

Enchanted

by M. Wills

Copyright 2018 M. Wills

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people.

Disclaimer: These fictional stories contain graphic descriptions of sex and are intended for a mature audience. By proceeding past this disclaimer you agree that you are legally allowed to read adult materials in the locality where you reside. All characters depicted in these stories are aged 18 or over.

Cover photo: © Can Stock Photo / shotsstudio

Also by M. Wills:

Visit www.bodyswapfiction.com for weekly captions and to request your own stories.

Collections:

Just Passing Through: A Body Possession Story Collection

Inside: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowing Her Body: A Body Possession Story Collection

Her: Stories of body theft and possession

Stranger Inside: A Body Possession Story Collection

All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection

Swap With a Friend (and excerpts from other stories)

Changing Minds

Taking

Possessive

Just Visiting: A Body Possession Story Collection

Stolen: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection

Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection

Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories

Full length stories:

Thought Experiment [*Smashwords.com exclusive*]

Alternate You

The Price of Wishing [*Smashwords.com exclusive*]

Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story

Into Her Body

The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

Table of Contents

[Mommy's Boy](#)

[To Be Young Again](#)

[Summer Lovin'](#)

Mommy's Boy

Mike's car rattles to a stop in his parents' driveway. The car's only got a couple thousand miles on it but it's already making a weird noise. He makes a mental note to ask his dad to have a look this weekend as he steps out of the car. The house looks exactly the same as he remembers it. Maybe a little more quaint from his mature, college perspective. Mike's only been away a semester but the neighborhood is already starting to feel alien.

He hoists his bag full of dirty laundry out of the trunk. He figures it's easier to do laundry at home than on campus, mostly because Mike knows it will be his mom that will do the laundry for him. Strange that she's not rushing out to greet him. He lugs his bag up to the front porch and unlocks the door.

'I'm home!' he shouts, his voice echoing through the foyer.

Mike hears pounding footsteps running down the stairs.

'Hey, there's my college boy!' Mike's dad, Roger cries, running around the corner with his apron flapping in the breeze.

Roger wraps his rosy arms around his son and they embrace in a manly hug with lots of backslapping. Roger grabs Mike's shoulders and steps back, looking him up and down.

'Have you grown?' he asks.

Mike clutches the slight paunch of his stomach and laughs. 'Only the Freshman fifteen.

Then he pauses and it's his turn to look his dad up and down.

'Are you cooking now?' Mike asks, looking at the flowery apron his dad wears. Mike always thought of his dad as one of those uber-macho guys who wouldn't be caught dead in the kitchen wearing an apron, much less one covered with flowers like this one.

'Oh, this? Yes, I'm cooking now so your mother has more time to look after herself.'

'What do you mean? Is she okay?'

'Of course, better than she's ever been!' Roger beams.

'Where *is* mom?'

'Oh!' Roger's eyes grow wide, 'I forgot to announce you. I'll go get her.'

He races up the stairs calling out, 'Honey? Love? Your son's here.'

Announce him? Mike has no idea what his dad is talking about, but a few seconds later he hears his mom's voice coming down the stairs.

'I told you to tell me the moment he got here,' his mother snaps.

'Yes, ma'am, sorry, ma'am,' his dad replies sincerely.

Mike's dad had never called his mom "ma'am" before. If they're now into some sort of weird dominant role-playing thing this whole Thanksgiving weekend is going to be bizarre. This thought is wiped out of his head the second Mike's mom, Charlotte, turns the corner.

She wears a black, low-cut top that reveals two heavy breasts, and cut-off shorts that barely cover her thick thighs, leaving her long legs bare. She's showing miles of golden skin that Mike never expected—or wanted—to see on his own mother. Mike's never spent any time staring at his mom's breasts, but as she presses them against him for a hug he swears they've gotten bigger. And her outfit...she'd always been one to decry the slutty way teens dressed and here she is dressed exactly like that. Even her face is more made up than usual. Her dark eyes are highlighted and her eyebrows are darkened and arch majestically over each pale blue eye. Even her hair seems to be blonder and

wavier than he remembers.

'Hello, son! Oh, I've missed you.'

Charlotte holds Mike tight, pulling him firmly against her chest so that Mike is uncomfortably aware of his mom's breasts poking into him, of her bare skin on display and pressed to his.

She releases him and, without turning, snaps her fingers at Roger. 'Roger! Drinks!' she yells.

He nods and scurries into the kitchen. Mike's mom takes his arm in hers and leads him to the couch in the sitting room. In the corner there's a huge cage lying on the floor, the sort that one would board a large dog in.

'What's that?' Mike asks.

'Oh, that's Roger's,' his mom says, dismissing it with a wave of her hand.

She sits down on the couch and wiggles her chest before thrusting one hand down her top and crudely adjusting her breasts without shame. Mike looks away, his face flushing, as his mom's tits wobble back and forth at her touch, 'This top sometimes needs to be adjusted. There! So, tell me about college!'

She sits back and crosses her meaty legs. Her tiny shorts slide up between her thighs and Mike catches a glimpse of dark red panties. He looks away again quickly, wishing there was a way to bleach the memory out of his head. Whatever brought on this change in his mom, Mike doesn't approve.

Mike starts to tell his mom about his classes and his roommate, dropping hints about the laundry he's brought home. His stories are soon interrupted by his dad, who enters with a bottle of beer and a glass of champagne.

'Congratulations on almost finishing your first semester!' Mike's dad says, handing him the bottle of beer. He then turns and hands the champagne glass to Charlotte, standing over her expectantly. She sips and nods.

'This will do. You may sit.' She says.

'Thank you,' he says, sitting on the floor in front of Charlotte.

Mike hardly knows how to react. Before he can say anything the doorbell rings. Roger jumps up to answer it. He comes back in a few seconds later, trailed by Mrs. Bowen, Mike's high school history teacher. She's young, probably in her mid-twenties, with straight black hair pulled back in a ponytail that jiggles with each step. She has an oval face with a thin, upturned nose and beautiful almond-shaped eyes. Mike's always had a crush on her and seeing her in his house, with a simple, red dress clinging to her shapely form, makes him do a double take.

Mike's mom looks up. 'Ashley!' she says, holding up her arms.

