skin tone so that he looked less olive. It wasn't perfect, but using the right shadows here and there even helped him look a bit more like, well, *him*.

"Your eyes are turning green," she remarked.

"Don't even remind me," he said. "I don't want to even think about that right now. I can't believe we still haven't found your mother."

"It's only been a day. Come, we'll get you your coffee and something to eat. The fresh air will do you well. We'll go to my favourite Turkish place."

They left after only a short delay where they had to stuff some tissues into Peter's shoes so he could comfortably stand in them. His feet were most certainly smaller. He was also shorter now. Not greatly; he was still taller than Zeynep, but his five-eight stature had reduced to a five-seven. According to Zehra, he would lose another inch or two to reach her mother's height.

Great. I'm shrinking vertically and growing horizontally. Damn boobs.

Still, they exited, and Zehra drove them into town. She wasn't wrong: the walk and fresh air breathed some life into him, even as his anxiety remained.

"My hips are moving weirdly," he muttered as they approached their destination.

Zehra actually smirked as she looked at his rear. "Ah, you are doing the shake. Mother always does it, but don't worry, all women do a little bit. I know you like how I move; you call it elegant."

“Well, I’m not a woman. But it’s . . . hard, to walk like a man, I mean.”

“Mental change?”

“I think it’s more of a procedural memory issue. Look, I’m doing one foot in front of the other, instead of side by side.”

Zehra placed a soft hand on his shoulder. “It will be okay, *aşkı*m. I promise. Just focus on getting some much needed food and coffee in you. And remember, this is not my mother’s appetite: I know you like the coffee of my heritage already!”

He gave a thin smirk and entered the unimaginatively titled *Turkish Coffee House*. The sweet scents of Turkish light takeaway meals and their spiced coffees filled the air.

“Ahhh, this is positively *harika!*” he declared, in a manner that was far more extravagant than usual. Zehra’s eyebrows raised, and so did his own; he’d even extended his hands out to either side as if being welcomed like an old friend.

Which, as it turned out, he was.

“Ah, Miss Ozdemir!” came the friendly voice of a surprisingly handsome gentleman in his early forties. He looked to be the owner of the establishment, as he came from the small double-doors that led to the rear of the establishment, but was otherwise well-dressed and mannered. He had a close-cropped black beard flecked with silver, and his hair similarly had a ‘future silver fox’ look to it. His grey eyes gazed at Peter like he was the very centre of the world, not just the room, and he stepped forward suddenly with a beaming smile on his face.

“It is wonderful to see you again so soon,” he declared. “My wonderful Zeynep, what fine tastes you continue to show.”

The startled Peter didn’t know what to say. He was frozen to the spot as the man kissed him first on his left cheek, then the right. Zehra’s jaw dropped, as did his own.

His name is Hasad. How do I know that? How the hell do I know that!?

“H-Hasad,” he said, his voice cracking a little. It still sounded nothing like the real Zeynep, but bizarrely the man didn’t seem to notice.

“The one and only!” he declared. “Seriously, it is wonderful to see you again. I was . . . afraid you would not see me again after that night. I wasn’t sure if I’d done something wrong, but if I made a statement that turned you away I can only give my greatest apologies.”

Peter could have gone bright red were it not for the combination of his olive skin and the heap of lighter foundation on top of it. Not only was this man acting as if he were Zeynep already, but he was clearly referring to a freaking *date* that they’d gone on!

“Um, that’s - that’s okay,” he stumbled. “We don’t need to talk about it. I’m just, uh, here for coffee, Hasad. And some food.”

He grinned, though there was a slight hesitation in his eyes. “Of course, my apologies. It is just so good to see you again, and you as well, little Zehra!”

“You say that all the time! I’m not so little anymore!” she said, trying to put on a fake smile.

“Not little indeed. Come, I shall give you both the best seats in the house. The service is on me, Zeynep.”

“Just *Miss Ozdemir*,” Peter said automatically, almost dismissively. There was even a trace of Turkish accent that crept into his voice.

“Of course, of course,” he said, gesturing Peter and Zehra aside to a comfortable nook in the corner where there was plenty of legroom and a great view of the fine interior of the place. “I would never presume, of course. Here, you are simply valued customers. But it is magnificent to see you again.”

“Um, same,” Peter said, confused by the whole exchange. “Thanks for giving us the nice seats, *you handsome devil*.”

He laughed heartily, and then left them to consider their orders after arranging for their coffees. Peter sat, shellshocked, and Zehra just as much so.

“What did you just call Hasad?”

“I - I think I just called him a handsome devil. Please tell me that was just my imagination. Please tell me that.”

Zehra looked around to ensure no one was listening. “It wasn’t. You called him that!”

“It just happened! It just rolled off my tongue. I was just looking at those cute little silver flecks in his beard and oh fucking shitballs.”

His girlfriend nodded. She placed her hand on his. “It’s okay. It’s just a small thing you have to fight. You’re not even halfway there yet.”

“That’s not what concerns me, Zehra. He thought I was your mother. Do I look like your mother yet?”

“Mhmm, maybe a distant relative, like a second cousin or niece or something. Or nephew; you still look quite manly. Especially in my eyes.”

The loving compliment meant nothing to him though, because other gears were turning in his head. The way the postman had acted towards him when he’d barely yet changed was now taking on a new dimension of meaning.

“He thought I was her, and continued thinking I was, even when he was up close. Even when I wasn’t even talking quite like her. Zehra, I think I did more than just create a teleportation machine. I think I may have altered reality.”

“You can’t be serious.”

“I am. We’ll need to test it, however. I need to go to the bank. I’ll need your mother’s ID.”

The two ate and drank and left. Hasad was keen on trying to find some way to talk to Peter, and it was so very clear that he was absolutely smitten with Zeynep even after she'd kicked him to the curb once. It upset Peter, particularly when he learned that Zehra quite liked Hasad and had hoped six months ago that he would fill some of the hole in her heart. Instead, she'd loved him for several weeks, then left him as she did all the other men in her life. Peter was happy to get out of there, and to be rid of him.

Thank God, he thought to himself, the man is deeply good looking and has such nice, wide shoulders, but is far too simpering and - no! No, I don't think that! It's because he's a freaking forty year old dude, that's the problem!

They made a quick stop back at Zehra's home, rushing in to grab what ID Zeynep had not taken. There wasn't much: she obviously was using her bank account wherever she was staying, but Zehra knew where her mother's spare cards and her passport was, and that would have to be enough. While there, Peter felt a strange longing. The place, more than ever, felt like a second home. The elaborate Turkish-style interior with its many paintings, depictions of Istanbul, and various gilded patterns had such a character of refinement that it made him embarrassed of his plain rental home. In fact, while Zehra looted her mother's things, he moved into the walk-in wardrobe, hips swinging more than usual.

So many clothes. So many wonderful dresses. God, I dress so plain, and she is so vibrant and colourful. Maybe . . . maybe I should just take one or two things, just so I can look utterly çekici. Just utterly beautiful.

He began to do so, albeit stealthily so that Zehra wouldn't notice. She wouldn't understand. Daughters never understood their parents' actions. With that traitorous thought in mind, he quickly dashed to retrieve a large bag and stuffed a number of outfits into it. But Zehra was taking longer than expected, so he grabbed some more, and some more, and then continued filling several bags in an increasingly frantic rush to get everything that looked so splendid! He took sequined dresses and crop tops and skirts and shirts and blouses and shoes - what wonderful high heels! - and hairbands and perfume and lipstick and underwear and even bras. The last sent a simultaneous chill down his spine as well as a singularly powerful shock of excitement.

"G-cups. My God, she's a G-cup," he whispered to himself. "No wonder her boobs are nearly the size of her own head. And she has push-ups. So much bigger than Zehra."

For the merest moment, the notion of having larger breasts than his own girlfriend made him blush with bliss. Then, as usual, his male mind reacted.

"Fuck. Can't think that way. Think rationally, like a scientist, Peter. I'm not going to change this much, and it isn't who I truly am. But . . . I'll just take a couple, just in case."

He ended up taking six. He brought them down the stairs and placed them in the trunk of Zehra's car, keeping it his little secret with himself. When Zehra finally emerged with enough identification, he was happy to be leaving. The place was feeling far too much like his first home, instead of his second.

"Took you long enough!" he chided as she got in the car.

Neither needed to say it aloud, but it was a *very* Zeynep thing to say.

There was little to be said about the bank experience, other than it went swimmingly easy, which was exactly the opposite of what Peter had hoped it would be. With Zehra alongside him, he walked in still wearing baggy male clothing and light foundation and certainly not looking like a thirty five year old stylish and snappish mother.

Only the bank disagreed with him, especially since the manager came out of hiding to greet Peter personally, since he was such a valued customer.

"Miss Ozdemir, how splendid to see you again! Please come with me, I will of course see to any financial matters personally."

Peter gulped. Reality had changed. The man was seeing him as Zeynep Ozdemir, and whenever he asked questions regarding his bank accounts the knowledge began to spring up from nowhere, allowing him to pass the security questions without any aid from his 'daughter.'

"Thank you, Mr Oslander," he said easily, knowing the man's name thanks to the mental changes. "I will of course be needing a new credit card immediately, especially due to these ridiculous payments that are not by me. I *expect* compensation from the bank on this account as well. This should never have happened."

"Of course!" Mr Steven Oslander said readily. "We would not dream of losing your accounts, or your wonderful presence, Miss Ozdemir. We apologise for this dreadful mistake. Your new card will be ready for you tomorrow, and the current one cancelled."

"Good," he said, standing immediately and gesturing for Zehra to do the same. "Then that is my business concluded. Have a good day."

"Certainly, Miss Ozdemir," Steven said. "If I may have a quick word in private if your daughter can wait outside?"

With uncertainty, Zehra stepped out, at which point the bank manager's demeanour changed. He was quite handsome as well, though not nearly so much as Hasad. He lacked good facial hair, for one.

"Miss Ozdemir," he said. "Zeynep. I was hoping that we could, if you were willing, go on another date? I still fondly recall that night just two weeks ago, but I hadn't heard from-

Peter went straight for the door. "I can't deal with this right now!" he declared, slamming it shut. He practically *dragged* Zeynep away.

"What was that about?"

"You do not want to know, dear one. Let's get out of here before I scream. We got what we came for: we know reality itself is changing somehow, and that your mother *has* to come out of hiding now that we've cancelled her cards."

And we also know that your mom is a way bigger cougar than I thought. Which means I might become one too.

His nipples *had* been quite hard when he had looked at the man.

There was still no show of Zeynep the next day, or the day after, or the day after that. Peter had no idea what had happened to her, but her complete silence to him and ghosting of her daughter made him hate the woman all the more, especially since he was slowly gaining more and more of her mind and body as well. Zeynep's natural spitefulness and dislike of those she deemed inferior melded with his own intellectual superiority and disgust at what she'd done, and soon he was communicating Peter-like thoughts in a very Zeynep-like way.

"She is just such a low-class cockroach to have done this," he muttered once as he re-examined another failed attempt to unfuse two organic strains. "To think I once let her into my own home! I almost want to have the carpets cleaned!"

Sometimes he didn't even catch that he'd said something a little off, and just carried on with his day. He hummed little tunes from a homeland he'd never been to or had no heritage from, and slipped into Turkish language during moments of emotional frustration.

"This is all so . . . *sinir bozucu!* Frustrating as all hell!"

He'd even gone to the supermarket several times to purchase the ingredients for baklava. The main aim was to keep spending and annoy Zeynep into appearing once she saw her history of recent transactions, but he also needed fresh air. He needed, thanks to his new Zeynep cougar instincts, to be *seen*. And sure enough, everyone saw a deeply attractive and voluptuous Turkish-American woman, one whose hips were swaying ever more, and breasts bouncing with greater weight. The fact that he occasionally wore a skirt or blouse or even a nice dress just to ease his struggling mind added to this effect. He told himself it was just for the baklava runs, though. He was able to make it with increasing efficiency and quality after five days of his slow transformation, to the point where even Zehra agreed it was approaching her level of quality, or even her mother's. It was not the compliment she'd intended, as it wounded him deeply.

