

# The Mature Women's Sharehouse - Prologue

**Commissioned Anonymously**

**By The SpiralledEye**

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

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"This is a disaster." Tyler groaned as he paced back and forth behind the stage curtain. "How to hell am I supposed to host a diversity panel with no minorities!"

"You keep walking like that, you're going to wear a hole in the floor." Marcus told him calmly. "We'll figure something out, but you're making it ten times harder by panicking."

Tyler smoothed a hand through his curls; no matter how much gel or product he tried they just refused to stay neat. Coupled with his clean shaven round face the man looked like a fresh faced youth, not like a man in his late twenties. It didn't help that Marcus was built like a building and had a voice deep as the pacific.

"Maybe we could give the speeches." Ethan suggested, "we work for a human resources company after all, we know all about meeting diversity quotas and respecting cultural boundaries."

Tyler shot him a withering look.

"We cannot walk out there as three straight, white, cis dudes and tell a room full of more straight, white cis dudes how to behave around minorities. The press would have a field day if they ever found out. Can you imagine the headlines? White men telling other white men how to treat women and people of colour! Our boss would have my hide!"

"He's going to have your hide anyway when he finds out you forgot to confirm the speakers." Ethan pointed out and Tyler looked like he was about ready to cry.

“One email! One damn email still sitting in my drafts folder and my whole career goes down the drain!”

“You’re being dramatic.” Marcus rolled his eyes. “Just take a few deep-”

“Don’t use that crap on me, Marcus! With that voice and your build, all you need to do is talk and people listen and believe you! Me, the boss will chew me up and spit me out!”

He flopped down on the chair and put his head down in despair.

“This was my first big convention job the bossman gave me. He’ll never let me do another.”

“Uh, there there?” Ethan patted Tyler’s back awkwardly. “There are loads of people at this business conference, going to all sorts of seminars and training courses. Nobody wants to go to the diversity panel anyway! Maybe nobody will show up and we can pretend it's cancelled due to lack of foot traffic!”

Marcus peeled back the curtain and pressed his lips into a thin line.

“Full house, guess a bunch of places make their employees come.”

Tyler groaned.

“We just need three speakers!” He hissed, “three diverse speakers to talk about their experiences with prejudice, how hard can that be to organise last minute in this day and age?”

He continued to pace despite Marcus’ attempt to calm him.

“There is another way around this-”

“No, there isn’t! I just wish those damn speakers would appear!”

“If we have reached wishing status we are officially boned.” Ethan sighed, not looking the least bit bothered, nothing seemed to bother him. Not even the idea that he could be getting demoted any minute now.

“Could you please just help, for once?” Tyler asked.

“Sure!” Ethan put on his most serious face and began pacing back and forth in a mockery of Tyler and Marcus had to hold back a chuckle.

“That’s not what I-agh!”

Ethan turned swiftly on his heels, ready to pace away from Tyler only to stop when he heard his friends cry. He turned to see Tyler rubbing his cheek with irritation.

“Watch you braid.” He grumbled, “That thing is thick enough to pack a punch.”

“Braid?”

The three of them froze in place, taking into account the words that had just come out of Tyler’s mouth in confusion. Slowly, Ethan reached over his shoulder and pulled a long, heavy braid forward.

“...Huh?”

A second later his eyes moved over to Marcus and his mouth opened and closed as his hand pointed to the other man. Somehow, in the split second they had looked away from him, Marcus’ whole body shape had changed; instead of square and muscular he looked slightly...plump. Not fat, just heavier, with the curves of a woman who was entering her golden years. Wait, woman??

The three friends began to feel a sense of panic building between them. Every time they looked away from one for even a second, more things had changed. Ethan’s clothes turned to Sari’s and a red dot appeared on his now dark brown skin. Marcus’ hair turned to tight black curls to match his skin and his eyes turned a dark rich brown.

Tyler was changing as well, though it was harder to see the exact changes as his clothing covered him so conservatively. Regardless, it was obvious he was also developing a slightly plump, motherly body complete with heavy breasts and round ass. His skin turned warm olive and his hair was hidden beneath a bright purple headscarf.

By the time they stopped noticing the changes almost a full five minutes had passed and the three white men were somehow, suddenly, three middle ages, motherly looking women of colour.