Mike watches in astonishment as Mrs. Bowen sits in his mom's lap, tucking her dress underneath her and wrapping her slim arms lovingly around Mike's mom's neck. Mike's mouth literally drops open as Mrs. Bowen greets his mom with a deep kiss on the lips. Charlotte closes her eyes and Mike can see the bulge in Mrs. Bowen's cheeks as Charlotte slips her tongue into Mrs. Bowen's mouth. The two women kiss passionately for a few seconds, until Mike's mom breaks it off. She rests her thick hands on Mrs. Bowen's lean thighs and looks over at Mike. Mrs. Bowen continues kissing Charlotte's neck and nibbling on her ear.

'Mike, I believe you know Ashley Bowen,' Charlotte says.

Mrs. Bowen looks up once and nods, before going back to nestling in Mike's mom's hair.

'W—what's going on?' Mike stutters, his eyes flicking back and forth between his parents.

'Oh, look at poor little Mikey, doesn't know what's going on,' his mom laughs, a short mean burst of laughter that reminds Mike of Grant Sullivan, a bully from Mike's high school who was also the only one ever to call Mike 'little Mikey'.

Grant used to pick on Mike nearly every day at school. Grant was a fat, dumb kid who thought of himself as some tough guy. It got worse and worse until one day Mike exploded and they got into a fight in the hallway. In fact, it was Mrs. Bowen who found them and broke it up. Grant was expelled and Mike, a good kid who never got in trouble, was given a warning.

His mom sees the realization on Mike's face.

'Remember me? I'm back, little Mikey,' she says, twisting a lock of her golden hair around a finger. 'I'm Grant, the kid you got kicked out of school.'

Grant thinks the look on Mike's face is almost better than sex.

'You expelled me from school,' he says, 'but you can't expel me from your mom's body. I love chicks with some meat on them.'

Grant hefts up Charlotte's chest and leers at Mike, before letting her breasts drop and bounce back into position.

'That's impossible,' Mike says, the dumb look stuck on his face.

'Nothing's impossible when you've got magic. I can make your mom do anything I want. And your dad, too, for that matter. Oh, and watch this, this is great.'

Grant lightly touches Mrs. Bowen's breast and she throws her head back and moans 'Ooohhh!', as a burst of pleasure burns through her. She trails a hand down her long, delicate neck.

'Instant orgasm! I'm the world's best lover,' Grant grins, 'This is the bitch that got me expelled, so I replaced her smartness with horniness. What are you now, Ashley?'

'Oh, yes,' she sighs, her small breasts heaving beneath her tight dress, 'I'm your horny, little cunt.' Ashley caresses the breasts of Grant's stolen body, her eyes going wide with lust as she slips her fingers into the deep valley of Charlotte's cleavage, feeling the warm, fleshy skin.

Grant pulls out a small book from his back pocket. It looks like some sort of small appliance manual but with a thick cover. The pages are dog-eared and worn. Grant quickly flips through until he comes to the page he's looking for. He intones some words and watches as a gentle glow appears around Mike. Mike grunts between lips that are suddenly immobile.

'That spell should keep you still for a little while so you can see what I've been doing in your mom's body. Maybe I'll make you masturbate about this later.' Grant smiles.

With that, Grant wraps one of his stolen hands through Ashley's hair and pulls her forcefully down onto his lips, while slipping the other hand beneath Ashley's dress. Ashley's lips are full and her mouth is warm and wet as Grant slides Charlotte's tongue inside, tasting her. His nose presses into her soft cheeks and he inhales her gentle woody scent. Beneath Ashley's dress, Grant's slender fingers slide up Ashley's warm thighs, gripping and squeezing her warm skin, sliding ever closer to her waiting sex.

Ashley melts at Grant's touch. Her hands circle Charlotte's body, sliding down across her fat breasts, over her stomach and down to the hem of her shirt, which she pulls off over Charlotte's head. Mike's mom's heavy breasts bounce down, free from even a bra. Grant had used his magic to double the size of his breasts and now Ashley's hands fly to them as they bobble free. She loves the

heavy feel of them beneath her fingers, it's one of the few things she still knows. They're round and smooth and perfect. The fat, pink nipples are already perky with the lust throbbing through Charlotte's body.

Grant lies Charlotte's body down on the couch, letting his hands circle and caress his feminine form. Ashley unbuttons Grant's shorts and slides them off his hefty legs. Then off come the red panties. Mike watches helplessly, frozen by the spell, as his mom lies on the couch naked in front of him. Her large breasts flop partway down her sides, spilling over her chest, the nipples thick and pink and pointed in lust. Grant spreads his meaty thighs, revealing the dark, coarse hair of Charlotte's sex, the nether lips already wet with desire. He slips Charlotte's fingers inside himself, feeling his wet warmth, manipulating his tender folds as Ashley kneels above him, licking her lips as she watches him pleasure his new body.

'You want to lick my pussy?' Grant asks.

Ashley nods, dumbly, biting her lip. She's so horny and she desperately needs Charlotte's body.

'You're gonna need a faceful of cum, first.' Grant orders.

Ashley's face lights up and she practically tumbles off the couch, scrambling for Roger's pants. She unbuttons them and finds he's already hard, waiting for her. She attacks his cock with a crazed vigor, wrapping her lips around his dick and swallowing him in her warm mouth. She pushes him deeper until her nose is pressed into his groin and his cock hits the back of her throat. She pulls out, leaving a trail of saliva along Roger's shaft, before swallowing him once more.

Grant watches from the couch, his fingers slipping against the nub of his pleasure, moaning in delight as he watches Ashley humiliate herself. His eyes occasionally roam over to Mike and he smiles, knowing his enemy is unable to look away from his family's humiliation. Grant's fingers press deep into Mike's mom's flesh, the lust filling him, and he moans softly.

Ashley glides up and down Roger's cock faster and faster, choking in her eagerness to fill herself, but still Roger doesn't cum. Her mouth is full of his heat, and she swallows his pre-cum eagerly. Ashley's fingers slide up Roger's balls, tickling him, urging him to empty himself into her. She needs this more than she's ever needed anything. She's his empty headed slut.

'Okay, Roger...oohh...give it to her,' Grant moans on the couch as he slides another finger into his aching pussy and his other hand against his swollen clit.

Roger wraps his hand around Ashley's ponytail and yanks her head back. She looks up at him dumbly with wide, vacant eyes. With his other hand he jerks his cock up and down, finishing himself off, grunting as he spurts his hot seed onto Ashley's pretty face. She opens her mouth wide, trying to drink his delicious desire as the white spurts drip down over her eyes, her nose, her chin until at last Roger is empty and Ashley is dripping with his cum.

