

Becoming my Monster-in-Law

For dash666

By TheSpiralledEye

John Paul Sartre once said 'Hell is other people', David wanted to tell him he was close, but just missed the nail. Hell is spending the evening listening to your bat of a mother-in-law complain that her favourite contestant on The Bachelor got voted off; for thirty minutes straight.

"Jackie and Michael had no much more chemistry of course all he cared about was that Samantha let him prattle on about his silly computer."

"Maybe he just wanted somebody who shared his interests?" David tried, immediately realising there was no point as Angela huffed.

"Computers aren't an 'interest' they're a tool." She retorted, with a smug smile that told him she thought the line was irrefutable.

Then she was off again, complaining about how technology was going too far and how 'good quality tv shows' were being replaced with rubbish; otherwise known as anything she didn't personally like. A few years earlier, David would have told her that somebody who spent half a day watching tacky reality shows was in no position to judge what made good television. Now though, he was much wiser and knew it was easier for everybody if he just shut up and ate the meatloaf in front of him.

The best thing about his in laws were that they lived out in the country, a good hours drive away; meaning his visits were generally limited to the once a month dinners his wife, Alyssa, insisted they attend. The downside to this, was that not only did he have to stomach Angela's constant nattering but also her husband Roger's 'jokes' and his sister in law's...everything. It was hard to believe Erica was the older of the two sisters; Where his wife was beautiful and independent, Erica was fat, lazy and constantly whinging. She hung on Angela's every word, nodding along sagely as if everything she was straight from the mouth of God. Alyssa gripped his knee under the table and gave him a grateful look; the things he did for love. How such an intelligent and beautiful woman came from such a mundane, working-class family was beyond him.

Thankfully, the kids started to fuss and Angela's attention was finally diverted to them. If he had to give her one out, even David would admit she was a pretty good grandmother. Constantly doting on his baby daughter Jade and her cousin Beth. The former's babbling providing a much needed break from the conversation. When dinner was finally over Roger herded them all into the lounge for tea so the kids could play and the adults could be subjected to whatever reality show Angela was currently obsessed with; usually with a running commentary from Erica who couldn't follow a piece of string to the end, let alone a plotline. David eagerly awaited the new hockey season, at least then Roger would insist they watch games instead of drivel after dinner.

“Oh, what’s this, mum?” Alyssa asked, picking up a strange looking coin from the desk by the window.

“A children’s wishing coin! Beth found it in the park by the well today, isn’t it sweet? See, if you flip it over it’s got little indents you can mark off when you make a wish. Wouldn’t it be lovely if they really worked? I’d get Jackie back on *The Bachelor*-“

David wanted to kick Erica, now they were back to hearing about the Bachelor *again!* He couldn’t take it; he was going to go mad if they kept this up. As subtly as he could he pulled Alyssa into the kitchen where they wouldn’t be heard.

“It’s getting late, can’t we go now?” He begged; Alyssa gave him a pleading look.

“These dinners are really special to mum; it’s hard having us live so far away. We can’t just dash off; she’s barely spent any time with Jade.”

“Hun, if I hear one more word about her stupid shows I am going to die of boredom. You have to face it. Your mum has no life.”

“Oh really?”

And that, is why you always lock the door.

Angela was standing there, hands on her hips with a look of thunderous rage on her face. David hadn’t seen her look so furious since Alyssa was pregnant and his dained to suggest she not smoke inside anymore.

“Angela,” David oozed as much charm into his voice as possible, “It’s not that I don’t like hearing about them it’s just...all you talk about. Have you considered maybe getting out more? Not spending the day watching tv?”

“I do plenty, thank you.” She sneered, “Not that you would ever appreciate it. You know, being a housewife can be fulfilling, it’s a subtle thing. No big promotions or people patting you on the back. Just the knowledge that you’ve put in an honest days work, often with no thanks I may add!”

“David knows that, mum.” Alyssa stepped between them, giving him a quick side eye to get out before he was torn a new one.

“Why you married such an ungrateful man I will never understand.” She shook her head, gripping that stupid coin in her hand, “I wish you could see what it’s like on my side of the fence, maybe then you’d be less judgmental!”

David had to resist the urge to roll his eyes; she just hated that somebody pointed out how small and pathetic her life was. Erica gave him a withering look as he re-entered the lounge, scooping up his daughter and quickly bidding both her and Roger goodnight. At least that little blow up meant they could leave, if he was lucky, they might now be invited back next month.

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When he woke the next morning, David had a thumping headache. His whole body felt off; his chest was heavy and as he rolled to his stomach, still half asleep, it began to ache. With a groan he rolled back, bringing up a hand to rub at his sleep crusted eyes and yelping with pain as something scratched painfully at his sensitive skin. Blinking with confusion he looked down at his hand against the sheets; there was a golden ring with a cheap zirconium around his finger where there should have been nothing but a simple gold band. More alarmingly, he noticed the hand itself was smaller, the nails longer and knuckles slightly weathered with age, an age he certainly hadn’t reached yet.

“You alright, darl’?”

A rough hand brushed his shoulder and David jumped, sitting up to see his father-in-law staring up at him.

“Roger? What the Hell!”

“Language darl’, you have a bad dream or something?”

Was this some sort of sick joke? Roger always did have a pretty inappropriate sense of humour but this was going way too far. His blood boiled as he realised Alyssa must have been in on this, to let her father sneak into their bed. He was about to yell for her and Angela to come out from their hiding place when he realised something else...this wasn’t his bed. The sheets were pastel, patterned with roses, just like the ones at Angela and Roger’s house. A quick glance around the room confirmed it, this was their bedroom. How on earth had he ended up here? He’d left with Alyssa and Jade last night and then...then...what had happened after that?