This was in no small part due to the increasing changes to his body over those following days. While most of Peter's time was spent in his basement, doing his best to fix the machine in record time and unlock the puzzle to fix himself, that desire to flaunt his body got ever stronger the more it changed. His breasts had surged forth, and in the three days since visiting the Turkish Coffee House his bust had swelled from a regular set of B's to impressive D's. He was now officially more stacked than his girlfriend, and it gave him mixed feelings. His Zeynep thoughts were full of smug pride, particularly since the real mother had viewed her daughter as a weird competition half the time, but his Peter thoughts were terrified. They were twice as heavy now, and three times as 'active' in how they bounced and jiggled. The bandaging would not do: he now wore bras that Zehra bought him full time. And while the large boobs were the most obvious change, given that they blocked out the view of his toes, there were others. He now had no body hair apart from a feminine triangle above his small penis. His hips were quite feminine now, and verging on childbearing in description. His hair now easily reached his shoulders, and was beginning to creep down them. His eyes were definitely green, and becoming more emerald-vibrant like Zeynep's were. His legs were shapely, albeit with thickened thighs. In truth, one would see him far more as female than male, and that including his voice, which was high and soft enough that it was most definitely feminine at least, and female at worst. He couldn't shake a now-constant Turkish accent.

It had made things in the bedroom impossible to continue, and just as his libido was rising to a constant level of frustration and desperation. Zehra continued to sleep in the same bed with him, but a physical gap was becoming evident. The way she looked at Peter made him very aware of how . . . maternal his body was becoming. After that first night where she had pleased him with her body and reminded him of their physical affection there had been a distinct absence of the same, and he couldn't blame her. Those were her mother's breasts he was growing, her mother's hair and lips and eyes. As his hips rounded out and his ass swelled and his figure became more motherly, the awkwardness of their contact similarly expanded.

"I'm sorry, Peter, my love," she whispered to him one night as she caressed his cheek. "I know it's you, and you know I love you. But I can't . . . be *that* way for you at the moment. It would be all wrong. Just too wrong."

"I know," he sighed, and even his accented voice betrayed part of her mother's voice. "It's not your fault, Zehra. It's Zeynep's. I just feel so angry about it. How dare she do this to us! Such a . . . such a low-class rat!"

The statement killed even the vibe of romantic affection for several moments. It was something the real Zeynep would say creeping into his speech. It got to the point where when the pair woke up with Zehra's arm draped around his breast, the two actually parted

quickly with a borderline yelp! For the young woman it had just felt all wrong, and for Peter that same feeling was consolidating also.

She's not my daughter. She's not my daughter. But sleeping in the bed together feels so damn incestuous all the same. I'll need so much therapy after this. Not that there's anything wrong with a fine, educated mind like mine! No! That's a haughty Zeynep thought, ignore that, me!

The other Zeynep thoughts were the ones that kept making his libido skyrocket. He'd known that Zehra's mother was a deeply attractive woman. It had apparently made dating for Zehra quite difficult, since her mother always tried to compete with her daughter, not for the same man, but simply to be the beautiful centre of attention. Peter had also known that she was a lustful woman given all the boyfriends she went through as well. But he'd had no *idea* just how damn aroused her body could be all the time, and he wasn't even finished changing yet!

It had started in the mornings and evenings, when he'd wake up in bed or retire to it. In both cases, he found his thoughts wandering, imagining sexual scenarios where a man and woman went at it with expert passion built up through years of conjugal experience. He would begin biting his lip and stroking his body subtly, especially his increasingly large and sensitive breasts, as these scenarios ran through his mind. His nipples were particularly tempting to touch, but so was his junk, which had developed a set of outer lips at the base of his testes that were no doubt going to become his labia. He circled his fingers around these before stroking his hardness. It got to the point of unbearable when Zehra was sleeping or resting beside him, and he had to excuse himself to the bathroom to masturbate. Only orgasms could relieve him, though he no longer actually ejaculated. Indeed, more pleasure came from squeezing and groping his tits.

"Mhmmm," he moaned the day his breasts became full D-cups, as he groped them while taking a break from work, "yesss. F-feel my big, soft olive tits. You like them, d-don't you? And I like a man with playful h-hands to cup them. Go on - ahhh - suck on them. Suck on my big mommy titties. Ohhhhh!"

He came, and not in a small way, and it was only afterwards that he realised that for the first time he was thinking not just about sex in general, but sex as a woman. No, it was worse than that. He was thinking about sex as a woman, *with a man*. And it had made him horny as all hell and desperate for more.

That night was the last time Zehra slept in his bed. After that, he requested they sleep separately. He didn't know whether to be happy or sad that she was all too happy to oblige.

"I think that would be best," she said.

"Agreed, *kızım*," he replied without thinking.

Agreed, my daughter.

Zehra didn't even sleep at his home that night. She chose to return to her own. There were tears in her eyes when she left. It conjured Zeynep thoughts in his head.

"Children can be so ungrateful," he muttered.

"The gorgeous Miss Ozdemir, it is always a blessing to see you in my humble coffee house!"

"Cut the theatrics, Hasad," Peter snapped. "I'm simply hungry and in need of a damn good coffee, and we both know you make the best in the city. Besides, the . . . views are nice."

Hasad grinned, clearly taking Peter's meaning that he was referring to the handsome Turkish-American man, when he'd actually meant the interior design of the place. At least, he *thought* that's what he was referring to, but the man's silver-flecked hair and beard and his warm grey eyes were borderline hypnotic now that he was looking at them.

"Well, what can I say? I always try to dress for a good interview."

And what are you interviewing for? Another date with Zeynep. Good luck, handsome!

Peter practically rolled his eyes as he was led to a seat.

"And where is your intelligent daughter this morning?"

"Bah! The *kızım* is staying away from home at the moment. Refuses to see her *anne* - I mean, her . . . love - in the same way as she once did."

Hasad gave a comforting grin, and to her surprise it actually had the intended effect upon her. "I understand. My own son is a grown man now and already interstate. I am so proud of him, but sometimes I want to grab him by the ear and drag him home just to teach him that you owe some visits to those who gave everything up for you."

"Exactly!" Peter said. The sentiment was right, even if it didn't actually apply to his history. The Zeynep thoughts were strong. "She just doesn't understand what I'm going through, and even when she tries I end up so deeply frustrated with her!"

"Then let me soothe your thoughts with some coffee, and if you wish, some company as well."

Peter was about to reject him outright, but again that warm smile. Furthermore, Hasad's eyes were drawn south to Peter's cleavage. He knew, thanks to the teleportation machine clearly altering reality in some way, that the man was *actually* seeing the 'complete' Zeynep, but his own breasts had grown now to massive E-cups. They were tight against his D-cup bras Zehra had bought him, overflowing the cups which pushed them up to form a canyon of perfect olive-skinned cleavage. They were heavy, weighty, and constantly jiggling and bouncing with each step. More than that, he was starting to actually *like* the bouncing

and the jiggling, particularly now that it was matched by his impressive ass. He was looking more MILFy with each passing day, and part of him truly *wanted* to become the woman Hasad was trying so very hard not to ogle at that moment.

“Looking at a nice picture?” Peter asked slyly.

What the hell am I doing? I shouldn't be enjoying this! I shouldn't even be here at all! I should be back at work and teaching Zehra how to run the machine.

Still, he pressed his arms a little closer together, which pressed his breasts together as well, forming quite a sight. Hasad practically dripped a bead of sweat down his forehead.

“The most beautiful painting, in fact,” he said, recovering. “One I could stare at for a millenia, and wish to hold its subject matter, should she permit it.”

Zeynep thoughts rushed up to cover Peter's own horror.

“Perhaps,” he said. “Perhaps. If you make me the nicest coffee in the world.”

Hasad's face lit up and he moved away quickly to get to work on making her just such a cup. He ordered some food from a server afterwards, and when Hasad brought her the coffee, Peter sampled it, fully intending to curl his lip up and demand a better one. Imagine his shock when it turned out the drink really *was* the best coffee he'd ever tasted, and that was from a set of memories that were half him, and half Zeynep.

“I can tell you like it,” he grinned. “I always reserve the best for my favourites, Zeynep. You'll remember that I also made other wonders come true last time we met outside my humble coffee house. I have never met another who could so easily match my dance steps, or who could be so . . . vigorous.”

Peter swallowed. The man was flirting, *hard*. It was also *working*. His fat nipples were stiffening in his breasts, and the breasts themselves felt flush and warm with the aching desire to be fondled. Hell, they were getting sore just from the arousal, as if willing themselves to grow yet bigger. That emptiness slowly burrowing its way to the surface between his legs developed a noticeable moistness. It almost made him want to hurry up and grow a damn pussy already, just so he could masturbate to this man later.

Need to get out of here need to get out of here need to get out of here

“You are endlessly persistent, Hasad,” he said coolly. “But I'm very busy these days, and I'm sure you understand-”

“Of course, of course, and it is a busy day for me too. But perhaps this weekend? Friday? I can pick you up?”

Peter's walls crumbled. Zeynep's walls crumbled with them.

“F-fine. Whatever. It's a date. Just don't show up late or in some cheap-looking tux. I won't be seen with some man who can't keep up with a rich, elegant woman such as myself!”

She stood, smirking in his direction and walking off, letting her hips sway from side to side in an exaggerated fashion as she did so. Hasad was blown away, and she could feel his gaze upon her ass, which bobbed with her steps. The fact that her dress hugged her increasingly lovely curves only emphasised this fact.

I'm very glad I'm wearing some of Zeynep's fashion. They fit my divine body so well.

A nearby waiter nearly collided into a table he was serving because his gaze shifted to her bouncing cleavage. It made her chuckle darkly.

As if such a cheap little boy could ever have a chance with me.

The Zeynep personality was taking over, and many of the memories with it. She remembered that Hasad was indeed a fantastic lover, and it made her will her body to change faster. He had stamina, and a very impressive penis. But he was also a damn romantic, and she couldn't stomach that. Romanticism was for weak men. She could manipulate them, at least, but she would never allow herself to love them. Zeynep had been right about that, and so would Peter. She would never allow herself to fall into a trap of loving someone who then left her. Not like with Zehra's father.

Zehra's father, the damn rat. He left me, and ever since my life has been -

She was just stepping into her car when she realised where her train of thought had been going.

"Oh fuck," she said. "I nearly went full Zeynep there. Oh double fuck. *I'm thinking of myself as female.*"

And no matter how hard she tried, even when she finally managed to get home and get her thoughts away from sexy Hasad and back onto the machine, she couldn't think of herself as a man again.

The days that followed were the most intense of Peter's life. She tried every mental device she could think of to maintain as much of her old self as possible, but it was slipping away slowly but surely. It was taking longer for her to run the diagnostics on the machine and experiment with organic separation, even as she was getting so damn close to the truth. The science of it was starting to escape her, and no matter how much she tried to teach Zehra and keep her up-to-date, her girlfriend was an engineer and not a scientist. She was able to help repair the machine after mishaps, and even understand the setups of the two pods and get them working independently, but Zehra didn't do much in the way of complex theory, and this was theory at its *most* complex.

By this point it was Wednesday, only two days from Peter's date with Hasad. She'd dreamed again and again of the man and the ways she could abuse his body. She

masturbated regularly now, and it was interfering with her work. Her penis was but a little nub that was bordering on becoming a clitoris, and the skin separating between womb and vulva felt like it was only millimetres away from thinning away completely. Coupled with the fact that her breasts were now mighty F-cups, easily half the size of her own head, and she was feeling very womanly. She'd stopped cutting her hair and let it fall down to the bottom of her shoulders in gorgeous dark waves, and the lipstick she'd taken from Zehra's place was now routinely applied, much to the chagrin of Zehra. Peter did her best to hide it when she was around, but as time passed, she began to look down on the younger woman; Peter was, after all, now looking like a woman in her mid-thirties.

"Please Peter, you have to fight it!" Zehra declared as she looked over the various screens and buttons of the pod controls. "I cannot learn all this in time! It is crazy! *Delilik!* And you are acting crazy too; you're becoming more like her!"