Grant has three fingers inside Mike's mom's dripping pussy, his breasts bouncing back and forth as he pleasures himself, releasing another groan of pleasure as an orgasm lights through him while he watches his smart teacher reduced to a dumb slut who's only happy when her pretty face is doused with Roger's seed.

'Now you can lick my pussy,' Grant moans as he spreads his thick thighs, shiny with his dripping lust.

'Thank you!' Ashley cries, diving between Grant's legs, plunging her warm tongue hard up against his clit as he struggles in pleasure beneath her. Both of Grant's hands return to his breasts; he pulls

them up and leans his head forward to suck greedily on his own nipples, his tongue sliding back and forth across his stolen body as Ashley slides her fingers inside him to help with her tongue. The pressure builds quickly and is soon released as Grant's body tremors in ecstasy.

Grant feels around for the magic book, which he's let fall to the floor in his lust. He flips quickly through the pages until he finds the spell he wants. He manages to utter the words between orgasms. When he finishes Ashley sits up and spreads Grant's shapely, smooth legs in her hands. She's kneeling on the couch at his pussy, her outer lips open and glistening with her desire.

As Grant finishes the spell, Mike feels a tingling between his legs. He still can't move, can't look down, but it's almost as though his cock is shrinking, retracting into his body. At the same time a bump begins protruding from Ashley's pussy, growing at the same rate Mike's manhood is shrinking. Her nether lips seal up as Mike's cock grows out on her body, his scrotum forms and drops down beneath it, and between Mike's legs he can feel the wetness of Mrs. Bowen's cunt, still wet, beneath his pants.

Ashley wraps a slim hand around her new cock and guides it inside Mike's mom, using Mike's own cock to fuck his mother. She pushes deep, filling Grant's body. And still Mike sits frozen magically in place, unable to look away as Ashley pounds his mom, his own cock disappearing and reappearing slick with Grant's pleasure, the wet sounds of their sex, the sound of Mike's balls slapping against his mom's ass and Grant's throaty cries of lust filling the room. Ashley pounds into Grant's body, sending ripples up and down his meaty frame. Grant's heavy breasts bob back and forth as he squeezes himself, biting his nipples as the pain collides with the burning pleasure and he comes one final time, lurching his hips up as the orgasm overcomes him. One hand reaches out and grabs Ashley's tits. Ashley's head tilts up and she cries out. Her eyes roll back in pleasure as she cums hard, shooting Mike's seed into his own mom's body through her stolen manhood and they rock back and forth together, sharing their delight, Ashley spasming into Grant's stolen body until she slows and then stops, leaving her empty and Grant full.

Grant lies on the couch, Ashley still kneeling over him, both breathing hard, until Ashley slowly pulls out, dripping a trail of seed down Grant's thighs.

'Oh, man, that was good,' Grant sighs, heaving himself into a sitting position, his full breasts bouncing back and forth. 'Best one all week, huh, honey?'

Ashley nods, her eyes wide, the intelligence behind them dulled.

'Oh, I guess you'll be wanting this back,' Grant picks up Ashley's deflating cock and wiggles it at Mike between two fingers.

Grant picks up the book again and finds the spell. Uttering it makes the transformation happen again in reverse. Ashley's cock shrinks into nothingness, replaced by her dripping nether lips, while Mike feels his cock once again growing beneath his pants, still wet and sticky and dripping post-cum from being inside his own mom.

'That's some dick on you, Mike,' Grant laughs, 'Now, Roger, go finish dinner.'

Roger nods and leaves. Grant puts his arm around Ashley, who nestles against him.

'Now, what should we do with this one?' Grant asks her.

'Make him your slave,' she giggles, 'Make him fulfill your every command.'

'Hmm,' Roger says, pretending to think as he strokes his pubic hair. His fingers dance around his opening, letting Mike have a long, hard thought about what things Grant would make him do.

'I could,' he says at last, 'But it's much more fun to let him do it by choice.'

Grant flips through the small magic book again. 'Ah,' he says, finally, then utters another spell. 'Ok, Mike, I'm going to release you now.' Grant gestures his manicured fingers and Mike feels his body loosen. He's able to move once more.

I'm going to kill you! Mike yells, or tries to, but instead what comes out of his lips, in a completely normal tone of voice is: 'It's nice to be back home.'

Mike lurches for the book and screams, or tries to at least. But his body doesn't completely obey his commands and he instead finds himself landing on the floor and saying, 'I missed you, mom.'

Grant pulls the book out of Mike's reach and laughs. 'I missed you too, son. This is going to be such a nice weekend. You can't do anything to me by force and you can't say anything you wouldn't normally say if I wasn't in your mom's body. Now come on, Ashley, let's get ready for dinner.'

Mike barely has the energy to pull himself into a sitting position as Grant walks out of the room with Ashley on his arm, Charlotte's broad backside jiggling with each step.

Dinner that night seems normal enough, except that Mike's dad puts the food on the table, then retreats into his dog cage in the living room, and Mike's mom and Ashley eat dinner in the nude, occasionally fondling each others' breasts.

But other than that, normal.

Mike can't comment about any of this. No matter how much he rages inside all he can do is talk about how college is going, what he's been up to and other such banalities. When dinner's over, Grant scrapes together the scraps from everyone's plate and mixes it into a dog bowl labeled 'Roger'. This bowl is then unceremoniously shoved into Roger's cage, where Mike watches his dad stick his face into the bowl and guzzle it like an animal while Grant and Ashley laugh.

The next day goes by in a similar way. Mike lounges around the house, much as he would were this another normal weekend. Roger is let out of his cage to cook and clean, while Ashley and Grant disappear up into the bedroom for long stretches of time, with an occasional cry or moan coming from the bedroom. A few times this is even preceded by the feel of Mike's cock once again disappearing and being replaced with his teacher's pussy. Trying to make the best of a bad situation, he slides his pants down to examine his new sex, already wet with whatever foreplay they've got going on up there.

