

# Accidental MILF

**For LoudVirus**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*A perverted young man tries to use a magic artefact to switch into the body of his hot neighbour but ends up in her mother's body instead!*

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I grinned down at the little stone ring in my hand; it was rough hewn and plain. Nobody would ever suspect it was really a potent magical artefact, even I had my doubts when I first found it mentioned in an obscure corner of the internet. But when the little box came in the mail and I picked it up for the first time I knew instinctively that it was for real. I could feel the energy humming around it, making my fingertips tingle, or maybe that was just excitement.

The instructions had been simple enough, simply look through the ring at the person I wanted to swap with and focus. Then bam; I'd be in their body and they in mine. I'd been tempted to run right to the fence and use it straight away but I knew better, I had to be smart about this.

So I waited. I waited by my bedroom window and peered through the curtains into my neighbours room where she was getting ready for bed. Kayla was such a tease; she put on a show for me every night, getting naked and dressing in those sexy nighties. And then she had the gall to act all surprised and reject me when I asked her out? As if she hadn't been leading me on this whole time?

I laid down and waited patiently for her to fall asleep. The only downside to this little trinket was the swapping part of the equation; while I was in her body, Kayla would be in mine. If I waited until she was asleep, then she would never know.

After almost an hour she hadn't moved in bed at all and I knew it was my shot. I placed the ring at my eye and stared at her through it, feeling the magic build up, like a pressure in my brain right behind my eye. Just as I felt it was building to the end something happened, light flooded the room and my eye instinctually flicked to the source; the open door, a vague silhouette and-

I was elsewhere.

My whole body jolted as my mind landed and I swayed on my feet; in that moment I knew something was wrong, I shouldn't have been standing at all. I looked down at myself and saw so many things I'd expected; breasts, wide hips, womanly curves; but they were all wrong. There was no tight bubble butt or hourglass figure but instead I was a bottom heavy pair with thick thighs and breasts that were heavy and teardrop shaped.

"Mhhh...mom?" Kayla woke on the bed, still clearly herself and rubbed sleep from her eyes.

My vision darted to the window, where I could just make out myself in the gloom across the way. My face was one of pure shock, then delight before disappearing back into the darkness of my room.

"Mom? Are you okay? Did you need help finding something? Do you remember where I told you towels were?"

"Oh yes." The words came out of my mouth before I could stop them. "In the hall cupboard, sorry dear."

I stepped backwards and closed the door; still reeling. It was like there was something leftover, something of the original mind that lived in this mature woman's body and I could access it. I knew who I was, or rather, who I was supposed to be; Kayla's mother, visiting for the weekend with her father. I also knew my name was Jen and that I was almost fifty years old!

Humiliation rushed through me; this wasn't what I'd wanted at all! I'd wanted hot, dark and young, not a bottom heavy woman past her prime! I had to change back. It was then it dawned on me, my old body had the stone ring; I couldn't change back without it. I'd been so excited about finally getting to experience Kayla's body I hadn't considered how I'd change back.

"Is she asleep?"

The whisper made me jump and spin on the spot; the movement felt so weird with my new curves. I could feel my ass continue to jiggle even after I'd stopped moving; it was so embarrassing but also...weirdly arousing. There was a man behind me, a silver fox with slightly rougher skin.

“Kayla?”

“Yes, is she asleep? Are we free to be naughty?”

A warm feeling flowed through my loins and down to what had to be my new pussy. Oh no, that imprint of Jen...she was attracted to this man and now so was I! His hands gripped my thick hips and I couldn't help but moan a little; his hands felt so rough and textured...I couldn't help but wonder how they would feel touching other places. Or just my bare skin.

“Should we be having sex in our daughters house while we're guests?” I asked, trying hard not to feel my heart beating against my new breasts.

“That's the thrill isn't it?” He chuckled and leaned forward.

Oh god, he was going to kiss me! Another man was going to kiss me and already my mouth was opening to welcome him, I couldn't stop myself. Our lips met and a small groan escaped me; oh this felt so nice! My whole body hummed to life and I moaned, feeling something hot and hard pressing into my mound, held back by only a few thin pieces of fabric.

Since when did old people have kinky sex lives? Why was it such a turn on. Oh God, his hands were all over me and I loved it. I was moaning like a whore while he laughed breathily and tried to shush me.

“You're always so loud.” He teased.

“B-but it's so good.” I groaned, feeling his fingers press against the front of my yoga pants.

I had to snap out of this, I had to go find my real body that now had the mind of Jen in it! Why wasn't she rushing to the door and knocking? Surely she wanted her old body back and knew what her husband had planned? But every time I went to step away and break our embrace my new husband would touch somewhere, or brush his lips against my neck in a way that sent sparks flying and I stayed. Just a little more, I just had to experience this for a little longer.