"Quiet, *kız!*" Peter barked. "You don't realise how bad *I* have it! You never did! Always carrying the weight of this relationship, and now I have to play the part of boyfriend *and* mother! And I can see why Zeynep was always in a mood, given how easily you seem to give up. Keep studying before everything is lost. I'm going to go freshen up. I need some damn perfume and a better skirt to match this blouse."

Zehra's jaw fell. "Are you kidding me? Mother - I mean, Peter - are you even hearing yourself? You're sounding just like her all the time now! Sometimes I look at you and I don't even see the man I love any more, just the mother who has been putting me down her entire life! I can't take it, please!"

It was the tears forming in her eyes and the shake in her trembling hands that made Peter realise how terrified her girlfriend was. The Zeynep thoughts wanted to tell her to straighten her back and contain herself, but her compassionate Peter side won out for now, because she crossed the room and hugged Zehra deep against her bosom, holding her there for a long time as she did her best to comfort her.

"There, there, it's okay," she said. "I'm sorry, Zehra. I'm - I'm losing myself, I swear. I'm so fucking terrified. I keep reverting to her thoughts. I'm even getting her memories now. I - I can't even *attempt* to wear clothing that isn't taken from your house."

"I know," she said, barely able to utter the words. "But you should have told me when you took them. I could have helped you. We could have styled you uniquely. Now, you're just copying *her*. We need to find her and make her know how monstrous this has been. She - she *has* to understand."

Peter held Zehra, stroking her hair like a mother would for her daughter. In fact, the entire exchange felt more like a parent comforting a child rather than a boyfriend his girlfriend, and somehow that seemed all the more right. It angered her that this was the case.

But it's true, isn't it? I am just a few little changes from finishing, and then I am her. Then I am Zehra's mother. And then all will be lost.

"Maybe it's best if I stay close to you tonight," she said to Zehra. "Perhaps I better stay at your home. It feels . . . it feels more like my home right now anyway. Staying in this place too long is making my mind explode. We're so close to a breakthrough, I swear."

Zehra was uncertain, but nodded slowly. "Okay. Okay. So long as you don't become my mother fully, Peter. I - I don't want you to become that cruel woman. I see now how cruel she was. Is. We *will* find her. We will get you back."

Peter was not so certain. She looked down at her now-familiar cleavage, wonderfully shown off by her tight blouse, and sighed as they heaved up and down.

This might be my life. I'll effectively be dead. And she'll be laughing to the bank with my face and identity. That card gambit better have worked.

That night, Peter slept at Zeynep's house. The intention was for her to stay in the guest room, but she practically sleepwalked to her 'regular' bed. She wore a silk nightie that left her breasts sagging just slightly on her chest. Part of her wanted to show it off to Hasad and do such wonderful things to him. To please him with her mouth while he did the same all at once. To ride him, or to have him thrust into her while on top of her. To take her pleasure from him for several days and then discard him like the cloying toy he was.

Mhmm, but until then, such pleasure. I need this damn pussy already.

She fell asleep stroking her full, sore breasts, desiring them to grow one final cup size so they might be complete. She was already so alluring, this would finally push her over the line. It would make her daughter look like nothing in comparison.

She would have her wish, because in the morning she felt . . . complete. Mentally, she still knew she was Peter, but physically, it was like the last traces had been taken away. She yawned, stretched her more mature body, and lowered her hands down to her newly formed womanhood.

"Yes, yes!" she cried softly to herself. "Finally! It took too long!"

She had a vagina. A pussy. A set of female lower lips. She shivered in response to the touch of her fingers upon said lips. When she began stroking them further, the pleasure increased. Soon she was lost in the sensation of it, her now-larger breasts trembling on her chest, heavy and full G-cups that pressed together when she shifted her arms.

"Ohhhh, yess. Hasad, take m-me. F-fuck me. I want you i-in me. Mhmmm. Naughty m-man. Such p-putty in my hands. So f-fucking meek when with a r-real woman - ahhhh."

She dipped two fingers into her new slit, pushing them inside her. Her nervous system lit up, signals of divine bliss channelling to her core. She began to stroke her nipples, imagining the sexual conquests her new MILFy body could accomplish. How had she ever feared becoming this goddess? Why had she ever wanted to stay as pathetic, low-class Peter?

I was just a poor lower-class brat. Now I am a predator, a goddess. I am becoming everything I should be, and the only one holding me back is my ridiculous new daughter who wants me to remember all my Peter thoughts, as if they are that valuable! She deserves a good speech to shatter her confidence and remind her who she should be truly thankful to!

But those thoughts went away as her arousal grew again, and she returned to the image of Hasad fucking her. She rubbed faster and harder, playing with her new clitoris and savouring the wetness that moistened her crotch. It was heaven, already far better than any male arousal.

“Yesss! Yesss! Fuck me! Fuck your mistress! MMHHMM!!!”

She *exploded*, crying out in absolute ecstasy. Her body shuddered, her breasts wobbling as a result, and all of it only ignited that delirious joy even further. It took a long time to settle down after multiple orgasms, but when she did, no Peter thoughts rose to the occasion. In fact, thinking of herself as Peter was just all wrong.

I'm Zeynep Ozdemir right now, and I'm frankly loving it! Time to shower, dress, and do my face before facing the world. Zehra can finally see the new me too, and learn her place again.

She showered with that thought happily mind, loving the bounce in her large ass and the expanse of her MILFy wide childbearing hips. Her breasts were so heavy, and placing a forearm across them was lovely for how little it obscured them. Even her more mature looks and thickened waist was a delight; it made her all the more experienced. When she emerged from the shower she put on a revealing purple dress with a plunging neckline, one that had a belt that pulled the whole thing tight against her curves, particularly her ass. With her hair placed over one shoulder and her makeup smokey and sensual, she looked ready to take on the world.

What she wasn't ready to take on was the sight of herself down in the living room eating breakfast, her daughter Zehra standing off to the side, frozen in shock.

“Well, well, finally the sleeping queen arrives,” the other-Peter said with a nasty grin. “It seems you really are getting into character, Peter, or is it Zeynep now, I wonder?”

The sneering figure put down a fork and stood from the table as the new Zeynep descended, anger boiling in her figure. It was just enough to bring some of her Peter personality back to the surface.

“You - you! When did you get here? How did you get here?”

“She - he - they arrived about five minutes ago,” Zehra said.

“Why didn’t you tell me anything, you ungrateful child?”

New-Peter barked out a sinister laugh. “Oh, you really are good at playing me. Zehra and I have been having a marvellous conversation about you. You and my finances. You cut access to my cards. You’re very, very lucky I paid for a lot of service in advance, though I had to eat at the banquet.”

He said it like it was the most low-class thing in the world. It was uncanny for the new Zeynep, looking at her old face and body. She’d almost forgotten already what it had been like to have short hair and a male voice.

I used to look so incredibly average. The poor, pathetic thing! But this thing stole my body. I can’t forgive that.

“You took everything from me,” she snapped, drawing closer. “The least I could do was take away your funding.”

“And now I’m here to get it back. I’m here to get back everything I deserve, actually.”

“You deserve nothing.”

“That’s not what Zehra thinks. In fact, my daughter was just questioning me, trying to see if I have your scientific knowledge. Oh, she thinks she’s so smart, doesn’t she, trying to pry out secrets that can save you, even as you treat her like the often-naive doll that she is. Oh, it took losing my mother-status to truly see what a loadstone you have been Zehra, and also how little you have contributed to my household and life other than stifling it. Yes, being a man - even this average-bodied one - is far, far better. I look forward to a life of success.”

Indeed, the new Peter was dressed in a great deal more style than the new Zeynep had ever achieved, with nice slacks and a smart casual button shirt that looked quite pricey.

“What are you here for then, you bitch?” Zeynep asked. “Tell me, or I’ll call the police and have you thrown in jail.”

“Please, what an empty threat.”

“She wants the money, moth - I mean, Peter,” Zehra said. She looked utterly exhausted. “She promises us some things if we give her-”

“Him, now,” Peter said. “Or is my new penis too confusing for you?”

“He wants access,” Zehra responded.

“You can go get yourself fucked,” Zeynep sneered.

“Oh, I *do* the fucking now, but so will you. You’re a Turkish seductress now, don’t you know?”

Zehra cringed just hearing it. “Please, don’t even say these things out loud!”

“Why not, former-daughter? You knew how many men I brought home, and how much better at it I was than you. And now the former-Peter will be doing the same. Tell me, have you any dates lined up? Any handsome silver-haired men to take some virginity?”

Zeynep tried to keep her expression steely, but her ears burned. Zehra's eyes flung wide open, and her jaw fell.

"Peter, no!"

The new Peter cackled. "Fantastic! Just fantastic, my dear. Ah, I shall make my prized baklava tonight to celebrate. Once you give me access back to my accounts."

"You have no bargaining chip," Zeynep said, furious.

Peter smirked. "Oh, I do. You're not me completely. I can tell. Not yet, anyway. But your home is not without protection. I know your mind, Peter. I know every way to destroy any chance of turning back forever."

"You can't. You teleported using the mental block, and-"

But he just cackled. "That's just it! I'm still me, perfectly me! Only I also *know* you, isn't that funny? All your semantic knowledge. All your ways of fixing things. All your theories. I have your facts, and with them I'll be the true genius. Just because you've changed the locks for now doesn't mean I won't figure out a way in. In fact, while it would be awkward, I can always call the police and get it sorted. But that's just awkward, so I'd prefer we settle this matter discreetly. Give me access to my accounts, now."

It was Zehra that piped up. "Mother, I know it's still you in there, no matter how much you deny it. I have to know, are you fully changed yet?"

The new Peter shook his head, placing a hand to his crotch. "Oh, very nearly, dear. I'd say just one or two days to go. I think my change will be complete on Saturday. And when that happens, I'll-"

Zeynep could barely follow what happened next. Zehra moved like lightning, and then there was *actual* lightning, and then Peter was on the ground, shaking before falling unconscious.

"Daughter, what did you just do?"

Zehra brandished a taser in front of Zeynep's face. "I decided to follow my own plan, Peter. No offence, my love, but you're not reliable, and too much like mother right now. But I thought if the real mother came back I could use it."

"But why?"

"Didn't you hear what she said? She knows most of your theory! And we *have a brainscan function*."

Zeynep couldn't figure out what she was saying.

Oh God. It's just gobbledegook to me now! I'm barely clinging on.

Thankfully, Zehra explained. "We can get the knowledge back! We can get *your* knowledge back by teleporting you! We just need to keep her locked up in the meantime!"

The light at the end of the tunnel was finally revealing itself. Peter thoughts took the centre stage.

“Zehra, don’t listen to any of my horrible comments. You’re amazing. You’re always amazing.”

The younger woman beamed. “Thanks mother. That means a lot to hear that from you, sort of. I know that’s weird.”

“It’s not weird at all, honey. Now let’s move a body!”

The new Peter was furious enough to spew blood, of course. Zehra and Zeynep had to work fast to secure the spare room in the basement to hold her. It was fast work, and the new MILF yelped when she cracked a nail, which set off her new thoughts to how *beneath* her it was to do physical labor. Thankfully, her former girlfriend worked to get ‘Peter’ tied up and locked in.

“You ingrates! You ungrateful welps! Don’t you realise I deserve this life! I deserve everything! You stole away my youth and vitality, Zehra! You were the poison I should have excised long ago!”

“I can’t believe you, mother,” Zeynep heard Zehra snap at her former mother. “I always tried to see the good in you. Now I see that you were rotten to the core. I was just a thing for you to parade around and mock when I didn’t live up to your standards.”

Peter grit his teeth, furious. Zeynep could understand why; the sheer indignity of being tied up!

“What is the plan then, my dau- I mean, Zehra?” she asked the younger woman. Zeynep was still dressed in her gorgeous purple dress, and it was making her think more and more about her date with Hasad. It occupied her thoughts almost as much as the present insanity.