The coarse, dark hair of Mrs. Bowen's pubic hair tapers down into a triangle leading to his new slit. His own masculine, hairy thighs are to either side, but between his legs he's very definitely a woman. He slips a finger into himself, feels himself slide inside his warm, wet body. It feels good; his new equipment is already wound up and horny. With the fingers of one hand he spreads his nether lips and examines himself, staring into his velvety folds before sliding another finger inside himself and pressing up against his already swollen clit, rubbing himself experimentally, the pleasure building until it cascades through him and he shudders in a gentle orgasm. He'd had fantasies of being inside Mrs. Bowen, but he never pictured it like this.

Mike slides his fingers deeper inside himself, penetrating and being penetrated, feeling his own body wrapped around his fingers as he squeezes pleasure through himself, urging his body higher. He works his new pussy hard. He's so sopping wet, so unbelievably horny he just needs to cum. Each thrust winds his body up tighter, tighter, heading towards the sweet release. He clenches his

eyes and pushes his fingers in deeper. The dank smell of his sex hits his nose and he cums hard, crying out as he gasps in delight, thrusting up against his fingers as he tries desperately to fuck himself with Mrs. Bowen's pussy.

He lies back on the couch gasping, his body occasionally spasming in the afterglow. Then all too soon he feels himself closing up, his teacher's pussy returns to Ashley's body and Mike is once again left with his empty, used cock, still smelling of sex and his mother. It's the only pleasurable part in an otherwise torturous existence.

Grant walks around naked in Charlotte's body, constantly playing with her heavy breasts, watching them bob back and forth and even putting on a show for Mike, rubbing his tits on Mike's face, knowing Mike has to sit there and take it while making small talk.

Mike can't live like this, and he can't let his family live like this. He has to get hold of that spell book and change everyone back somehow. But how? Grant keeps the spell book on him at all times and Mike can't attack Grant. At night, after returning Mike's manhood, Grant even puts some sort of spell on the bedroom door so Mike can't open it.

Mike's opportunity comes the next night. After the usual dinner and scraps for Roger, Grant retreats upstairs with Ashley. A few minutes later Mike feels the change in his pants and hears his mom's squeals from upstairs and knows they're going at it again with his cock. Mike retires to his room and closes the door to once again explore Ashley's pussy. If he's going to be tortured he may as well get some enjoyment out of it.

He fingers his new pussy until he cums several times, grunting and groaning with pleasure before rolling over and falling asleep to the sounds of his parents' bed banging against the wall. He wakes up in the middle of the night and has to pee. He pads to the bathroom and pulls his pants down. Ashley's pussy is still between his legs. Half asleep, he sits on the toilet and does his business. If Ashley's still got his cock, does that mean Grant forgot to do any other spells?

When Mike is done he sneaks to his parents' bedroom door. Slowly, he twists the knob and it opens. It's dark inside and the only sounds are of two people breathing gently in sleep. He tiptoes inside the room, the magical barrier gone, and inches around to his mom's side of the bed. Her rotund body is curled on her side, Ashley's slim form wrapped around her as the big spoon. Mike searches around on the floor but sees nothing. Gently, he lifts the covers and peeks under. Nothing but his mom. He stands and is about to go through her bedside table when he sees the book poking out from beneath Grant's pillow. Mike gently works it out a half inch at a time, barely breathing, moving slowly until the book is in his hands. It's small, like a pocket dictionary, and smells musty. Mike crawls to the window and turns the pages in the moonlight, his heart racing. The pages crinkle gently as Mike flips through them, the sounds seem like gunshots in the quiet room.

The words are written in a foreign language. There are notes in English scribbled in the margins, explanations for each one. Mike searches quickly. He freezes and looks up as Grant shifts on the bed, moving around but not waking. Mike returns his attention to the book, flicking quickly through the pages until he finds one that the notes claim will 'make history of a one'. Bad translation or bad translator? Mike doesn't have time to wonder, Grant seems to be stirring. Mike begins chanting the spell, reciting the words as best he can, hoping they're phonetic. In the moonlight, Mike can see Grant's eyes open groggily. Grant sees Mike and is instantly wide awake. Grant throws the covers

back and jumps from the bed, stumbling towards Mike. His hands reach the book just as Mike finishes the last word.

And everything vanishes.

Grant blinks his eyes and looks around. He's in a shabby bedroom with a ragtag assortment of furniture. There's a Nirvana poster thumb-tacked to one wall, a Pearl Jam poster on another. A pile of clothes lies in one floor and there's a shabby dresser holding a full ashtray. A large mirror hangs on the wall above it.

Grant looks down at his body, sees two heavy, perfect breasts clad in a tan bra, a svelte, feminine body that flares out again in rounded, fleshy hips, before tapering back down to smooth, bronzed legs. It's a familiar body, though much younger and fitter than before. Grant makes his way to the mirror and his image slides into view. He's still inside Mike's mom, Charlotte, but he's so young and damn sexy. His crow's feet are gone, as is the middle aged weight gain. His face is smooth and perfect, two icy blue eyes stare back from under impeccably manicured eyebrows. He runs his fingers along his breasts. They're firm and bouncy, free of stretch marks. He looks like he's in his early twenties. Man, Charlotte was hot. *Is* hot, Grant corrects himself. His face lights up in an adorable smile. Whatever spell Mike cast must have thrown him back in time, somewhere in the early nineties by the looks of it, but still very definitely in Charlotte's body.

If he's here in the body of Mike's mom in the past, now's his chance to really screw over Mike's life. And have his own fun as well.

Grant searches through Charlotte's collection of clothes, looking for the sluttiest outfit he can find. He soon finds a tiny, black dress and squeezes into it. It's low cut and shows off the deep valley of his cleavage. *Might as well show these puppies off while they look their best* Grant thinks. It's also cut high from the bottom, letting everyone see a wide swath of his thigh. In fact, if he's not careful he's liable to give everyone a show whenever he sits down. Just in case that happens, Grant forgoes underpants. *Might as well give them a real show.* He smooths the dress out along his body, letting his fingers run along his heavy, youthful curves. Judging by how unworn the dress looks Grant guesses she either recently bought it (unlikely, if her finances are reflected in the décor of the room he's standing in) or bought it but has never worn it because it's too slutty.

He uses the bedroom mirror to adjust his makeup. He doesn't need too much, Charlotte's face is gorgeous as is. He curls his blonde hair so it falls down the side of his face in perfect waves before curling over his shoulders. To complete the look he straps on some black high heels and grabs a tiny purse. When he looks at himself in the mirror he's so stunning he starts to make himself wet. Charlotte's big doe eyes stare back at him, her red lips succulent. *Dick sucking lips* Grant thinks to himself with a smile. The heels make him exaggerate his wide thighs and ample bosom, pushing Charlotte's chest up. He's ready to have some fun.