His hands began to slip under my clothes and undress me and I found myself doing the same to him. Running my fingers over his chest hair and unbuckling his fly with surprising dexterity. My hands moved without my consent, reaching into his pants and

finding the warm cock inside. It felt so wrong, yet right that I had to start stroking it, all while my own new pussy got wetter and wetter.

“How about a little warm up?” He asked, pressing both his hands to my shoulders.

Oh no; not a blow job! Why was I dropping to my knees? Why couldn't I stop myself, why oh why did that cock smell so delicious I just had to get a taste?! It was in my mouth before I could help myself and once again I found myself moaning like a slut. I'd never touched another man before but somehow I knew exactly how to twist my tongue along his length.

My husband began to groan and buck his hips as I teased him and a weird sense of pride and accomplishment flowed into me. I was doing that, I was the one giving him all that pleasure as I flicked the slit of his cock with the tip of my tongue.

“Oh fuck yeah Jen, you're something else.” He moaned, “You gotta stop or I'm gonna cum right down your throat.”

Oh fuck; why did that idea turn me on so much? I wanted it so bad but I also...didn't. Not because it would be humiliating; but because if he did cum that would mean I wouldn't get to feel this wonderful cock inside me. I was so turned on I didn't even want to fight these compulsions anymore, I was naked in the hallway and waiting a second longer to be filled was like agony.

I got to my feet and pulled the man to my now naked body, revelling in his touch. How could I have ever thought these breasts weren't good enough? They were heavy and dark from years of sucking and teasing; and my ass was so fat he could cup both hands on one cheek; it was ecstasy. And the feeling of that hard cock slowly sliding up into me as my new man pinned me against the wall was something else.

“God you moan like a cheap whore, I love it.”

I really did, I couldn't help myself. I just couldn't control myself, this was the best sex I'd ever had. I could hear the skin slapping as my husband pounded into me hard and fast. This wasn't the gentle love making I'd expect from a more mature couple; this was more intense and rough than anything I'd done as a young person. And I loved it. I wanted more and I said as much.

“More, oh fuck me, more!!”

Poor Kayla was in the next room over asleep none the wiser. Somehow that made things even hotter, I can't believe I'd been fantasising about her of all people, she was my daughter for goodness sakes. Well, Jen's daughter but that imprint had done its work; now I only had eyes for my sex God of a husband.

Pleasure built and built until finally I couldn't take it anymore. I was right on the edge, chest heaving as my breaths started to come short and fast.

"Don't scream now, Jen." My husband teased, pounding me harder. "I know how bad you want to scream as you cum but you have to hold back, be a good girl now..."

Oh God, I couldn't help it. I came and the sound that escaped my lips was pure pornography. It was wonton and most importantly *loud*. The pleasure had me screaming the house down and I didn't even care as I felt the man cum into me as well. When it finally ended we were both out of breath and drained; I couldn't believe what had just happened. I was sated but also humiliated by my own lack of self control; what would the real Jen think?

"Babe, you're something else." My husband chuckled as he pulled out, "We'd better get to bed, good thing our girl sleeps like a rock, eh?"

"Yeah..." I muttered, carefully picking up the clothing and shivering as I pulled it back on. My skin was so sensitive after all that even just pulling on a pair of tights felt sensual.

Luckily, sex seemed to exhaust my husband as he wandered down to where the spare bedroom was to crash almost immediately, giving me the time I needed to rush for the front door. I swung it open, still tucking one tit into my new shirt when I came face to face with...myself.

"Have fun? Sounds like you did."

This was surreal, hearing my own voice, seeing my own face talking to me.

"I...Jen?"

"The one and only." She replied. "I do hope you learned your little lesson. I hope you don't mind but I had a snoop through your things and discovered how this little trinket of yours works. Actually, I take it back; I don't care if you mind."

She held up the ring and I grabbed for it but she was too fast.

“Ah ah ah, no touching. This is my private property after all.” She grinned.

“Look, I am sure you want to go back to being who you are so if you could just change us back-”

“Why would I do that?” She asked with a look of fake innocence on her face.

My heart clenched.

“I get to be young again! And male, how novel.”

“But your family-”

“Still has a loving mother, a very loving mother by the sounds of it.”

My cheeks went red.

“Maybe we’ll switch back next week, or next month.” She shrugged, “if you’re a good girl and keep my daughter and husband happy.”

My mouth was dry as half arguments stammered out of my mouth and fell on false ears.

“Yes, a month at least, maybe two. I think that’s what you need. If you keep my husband happy, I might change us back. It depends on how much fun I am having as a single guy. So many possibilities...”

I could only stare as I watched Jen walk back to my house with that same shit eating grin on her face, tossing the trinket up and down in the air like a toy. She held all the power and she knew it. If only I could sneak over there somehow and get it back-

“Jen, hun?”

A shiver ran down my spine.

“Yes, honey?” I replied without thinking.

“Think you’re up for round two?”

I moaned, I knew I was.