Roger reached for him again and David sprung from the bed, chest heaving. The weight there now explained as he felt his new unsupported breasts bounce with the movement. He balked, looking down at himself and being met with cleavage, stretched tight by his pink nightdress. Every single thing about that was wrong; from his body shape to the clothes covering it. He ran for the bathroom, shutting the door and locking it before Roger had another chance to call him 'darl' again. He chest heaved with panicked breaths, ironically the action continually reminded him of his new breasts and only made his panic worse. This couldn't be happening! A glance in the mirror confirmed it though, the face of his mother-in-law or at least a version of her. There were slight differences here and there; the rise of his nose and thickness of his lips for example. But that didn't change the fact that he was in the body of a woman. He gave his arm a sharp pinch, wincing at the pain but finding it did nothing to wake him from this nightmare.

"Darl? You okay in there?"

If he heard that word one more time he was going to scream.

"I'm fine." He croaked, shocked at his new voice; his vocal cords seemed to strain in a way his old ones never had to and instantly the aftertaste of cigarettes touched the back of his tongue. "I'm just going to take a shower!"

David grabbed for the faucet, turning on the water to drown out Roger's voice enough that he could pretend not to hear. He paced the small room, trying to rid himself of the adrenaline flooding his system but found it useless. With each step he could feel his new curves bouncing, each sway of his wide, round hips a reminder that this was very much happening and not just a dream.

Clearly, something was going on. He couldn't just walk out there and tell Roger he was actually his son-in-law stuck in his wife's body. He'd be carted off to the mad house in minutes, no, he was going to have to play the part and try to figure out what was going on himself. Step one was to get Roger out of the house, then, find out about what was happening to his own body. He'd call Alyssa; she'd know if her husband wasn't right, unlike her father she had more than two braincells.

It was a simple plan, but it was a start and just having it calmed his mind, sharpening it ready to focus. He just had to take this one step at a time; step one, have a shower. That in itself was a massive hurdle, he could feel the grime of sleep across his skin, making it crawl but the idea of seeing this body naked was...intimidating. It wasn't like he had a choice though; it was bad enough he was stuck in the body of a fifty year old woman, he didn't need to stink as well. Taking a deep breath, he gripped the nightie and lifted it over his head and tossing it aside, leaving him in only his underwear.

He couldn't resist looking down at his new curves, finding them surprisingly pleasing to the eye; despite their age and size his new breasts didn't sag significantly. Just enough to form attractive teardrop shapes against his chest, his pale brown nipples slightly hard in the cool morning air. He felt an odd sense of pride fill him; along with the urge to cup them and savour their softness and weight which he quickly shook away. Instead trying to focus on getting into the shower before all the hot water was gone. He slipped his hands into the waistband of his panties, sliding them over the large

curve of his ass. He wasn't used to having so much weight down there, it felt strange, feeling parts of his body move independently from his main frame. Odd, but not completely unpleasant. For a moment, he ran a palm down the curve of his new form, admiring the bodacious figure before the reality of the situation slammed into him.

He jumped under the spray, hoping the heat would distract him from these strange thoughts and sensations but found quite the opposite. The warm water clung to his skin, forming rivers that followed his natural curves and flowed into each crevice. He could feel the warm flow moving down his breasts, across the slight roundness of his stomach and down into the curly hair between his legs. Beyond the shower curtain he could make out the blurry image of his own body in a steam coated mirror. He swallowed and turned the shower to cold.

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The first part of his plan was to avoid Roger as much as possible; staying in the shower too long 'accidentally' meant he was forced to rush in to get ready for work and would hopefully get breakfast on the way. The gamble seemed to be working; as soon as he opened the door Roger rushed in and promptly slammed it closed, grumbling that traffic better not be bad or he'd be in deep shit.

Now he had the room to himself, free to explore and find out exactly where everything was. Which was fortunate as he didn't even know where 'his' clothes were. After trying a few drawers, he finally found what looked like Angela's clothes and selected a plain white pair of underwear and matching bra. The former of which was simple enough to slide on but the bra proved more difficult. He struggled, half bent backwards trying to do up the little hooks at the back; how did Alyssa and every other woman do this every morning? It didn't help that his breasts were heavy and huge, making them want to sink down without the support of the underwire. When he finally got it snapped in place, he breathed a sigh of relief; the extra support really did make a difference.

Now for the clothes themselves, as expected there was almost nothing save yoga pants for bottoms. He'd always cringed at a lady in her fifties wearing such tight-fitting clothing, especially with such large curves. But he couldn't spend all day looking for an outfit that felt better so he grabbed the first pair or black ones he saw and stretched them up his thighs. He couldn't help but enjoy the silky texture of the fabric against his smooth legs, it was almost like wearing nothing at all, a second skin. Perhaps he'd been too hasty to judge the trend. He threw on the shirt, trying to ignore the way it stretched across his bust and instigated phase two of his plan.

Angela's old, outdated iphone was sitting on her make up table charging. David snatched it up and flipped open the case ready to call Alyssa when something caught his eye; Angela's driver's license. Except...it wasn't. It had her picture, the right date and address but the name read 'Donna Coddington', not Angela. Was Angela her middle name? He knew a few older gals who went by their middle names instead of first for whatever reason but that couldn't be it; he'd seen Angela's credit cards when she forced him to go shopping for clothes for Jade and they had certainly not had 'Donna' anywhere on them. David began pulling out more; loyalty cards, library memberships, debit and credit, they all said Donna Coddington.