“Well, this is complicated, but we need to get mother - the new Peter - into the chamber again. If we can do that, and transfer her across, we can capture her brainscan. We can also take some of her - his - hairs, and then transport *you* across with the mental guard in place. It will mean that you can slowly get your knowledge back, right?”

Right. I think so. This is all escaping me, this ridiculous science. Why can’t she just take care of it like a good little daughter should take care of her mother?

Zeynep shook her head, dispelling those thoughts. “Yes, I think I follow. Very well then, hurry up and set it up. I haven’t got all day. Besides, you should be in school right now building your future instead of engaging in this ridiculousness.”

Zehra bit her lip, but otherwise said nothing.

It took the two of them to drag the new Peter to Pod A. They had to strip him naked, and he screamed invectives at them in Turkish and English. Zeynep was now fluent in both,

and she cursed back with as much anger, the two of them near-equals in personality, if not quite in malice just yet.

“You can’t do this to me! If you think you can even consider-”

Zehra tased him again, and he dropped like a sack of potatoes. It made Zeynep smirk, though not for the right reasons; the thought of putting this pathetic man in his place was delicious to her, inspiring her mind to take on increasingly petty dimensions. They tossed him in and ran the test. Afterwards, he was placed back in his ‘cell,’ and this time Zeynep entered with a hair from Peter’s head.

Just keep the fragments of your mind together, Zeynep. You are not really Zehra’s mother. You are Peter, even if you can’t accept that right now. Even if your body is fantastic and beautiful, and your breasts utterly divine! Even if it means you’ll miss your date with Hasad and the pleasurable sex to follow. Even if it means you aren’t a goddess and . . .

Zehra was starting up the sequence at the panel.

“I’m going to initiate in a moment, Peter. Are you okay?”

“F-fine, *kızım*,” she said, though it could not be further from the real truth. “Are you sure you know how to operate those controls? They are probably too difficult for you.”

“I am studying to be an engineer, mother. Fuck! I meant Peter. And you taught me well, remember? I’m just connecting to Pod B. After this, we can have your mind repaired, at least your semantic knowledge, and we can work on getting you back to normal.”

Normal. But I am not normal, Peter thought. I am, and have always been, exceptional. How could anyone look at my perfect curves, my bountiful breasts and darling hips and rear, and not see me as exceptional? Why would I want to go back, when I am so much more superior and high-class than before? The other Zeynep never realised what she had, but all I have to do is shuffle off Zehra to some discrete school out of sight and life will be perfect. I don’t need Peter. I never needed to be him. He was a weak, pathetic little poor boy.

And I think it’s time we said goodbye to him.

She still had just enough knowledge in her brain to initiate the emergency shutdown from within the pod. They’d locked the function for the new Peter, but Zehra was still too trusting (*that silly girl*) and it gave Zeynep the opportunity she needed. She flicked it open, blocking access to the Zehra’s sightline with her naked back, knowing her daughter would find it too awkward to look. Then she entered the code - 3141 - to initiate the emergency stop, and ripped out the cables for good measure

The effect was instantaneous. Blaring alarms sounded, and she was bathed in red lights. The door immediately opened, and a recorded robotic voice cried.

‘EMERGENCY! LEAVE POD IMMEDIATELY!’

She did so, fleeing from it and quickly grabbing her clothing.

“What happened?” she cried, despite knowing full well what had occurred.

“I - I don't know. It's weird, there was nothing on the controls. Did we not fix it all up - it worked for the new Peter! It should work for the old ones too!”

“Well, it didn't. You ruined everything, Zehra. This is your doing, not mine. I expect better next time; you need to live up to your mother's example. Frankly, this entire situation has shaken me.”

She was hurriedly putting on her divine purple dress. It was time to move up the schedule. She grabbed her phone and sent a quick message to Hasad. She knew his number now. Oh, how wonderful it was to be getting more and more of Zeynep's memories! To be becoming her completely!

'Change of plans. Date is happening tonight. If you're not available, forget the whole thing. It's now or never, handsome. Prove you're worth having me.'

She smirked, knowing he would change every plan to be with her. The man was desperate for her body, and clearly had no idea how truly vindictive and cruel she could be. Discarding him after using him would be almost as blissful as the week of sex she had planned.

She finished doing herself up and walked out. Zehra was standing there. She had dark rings under her eyes, and her body language was all stressed. It annoyed Zeynep just to look at her. She could be so gorgeous, almost as much as herself, if she just stopped being such an anxious mess!

“What's wrong, dearie?”

Zehra paused a moment, mouth opening and closing like a fish. “What's wrong? What's wrong!? My boyfriend has become my mother, that's what's wrong! You need to stay here, and help me fix this!”

“I hardly think I can. Most of the knowledge is gone. Why don't you consult with your new Peter, I'm sure he'll know a thing or two. I'm very sorry dear, but I have plans of my own that I need to attend to. We'll try again tomorrow. Make sure not to disappoint!”

She patted Zehra patronisingly on her head, and then walked up the stairs and out of the basement. She ignored the hushed sobs behind her.

This place really is too pared down. I'd much rather be back at my home.

Hasad arrived right on time, which scored him some points in Zeynep's book. His car was far too cheap for the man; perhaps he was one of those successful businessmen who liked to 'underdress' in his own life, so to speak. She couldn't say she really respected the decision, far better to have a fine vehicle with your own driver to chauffeur you around. But he *had*

arrived looking impressively debonair in his dark grey suit, his collar and tie impeccable. She had expected smart-casual, and to be able to make mocking little comments about how he had failed to meet her own high standard, given that her curvaceous body was wrapped in a darling blue dress of Turkish make and pattern. Instead, he too looked every part the Turkish gentleman.

He can still disappoint me, perhaps. But if he is as good in bed as I . . . remember, in a sense, then perhaps I won't love him and leave him just yet. I might allow him the pleasure of a few more dates, if he can earn them. Provided he puts my pleasure on a pedestal, and recognises just how much I am out of his league, of course.

"Zeynep, you are *şaşaalı*, just utterly resplendent my dear!"

He was at her door, standing on the threshold while she stood over him, the higher step giving her a physical prominence she enjoyed. It also meant that her very prominent breasts were nearly equal to his eyeline, a fact he was obviously straining not to notice too obviously.

"Of course I am, Hasad," she said easily. She posed against the door frame haughtily, letting him witness her in profile. She had it on good authority from her walk-in wardrobe and its full size mirror just how good her derriere was shown off in this particular number. "You can't expect me to be anything else, can you?"

"Not at all," Hasad said. His jaw was nearly on the floor. "I got you some flowers. Tulips, naturally."

The national flowers of their homeland. The gesture was not subtle, but the flowers were indeed beautiful in their vibrant colours. Zeynep took them, clicked her fingers, and handed them off to a household servant who she'd not bothered to learn the name of.

"Well, you have acquitted yourself enough for a date, Hasad," she said, leaning over so that her massive rounded (and yet still pert) G-cups were right near his face. "Where are you going to take me?"

Hasad swallowed. "Well, Miss Ozdemir, I felt it best to give you a taste of the old country tonight, if you'll have me."

She grinned in amusement. The old country. The one she had never been to. Not that she needed to acknowledge her original self.

I am no longer Peter. In fact, I'm going to act like I never was. I was never so pathetic, and I won't let Zehra remind me of that life either. Far better for her to embrace her new mother as her old one, and finally - finally! - learn to be a woman of means who manipulates men on the tips of her fingers. Otherwise I'll just have to put her elsewhere.

"I will have you, Hasad," she said, sliding her finger down his prominent, handsome nose. "If you prove up to the challenge."

From his smile, he was at least eager to prove himself.

“But we take my car,” she said bluntly. “I won’t be seen in that thing.”

She snapped her fingers again, and a driver was immediately summoned. She gave the slightly disappointed Hasad a smug grin. “Come now, a lady has standards. It’s your car I take issue with. Your body? Hmmm, we’ll see . . .”

Oh, I will absolutely see. This Turkish mother wants to be fucked tonight, and fucked hard. And not in that paltry, inexperienced way I used to. No, I want to feel the tango of a man and a woman in their full maturity and sensual wisdom.

She stepped into the limousine that would take them, as did Hasad. She placed herself beside him, enjoying the way he kept fighting to not look down the deep v-neck of her resplendent dress.

“Let’s have a date,” she announced. “Drive, go where this man tells you. He has a challenge ahead of himself.”

She slid her hand up his knee, going just high enough to stir an obvious erection that he had to hide. She smirked.

“And a great reward if he succeeds,” she whispered in his ear.

Hasad practically *beamed*.

Dinner went well indeed. Hasad’s coffee business must have been doing better than Zeynep has assumed, or he had simply busted out some of his savings, because he took her to a lovely Turkish high-class restaurant called *Our Istanbul*, complete with memorabilia from the great city, including some that claimed to be ancient, though Zeynep had her doubts. The food was, of course, utterly delicious, and like a true gentleman Hasad paid for everything, despite the pair of them knowing that she was absolutely richer. The waiter serving them was the only drag on the proceedings, precisely because it was clear the young man was head over heels in love with her at first sight, stammering over his words as he beheld her beautiful face and tried to ignore her frankly fabulous cleavage. She dismissed him without a tip at the end of the dinner, but did make a point of moving her body in a very *swaying* motion on Hasad’s arm just to give him a show and tease her date a little.

Yes, this is the life, alright. But now I hunger for more than just food.

They had talked of many things; of the homeland that Zeynep had never technically been to, of Zehra and children in general (Hasad desired to have children one day, though Zeynep certainly never did again!), and matters of style. High class cinema and auteur art were right up Zeynep’s alley thanks to her rich tastes, and Hasad had clearly done his homework or was otherwise passionate, because he was able to match her for conversation.

I will not be smitten. I have made this mistake before, or atleast the previous Zeynep, not that I acknowledge that there was one. As charming as this man is, I refuse to . . . feel things for him. No, but I will allow him to bed me. It's time for a final transition to my new life as Zeynep Ozdemir.

Hasad handled the check while she summoned the driver. They had both had some fine wine to drink, and while she wasn't tipsy, she was looser with her hands, even planting a kiss upon his lips while they were driven.

"That was indeed worthy of my expectations," she said. "You were a gentleman of higher calling than your means would suggest."

He chuckled. "I'll try to take that as a compliment, my great beauty."

"Mhmm, you should. I do not give them out handily."

She sampled another kiss, delighting in the coarseness of his short goatee, the way his bristle-like hairs brushed against her smooth skin. Her lips were so full compared to his, but for a moment she let him take charge, placing a hand at her back and another on her soft thigh, all while she rubbed his chest.

"You are tempting me greatly, Zeynep," he said.

She moaned quietly, whimpering just a little. She was a dominant woman, but only in bed would she be a little more submissive. Already, her womanhood was becoming slick with desire, wet with arousal. Her large brown nipples were pushing against her G-cup bra's interior cups. The way she moved made them almost threaten to burst out of her dress.

"Then let's not wait too long," she said, before raising her voice. "Driver! Get me home fast! Speed if you have to! You'll get a bonus!"

The car sped up. Her phone buzzed in her purse once more, but she didn't check it. It would just be Zehra once again for what seemed like the thousandth time, trying to convince her to return and come back.

A good thing her obsession with getting pathetic Peter back is keeping her at his paltry little home. Now I can be as loud with my lover as I want.

She returned to making out with Hasad, teasing him again and again until they finally arrived at her home, by which point he was nearly mad with arousal.

"Mhmm, yes! Yes, do not stop! I demand you do not stop!"

"I couldn't if I wanted to, you have me so hypnotised. And I would never want to, *benim güzelim*. My beauty."

They were in her master bedroom, or *mistress bedroom*, as she preferred to think of it, and finally were unleashing their passions upon one another. Zeynep had forcefully

pushed him onto the bed and undone the buttons on his shirt. She just managed to hold back a gasp as his top was removed: he was impressively muscular . . . and hairy.

Wow. I really like hairy men now. No! I always liked hairy men. I've always been Zeynep. This is what I will tell myself!

She pawed her hands over said hairy chest, loving the way his impressive chest mane was still thin enough to show off his masculine features.