“Well....that was....weird.” Marcus blinked, sounding nothing like himself. “I was...I was a man a second ago wasn't I?”

“Yeah but that can't be right because I am still me.” Ethan blinked, “No, wait ummmm...”

“We were.” Tyler said seriously as a new panic began to build within him.

“How on Earth? Ethan, did you put shrooms in our lunch or something?” Marcus asked.

“What, no!” Ethan shook his head back and forth, sending that braid flying back and forth where it smacked into Marcus who winced.

“It feels real.” He muttered.

“What are we going to do?!” Tyler squeaked, “T-this is cultural appropriation right?”

“I don't think it counts as appropriation if we're transformed into somebody of said culture.”

“Is this really the time to be arguing minutiae, you two?” Marcus sighed, “Look, I am going to give us some more time to figure this out. Hang on.”

Without another word he strode out onto the stage with his head held high, as though he'd been walking around in dresses for years. With poise and grace that was surprising for a woman of his size and shape Marcus leaned into the microphone and a hush fell over the crowd; despite the change, he still had presence.

“I am sorry to inform you all that this panel has been postponed until the final day of the convention, if you would like to join us here on Sunday afternoon at 2pm we will be continuing then.”

Ignoring the sounds of frustration from the crowd he walked back to join the others and Tyler looked like he was about to blow a gasket.

“Why did you not do that earlier before...this happened!?” He hissed.

“I was trying to let you come to the conclusion yourself. I thought you would get there if you just calmed down.” Marcus sighed, “A mistake obviously.”

“What, you think Tyler actually did this? People say “I wish” all the time!” Ethan cried, “He couldn’t have done this...right?”

“I don’t care who did it, or what or a-anything!” Tyler exploded, “What I care about is that right now, I have two sets of memories in my head and only one seems to be lining up with reality! And it’s not the one that feels right!”

“You got new memories too?” Ethan grinned, “freaky, see, I have never been to Indian but now I can remember-”

“I don’t care!”

“Okay, okay.” Marcus held up his hands. “Here is what we’re going to do. We’re going to go sit down over there and introduce ourselves. We’re going to tell each other what we know and then, we will figure out what’s going on.”

Marcus led by example and pulled up one of the folding chairs that always seemed to be backstage at places like this and motioned for the other two to do the same. Tyler shifted uncomfortably in his seat; still trying to get used to the extra padding there.

“Okay, so up until a few moments ago I was Marcus but now, according to my brain and my purse,” Marcus opened up the clasp and pulled out a driver’s licence. “My name is Mosi Abara, I’m forty-five and work as a cook at a local Creole restaurant.”

“They put your job on your licence?” Ethan blinked and Marcus smacked him over the back of his head.

“No idiot, I just remember that now. Don’t you?”

“Looks like your intellect didn’t improve with your looks.” Tyler snickered.

“Did you just admit I’m hot?”

“...Is that really what you want to focus on right now?”

“I think we’re getting off track here.” Marcus sighed.

“I think you’re ignoring the fact that Tyler just admitted to being into MILFS.”

“What!?”

“Guys!”

Ethan and Tyler cringed and gave Marcus an apologetic look.

“Amira Hadi.” Tyler muttered, as he tugged uncomfortably at his head scarf.

“Priya Sharma.” Ethan raised his hand like he was in school and smiled.

They exchanged licences and discovered they were all around the same age as well.

“This isn’t my address, either.” Ethan pointed out. “What do you think happened to my apartment? My stuff is there!”

“I think we have bigger problems than your computer.”

“Says you.” Ethan pouted, apparently finally upset about the situation. “I just upgraded my graphics card.”

Tyler screwed up his nose.

“You’re what?”

“Graphics card it...uh...it um...” Ethan’s brow furrowed. “It makes my games prettier...somehow. It’s slipping my mind right now but it’ll come to me!”

“Why don’t we all just go home and gather our thoughts and I’ll call you tomorrow?” Tyler sighed, “I am out of energy.”

“If that’s what it takes to make you calm down I will have to get a treadmill in the office.” Marcus smiled ruefully.

“If we get back to the office.”

They all laughed awkwardly before it went silent. After everything, none of them were sure what to say.