His guts twisted nervously; something was very much not right. He opened the phone and dialled in his wife's number, thanking his lucky stars *Ange-Donna*, didn't have a passcode.

“Mum! Is everything okay?” Alyssa sounded worried, David all of a sudden realised it wasn’t even eight o’clock yet.

“Oh, sorry hun. Did I wake you?”

“Yeah,” The tension leaked out of her voice, “And don’t call me that mum, you know it’s what Angelo calls me. Hearing it from you is just...weird.”

“Angelo? Who is Angelo?” A bolt of panic shot through him, surely Alyssa wasn’t cheating on him? There had never been any signs, and even if she was, surely, she would never admit it to her traditional mother.

“Mum.” Alyssa groaned, “Look, I know you’re not his biggest fan but pretending not to know the name of my husband is just childish.”

David’s mouth went dry as his jaw dropped. What was he supposed to say to that?

“Everything okay, hun?”

A voice, so similar to his own called out in the background.

“Yes, mum just called that’s all. Though she hasn’t said why yet.” That last sentence was pointed, clearly he’d pissed her off insulting her ‘husband’ and waking her early.

“Butt dial.” He panicked, “When you picked up, I thought I’d say hello!”

“Okay.” She sighed, “Well I have to get Jade ready for school anyway, have a good day mum. I’ll call you next week, alright.”

“Alright...”

The dial tone matched his thundering heartbeat. He’d not even thought of Jade yet! His little girl was over an hour away, with some stranger called Angelo acting as her father. This was too messed up. The bathroom door swung open and Roger hurried out.

“Gonna have to get breakfast on the go,” He said, “I’ll see you tonight!”

Before David could stop him, the man had planted a wet kiss right on his forehead. He then cocked his head to the side and gave him a concerned look.

“You look stressed, darl’,” He frowned, then grinned and gave her a wink. “I’d sort you out right quick myself, but I’m already late. Here.”

He lit up a cigarette and passed it over, David doing his best not to let it show on his face just how unappealing the idea of being ‘taken care of’ by Roger was to him.

“That’ll fix ya, right-o, have a good day!”

In a flash he was gone, leaving David sitting at Angela’s make up table, in her skin, holding a cigarette that was slowly threatening to burn his fingertips. Hurriedly he wiped away the slight dampness Roger had left on his forehead and looked to the smoking stick between his fingers. He’d never liked smoking, it made everything around you stink, normally the smell made his nose twist up in disgust but today it was quite the opposite. The smoke smelt delicious and as he lifted it to his mouth and took a puff, he felt the a tension he’d not even known was there start melting away. The strangely pleasant taste of smoke coated his tongue and before he knew it, he’d finished the whole thing. He grimaced, disgusted in his own behaviour, new body or not, he would not be doing that again.

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How did this household function without coffee? He’d turned the kitchen upside down in a desperate attempt to find some and had come up empty. All he wanted was something to wash the taste of smoke from his mouth and water simply was not cutting it. The kettle sat there, taunting him, with nothing to fill his mug with but tea. He hated tea; hot leaf juice that did nothing to help his energy levels in the morning and was hardly strong enough in flavour to wash away something as strong as smoke. It was no wonder Angela was so grumpy all time, filling her body with useless flavoured water and cigarettes. The latter of which he was already beginning to crave but refused to give in. With a sigh he dropped the stupid tea bag into the mug and filled it; the morning was cool and it would warm him if nothing else.

Now that he had the house to himself and didn’t need to worry about keeping up appearances, he could continue his investigation. His phone was no help; Donna had no Wi-Fi and a woeful data plan, from the looks of it she’d never even opened a browser on her phone before. Still, he had to figure out if anything else had changed, he grabbed the remote and switch the tv to the morning news, searching for any sign that the world had altered outside of his current position. He

wasn't even sure what he was looking for, but he didn't find it; the news was very much the same fare. Same presenters, same country, same stupid political ad breaks. He absentmindedly took a sip of his tea and started channel surfing, looking for anything out of the ordinary and finding himself disappointed. This new reality, if that is truly what it was, seemed identical to his own, save the fact that here he was Donna and in his place was some unseen man named Angelo.

How on Earth could this have happened? He bit down on his now full, plump lips, trying to ignore the subtle, smokey flavour still lingering there by washing over it with more tea. He flicked to another channel and was met with some overly dramatic reality show where the contestants were deciding, far too slowly, which of them would be voted off some tropical island. He scoffed, he'd heard Angela talk about this show before, apparently the last person would get a 'wish' granted. The memory made something slide into place within his mind. The coin! Angela had been holding that toy coin last night when she wished he understood her point of view. It was ludicrous, but it was the only lead he had.

Gulping down the last of the tea he began tearing the living room apart, looking in every drawer and nook for the coin. It had to be here somewhere surely? If Beth had found it in his old reality surely, she would have done the same here. After thirty minutes of searching though he collapsed back in the armchair in defeat. Not a single sign of the coin. Maybe there would be something online about it? Surely, he couldn't be the only one this had happened to! He picked up his phone to try googling before remembering the internet situation and swearing under his breath. How was he supposed to look anything up without a computer or proper phone?

The tv hummed quietly as he despaired, the remaining contestants were now breaking into teams to see who could climb a cliff face the fastest. He chuckled, the music was so overly dramatic, you'd think they really could fall to their deaths the way the contestants were panicking. Without realising it he felt his brain slowly switching off and getting caught up in the show. It was actually pretty funny, watching them all trying to complete the tasks. It was only when he heard the front door open and somebody walk inside. He froze, a burglar? Was he that unlucky?

"Mum? Where are you?"

Erica.

He'd have preferred the burglar.