"You have been working out," she noted with a smirk.

"And you have been keeping yourself absolutely gorgeous," he said. "Please, I can take no more torture. I must see you, all of you. Please."

"Only because you begged, darling," she said with a grin. With his help, she removed her dress until she stood just in her sexy black lingerie. The massive cups displayed her huge breasts prominently. She bent over and shook her shoulders, allowing him to stare into the fullness of her cleavage.

"Come here, now," she demanded. "I know you want this."

It didn't take any further convincing: soon he was shoving his face into her giant bust and practically smothering himself inside it. She moaned in delight at the sensation; her olive breasts were just so deeply sensitive. She worked to unburden them of their covering, and soon the bra was on the floor along with her panties, and he was pressed against her totally naked form.

Finally, I can be a woman. Finally, I can have a man. Zehra can't stop this from happening. I'm her mother now. I always was. Mhmmm . . . it feels s-so right.

"Ahhhhhh," she moaned as he began to grope and fondle her breasts. They overflowed his palms, massive and heavy yet unbelievably pert. They sagged a little due to their obvious weight and heft, but this was not the same as drooping. It was only natural, and made them look all the better. She didn't have the plastic bubble bolt-on tits that low-class white trash in this country always gave themselves. No, her figure was all real, like that of a goddess from the ancient east. He began to suck and lick her nipples, switching back between them as she climbed on top of him on the bed. Her breasts hung down heavily, once more smothering him, but the pleasure was intense. With his trousers soon unbuckled she also felt the hardness of his prick against her belly. It was rather impressive, and the memories she had absorbed remembered it as one his most defining features."

"Ohhhhhh, I had missed this greatly," she muttered, sliding her dainty finger down the length of his cock to fondle his balls lightly.

Hasad grunted, clearly turned on by this; his penis became hard as iron. No, as hard as *steel*. "I had missed all of you, Zeynep. For all your ferocity and dominance, you are a good woman. A good mother."

He doesn't know me at all, she thought, though part of it still stung. Do I want to be good? No, these are old Peter thoughts! Cast them aside!

She tried to, but an instinctive nervousness about what she was doing remained. She didn't want to mistreat this man too badly, or discard him too readily, something she chalked up to lingering sentiment from her pathetic previous life. Still, she went along with it, justifying that she wanted this man's pleasures several times over the coming week before casting him out of her life again.

"I am a good *lover*, too," she said. "A great lover, in fact. I just need the right partner."

She massaged his chest, lowered herself to kiss him. Their passions inflamed, they naturally shifted positions, turning on the double-King bed so that she was now on her back and he on top of her. It suited the new woman just fine, because she instinctively spread her legs to receive him, though not before he took the time to play with her breasts and suck on her divine nipples, eliciting further gasps of pleasure from her.

"Oh G-God, it's good! You are g-good! Keep going! No, stop! I want you inside me already. I want to feel it!"

I want it confirmed. I want to be a woman in every way. To leave the pods and freak science behind me. To become Zeynep Ozdemir fully.

Hasad had already risen to the occasion quite literally, but now she guided him in expertly. Her eyes bulged with surprise as his penishead pressed against her wet folds; memory was very different from experience it in reality, after all. But then, after a moment's hesitation, she spread her legs wider, and he slid into her pussy, his surprising girth stretching her walls. Said vaginal passage clamped upon his cock, almost as if it was intent on consuming it - a sexy way of thinking about being penetrated, as it turned a submissive act to a dominant one - and he continued to push further into her until she could have sworn she was about to be split in half. Only then, right before her cervix, did he stop.

She had moaned like a whore in heat the entire way.

"You like that, don't you, my beauty?"

She gasped again and again, trying to catch her breath. "More than words can convey. Now do you work. I want far more pleasure than just this."

"I will do as my queen commands," he said in a slightly jocular tone. She didn't quite appreciate the implications of it, that he wasn't taking her authority entirely seriously, but then he began to withdraw, and enter, withdraw, and enter, and the act of being thrust into cast any concerns from her mind. She clutched him, raking her sharp nails along her back, squeezing his firm buttons, and allowing him to nuzzle against her breasts or fondle them with one hand while he continued. Every pleasure centre of her body lit up as he made love to her, and it was a far greater act of sex than she'd ever had with Zehra-

No! I will not even think of that! I am her mother now and always was! There was no sex with her at all! She needs to find a new man and discover the art of manipulation as I have! Because what bliss it brings . . .

He began to speed up, thrusting in a borderline animalistic fashion that she found deeply alluring. She kept pace with him, matching his rhythm, bucking her hips as he thrust so that he went ever deeper, her pussy milking his cock, readying to receive its seed. She realised she had made one mistake that the original Zeynep never would have: she had forgotten contraception. But lost in the throes of delight, she felt it fine to overlook it this once, particularly as her breasts were wobbling impressively on her chest, leaving Hasad to fondle them once more. The combination of him pinching her large nipples and his thick cock pounded her again and again was drawing her close.

“I’m g-going to cum, Hasad! I am s-so close!”

“Me as well, my beauty! I am close as well!”

“Me first, my pleasure first! Don’t cum until I do! I want to - OHHHHH! YES! YESS! *EVET! EVET! EVET!*”

She cried high and loud, her words becoming incoherent as her body was rocked by its first orgasms from a man’s ministrations. Her pussy tightened its wet walls upon his manhood, and soon his girth throbbed within her, his balls tightening against her entrance. She grinned as she felt what was coming, and pulled the man’s face into her cleavage, burying him in the twin mountains of her perfect flesh. He offered no complaint, instead grunting several times as he released stream after stream of hot seed into her. He flooded her tunnel: the poor man must have been anticipating this moment greatly, because she was utterly draining him. It filled her with pride to have wound him up so much, and to have caused him to be so . . . productive.

“Mhmmmm,” she moaned, the last orgasm rolling through her, leaving her feeling like a puddle of delirious joy. Her hands slid away from his back, the scratch marks upon it evidence of her passion, and she held his face against her breasts for a long time.

That was perfect. I will never give up this life. It belongs to me.

But perhaps the smallest portion of Peter survived in her, at least his compassion and ability to love, because the idea of ridding herself of Hasad, even in a week’s time, seemed far too unkind. He truly was a caring man, particularly given that in the aftermath he cuddled her, soothed her with kind and complimentary words, and then proceeded to make them food from her kitchen after they had showered together.

She chalked it up to momentary post-coital weakness brought on by the still fading bliss. She would harden herself with time. She just knew it.

But his smile does make me smile, even if his jokes are so corny.

They had sex twice more that night: the man was truly a stallion of the ancient Turkic steppes. She even allowed herself to be taken from behind in the kitchen, a state of affairs that perhaps would have shamed her had she not already dismissed the servants for the night, and the manner in which Hasad brought her to pure ecstasy. Leaning against the kitchen table as he fucked her from behind, her breasts pressed against the table surface, her ass bouncing with each thrust, it had been divine. To restore her dignity, she rode him next, making him grasp her tits while she bounced on his lap, deciding the direction and rhythm of their lovemaking and emphasising her own pleasure first. The whole time he continued to give her sweet compliments, discussing her beauty, her magnificent lovemaking, her curves and her fine tastes and her intelligence and wit. She gloried in these, yet remained suspicious of any manipulation. But the truth was, Hasad was like a golden retriever; far too loyal and kind to use deceit. It only magnified that small kernel of guilt that she was trying to smother.

So it came to a surprise even to herself that she let him stay overnight, and in her own bed with him nonetheless! She woke to him curled against her, his hand squeezing her breast, and when they were both fully awake they pleased each other once more, her crossing another threshold as she sucked on his sweet, powerful cock while he licked and lapped at her vulva, the pair adopting a pose that low-class people would call a 'sixty-nine.' She found she quite loved it.

Afterwards, they showered together again, Hasad all smiles and her trying to look authoritative in her own household. She dressed in a silken gown that tied tightly around her form, her large nipples prominent against the thin pink fabric. He borrowed a guestrobe, and the two went downstairs to make food together.

It was at this point, halfway through the act of cooking, that Zehra showed up. She had come in through the side door rather silently, and so the evidence of her arrival came in the form of her dropping several heavy bags on the ground, their digital contents clattering all about. Both Hasad and Zeynep snapped their heads her way, surprised at her entrance.

"Mom. Peter. What the actual frick!?"

Hasad put out his hands in a placating gesture. "Zehra, I'm so sorry to surprise you like this. Your mother and I . . . er . . ."

He was in the guest bathrobe making breakfast with Zeynep, whose luscious MILF form was entirely shown off in her tight satin-silk gown. The man could barely come up with an excuse at all; it was obvious enough that he had stayed the night and enjoyed the pleasure of the mistress of the house's company.

“Hasad and I are together, at least for now,” Zeynep said, deflating Hasad just a little. “I rather thought you liked him, Zehra. Next time try entering through the front door so you aren’t so surprised.”

Zehra puffed up with fury. Despite her smaller frame and shorter stature, she still took after her mother, and was a terror to behold when angry. Memories of being Peter - even if they were vague - flashed through Zeynep’s mind. She’d been on the receiving end of that stare.

“Mom. Talk in private. Now.”

She practically dragged a furious Zeynep into the next room. It was clear her anger wasn’t directed at Hasad, who just gestured to the kitchen.

“I’ll keep cooking, and, er, make us up breakfast for three I suppose?”

“You do that,” Zeynep replied in a snappish voice, bordering on an order. She shut the door to the next room, planted her hands on her very impressively shaped hips, and stared down at her daughter.

“Zehra, what on Earth is the meaning of this? You are behaving like an *aptal*. A total fool!”

“I’m acting like the fool? Me!? You’re the one who isn’t acting like herself! I mean, himself! You’re meant to be Peter, you’re meant to be a man - my boyfriend! Instead my Mom stole your body and we have her trapped in a basement trying to undo all the damage she did. I need your help, Peter. You can’t lose yourself to this! Please tell me - please tell me that you didn’t . . .”

She looked to Zeynep’s side, as if staring through the door to where Hasad would be. They didn’t smell of sex, but they had likely showered. The fear was clear in her eyes.

Oh, little one. Perhaps this will remove your naivete finally and make you realise how much better I am as your anne. Your mother dearest.

“So what if I did sleep with him?” Zeynep said. “I’m a grown woman, a mature woman with a taste for good men. You remember that I’m always like this, Zehra. It’s in my nature, and it should be in yours if you want to succeed in life.”

Tears formed in Zehra’s eyes. “You’re just bringing me down, like my real *anne* does. You didn’t really sleep with him.”

Zeynep folded her arms beneath her mighty breasts. “Oh, I did, *kızım*. I most certainly did.” She sighed dramatically, imagining those many orgasms. “And I *loved* it. It was far better than any previous . . . relations, I’d had.”

She wasn’t going to mention that she had once been a man, one who’d slept with Zehra multiple times. It simply wouldn’t do now that she had taken the place of her mother. But her words stung Zehra deeply, like a knife through the heart. She began to cry profusely now, tears streaming down her cheeks.

“You - you’ve lost yourself. Peter would never do this to me. He loves me.”

“And I still love you, child, as my daughter. But I’m not Peter, and I never will be. Besides, you really need to get over him and just let this new Peter go free. It seems we’re both happy with our new arrangement. *You’re* the only one that needs to adjust.”

Zehra looked into her eyes, and Zeynep stared back, projecting utter dismissal and even cold amusement at her daughter’s plight.

“I can’t believe you did this to me,” she said, with enough venom in her voice to kill an elephant. She opened the door and strode past Hasad, who obviously had not been listening but had heard the muffled tones of an argument.

“I’ll have breakfast elsewhere,” Zehra spat.

She slammed the side door closed behind her and left, leaving Zeynep feeling furious, and more than a little unsure who Zehra was actually mad at when she said ‘I can’t believe you did this to me.’ Was she talking about her, Zeynep, or the new Peter who had set this all in motion?

“I can go, if you want,” Hasad said, scratching the back of his head.