Grant finds his way to a bar as the sun sets. The bouncer's more interested in his breasts than his ID and Grant floats right in. Having no idea about what a woman should drink, he orders what the woman next to him is drinking, which turns out to be a cosmopolitan. He sips it daintily, searching the room for anyone who looks interesting. In one of the booths to the side are two handsome black guys. The one on the right is clean shaven with a good-natured face. He wears a tight, white t-shirt that clings to his solid form, showing glimpses of his solid bicep whenever he picks up his drink.

Could be construction worker with that physique. Someone who knows how to give a girl a workout, at any rate. The one on the left looks a bit older. His head is shaved and he's got a neatly trimmed goatee. He exudes a calm confidence as he takes long swigs of his beer.

Grant walks towards the two men, letting his hips sway back and forth. They see him coming from a long way off, watching him with incredulity as he approaches and asks to join them. The younger one moves aside and Grant demurely slides into the booth. For the next several hours he flirts unashamedly with both men, tossing his hair back and laughing at even their worst jokes. All in all they're handsome, charming and polite. The older one on the left is named Jeremiah, the younger, cockier one on the right is Devon. Grant would let either of these men take him home.

Grant unlocks the door to his apartment and laughs as Devon grabs his ass. Grant swats his hand away playfully and shushes him as he lets Devon and Jeremiah into Charlotte's apartment. He's drunk and horny, eager to give his nubile, young body a spin. As soon as the door shuts he gets down to business.

He locks lips with Devon, tasting the sour whiskey on his breath as Devon wraps his thick fingers through Charlotte's hair and presses their mouths together. Grant opens wide and Devon's tongue invades Charlotte's mouth. He sucks on it, his womanly body burning with desire.

When he'd first stolen Charlotte's body he had no interest in being with a man; that's why he'd enchanted Mrs. Bowen to be his lover. But now, Grant's been a woman for so long this all feels right. He loves pressing his soft body against Devon's firm form, letting his fingers slip down Devon's pants and wrap around his rapidly growing cock. Grant continues sliding his tiny hand up and down Devon's shaft as he breaks free of the kiss and grabs Jeremiah. Devon's hand slides against Charlotte's breasts, groping and squeezing as Grant makes out with Jeremiah.

The two men push against Grant, and Charlotte's body is burning in lust. She has these two men in her power, they desperately want her body, and Grant desperately needs to give it to them. He breaks away from Jeremiah and returns to Devon. Unzipping his pants, Grant frees Devon's hefty manhood. Grant leans over, placing Charlotte's pretty lips close to the thick head pointed towards her. As Grant bends over, his black dress slides up his thighs and over his round bottom, giving Jeremiah a perfect view of Grant's rapidly moistening pussy between the thick cheeks of his ass. Grant opens Charlotte's pretty mouth, wraps her dick sucking lips around the thick, black cock and slides down the shaft. Devon's warmth fills her, his musky taste glides across Grant's tongue. Grant swallows the salty taste of pre-cum as Devon groans above him. He tastes so good, so warm and hard...and all for him. The lust itself is intoxicating.

Meanwhile, Jeremiah has taken his cue and dropped his pants. He grasps Grant's luscious ass with one hand and guides his hard cock between Charlotte's legs with the other. There's a pressure against Grant's womanhood, building as Jeremiah pushes and then, with a groan, slides inside him. His thick, warm shaft fills Charlotte's tight pussy and Grant moans around the cock in his mouth. Devon wraps his hands through Grant's hair and the two men push and pull him back and forth, impaling Grant on one end, then the other. Charlotte's body is a quivering mass of need as pleasure burns bright through her. Now he's the one being used and he loves it. He needs this so badly.

The two men speed up, Jeremiah thrusting deeper inside Grant's tight pussy, the head of his black cock pounding up against Grant's G-spot from behind, while Grant sucks off the man in front of

him. They see-saw back and forth, pushing and pulling, and there's a roaring in Grant's ears and his entire body is crying out for fulfillment and finally they cum inside him. Devon goes first, grunting as he grabs Grant's head and pushes his lips down, down his shaft while he explodes, forcing Grant to swallow the cum and let it shoot down his throat. Grant takes Devon all in, licking every drop as his reward. And then Jeremiah grunts and a white heat fills Grant's body as Jeremiah explodes into him from behind. The cock pulses inside his sex as Jeremiah empties himself into Grant's wonderfully feminine body, filling his aching pussy with his seed, pushing deeper, deeper until he has nothing left to give.

Jeremiah pulls out and Grant slides off of Devon's cock, marveling at the thick shaft he was able to cram into Charlotte's tiny mouth. He looks up at Devon, wiping away a trickle of cum from his lips.

'Delicious,' he says. It *was* delicious, and so is Grant's revenge.

Nearly twenty years later Mike sits on the floor of his parents' bedroom, the magic book in his hands, watching Grant stumbling towards him in his mom's body. And then suddenly the book is gone. Mike's mom is gone. Or rather, she's asleep in bed. The room around Mike is suddenly different, more spacious, the furniture nicer.

'What-?' Mike begins and notices the softness of his own voice. His hands fly to his lips. They're thick and plump, his face is smooth and baby soft, no trace of his former masculine stubble. He looks down at himself, sees a graceful, feminine black body clad only in a pink nightie. His ample breasts press out beneath the satin fabric, the dark skin warm to his touch. His breasts bobble back and forth as he grabs them. Mike's nightie hardly covers his thighs, which are lusciously thick and smooth. His mocha skin is soft and enchantingly tender.

On the bed, Mike's mom opens her eyes and sees him sitting on the floor.

'Hey, sweetie,' she says, 'What's wrong?'

Mike wants to yell at his mom, tell Grant off for stealing her skin and somehow turning him into a woman. But the memory fades before the anger can be summoned. Mikayla remembers her past life as one would an especially vivid dream. She's not sure what's real and what's changed. Was she a man changed into a woman? Or a woman dreaming she was a man? She can remember specific instances of her former life. The memories are intense and vivid. She's sure that Grant has stolen her mom's body. On the other hand, her mom has always been her mom.