"Granny!" Beth, who up until this moment had been his niece, came running in.

He barely had a moment to prepare before she launched herself at him, nearly tumbling them both to the ground.

"Gentle!" He scolded, "Erica? Why is Beth here, doesn't she have school?"

Erica waddled into the room, looking at her phone.

“She’s off for the day, teachers are having a moderation meeting.” She huffed, “Remember? You promised we could hang out here so you could give me a break?”

David had to bite his tongue; she was ruining everything all because she couldn’t parent her own damn kid. Erica worked in town most days but from what he could tell, spent every spare second of time at her mother’s house, sitting around scrolling on social media and foisting young Beth on whomever would take her.

“What are we watching today?” She asked, flopping down on the couch, “Is the newest Love in Thirty Days season on yet or that next week?”

“I don’t know.” He responded tightly, picking up his empty tea cup under the guise of tidying so he wouldn’t have to continue the conversation.

There was a slight flush on his cheeks; David couldn’t believe he had actually gotten caught up watching a dumb reality show of all things! Perhaps the cloud would have a silver lining though, Beth was here; perhaps if they went out, they could find the coin again. Not only that but there was a public library in town, surely they would have public access computers he could use to research whatever this weird wishing phenomena was.

“How about we go on a little trip?” He suggested, mostly to Beth, “We can all go to the library.”

“What for?” Erica screwed up her nose.

“I want to use the computers,” he replied, “And we could get Beth a book.”

“Mum, that’s what she goes to school for.” Erica rolled her eyes, David wanted to tell her she could use a good book but he knew better. Instead, he adopted the tone he’d so often heard Angela use to boss her daughter around.

“We’re going, come on, everybody in the car.”

Erica whinged and Beth copied her as she so often did but he wasn't having any of it. Hand on his hip his shushed them both and pointed to the door.

"Now."

A small bubble of pleasure and pride formed in his chest as he watched them both glumly get up as he turned off the TV. It felt good being able to put Erica in her place and he wouldn't lie, the slightly rough edge the smoking gave his voice sounded pleasing to his ears all of a sudden. It gave his voice an edge of authority that helped this new body feel more empowering and less like a prison.

The drive was awful; mostly because upon walking outside David realised Donna didn't own a car and so he was forced to let his new daughter drive them. Erica did nothing but talk about how hard it was being a mother, how rude people were about her weight and looks.

"Don't they realise it's hard parenting a child? I don't have time to go to the gym or look good. Beth has to come first." She complained.

Either she didn't notice or didn't care that he'd stopped replying. Part of him wanted to tell her she was fat and lazy before Beth was born but then he'd have to deal with her crying as well. When they finally pulled into the car park he was about ready to snap.

"Why don't you take Beth to the children's section while I go look something up?"

It was a suggestion but he didn't give her the chance to respond, speeding off to the research nook before she could argue. Speed walking through the shelves he tried not to think about how his ass was bouncing; yoga pants had no support it seemed. He couldn't help but feel indecent, walking through a public space putting on such a display and slowed his pace, thankful when he could finally sit down.

The computer itself was old, they always were in places like this but it was nothing he couldn't handle. Well, it would be once he figured out how to turn the damn thing on. He was sure he'd used models similar back when he was a student but for the life of him, he couldn't remember where the on button was.

"Here, let me."

A hand appeared, pressing down on the large red button which was painfully obvious now that it had been pointed out for him. The librarian gave him a warm, pitying smile.

“Would you like some help finding something?”

“No, I’m fine.” He replied through clenched teeth and the woman simply nodded and walked away.

He felt his cheeks burn with humiliation as the system finally booted up, it increased as he struggled to find the search engine. He tried typing ‘Wishing Coins’ into a number of open text bars and none of them seemed to be the internet function, why was this all of a sudden so difficult? Finally, after an embarrassingly long time he found it and breathed a sigh of relief as results began to fill the screen, though said relief was soon tainted as he realised none of them were what he was after. There were pages about the history of wishing wells, why coins were used and a number of other useless facts. When he tried narrowing the search to reality switching, he got nothing but Tiktok videos and life coach gurus talking about astral projection and other such nonsense. Desperately, he attempted searching for children’s toys but again came up empty. He was just about to give up when a voice appeared at his side.

“Granny, I’m bored.”

Beth was tugging at his shirt.

“Can we go now?”

David felt a smile spread across his face; it was the perfect opportunity to have Beth find the coin again. The park with the well wasn’t far from here, he could take Beth there under the guise of going for a walk and then hopefully, he’d be back in his own reality by lunch time.

“Alright, where’s your mummy, we’ll go for a walk.”

“She’s asleep in the beanbag.”

Beth pointed to where Erica was slumped, magazine half across her face. David felt both a stab of irritation and strangely enough, fondness, pass through him. Maybe Erica really was just tired? He and Beth walked out, hand in hand, leaving a message with the librarian to tell Erica they would be back soon if she woke up. It was nice actually, walking in the sunshine with his granddaughter skipping along beside him. This reality wasn’t without it’s small pleasures at least. Beth ran ahead, pressing her tiny hands to the glass of a nearby shop and admiring the clothes on the other side. Her little eyes lit up as she gazed at a dress in the shop window; yellow and patterned with pink butterflies. The idea of spoiling her with something so cute brought a smile to his face. In his mind’s

eye David could already imagine Beth running through the park wearing it; the vibrancy of the colours bringing out the pink in her cheeks as she smiled. The price tag was visible through the glass, it wasn't too expensive.

"Come on, Beth. Granny is going to buy you a little treat."

Beth gasped, flinging her arms around his legs and hugging tight.

"You're the best granny ever!"