“Don’t, darling,” she said, sweeping to his side and grasping his firm ass flirtatiously. “It’s just a mother-daughter dispute. She’s young, these things happen. Besides, after breakfast, I want to sate my appetite in other ways.”

He grinned, clearly eager for more of their sexcapades. She wanted to set on his lap in the large sofa chair and let him cup her breasts from behind while she bounced on his hard cock.

Maybe after more of that, I can finally forget Peter for good. Because Zehra can’t reverse this. She may be smart, but she’s no genius. And soon she’ll admit it’s futile. She’ll return to her anne and forgive me.

Like she always does.

The week continued, and Zeynep slipped ever more into her new life, which increasingly felt like her old life. Her experiences and memories of being Peter occasionally stirred up into her mind, but they were also more and more easy to clamp down upon, to quash beneath her (high) heel. She embraced everything about being Zeynep Ozdemir, the high-class socialite and Turkish-American cougar. She wore all the finest dresses and richest, most resplendent outfits. She took on the voice that was now so natural to her: authoritative and cultured. She went to expensive and well-regarded restaurants, jewellery stores, and art galleries. She patronised and visited clubs for the wealthy, getting along famously with the old Zeynep’s girlfriends and acquaintances, some of whom she treated passive-aggressively,

others of whom were more mutually respected, and others who were simply there to kick down and appear superior to. There were also men . . . some of whom she nearly coupled with behind Hasad's back. Well, she did fuck one of them after a particularly enjoyable golf game, but strangely it had been a hard effort. Her Peter Thoughts came to the surface, viewing such an act as immoral, and even making her feel *bad* for Hasad, that ridiculous coffee simpleton! She concluded that it was just because he was so handsome and debonair despite being merely middle-class, or slightly upper-middle class at best thanks to his business.

I shall have to terminate our arrangement. The man is far too smitten, even if the tulips he gives me have wonderful fragrance. It is a good thing for him that he is such a natural lover. And even I must admit that his coffee is excellent, the Turkish varieties most of all. But there are other men, and it will be good to show Zehra that nothing of Peter remains, but the new one. And he should soon be free . . .

Every excuse under the sun had been made for Peter's absence, but both Zeynep and Zehra knew that a stalemate had occurred. Zeynep wouldn't return to the building just in case Zehra figured out the betrayal and tried to turn her back. And Zehra couldn't release Peter without losing the very knowledge she now had of the machine; that important 'semantic knowledge.' And from what whispers Zeynep heard from Zehra's brief visits back to her home, even that was going in her favour.

Peter/Zeynep was refusing to help any more, and was doing everything to gain his/her freedom. As far as the new Zeynep considered it, the new man was free to take it. He thought he'd won, but her own life was far, far better. She knew how to handle Zehra, keep her at arms length and prevent her from ruining the mother's life.

And who cares about being young? I'm still young, and beautiful, and I can take charge and have all the pleasure in life I want, all while looking fantastic and being wealthy. Zehra can either become like me, or simply move out for good. Not my problem anymore.

And yet all this time, even through her nightly bouts with Hasad during which even blowjobs were starting to make her shiver in pleasure, she couldn't help but worry. Everything was perfect. She had won, even if another had manipulated her into this position. But Zehra was intelligent, as a student, as a girlfriend, as a daughter. She'd seen and remembered all sides of her, and one thing was for certain: Zehra never gave up. She was a determined soul, and intensely loyal to the real Peter's memory. She had not dumped him in their years of dating, despite all of Zeynep's complaints.

So when Zehra appeared on Zeynep's doorstep, her face downcast, her features sad, the remnants of tear tails still half-fresh upon her cheeks, claiming that she had given up, she was immediately suspicious.

"Given up what, my *kızım*?"

“Given up on getting you back. I can’t get the device working. I don’t know how it functions, and Peter won’t help me. And the police have been asking questions, and I don’t know what to tell them, and - and - and I just want to come home! I just want things to be as they were, and pretend I broke up with Peter - the ‘Peter’ in that laboratory practically screamed the option to me again and again the other night. I can’t even look at him any more. The idea of being with him now . . . I wish I could think otherwise. But I don’t know what to do, and I’m tired, *anne*. I’m so, so very tired.”

Zeynep tapped her fingernails upon her arm; she’d just had them done with several high society friends of the Turkish Women’s Alliance that very morning. They looked splendid. But even more splendid was the notion of victory, and finally pulling her daughter into line. Still, she was suspicious, so she narrowed her eyes and circled around her daughter.

“This isn’t some trick? You wouldn’t play a twist on your *anne*, would you? You know that I would be very displeased by such a thing. A mother would hope her loving daughter would never victimise her like that!”

Zehra winced, clearly reminded once more that the woman wearing her mother’s skin and holding her personality was not really her mother at all. Not that Zeynep saw it that way. She was delighted to view Zehra as her daughter, and hold relationships with men, as her early morning rise with Hasad had attested.

“I wanted to trick you,” Zehra admitted, looking away. “I wanted to play some ‘twist’ as you call it. Find some way to get you into that lab . . . but I could only do that if I knew how to fix the machine, or what to do with the new Peter. And I don’t. Mother, I screamed until I nearly passed out last night. I’m sick of all of this. I just want . . . I don’t know what I want. But if Peter - my original Peter - truly is gone, then at least I still have my mother, right?”

Zeynep felt like she was getting buttered up . . . and she liked it! She sauntered around behind Zehra, still not totally trusting her, but certainly feeling the young woman to be suitably humbled.

“Well, my dear daughter, the light of my life. Welcome home. I’m glad to know it will be all sorted out. Of course, you’ll have to let Peter go - we have him to thank for this splendid return to normality. And once that is done, we can go about our business, and be a family again.”

“With Hasad?” Zehra said, unable to hold back the still painful venom in her words.

Zeynep guffawed, giving a haughty chuckle that echoed throughout the main living space. “Oh, my no. No, he is just a . . . bit of fun. Remember, dearest, you must learn from me how to move men to your liking and discard them so that they can never leave or hurt or disappoint you again. Ever. So it will be with Hasad.”

For reasons perhaps even *she* wasn't quite sure of, Zehra spoke up in Hasad's defence. "He's a good man. He loves you. Zeynep Ozdemir, I mean."

"That *is* me, darling. And please, he may think he loves me, but he is a man through and through. He will grow tired of me, or commit some foolish misstep. Besides, he is a mere coffee shop owner. Wonderful at serving the rich and wealthy, but hardly part of our class, *canım*."

Zehra struggled over her next words, as if it was almost torture to say them. She was still seeing the world through the lens of her mother being her boyfriend in a previous life. It was an utter pity from Zeynep's view, but there was little that could be done except allow time and her own manipulations to weave her daughter back towards her.

"Mother . . . just don't be cruel. Please, if I have to accept you as my mother, then don't be cruel to him. Just let him down easy. He's innocent in this. I'm still freaked out by you sleeping with him. I cried myself to sleep the other night just thinking about how it is. But he doesn't know any of this, and he's always been kind to me. Just . . . don't be cruel."

Zeynep shrugged as if it were no big deal. She moved to adjust her dress and check herself out in the wall mirror of the living room. She was wearing a green blouse and tight cream skirt that looked absolutely darling on her, while also showing off her voluptuous figure. Many men would approve, and many women would be understandably jealous. So much the better.

"I'm sure I can be . . . lenient, just for you, my love."

And with that she leaned over and kissed her daughter on both cheeks, smiled as she then patted her on the head, and then welcomed her in for lunch. Hasad would be joining them for dinner, and it would prove a wonderful opportunity to ensure that her daughter was on the level.

The dinner passed awkwardly. Zehra ate very little, something that Zeynep continued to admonish her for, as Hasad had done much of the cooking, not just the house chef. Still, she was obviously trying, as for the first time in a long time the daughter had done herself up very fine, wearing a gorgeous purple dress with golden lining. It was slim on her body, showing off her curves, and while said curves were nothing on Zeynep's own, she was finally proud of her daughter for adopting her fashion sense.

"To embracing who we are!" Zeynep announced as a toast.

"Hear, hear!" Hasad announced, smiling.

Zehra offered her toast with more lightweight enthusiasm, but each submission to Zeynep's status quo was a crushing blow to her, and a victory for Zeynep. They then tucked

into their perde pilav, something the new Turkish MILF had requested Hasad make. It was normally a Turkish wedding food, but it symbolised the cementing of a new family, and there was a deliberate intention there.

Though it doesn't apply to you, Hasad, she thought with amusement to herself. But even that amusement was stained by a sort of bittersweetness as he smiled lovingly at her between bites. *I have kept you far too long. What is wrong with me? I'll have to go back on my word with Zehra and rip this bandaid off most forcefully. I suspect that will be the final death of my Peter Thoughts.*

Indeed, there were long stretches now where she entirely forgot that she had ever been Peter. Far from being terrifying, those were the times of greater peace for her. She could be as cruel and petty and vindictive and manipulative as she wanted to, and in those times Hasad protested some of her behaviours, such as when she lambasted a server as a fine restaurant that got her dish wrong. Just for that, she didn't sleep with him that night, instead bidding him farewell, and finding another man of means at a bar and taking him home instead, not that Hasad knew.

"It is good to see you dressing up for once," Zehra," Zeynep said. "Perhaps it is also time we thought of switching your majors as well? Engineering and science are noble things, but hardly befitting a business family."

"You aren't a businesswoman, Mom. You married into this. Hasad is a business owner."

Zeynep twitched, glared over at Zehra.

How dare she!?

Instantly, Zehra blushed. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean-"

"I think what Zehra means," Hasad interjected, "is that I currently run a business, and you run the business of a wealthy household." He smirked in his awkward way, trying to keep the peace, and moreover help Zehra off the hook. "But darling, marrying into it or not matters little. You have maintained your affairs so elegantly all these years, I cannot imagine all the variables! But science is a business of it's own, is it not? You must manage many factors and possibilities, all in search of a winning formula that could change everything! It is, if you'll permit me to say in your own home, a noble pursuit."

Zeynep ground her teeth. She didn't want a fight, not now. But she would get back at Zehra later. She was showing far too much bite for what was meant to be a cowed dog. For now, she put on a fake conciliatory smile.

"Of course, darling. Zehra is intelligent, and whatever she chooses I will be proud of. I just hope she can support herself."

Zehra said nothing, but continued to eat. Then she excused herself from the table and headed up to her room.

“I have to study,” she said.

“Yes, you better,” Zeynep said. She knew that Peter was being released tomorrow. She didn’t even want to be there, but it would wrap things up neatly. The original Zeynep would be gone, and she would be the true Miss Ozdemir. And Zehra would have nothing to bargain with.

But still, a suspicion lurked in her mind. She decided to check Zehra’s room when she was away the next day. After, she decided, looking at Hasad’s admiring face, she had fucked her current lover *extra* loudly, just to put her daughter in her place.

“Y-yes! Cum in me, Hasad! Cum in your perfect queen! I want all of you!”

He was thrusting into her, that same bestial mode he adopted coming over him once more. Far from mounting him, she was on her back once more, submitting to his cock as it penetrated her. She was getting used to the feeling despite some lingering tension from her Peter Thoughts, and each sex act normalised her new body and its pleasures more. The ecstasy of sex was coursing through her form as she gripped him with her thick thighs. He had grasped the left cheek of her ass, squeezing it lustfully as he fucked her. He occasionally shifting so he could sink his fingers into the flesh of her breasts, which wobbled up and down (albeit on a horizontal plane, given her angle), almost hitting her on her own chin with each thrust. She relished the feeling of that endless jiggling, the proof of her magnificent bosom. Finally she came at the very moment he began to suckle on her right nipple. Something about the way he sucked on its distended length between his teeth just drove her absolutely wild.

“Yes! *Evet!* I’m c-cumming! Ohhhhhhhh, NNGhhhh. MMMHMMH!!!”

Once more, he had prioritised his pleasure over her own. Far better than the man from the bar the previous night, who had barely made her cum at all. That was why she kept Hasad around, she decided. He was a generous lover, and his food and coffee were excellent. Not to mention the desserts at his coffeehouse that he supplied her.