There's a rustling on the other side of the bed and the light flicks on. A man sits up in bed, his black skin shining in the light.

'Hey, honey, what's wrong?' Devon's deep voice rumbles.

'Nothing, dad, I...' she begins. But that's wrong. This man's a stranger. Her dad is Roger. *His* dad is Roger, Mikayla corrects herself. But she can remember growing up with him in a way that's more real than any of her memories of Roger.

Her mom sits up and caresses Mikayla's cheek.

'Go back to bed, honey, you've probably just had a bad dream. Everything will be better in the morning.'

Charlotte leads Mikayla back to her room. Mikayla's breasts bounce with each step, her body seems unfamiliar and out of place. She remembers everything Grant did to her, how he stole her

cock temporarily and, now, permanently. But he can't help but love Charlotte, because she's her mom.

Grant's victory is complete, and he's got a lovely daughter, a handsome husband, and a killer body to show for it.

#

To Be Young Again

Despite how disappointed she was, Amy managed to smile at her parents as they both kissed her on her forehead.

“You'll be fine while we're gone, right?” Her dad asked.

“No, dad, I'll probably burn the whole house down.” Amy rolled her eyes.

“It's just for a week.” Her mother said. “Your dad and I haven't had time alone in a long time.”

Her mom slipped her fingers between the fingers of her husband. Amy gagged inwardly. She didn't want to think about what her parents would be doing in their alone time. She was about to assure her parents once more that she was fine when the sound of the doorbell echoed around the house.

“Well, that should be Jon.” Her father grinned, heading towards the door.

On the front step was Grandpa Jon, an older, beefier version of Amy's dad. They were so similar in appearance that looking at old pictures you'd be hard pressed to know which was which. He was a more laid back version of his son and never seemed to take things too seriously. He was always open to hearing Amy's chatter. Amy didn't know whether he genuinely enjoyed it when she told him about school and her cheerleading, but if not he faked it well. If she had to have a *responsible adult*—her father's words—in the house while her parents were gone, she was glad it was her grandfather.

“Hey, grandpa,” Amy smiled winningly as they embraced.

“Hey, sweetie,” Her grandfather replied, “How's kicks?”

Amy rolled her eyes and grinned. Grandpa Jon was always picking up odd slang from somewhere and trying it out on her. Her bemused reactions never failed to amuse him.

“You keep out of trouble. Both of you.” Her mother whispered after she placed a peck on Jon's cheek and collected her suitcase.

“You all be gone for as long as you want.” Grandpa Jon said, patting his son on the back as he stepped out, too. “Amy and I will have every bit of fun, more than you both could ever find on that island of yours.”

Her parents chuckled, waving at them as they stepped off the porch and strode towards the waiting cab.

“So, what do we do today?” Grandpa Jon asked, turning his flashing smile on Amy.

“Everything!” She beamed at him.

II.

As the light of the morning caressed Amy's body and gently woke her, Amy twisted her body sleepily in bed, trying to get comfortable. Her back ached and the bed felt rougher than usual but she tried to fight it just to stay asleep for a little longer. She thought about the warm memories of the previous evening she had spent with her grandfather. At first, they had visited the small garden behind the house to check the lilies they had both planted a week before spring last year. Grandpa Jon had been glad that she had taken care of the ever-glowing flowers since then. He had buried his fingers in her hair and ruffled it playfully. Even though Amy was nearly in college Grandpa Jon still made her feel like a kid, in a good way.

Afterwards, they had gone back into the house and he had suggested baking a pie and roasting chicken for dinner. He let her drive his battered old jeep down to the store to get all the groceries that they needed while he sat beside her in the passenger seat and, unlike her mother, didn't criticize her driving once. Old country music had blared the entire time in the car and they both sang at the top of their voices, laughing erratically. Amy had more fun than she'd ever had making a mess of the kitchen and they'd both eaten their fill.

It was an entirely fun evening and she had slept like a baby afterwards. She finally let her eyelids flutter open while her thoughts still hung on to the warm memories. For a second, she didn't move because what she was seeing didn't make any sense. Had she fallen asleep in the guest bedroom? She had no memory of that. She ran one hand through her hair as she pushed herself up on one arm. Her hair was short and coarse and as she dropped her arm she looked at it for the first time. The fingers were thick and mottled with age spots, the arm hairy and muscular. She recognized the ring on one of her fingers as belonging to her grandpa and looked down to find that the rest of her body belonged to him, too.

Grandpa Jon was jolted awake by the sound of a man's scream from the room next door. He sat up in bed, confused to find himself in what was unmistakably Amy's room. The confusion only deepened when he grabbed the ticklish wisps falling around his head and they turned out to be long, silken russet waves of hair. He was dressed in a long, pink nightshirt with a cartoon cat on it. The body beneath was unmistakably female and two bumps pressed out from his chest. He grabbed them and released them quickly as he confirmed they were breasts. They wobbled gently against his chest.

He slid out of bed, Amy's long, smooth legs appearing from beneath the covers, and made his way to the door. His perspective was off. The whole room seemed larger, the doorknob bigger in his slim hand. He felt the sway of his hips as he padded next door on tiny feet. The door opened before he could get to it and his own face appeared in the doorway, gaping down at him in shock.

"Grandpa?" He heard his body ask.

He just nodded, looking himself up and down. He licked his lips nervously, then brought a slender finger to his plump lips, as if feeling them for the first time.

"Wh-What happened?" She stuttered.

His voice sounded so old and frail, had he always sounded like that?

"I...I don't know!" replied Grandpa Jon.

He was as confused and terrified as she was.

“But...but...” Amy stuttered too, wondering how any of what she saw was possible. “This is a dream, right?” She asked. “It has to be!”

Grandpa Jon shook his head. She watched as he dug her nails into her spotless golden skin and yelped in pain. She gasped too, grabbing his slender arm in her meaty fingers in a hurry and steaming with fury.

“Don’t you dare hurt any part of my skin!” She yelled at him.

“Sorry, sweetie,” Jon replied, his granddaughter's voice dropping from his lips. “I guess I'm not dreaming.”

She motioned him into the guest bedroom where she sat her aged body heavily on the bed. Jon didn't want to be in a woman's body but he was glad to trade away the aches and pains, temporarily, for the youthful energy he felt flowing through him.