David couldn't help but feel it was the best compliment he had ever received, the coin could wait, for now. Little did he know that only a few blocks away an irritated and embarrassed Erica was waddling down the steps, holding a spare coin she'd picked up off the library floor and wishing her mother was more sympathetic to her hard life.

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"Thank you, granny!"

Beth was spinning in the sunshine, ruffles of her new dress fanning out around her like a yellow flower. She'd insisted on wearing it out of the store and watching her really bought a smile to David's face. He didn't spend a lot of time with Beth in his old life, it felt nice to be able to spoil her, especially without Erica around. Then again, he was starting to feel a little guilty. He had been quite judgmental and really, given her upbringing Erica was probably trying as hard as she could. Beth was a happy and healthy child so at the end of the day, Erica had to be doing something right as a mother.

"There you are!"

Speak of the devil. Erica was winded from her short walk and had to lean over to catch her breath. Her face was flushed red and David felt a pang of further guilt.

"I can't believe you left me asleep in the library!" She scolded, "Mum, people probably thought I was some homeless bum!"

“I’m sorry dear,” He replied sincerely, “You just looked like you needed a rest. How about we go get a coffee together? My treat! I’ll even get Beth a babychinno.”

Erica’s face lit up and David found a strange affection spread through his chest; a warm, motherly feeling settling around his heart. He made sure to walk slowly, letting Erica get her breath back as they made their way over to the café by the park, Beth skipping along between them. As they settled into a booth David felt a sudden flash of excitement; he could order a proper coffee!

Eagerly he awaited the steaming cup only to find that when it was placed in front of him the smell made his nose scrunch up in disgust. It smelt...wrong. Had coffee always been this bitter and earthy? He took a sip, letting the soft latte foam rest against his lips only to purse them in disgust.

“Since when do you drink coffee?” Erica questioned, as he added sugar after sugar to try and cover the bitterness.

“I thought I’d try something new.” He sighed, taking another sip before finally giving up. No amount of milk and sugar could save this disaster. “What a mistake, could you order me an earl grey? No sugar.”

Erica did so and he leaned back into his chair with a sigh. Coffee had been his life’s blood as David, though how he couldn’t rightly say. It tasted terrible and what’s worse, it stuck to his tongue worse than the cigarettes without any of the lovely relaxing feeling those bought him. When the waiter placed a fresh cup in front of him, he sighed again but this time with contentment, the gentle, slightly floral smell was heavenly and tasted just as good. He drank it down eagerly and made a mental note to ensure they had the same brand back home.

Beth was giggling, milk foam on her nose and Erica rolled her eyes affectionately before wiping it away. It was a quiet moment; one he’d never shared with Erica before now. Seeing her treat her daughter with such tenderness confirmed it, he’d been too harsh on her. Silently David vowed to be more open and sympathetic to the woman from now on, both in this reality and when he returned to his own.

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Their trip to the park did not go fruitfully, he must have circled that well a dozen times but neither he nor Beth found any magic coins. His plan to get home was slowly falling apart but he had no choice but to keep looking. The drive back home was much more bearable, Beth was humming along in the back seat and this time, he actually listened to Erica when she talked, with no derision. She really wasn’t a bad girl really; she just needed a little extra help. She’d always been that way, ever since she was a baby and who was he to deny her?

He spent the afternoon cleaning the house while sipping tea. At first under the guise of searching for the coin some more but eventually he fell into a rhythm and forgot all about it. Cooking dinner was surprisingly relaxing. David had never been big on gender roles, as a husband he'd cooked dinner and done housework just as often as his wife did but they had always been jobs to get done in his mind. Tonight, as he slowly minced garlic and chopped potatoes his mind wasn't racing, trying to think of the things he wanted to get done after dinner, rather it simply sat, enjoying the quiet tranquillity of the kitchen. When the finished plates of food were on the table there was a sense of pride swelling in his chest; not unlike when he completed a difficult task at work. This sense of accomplishment was smaller but no less satisfying and it only swelled when Roger took a bite and praise it.

"Best damn cook in the country you are." He grinned, as David gathered the dishes when they finished, "Really lucked out, I did."

"That's sweet of you to say."

The scene felt homey, right. David had to remind himself that his real home was over an hour away and possibly in an entirely different reality. He couldn't go getting comfortable here. He was just placing the dishes down into the sink when he felt a presence behind him and a second later two rough hands gripped his ass cheeks. He couldn't help but gasp in both shock and a small amount of pleasure. His ass and hips were so wide, how Roger managed to grasp so much of them with only two hands was beyond his ability to comprehend.

"I lucked out in other ways too."

David could feel Roger's whole body now, leaning against his back, his breath was hot against the shell of his ear and it sent shivers down his spine. The only emotion he should have been feeling was horror, maybe disgust at the idea of Roger touching him in this way and indeed those feelings were present. But not nearly strong enough. To David's humiliation the powerful thing he was feeling was desire. Roger's hands felt so good cupping his ass like that and he wanted to feel them in other places; brushing over his nipples, holding his face...between his legs. Already he could feel wetness gathering there and instinctually he knew how good it would feel to have those rough, workman's hands stroke down his folds. He bit his lip, letting the pain centre him and he pushed back, freeing his body from the torturous touch.

"How about we watch some hockey?" David suggested, desperate for anything to distract Roger from his body and himself from the thundering of his heartbeat.

Roger wasn't phased by the rejection, giving him a quick peck on the cheek before wandering over to the lounge off the kitchen. David stood for a long moment, letting the subtle heat those lips left on his cheek fade. This time he didn't wipe it away.

"Since when do you like sport?" Roger laughed but grabbing the remote anyway much to his relief.