Yes, that’s the only reason I keep you around, Hasad. Not your wry humour or the way you always look to me like I’m a goddess. Not the way you see the best in people. Such qualities are . . . foolish. Foolish and fleeting.

He thrust several more times, allowing more explosive orgasms to shake her form. She gripped him for all he was worth as he came inside her. It was a minor point of difference between her and the original Zeynep that she occasionally forgot to use contraception; there was just something about the sensation of being flooded with hot semen right into her waiting womb that was borderline irresistible.

“That was . . . good,” she breathed once he finally rolled off of her. She held his head against her breasts, just as she knew he liked it.

“Just good?” he said, smirking. “I rather thought I outdid myself, Miss Ozdemir. But then you always rise to the occasion.”

“*This* rose to the occasion,” she said, stroking his still slightly-hard cock. “I have kept you around much longer than most men, Hasad. Why is that?”

He shifted, looking at her thoughtfully and seriously. His hand stroked her naked hip. “Zeynep, I rather think it’s because I’ve fallen in love with you. And I think . . . I think you have fallen in love with me as well.”

Something twigged within her. Something *foul* and angry. Zeynep’s memories rushed up within her, the way her first lover had failed her, how men had treated her after such sweet words, how she had been a relegated trophy wife to a powerful man only to step out of his shadow upon his grateful death.

I don’t love you, you pathetic little man. If this is my Peter Thoughts’ doing, trying to adapt with that weak compassion, then let me excise them now.

She stroked his face carefully, drawing in for a kiss. It was a passionate one, and clearly Hasad thought it a good sign. But then she halted it, and pulled back with an expression of wry amusement.

“Oh, Hasad. You mean nothing to me.”

His smile faltered. “You don’t mean that.”

“Oh, but I do. You are just a lover, and nothing more.”

“Zeynep, I know you. You say these cruel things to cope. To keep control. I understand it myself, it took therapy for me to realise years ago that I was-”

“Are you calling me crazy?”

“No, no! Not at all! But you close yourself off to the world, and when you talk to Zehra I can see how you love her so deeply, but you put down this shield. Zeynep, let me help you lift that shield. I know that you love-”

She got off the bed and began to dress. “I let this go on too long simply because your damn *prick* felt nice and your deserts were excellent. You make good coffee, Hasad. Go drink some and fucking *wake up*. You were just fuck toy for me. Never high-class enough to count. Now get out of my house before I call the police.”

She stared him down, and after a protracted silence, the man began to put on his clothes, occasionally giving a fleeting glance to her. “I can’t believe you,” he muttered. “I don’t believe you. I know there is something more in you, Zeynep. I do.”

“Then believe it elsewhere,” she said, pointing at the door.

“Do I not get a goodbye kiss? Something? Surely our time wasn’t meaningless.”

“I’ll call you in a few years if I want you to fuck me from behind again, how about that?”

It was the ultimate dismissal, and it *hurt*. It shouldn’t have; she was Zeynep, damn it! But something cracked inside her as Hasad left. The tears forming in the man’s eyes that he was battling against nearly made her own flow. It was only after he had left that she let loose a bloody scream of rage. She smashed a painting and a rather expensive vase, even tore at some of her own clothing.

“What is wrong with me!? I am not like this! This isn’t me! I’m Zeynep! I know how to do this. I shouldn’t be so weak to such a man! This is . . . this is *her* doing.”

Zehra did something, or threw me off in some way.

It was midday, and Zehra had gone off to college. She remembered that she planned to search the young woman’s room, and she did so now, entering it despite her earlier promises in life to not intrude her daughter’s privacy.

That was a different Zeynep, of course. No, it wasn’t! I have always been Zeynep! Just me!

But then she was hit by the truth not long after. There was nothing immediately suspicious about Zehra’s room, but the desk was far busier than it should have been, piled with journals and notebooks and scientific manuals. Many of them were *physics-related*. That was enough to send a jolt of panic down Zeynep’s spine.

“What have you been up to, clever *kızım*?”

She opened the first of the journals. It was all scientific gibberish, stuff that Peter could understand but was utterly alien to Zeynep. But it didn’t take a genius to realise the obvious: Zehra was trying to learn the science of the experiment. She flicked through the journals, noting numerous annotations in Peter’s hand, as well as additions and questions and confusions in Zehra’s own as she clearly tried to grapple with the hyper complicated material. Zeynep smirked at this; clearly she wasn’t making the right progress.

But her confidence dissipated the moment that she opened the journals on the right side of the desk, and she began to tremble with outrage and fear instead.

Peter has agreed to work with me, one of the entries read. My ‘new’ mother doesn’t know, but then I suspect she still has a bit of the original Peter still in her. Just like ‘new Peter’ is mostly mother’s personality but still has remnants of his compassion. He has finally come around after our long discussions, and wishes to return to his life. I doubt he’ll ever be a caring mother again, but he misses the fine dresses, the great body, and the impulse decision to wreck the experiment in the first place is now his great regret.

“Impossible,” Zeynep said. “He wouldn’t . . .”

But more entries confirmed what was happening.

Peter and I think we can repair the hub. I was going about it all wrong. It's not about bringing Peter back from Zeynep, but restoring Zeynep from Peter. If there are two Zeyneps, then the original - with more experience - can take her place. The current Zeynep will have no choice but to stop being my mother and take on her old life. Of course, two on one will also give us another advantage.

More entries showed records of their discussions. Zeynep's heart beat rapidly. Her hands shook like those of a palsy sufferer. She swallowed, and found her throat dry. It was all falling apart. How could Zehra do this? She had inherited her mother's manipulative side far more than she realised, and it was now coming to the fore.

I have to get there immediately. Put a stop to this. Call the police if necessary. I will not lose my life.

She showered very quickly, not even enjoying the warm water, then donned an imperious black dress that would dominate the centre of any room she was in. She hadn't lost her sense of drama, after all.

And she planned to start some. She still knew where the spare fuel tank was at Peter's paltry little place. With a book of matches, she was going to ensure that Peter's project died for good.

"Zehra! I thought I'd drop by and see how you are doing?"

The place was seemingly empty. She knocked several more times. It was a good sign. Zehra had responded by text, and both times indicated she couldn't talk much due to being in the middle of a lecture. Still, it didn't hurt to be sure: there was no sign of Zehra's car, or Peter's for that matter. Zeynep still circled around the back. Peter's spare key was there, and she used that to enter the building. She took the jerry can of fuel from the shed at the back of the rental and slowly descended the stairs to the basement.

Time to finally end this. This is why my Peter Thoughts keep returning. Because there is still the possibility of going back. I will never go back. I am Zeynep. I will always be her.

She kept on guard for Peter, just in case he was loose. Zehra had assured her that he was no longer missing, and had returned to college, putting an end to fears of him being a concern of the authorities. Likely he was putting in appearances right now, just to smooth things over before he returned to being Zeynep. She wouldn't let that happen.

Still, she reached the basement cautiously, readying the jerry can. Indeed, Zehra had been a busy bee after all: the teleport pods were looking a bit different, with alterations made

to their exterior. There were new cords and doodads and strange sciencey things sticking out of it. It gave Zeynep pleasure to think that she didn't recognise any of it anymore.

"Time to burn," she said, stepping forward and unscrewing the jerry can.

And it was at that very moment that she saw something utterly wrong out of her peripheral vision. In the 'jail cell' Peter and Zehra had constructed for the New Peter, that very same individual was still located inside, tied up and gagged, making furious muffled noises and shaking his head.

"*THWAP!*" he managed to say, voice echoing through the door. "*ITH A THWAP YOU FWUCKING MWAWAN!*"

A trap? Why is he still tied up? But the journals? Oh no, Zehra, you brilliant little-

She turned just in time to see Zehra launch out from a hidden spot, taser in hand, Zeynep had brought her own just in case, but wasn't nearly quick enough. Her daughter shocked her, and her muscles seized. The jerry can fell from her hand, spilling fuel to the ground. Zehra acted like lightning, shoving Zeynep into Pod A and sealing it.

"N-no! What have you done!?" Zeynep screamed. She tried to find the unlocking seal within the pod, but it was gone. "Zehra, you bitch! You ungrateful little *orospu!* You left those journals as a lie to bring me here!"

"I was beginning to think you wouldn't take the bait, mother," Zehra said. Her face was just like her mother's: forceful and dominating. It was intimidating to the older woman. "I've been keeping Peter's car and mine parked on the street over for nearly a week now, and I've been monitoring your location through your phone like crazy. I bet you didn't know I could do that, huh? Turns out that engineering *is* an important degree: it lets me figure out how things work."

A rage beyond words coalesced within Zeynep. She began to bang furiously on the inner chamber of the pod.

"You can't do this to me! You may have gotten me here, daughter, but you don't have the smarts to operate this machine!"

Zehra sneered. "That's where you're wrong, mother. Peter. I do, at least for now. You see, I figured that since I couldn't use the mental transfer function with you after you used the inner emergency hatch to escape - clever, by the way. It took me a few days to work *that* one out - then I had the next best thing: my *real* mother, who had taken all of Peter's - your - knowledge. Inside his head is all the semantic knowledge of how this technology works. He was never going to actually help me, but I was able to get him into the machine and siphon that semantic knowledge and place it right here."

She tapped her own head. Zeynep's eyebrows rose in shock.

"But - but -"

“But it’s not perfect, alas. I was operating blind, and the semantic knowledge is slowly fading. But I knew enough from mother-Peter to fix the machine and improve it. I took the remnants of the real Peter’s mental pattern - yours - and loaded it into the machine. From there, I could extrapolate much more - as much of the original Peter as I could. Hopefully, all of it. I just needed to bring you here. And the only thing that would bring you here voluntarily was the fear of being replaced by the real Zeynep, taking on her old body again.”

Zeynep trembled. She’d been utterly outplayed. Her daughter had taken Peter’s knowledge from the new Peter, and with the original Peter’s mental patterns stored, the stage was set for all her progress to be reversed.

“You can’t! You can’t do this! Please, Zehra, I’ve always loved you.”

“I know Peter,” she said, moving to the controls. “Which is why I’m not giving up on you.”

She hit the button, and the sequence started. The timer counted down. Off to the side, the new Peter had managed to get his gag out, and was screaming invectives.

“Zehra, you ungrateful little *fahişe*! I should have aborted you! I should have never had you! What are you going to do with me, huh?”

He railed against his tethers more dramatically than ever before, almost breaking his own wrists as he pulled against the piping that secured him.

“I’ll think of something, *mother*,” Zehra spat. “First, I’m getting my boyfriend back. First his mind, then his body.”

The sequence reached zero. Zeynep screamed, as did the new Peter. She was phased out of this reality’s existence and the three minute timer began. From Zeynep’s perspective, no time passed at all between her leaving Pod A and arriving in Pod B. But when she did teleport in, everything had changed. She gasped, immediately overcome by a powerful psychic backlash. Her entire neural network had been rearranged, her mental pattern heavily altered yet again. It wasn’t perfect: as brilliant as Zehra had been, Zeynep could tell that not all of the original Peter had made it. For one, the body she was in still felt very natural, and she was still thinking of herself in female pronouns. She quickly tried to summon a lustful thought, and *Hasad* came to mind. It made her blush; but at least that last part was a good sign, because a warm feeling of affection swept over her, as well as waves of guilt over how she had parted from him. The cruelty she had indulged in, the haughtiness and pride - well, she was still a little prideful, particularly in her MILFy figure - astonished her.

“I can’t believe it,” she said, touching her cheeks. “I was a monster. I *became* her. And she saved me.”

Her love of science had returned, her curiosity and boundless enthusiasm to discover. But her love of Turkish food - not just as an outsider but as a Turkish woman now too - remained, as did her love of fine arts and music. There was far more Peter than

Zeynep, but her sexuality, identity, femininity, and tastes had been preserved. Her better parts, at least. None of the vindictiveness remained. And for Zehra, there was only love. So much love. Even if that love had . . . changed.

I can't grapple with this just yet. I just can't. I need to - oh my God!