“So, grandfather,” Amy whispered as he sat her body down beside his own. “This is going to change soon, right?”

“I sincerely do not have answers.” She heard him whisper. He seemed uncomfortable while he sat. He inched upward and wiggled back and forth, staring down at himself disconcertingly and spreading his long top over his legs to hide his creamy thighs, of which he was suddenly aware. His panties were uncomfortable, the thin thread of fabric pushing its way up between his little butt cheeks.

“What's wrong?” she asked, staring at him as he maneuvered to get comfortable.

“It's...nothing...just your panties--”

Amy clasped her calloused palm across his lips to stop him before he made things more awkward than they already were.

“Grandpa!” She groaned at him. “Don't talk about my...anything.”

He nodded and smiled briefly as she removed her hand.

“Okay.” He finally said. “This is probably temporary. I imagine we'll be, uh, switched back any day.”

“You think?” Amy whispered, biting her lips. They were chapped and dry. Her whole body felt the same: dry, used, worn out.

“Yes.” He said, seeming surer about everything now. He didn't know whether it was true or not but there was no sense in worrying her right now. Jon was a doer, not a worrier. And he could see that Amy was panicking. For good reason, true, but panic could only make things worse.

“Alright. Here is what we're going to do.” Grandpa Jon finally whispered, heaving a sigh.

He placed his slim hand on Amy's shoulder and stared into her watery gray eyes.

“We'll see if things become normal during the weekend. Meanwhile, we'll teach each other everything about ourselves.”

“Everything?” Amy whispered, feeling her eyes welling with tears. She hadn't signed up for any of this. She had thought she would have as much fun as she could throughout the entire weekend and now she would be stuck at home basically taking lessons in how to be old.

“Yes. Just in case...in case this doesn't wash off till Monday, it would be better that none of your friends at school suspect anything. I would have to attend classes and behave as if everything was alright.”

More tears welled in her eyes as she listened to her grandfather. She hadn't even thought of that.

She'd been hoping this whole thing would blow over but Grandpa Jon was right, they didn't know how it had started so they had no clue how it would end.

“Okay,” She sniffed. “I guess...I guess I can show you the pictures of everyone on my phone.”

“Good.” Grandpa Jon said. “I'm afraid I'm not one for technology, so I'll just tell you everything you want to know. You can always rely on the phrase 'Back in my day...' if you want people to stop listening.” A smile spread across his flawless face as he tried to cheer her up.

A tear finally skidded down her cheeks as she considered how she was going to spend a day or more living her grandpa's life.

“It'll be swell.” He said, patting her on the knee.

“Grandpa, no one says swell.” She sniffed, faking a smile.

III.

Jon returned to his room to dress. He was uncomfortable with this new form and he picked out the loosest items of clothing he could find from Amy's drawers. He piled up some white panties and a matching bra on the bed, and added a loose fitting plain white T-shirt and a pair of jeans. Grasping the hem of his nightshirt in both hands, he took a deep breath and pulled it over his head and tossed it to the floor. His hair drifted down his bare shoulders and he tried not to look down at his granddaughter's breasts as they swayed on his chest while he felt for the bra and panties. He had to admit, he was curious about his new body but he was also uncomfortable in his skin and felt as though he were violating Amy's privacy whenever his eyes swept up and down his form.

Amy had similar feelings, although she wasn't as curious about her body. She felt old and tired, and was all too aware of the strange bulge between her legs whenever she walked or sat. She watched her grandfather flip through her phone with a deftness that surprised her. He had stretched her body languidly on the couch, his legs crossed primly at the ankles and one hand resting across her forehead. He seemed to be taking this much better than she was.

Over the course of the day they went over each other's lives and eventually settled into, if not normalcy, then complacency, about their situation. Jon grew used to the feeling of the underwire bra across his chest and the thin fabric of his panties squeezed tight between his luscious legs. As Amy gave him lessons on applying makeup, Jon stared at his beautiful new face in the mirror. Amy had an oval face with big, green eyes and a cute upturned divot of a nose. A few freckles were sprinkled across her flawless cheeks. He poked his tiny, pink tongue out in concentration as he tried to shade his eyebrows as Amy instructed. It took a few tries but his nimble fingers soon almost seem to regain some of Amy's own muscle memory. It was hard to believe that the beautiful, young woman staring back from the mirror was him and a blush crept across his cheeks that wasn't part of the makeup lesson as he manipulated her body as his own.

Amy grew tired in her old body fast and they each went to their new beds for an early night. Jon closed and locked the door to Amy's bedroom and sat on her bed, alone for the first time all day. He stripped off his white T-shirt and threw it into the dirty clothes basket, then paused as he looked down at his small breasts, clasped to his chest by the silky white bra. After a day in Amy's body he didn't feel like so much of a stranger and he was curious about his new form. Tentatively, he brought his fingers to his chest and ran them over his soft curves. His fingers skated over and under the fleshy weight as his body warmed to his touch. He reached around behind his back and unclasped his bra, a motion that seemed almost natural. He dropped it to the floor and relief filled his body as his breasts bobbed free from their confining prison. He knew they weren't that large but from his new perspective they seemed massive, hanging from his chest like two perfect over-sized raindrops. His granddaughter's areolae were a wonderful pale pink against his golden skin.

He hefted his breasts in his hands, enjoying the warm weight as his fingers circled over his soft skin. He ran his hands down his stomach, the small bumps and moles only seemed to highlight the beauty of his skin. He unbuttoned his pants and kicked them aside. He rolled down his panties slowly, unwrapping himself like a gift. The course thatch of hair between Amy's legs revealed itself to his hungry eyes and a slow drumbeat began within his body as he stared at himself. He posed and stretched, watching the muscles within his arms and legs undulate.

Jon sat down on the bed and spread his legs for himself. He looked down from Amy's

perspective, his view framed by her small breasts, to the slit between his legs already gently unfolding for him. He slid his hand down between his legs and followed the coarse trail of hair to his waiting lips. He pressed inside himself slowly, his fingers rubbing up against the nub of his pleasure and he released a soft sigh as he unleashed the heat between his legs.