"Oh, it's nice to watch something new once in a while." David settled himself down in the armchair only to have his jaw drop when Roger switched to Netflix.

They had Wi-Fi??

"We have internet?" He cried, "But my phone internet wasn't working this morning!"

"I keep telling you darl' you have to hit the little triangle shape at the top, here." He reached over, flicking open David's phone and hitting the WIFI signal icon which he only now just realised had been turned off.

David felt his cheeks burn, how on earth had he missed that? He took the phone back and looked at it, further embarrassed to realise he didn't understand what half those symbols next to the Wi-Fi one did, even though he was sure he'd known as David. Roger had flicked across to live television where the Penguins were about to start their latest game. They weren't David's team but still, at least he could enjoy some proper television in this house for once. The game started and after ten minutes David realised, he'd zoned out, the game just wasn't capturing his attention the way it normally did. The commentators kept mentioning names and plays that he could make neither heads nor tails of. Had hockey always had all this confusing terminology? He heard Roger chuckle in the armchair beside him.

"Go read your book darl' don't put yourself through this for my sake."

Was his boredom that obvious? Roger patted him on the knee and passed over a tatty looking paperback from the coffee table. Clearly whatever Donna had been reading before he showed up. He gave the man a grateful smile, trying to ignore the lingering warmth from his hand and picked up the book. It was a cheap romance story depicting a wild looking shirtless man and a tiny waif of a woman mid embrace on the front cover. The sort of thing David wouldn't have touched with a ten foot pole but honestly, he could go for something mindless right now to wind down after such a strange first day.

He intended to read a few of the short chapters and then go to bed early so that Roger wouldn't try to initiate anything again only that wasn't what happened. Once again, he found himself caught up in Donna's mind, enthralled by the characters in the book and the ever growing sexual tensions between the leads. As the main character finally gave in and offered up her virginity to the handsome sailor David felt a growing warmth blossoming between his legs. The main character was swooning now, describing the ecstasy that was being entered by a man for the first time and David slammed the book closed making Roger jump.

"You alright?"

"Yes. Just done reading for now. I'm going to bed."

He quickly got up and headed for the bedroom before Roger could question his actions further. It felt like his skin was on fire; he was hyper aware of every curve moving on his new body, the sway of his hips and the rapid rise and fall of his breasts. He could even feel his nipples, hard and rubbing against the inside of his bra.

David was no blushing virgin; he knew how to recognise when he was horny but the idea of being so painfully turned on in this body was intimidating to say the least. The temptation was there, his pussy ached to be touched and it would be easy to rationalise away. He could hop in the shower and quickly get himself off, he wouldn't even have to be with Roger but somehow, he knew his own fingers wouldn't be able to fully satisfy his lust. If he started touched himself, he'd be all the more likely to fall for Roger's advances or worse, even seek them out. So, using self-restraint that was near super human David undressed, keeping his eyes firmly ahead and ignoring the temptation to take in his naked, wanting body. Putting on that nightgown was the single hardest thing he'd done in his life but somehow, he managed it and got into bed for a night of fitful sleep.

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Days began to pass in the blur and David was finding it harder and harder to hold on to his old habits. Being Donna, as it turned out wasn't all that bad. He had even started to look forward to Erica's daily visits; at first, he rationalised it as giving Beth more opportunities to find the coin but soon that facet had been forgotten entirely. Now that he was spending more time with her, David was finding that Erica was actually quite fun to be around. They went shopping and his new found daughter would encourage him to try new, wild things. Never in all his days would he have imagined trying on things like animal print yoga pants and summer dresses could be enjoyable. Yet, it was. As he admired his face in the mirror, coating his full lips in purple lipstick he realised that his reflection no longer felt like a stranger. What's more, now that he was feeling more at home in this body, he found delight in dressing it up. Seeing how different outfits accentuated the various parts of his body; this generous cleavage, the smooth skin of his calves or wide expanse of his ass. Clothing was no longer simply functional but pleasurable in its own way.

He'd soon mastered putting on a bra and found himself admiring his new bust each morning, it looked good but with a little help it would be even better. Eventually he decided indulging a little bit wouldn't hurt, after all, it wasn't like he was ever going to get to do this again once he found the coin and wished himself back. So, when he and Erica were next in town he slipped away to the women's store for a little bit and exited with a tiny bag containing a push up bra. The clerk had balked when he'd told her what she was after.

"Most women of your size and...age want to compress their bust." She explained, "Lifting it higher is more for..."

"Younger women?" He'd raised an eyebrow, using that same tone that got Erica to do whatever he said. Not only did he get the bra, but a lovely discount as well.

Trying it on was magical, dressed in tight yoga pants with his already huge bust amplified to the max; he looked like sex incarnate. Never, even in his old male body, had he felt so attractive. It was almost a shame to have to pack it away, if Roger saw him dressed that way, he'd jump him in five seconds flat. That wasn't something David could risk, not when even the lightest of touches against his skin from Roger were eliciting stronger responses every day. His body yearned for the sexual contact he was still too afraid to give. It was almost like sex was a line that couldn't be crossed, less he truly lose himself to Donna. Still, he excitedly opened the drawer each morning after his husband had left for work and dragged out the Victoria's Secret bag, wearing the bra around the house just for himself. It was almost relaxing in a way, getting in touch with his feminine side without the fear of reproach. The make up table had once been a thing of terror but now felt like home. He experimented, painting the various pigments on his skin and beaming at the results. It was during one of these lazy afternoons, as he slowly glossed his lips a deep plum while sitting in nothing but his new bra and underwear, that his luck with Roger finally ran out.