She recalled that three minutes had passed with the outside world, and in those three minutes chaos had erupted. Zehra was on the ground, and Peter was free outside the hatch, grinning evilly as he took the book of matches.

"What are you doing?" Zeynep yelled through the hatch, opening it to exit.

The new Peter was cackling, looking half-mad. "Finishing this, already! I said I'd get a new life, and no one is stopping me!"

Zeynep was aghast. She stared at Zeynep on the floor, the puddle of gasoline pooled at the edge of the teleporter, and the fact that Peter was holding a match. "You could hurt your own daughter, you *salak!*"

Peter chuckled darkly. "Oh, so I guess you didn't get *all* of your mind back if you're still speaking the home language. But she isn't family to me anymore, is she? None of you are. I'm free and clear, and I'll have a great story to tell about my cruel captors once the smoke clears. I can always reinvent this stuff with your knowledge. I'll have the life I was always meant to - HWURK!!"

A mother's love was a powerful thing. Despite being older, less muscled, and still grappling with getting most of her mind back, Zeynep was overwhelmed with a powerful love for her daughter. Love, and fear for her wellbeing. She launched forward, screaming. It didn't matter in that moment that even with her mental patterns back, she still viewed Zehra as her child, all that mattered was how deeply special she was. How forceful and intelligent and kind and loving and *perfect*. She may not be her girlfriend anymore, but she was *family*.

And as Peter *or* Zeynep, she would go to hell and back to keep her family safe.

You don't get to hurt my daughter ever again.

Peter had no chance. He lit the match, but was smacked aside forcefully. He tried to rally, but Zeynep was quicker, cracking his head against Pod B as he tried to reach for something sharp. Unfortunately, the match went flying, and in slow motion she saw it go straight towards the teleporter and the puddle of petroleum. It surged into a fire immediately, spreading over Pod A and lighting up the cords. Peter roared in victory, but it was shortlived: something set off in the electronics, and Pod A activated with a total failure.

TRANSPORT BLOCKED. EMERGENCY DISSEMINATION OF MENTAL PATTERN

The door to Pod B was still open, and bolts of transporter energy let loose, coursing straight through the new Peter. He clutched his head and *screamed*, before staggering forward towards the stairs and then falling unconscious on the floor

There wasn't a split-second decision. If this was a movie, Zeynep would have had to decide between going to the fire extinguisher and pulling her daughter aside, and only choosing the latter at the very last second. Not so for Zeynep. For her, there was no choice at all. She grabbed her daughter and pulled her aside from the rising flames, dragging her with superhuman strength up the stairs. Smoke bellowed through the house, overcoming the sensitive electronics and destroying her chance of getting her body back, or the real Zeynep being returned to hers. She hated the original for that, but she still made her way down the stairs, through the belching smoke, and grabbed him. It took all her strength to get him up, and his unconscious form coughed and spluttered, as did she.

She managed to get them both safely to the front lawn, at which point she called the fire service. And then she collapsed to the ground, holding her daughter and begging her to be okay. Zehra stirred slowly, opening her eyes. There was a nasty knock on the back of her head; the new Peter hadn't even used the taser, but instead something weightier. They'd have to get her checked for concussion. For now, Zeynep cradled her daughter's face.

"Zehra? Zehra! It's Peter - and Zeynep. It's me, your mother. Please tell me you're okay? My sweet baby girl. My *kız çocuğu*. Please be okay."

Zehra hugged her mother, tears streaming down her eyes. "Mother. Peter. You're okay? Are you . . . you?"

"Oh thank God you're alright! You did it, Zehra. You saved me."

"You're Peter again?"

Zeynep pulled her daughter's face back. She stroked her features like a mother would lovingly to her daughter. "I am . . . as much me as I could hope to be. I don't think I'm Peter anymore, darling. I'm sorry. But I have all of his love for you, his compassion, his curiosity and care. I am not her anymore, and I never will be. You saved me."

Mixed emotions tumbled over Zehra's face. They pulled back to the street as other onlookers gathered. The house was going up in smoke, the fire rising. The fire service wouldn't be far away, hopefully. And while she hated him, Zeynep hoped that the new Peter was okay; he was still unconscious, but whatever had happened with the malfunctioning teleporter and his brain could have fried it completely. She didn't want that.

"Oh Peter, mother," Zehra said, still not knowing which one to even use. "It's all gone, and I never had the opportunity to make my semantic knowledge of the machine permanent. What do we do? Can you rebuild it?"

She wasn't sure. She had so much of Peter's knowledge, but some of it was fragmented, or would need to be restored through research. It could be years before she was ready again, no matter how many of her smarts had been restored.

"Maybe, but it will take a long time," she admitted. "For now, this is me."

Zehra looked at her curiously. "I'm sorry. I failed you."

“Not at all, my darling. It’s not how I planned my life to be. It’s not what I expected. But . . . as long as you are safe, I am happy. Zehra, I still have much of your mother in me, but all the best parts of her. And if I can’t be Peter again, then I promise I will be the mother you never truly had, but always deserved. I love you, *kızım*.”

Zehra went through a series of emotions before deciding on one in particular. She embraced her mother, accepting for now this new arrangement, and buried her face in Zeynep’s chest.

“I’m glad to have you back,” she whimpered. “As much of you as I can. I was scared to have lost you.”

“You’ll never lose me again, darling,” she said, stroking her hair. The fire service was arriving in the background, even as the house went up in flames. “I promise. I’ll always be here for you. A mother never leaves her children.”

There was a lot of explaining to do, but it was all cleared up over the coming week. All evidence suggested that Peter had simply been a total recluse working on his machine, and had been shutting Zehra out. Once she found the hidden basement area to his technology, they’d had an argument. A malfunction had caused the fire, and Zeynep and Zehra had saved his life. It wasn’t the best cover story, and the details were quite flimsy, but they had a perfect ally to smoothe it all over: Peter himself.

His brain was still a bit jumbled, and he couldn’t remember all the details, but the final malfunction with the bolt of stored memory had changed the original Zeynep considerably. She was still *her* fundamentally, but now she too had been injected with Peter’s sense of shame, his love and guilt and compassion. Her semantic memory had been overridden though: only one mental pattern could seemingly be stored and used on a person at a time, so her science knowledge was effectively gone. Still, it meant that she was wracked with guilt, and deservedly so. It was an alien feeling to her, and she simply wanted to disappear and start a new life. Zehra was happy for her/him to do so, so long as he played along with their story.

“Of course I will,” he said in his hospital bed. “Just to get this done with. I hate these feelings! I hate this guilt, this stupid care! It’s so - so weak! But I feel them so strongly! I need to be out of here, away from all of you! I feel so hateful to myself. It’s disgusting! I just wanted a new life. I deserved one. So why does it feel so empty?”

Zehra could only look at her with disgust. “After a few years with Peter’s compassion, perhaps you’ll understand one day, mother. Perhaps.”

For now, the new Peter was just a mixed bundle of emotions, but a compliant one. His guilt and self-hatred - new feelings for him - drove him to cover for the new Zeynep and for Zehra too. The guilt towards the latter was especially strong.

But, astoundingly, that was the *simplest* loose end to tie up. In the days that passed, the reality truly sunk in for Zeynep and Zehra that this was their new status quo. Zeynep wouldn't be Peter again for years and years, which likely meant never given how well-adjusted she was to her new body and life. Zehra had saved her boyfriend's mind, but had lost her boyfriend for good. But where she had managed to ditch a cruel and abusive mother, she had gained a loving one. It was a deeply strange set of affairs, and a few good solo and shared cries were had by both parties as they shared their feelings on the subject matter. Zehra was no fool, however. She could see that Zeynep still considered herself female, still liked dressing up her gorgeous body, and was still obviously attracted to men, particularly when they watched a romantic film together as mother and daughter.

It all came to a head one night, exactly two weeks on from the incident at Peter's house, when Zeynep began to tear up at the union of a happy couple in the latest romance film they'd watched. Zehra sighed, moved to the couch, and rested against her new mother.

"It's okay, Mom," she said. "You should go to him."

Zeynep turned to her daughter. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm not stupid, mother. I know that my boyfriend is gone. I have to accept that. I mean, you're still around, but our relationship is . . . changed. You're my mother now. I mean, you made me breakfast this morning, and helped me pick out a dress, and even reminded me to clean my room. It's . . . a lot to take in. But it's not bad either. I mourn the relationship we had, but in some ways I think I needed a loving, caring mother more than I needed a boyfriend. I know that sounds cruel to say-"

"It doesn't," Zeynep said, holding her daughter. "Not at all. I wish I could have always been your mother. And wow, yeah, that's weird to say."

Zehra giggled. "At least you have some of your speech patterns back."

"That I do. But I also have parts of her in here too. And I want to be your mother, Zehra. I want you to be happy and to be loved."

"But I want that for you too. As much as I've lost something, you've lost far more. Years of your life, your gender, your *actual* life. And you have to live with that."

"I like a lot of aspects to it," Zeynep said. "The dresses, for one."

"I bet you don't mind those enormous melons, either."

She blushed. "Not anymore. In fact, I rather quite like them."

"Yeah, I can tell. But I want you to be happy, Mom. I accept you as my Mom now, just like you see me as your daughter. But I guess that also means I have to let go the fantasy

that you belong to me as well . . . because I think your heart belongs to someone else now too.”

Zeynep swallowed. She had been thinking about Hasad everyday. The feeling of connection was still there, so much stronger now in fact now that the original Zeynep's dark side was gone, and her more Peter aspects restored.

I still want him. Not just the way a woman wants a man, but for his smile. His wit. His kindness. And his fantastic cooking and coffee also. And the feel of him, and the comfort he brings, and how he does that neat little trick in bed where . . . oh my.

Zehra actually smirked. “You’re thinking about him right now, aren’t you?”

“M-maybe. Oh, this is so embarrassing. We used to date, and now I’m getting advice from you about dating an older man.”

“Do you want to go back to dating him? Actually dating him?”

Zeynep nodded, uncertainty at first and then with more vigour. “I do. I very much do. But I don’t want things too weird between us.”

Her daughter laughed. “Mom, things will always be weird between us. We both know who you used to be. But that doesn’t make it bad-weird. And I know you’ll be a fantastic mother, much better than my old one. And perhaps a better partner to Hasad, too.”

Zeynep took a heavy breath. It made her large breasts rise and fall on her chest, practically straining at her tight dress.

God, I’ll have these for life now. Not that I’m complaining. I’ll also have this raging libido too. I can’t stop thinking about Hasad.

“Only if you’re sure, Zehra.”

Her daughter sighed. “For God’s sake *anne*, find him already! You know he’ll take you back in a heartbeat, and he’ll like the new you much more. It’ll be the *real* you, the one he wanted all along. We have to move on with our lives, and you deserve someone to love too.”

Zeynep hugged her daughter deeply against her, unbelieving how much she loved this woman, even if it was in a new arrangement now.

“Thank you,” she said through the tears.

“Mom . . . you’re suffocating me in your boobs.”

“Oh! Sorry!” she released her, and the pair laughed together. But then Zehra shooed her off again, and Zeynep was quickly running upstairs to her bedroom, in this large mansion she now owned, and getting herself ready. She would ambush him at his coffeeshop. She would make a grand gesture. She would wear something *delightful* and tight and showy. She would bring him tulips. She would see that smile on his face and beg him to come back, and admit how much she had changed - it wouldn’t be a lie, after all. And she would tell him the truth that she could only now admit to herself; that she loved him. And wanted him.

Really wanted him, actually. Her body was more than ready to feel his touch again. To be putty in his hands. The thoughts - loving and lustful - sustained her as she drove into town, dreaming of the makeup sex she would offer him for coming back into her life. She had a fantastic new body after all, and she was intent on using it to its fullest.

I may have turned into my girlfriend's mom, but I'm also a damn fine MILF. He won't be able to resist me. And I won't be able to resist him.

In fact, the whole future looked irresistible.

She hit the gas pedal. She could pay the speeding fine if it meant seeing him quicker. Besides, Zeynep Ozdemir could still be a *little* haughty from time to time.

The End