

The parking lot of the Regal Cinemas was a warzone of brake lights and honking horns. Saturday night, opening weekend of the new Marvel movie, every spot taken twice over. Twelve-year-old Timmy pressed his face to the window of his dad's beat-up Tacoma, watching grown-ups swear at each other over half a space.

"Come on, come on," Mike muttered, crawling along the rows. Then, like a miracle, reverse lights flashed in the very front row: the blue handicapped sign glowing under the streetlamp. An old lady eased out in her Buick. The moment her bumper cleared the line, Mike whipped the truck in before anyone else could blink.

"Dad!" Timmy squeaked, eyes wide. "That's... that's for handicapped people!"

Mike killed the engine and ruffled his son's hair. "Relax, kiddo. Five minutes inside, nobody's gonna notice. Besides, the movie's starting."

They stepped out together. Timmy's sneakers hit the asphalt, and that was when it began.

A hot, electric jolt shot up from the soles of his feet, like he'd stepped on a live wire buried in the parking space. His knees buckled.

"D-Dad?"

The sensation exploded outward, molten, unstoppable. Timmy's small hands flew to his chest as something pushed from the inside, bones lengthening, widening. His Spider-Man tee stretched obscenely as shoulders broadened into a womanly frame. His voice cracked, climbing into a husky alto.

"Daddy, it hurts—"

Mike watched in frozen horror as his son's body surged upward and outward. Hips flared dramatically, waist cinching tight above a thickening, fertile swell. Jeans shredded at the seams as thighs rounded into plush, maternal curves. The boy's face softened and matured at once. Cheekbones rising, jaw rounding, lips plumping into a sultry pout framed by messy blonde strands that cascaded longer with every heartbeat.

His chest ballooned next. Two enormous breasts swelled beneath the ruined shirt, stretching the fabric until it tore down the middle. They kept growing and growing, swelling into heavy, pendulous, veined faintly beneath creamy skin until milk beaded at broad, dark nipples and began to drip in slow rivulets. Timmy's new slender, elegant, unmistakably adult hands tried to contain them and failed.

The last of the transformation rippled downward. A taut, massively pregnant belly pushed forward, skin stretching glossy and tight over the late-term child inside. His sneakers split as delicate feet arched in strappy heels that hadn't existed seconds ago.

Where his little boy had stood now reclined a breathtakingly fertile woman in her late thirties. She was curvy, middle-aged, and radiating raw maternal sensuality. Long, messy blonde hair tumbled in wild waves around her flushed face. A clinging white maternity dress had replaced the ruined clothes, soaked translucent across her leaking breasts, the fabric clinging to every exaggerated curve.

To his utter horror, Mike began to recognize the woman his son had become. She looked exactly like the woman he had been fantasizing about since the divorce. She was literally the woman of his dreams, and for some reason, he already knew her name.

“...S-Sarah?” he whispered, voice cracking.

The woman...Sarah...stared at him with wide, frightened hazel eyes that were somehow still Timmy’s. “Daddy, *please*,” she begged in a smoky, mature voice that sent heat straight to Mike’s groin despite everything. “I’m your son still...right!? C-change me back!”

But Mike couldn’t move. Couldn’t look away from the milk streaming down those impossibly huge breasts, the way her thick thighs pressed together under the soaked dress, the ripe weight of the belly she cradled instinctively.

Somehow they made it inside. In the darkened theater, Mike guided his transformed son to the back row, each subtle noise and movement making the person he was with feel less like his son and more like his wife. Sarah sank heavily into the seat, thighs spreading wide to accommodate the baby that rolled and kicked inside her.

On screen, superheroes saved the world. Sarah barely saw any of it. Every breath made her swollen nipples drag against wet fabric; every shift in the seat sent sparks through a body that felt like one giant erogenous zone. The child inside her pressed low and heavy, a constant, intimate pressure that made a slick heat pool between her legs.

She didn’t notice Mike’s hand until his fingers brushed the soft inside of her thigh, just below the hem of the dress. She jolted.

“Daddy?! N-no—”

But the protest melted into a whimper when he pushed higher, parting folds that clenched greedily around nothing. Two thick fingers slid inside her easily. She was drenched. Sarah’s back arched, a low moan swallowed by the theater’s sound system as he curled them expertly.

Her enormous breasts throbbed in time with his thrusts, milk spraying in thin arcs with every stroke. She came suddenly, violently, walls fluttering around his fingers while the baby inside her kicked in delighted response. The orgasm obliterated every lingering shred of twelve-year-old Timmy, replacing it with pure, dizzy womanhood...motherhood...wife.

When the credits rolled, Sarah was limp against Mike’s shoulder, thighs trembling, milk still dripping steadily onto the seat between them.

In the truck she straddled him shamelessly in the handicapped space, dress rucked up around her waist, grinding against the ridge in his jeans until he groaned her name. Sarah, only Sarah now.

They barely made it home.

The second the front door shut, clothes were gone. Mike lifted her easily, but God, she was heavy with milk and child and soft curves, and carried her to their bed. He laid her down like an offering.

Sarah spread thick thighs without hesitation, showing him the slick, swollen place that ached for him. "**Please...**" she breathed, voice husky with need. "**Fill me again.**"

Mike didn't make her wait. He pushed into her slow and deep, watching her face as he claimed the body that had been his son hours ago. Sarah's hazel eyes rolled back, full lips parting in a silent scream of pleasure.

He took her hard, mindful of the belly between them only long enough to brace one hand protectively over it. She begged for more. She wanted to feel him harder, deeper. Mike grunted as he felt her nails raking down his back. Her massive breasts bounced and sprayed milk across both of them.

When she came again it was with his name tearing from her throat, body clenching around him in waves. Mike followed seconds later, spilling deep inside the wife he'd lost and miraculously regained.

Afterward, Sarah lay sprawled across the sheets, long messy blonde hair fanned out like a halo, one hand lazily rubbing slow circles over her glistening belly. Milk still leaked in slow rivulets down the sides of her enormous breasts. She looked up at him with heavy-lidded bedroom eyes and parted lips, utterly content.

Mike brushed a damp strand from her forehead. "Still want to go back?" he asked softly.

Sarah's slow, sultry smile was answer enough.

"**Never,**" she murmured, voice thick with satisfaction. "**This is exactly where I belong.**"