He'd been so fixated on applying his lipliner than he'd not heard Roger come home until the bedroom door hit the wall. David jumped, turning quickly to find Roger was standing there, eyes blown wide and jaw hanging open. Before he could stop it, David found himself blushing; not just across his cheeks but his whole body, the curve of his breasts and thighs taking on a pale pink shade as his heart began to race. Nobody, not his wife or any past girlfriend had looked at him the way Roger was now; his pupils were blown wide with desire and despite the stiff workpants there was already a clear tent forming. David found his eyes dipping to it as lust began to swirl in his lower stomach; weeks of deprivation and curiosity came hurtling to the forefront of his mind and warmth began to bloom between his folds.

It was wrong, so very wrong to want Roger as badly as he did. He'd never been interested in any men, let alone his father-in-law.

But Roger wasn't his father-in-law.

Not here and now anyway, he was Donna's husband. *His* husband. Forgetting the past and potential future David realised in the here and now. He wanted him and he was tired of holding back. So, when Roger crossed the room in two large strides, David stood to meet him and didn't shy away when their lips were crushed together. It felt so strange to be on the other side of this; to be the one feeling the roughness of stubble against his smooth cheeks. Leaning back, he yielded and opened his mouth, letting their tongues dance together and revelling in the shivers it sent down his spine and Roger began to stroke it.

'Just once' he told himself, 'just one time, so I know how it feels.'

Though he could already feel his resolve for that promise crumbling as Roger's hand moved to his chest. Even through the bra it felt wonderful, that subtle pressure teased his sensitive skin. When the man finally did slip a rough finger inside to brush across his nipples David couldn't help but moan. He'd never realised just how sensitive those tiny nubs were; he never wanted Roger to stop. While that hand was occupied with his nipple the free one stroked down his spine eventually coming to cup that round ass he'd become so fond of. The yoga pants were tight, keeping the soft mounds taught as Roger caressed them before finally slipping a finger under the waistband. David could feel the fabric straining, the already tight pants weren't going to be able to fit anything more.

He would have to take them off.

As if he were in a trance, David found his hands reaching down, hipping wiggling suggestively as he slowly pushed the pants over the curve of his ass and down his thighs. He'd become accustomed to the feel of tight fabric smoothing over his legs these last few weeks but right now the touch felt electric. His skin had been teased to hyper sensitivity but Roger's ministrations. He swallowed nervously, stepping out of the pants and back into Roger's embrace, knocking them both backwards onto the bed where his husband rolled over to pin him down.

It felt wonderful, that weight on his wrists and hips, his whole body quivered as Roger's mouth found a particularly soft spot of skin on the curve of his neck and began to lightly nip and suck at it. The heat between his legs began to burn, he needed to be touched so badly it almost hurt. So, when Roger's fingers finally traced down over the front of his pussy and pushed them aside David couldn't stop the deep moan that escaped him. Finally, after so many weeks denying himself, he let go. Roger's fingers stroked from hole to clit, pressing down on the later and rubbing light circles around it. David writhed. It was too much; every stroke felt overwhelming yet simultaneously, it wasn't enough.

"More." He begged desperately, "More, please."

Slowly, far too slowly, Roger pushed a finger inside him and curled it, stealing David's breath away in the process.

“See, this is why you shouldn’t push me away for so long.” He teased, pumping in and out a few times before withdrawing.

David whimpered, already mourning the loss of his touch. Roger’s hands were a blur, undressing himself and then reaching under David’s back to unhook his bra and slowly remove his panties till he was naked and sprawled on the bed. He felt exposed, his naked, wanting body on display; David found his eyes glued to Roger’s as they dipped down to admire his glistening pussy for a moment before returning. David curled his arms around to cup at his husband’s shoulder blades, revelling in the warmth and weight of another body against his own. The skin contact was intoxicating, he couldn’t get enough even as he wrapped his legs around Roger’s waist and pulled him closer.

The tip of his cock brushed against his folds, then gradually pushed them aside. David felt his eyes roll back; the sensation of slowly being filled with indescribably good. Unlike his fingers Roger’s tick cock stretched his inner walls, stimulating and pleasuring every inch of skin inside. The burn was pleasure incarnate and David found himself pushing back against him till they were flush together, his eyes glazing over in ecstasy as the head came to rest against a deep part of him. Then they began to move; David had never been on this side in the bedroom and found himself completely overwhelmed, the sensations, the pleasure, it all seemed to be so much stronger in this body. His hips moved of their own accord and to his surprise, David found himself drinking in the sound of Roger’s moans, the knowledge that this body, his body, was giving the man such pleasure was such a turn on. It had been weeks since he became Donna, so, Roger didn’t hold back. He was pounding into David hard and fast and he could tell his husband wasn’t going to last. A new desire, to feel this man cum inside him, began to grow and David found himself rhythmically squeezing around Roger, desperate not only for more friction but to feel that cock pulse inside him. He tried to hold back, to keep up the pace but it was impossible, the pressure inside him was building, he couldn’t hold back. With a wail he threw back his head, pussy clenching tight as he came. It came in waves, bliss filling his every pore as orgasm washed over him. A moment later Roger cried out and David felt warm seed spill inside him, filling him with a brand-new kind of gratification.

Roger collapsed against him and David treasured the weight and heat of his form crushing down on his own before he rolled off. David shivered as he withdrew, already craving that feeling of fullness. His husband gave a good-natured laugh and squeezed his shoulder, David’s eyes locked on the plum lipstick smeared across both their skin.

“I’ve missed that, don’t make me wait weeks next time!”

David didn’t think he’d be able to wait that long even if he wanted to.

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Finding the coin faded from David’s mind; sometimes days would pass without him even thinking about it and each time he remembered, he found himself caring less and less. Donna’s life was satisfying, in its own humble way and after years of working hard in a high stress office job it felt nice

to spend his days watching exciting reality shows, shopping and spending time with his loving husband and family. He'd given up trying to relearn how to use his phone and other hi tech devices; surprised to find his life easier and less stressful without them. The only hiccup was his youngest daughter, Alyssa. She only rang once a week and even then, the calls were short.

"I'm busy mum." She'd always say and it was starting to grate on him, he was her mother for goodness' sake. She could at least call every few days rather than just once a week.

He missed Jade, as it stood, he only got to see her once a month at family dinners and he lapped it up. He missed her as a daughter but it was almost better being her grandmother; he had the extra time and money to truly spoil the little baby. He delighted in shopping for outfits and toys and because he saw her so rarely, each month Alyssa would leave with her arms piled with gifts. Something her husband had the gall to be annoyed about.

He didn't like Angelo; he had expected to get on like fast friends, considering the man was essentially an alternate reality version of himself. Instead, he discovered quickly that Angelo was rude, judgmental, and arrogant. He would deride poor Erica whenever he got the chance and often made snide comments about his own taste in fiction from atop his high horse. Gathering around the television as a family was rarely possible as each time he and the others gasped in shock at something dramatic happening on screen, Angelo would sneer and sigh.

"You do understand this is all scripted." He'd chide, despite the fact that David had, repeatedly, informed him it was called *reality* tv for a reason.

While he had tried many times to put him in his place, he soon learned it was useless. All arguing did was ensure Alyssa and he would leave early, taking baby Jade with them. Despite the dark spot that was Angelo though, he was enjoying this new life and body. Now that he'd finally stopped being such a prude he and Roger were getting along famously and he had learned every little, sensitive place this new body liked to be touched. His confidence had never been higher despite his new advanced age.

Make up had become his new obsession, he'd even started treating Erica and himself to an afternoon at the saloon once a fortnight. It felt lovely, having his hair done and nails filed; afterwards he always looked stunning and couldn't wait to get home to show Roger who would shower him in affection and praise. It felt lovely, pleasing his husband so when he first spotted a few grey hairs he didn't hesitate to start dyeing them. Now that he'd tasted the pleasure of a man inside him, he would never risk losing it; the idea that Roger could ever find him unattractive filled him with dread. Though of course, he had nothing to worry about, especially now that he was taking the time to really perfect his appearance each day. Something Erica was eager to help with; he'd been so wrong about her in the beginning, she really was a lovely daughter, she just needed a bit more coddling than others. It was Erica who convinced him to finally get his ears pierced and even bought him a pair of hoop earrings as a gift.

“Mum, you look like a million dollars.” She’d sigh dreamily as he’d modelled them for her along with his new leopard print yoga pants. “I hope I can look that classy when I’m your age.”

David admired himself in the nearby mirror with an almost cocky smile. He did look classy; his confidence couldn’t be higher. He gave his daughter a kiss on the cheek and thanked her for the wonderful gift, already imagining how Roger would react when he saw them. Mentally, he reminded himself to remove his panties in the bathroom before he got home to speed things along.

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“I’m just saying, give it a chance.” Angelo chided, “A bit of culture would do you good.”

“Why would I want to watch some foreign film with subtitles?” David argued, “If I want to read a book, I’ll read a book and besides, Love in Thirty Days is a lot more complex than you give it credit for. It’s not just a dating show it’s a social experiment.”

“Can we please just finish dinner?” Alyssa cut in, “You’re arguing is putting Jade off her food.

Nonsense, the bub was eating just fine in her high chair but David conceded. He at least knew when to swallow his pride in order to keep the peace unlike *some* people. Instead, he turned his attention to Jade, tickling her under the chin and admiring just how much she’d grown in the last month since he’d seen her. She might not even fit into the clothes he’d bought today in town! They finished their eating and Roger, the sweetheart, made them all tea. Angelo of course, insisted on a horrid smelling coffee; perhaps he just preferred the bitter drink to match his soul. They all settled in the lounge ready to relax in the warm evening, Erica and Angelo immediately started fighting over the remote and David left them to it. Her girl was stubborn, she would win out. He took a sip of his tea, closing his eyes and sighing in contentment as the warm liquid warmed him from the inside out.

“Granny, look what I found in mummy’s bag!”

David’s breath caught in his throat as his eyes opened. The coin, golden and gleaming was grasped between Beth’s tiny fingers, one final divot still visible on its surface. One wish left. For a moment the whole world slowed and his life here flashed before his eyes; the trips with Erica, spoiling Beth, the amazing sex with Roger, all of it rushed to the forefront of his mind. Followed by his life as David, complete with his loving wife, daughter and high stress job. This life was no doubt destined to be shorter, his advanced age saw to that, but he still had Alyssa and Jade as well as the rest of his wonderful family and their rich life together.

His confliction slowly began to melt away as his eyes scanned the room; Love in Thirty Days was starting soon and his latest book was sitting by that comfy armchair, half read. On the wall was a calendar with next weekend circled in red hearts; his anniversary with Roger, they'd already booked a table at the local pub for it.

A warm smile formed on Donna's face as she gently took the coin from her granddaughter.

"What a clever girl." She patted her on the head, "This is something very special, I'd better go put it somewhere safe."

With that she made for the bedroom, opening her make up drawer and placing the coin at the very back, among the expired concealer and long forgotten lip glosses. She couldn't quite bring herself to throw it away; it was a reminder of just how far she'd come yet at the same time, Donna knew she was never going to touch it again.