Jon's other hand came up to his granddaughter's breasts, his fingers around his nipple, which pearly out under his touch. He gently squeezed his heavy softness as his fingers continued their ministrations inside himself. He closed his eyes and let his mouth drop open as he grew moist. He plunged two fingers inside his wet heat, felt himself clench around his fingers like a fist and the first wave of orgasm broke over him. "Oooh," he moaned softly as pleasure flooded his nubile young body. He continued circling his fingers around his swollen clit, urging the heat up through his body as he continued playing with his breast. He knew it was wrong but it felt so good as his lust dripped down his thighs.

He lay back on the bed and pushed his fingers inside his slick opening, penetrating his tight pussy. He thrust his thighs into the air trying to sink deeper into his pleasure. Long, silken hair fell across his shoulders, and this reminder of his young feminine body made him crest and he came hard. He threw a tiny hand over his mouth, trying to muffle his cries as he rode himself to exhaustion. The breath raced from his tiny nose beneath his fingers. He could taste the faint nectarine body wash of hers and the slightly salty taste of her sweat on his tongue as he climaxed.

When he was done he slipped beneath the covers and fell asleep with the warmth from his explorations still circling his body.

IV.

A lot had changed for Jon in the past forty-eight hours. Although he had gotten quite comfortable in Amy's body throughout the weekend, he became uncontrollably nervous as he finished breakfast Monday morning. He went over all the notes in Amy's diary just to be sure he had everyone's names right. He went over her class and training routines and noticed that she had plans for a meeting with her friends, Hillary and Cherry, after school hours. She was supposed to meet with Logan, her boyfriend, and for a second Jon wondered if he wasn't going to ruin everything if he wasn't acting exactly as she would. But then, who would ever suspect what had actually happened?

Before he stepped out of the house, Amy approached him with a grim expression on her face. Her wrinkle lines were, if anything, deeper as she said her goodbyes to her own body.

"Good luck, Grandpa Jon."

"You, too, sweetie. I mean, grandpa. We should really start calling each other by our new names, so we can get used to them."

He had a good point and she knew it. While he had gradually become excited by the body swap, it seemed Amy became more broody and terrified as the weekend ended and they failed to swap back. He couldn't really blame her, he was enjoying his lithe, young body whereas she was stuck in his worn down one.

"Things will become normal again," He tried to console her. "I'll get to school, convince everyone I'm you and when I get back..."

He trailed off. When he got back, what? They would keep hoping? There was nothing to be done but ride this thing out and they both knew it.

Jon stepped foot onto school campus and, for the first time since the switch, wished he was back in his body. All the old memories of hating high school came flooding back. He heard Amy's name being called as he trudged up the path towards the school and saw two girls standing beneath the shade of an elm waving him over.

They were dressed in short skirts and tight t-shirts that left very little of their bodies to the imagination. One was raven haired and the other was blonde, but both were slim with impeccable makeup. They planted air kisses on Jon's cheeks as soon as he got near.

"Hey, girls, what's kicking?" he asked. He calculated that the young girls were Hillary and Cherry, but he wasn't sure who was who.

The raven-haired girl laughed. There was a hint of malice in her laughter. "Oh my God, what did you say?"

"Somebody's been spending too much time with granddaddy," the other one sneered.

Jon shrugged and glanced at the floor. These were Amy's friends? He really didn't know if he was up for this.

He let the other girls do most of the talking as he walked down the hallway. They took their time and it quickly became evident to Jon that they were showing off. They tossed their hair to the side and laughed loudly at each other. Jon caught some glances from the other students, saw lust flit across the faces of some of the boys in the hallway. It was exciting to be wanted and Jon slipped into the flow of Hillary and Cherry, wiggling his plum butt back and forth.

He could get used to this, he thought with a smile.

He could.

V.

Four hours later, Jon was tired of trying to be someone else. He had to rack his brain all the time to figure out people's names. When he stepped into Amy's classroom for the first time that morning, he couldn't figure out what seat was hers until Cherry—or was it Hillary?—dragged her towards it, shooting her a glare beneath an arched eyebrow.

There had been times that the teacher had asked him to explain terms in history class, too. He had been forced to explain from his perspective rather than from the viewpoint of what most of the kids had read in their textbook, particularly about Vietnam. He couldn't very well explain that he'd actually been there, so in the end he sort of trailed off and the class murmured with laughter, staring at him as if he was both weird and insane.

Things had gotten more awkward at lunch. Again, he was with Cherry and Hillary and they had spent a long time talking about Amy's boyfriend, Logan. Cherry and Hillary had, anyway, Jon was just listening, trying to learn all about "his" new boyfriend.

"Seriously, I don't know why you date him." Hillary—or was it Cherry?—said as she filled her tray with chips and pieces of chicken. "He is such an arrogant jackass."

"You think?" Jon encouraged her, wondering why he hadn't even come across *the boyfriend*.

"I know and we all know." Hillary argued. "He *is* arrogant, that's why you like him. He doesn't even bother to, like, show up or anything at, like, school or anywhere except for lunch and to, like, show off his huge bike."

"Oh come on!" Cherry interrupted, rolling her eyes. "He's already been a senior once. He already knows, like, everything by now!"

Something clicked for Jon. "You're just jealous because he's a strapping young college stud and you can't have him."

Hillary opened her mouth to argue, or maybe to challenge Jon's choice of vocabulary, but seemed to change her mind. She twirled around angrily and headed to find a table for them. At the same time, Jon laughed with Hillary, more amused by the way everything about high school still seemed the same to him.

"Here he comes." Hillary nudged him as soon as they filled their tray with food and sat at the table with Cherry.

Jon didn't have to ask who it was. A young burly man wrapped his arms around Jon's waist and kissed him on the neck before sitting beside him.

"Hey babe." Logan said, clutching Jon's petite fingers in his huge hands. "Sorry I couldn't call during the weekend. I lost my phone, again."

Logan huffed the hair out of his face. He may not have been that bright but he was gorgeous. He had a solid jaw and two dimples that appeared when he smiled. He had a way of staring into Jon's eyes so that it seemed the whole world disappeared and it was just the two of them. He was good-looking in a boy band kind of way and Jon felt himself melting under Logan's watchful gaze.

Jon nodded and placed a hand on Logan's solid chest, felt the powerful muscles at rest just beneath his slim fingers. "Dad's are lame," Jon agreed. Anything for Logan to just turn his beautiful vice towards Jon's slim face.

"Yeah, totally," Logan agreed, swiping his long, dirty-blond hair behind an ear.

Logan leaned forward and kissed Jon on the lips. He forced his tongue inside Jon's mouth and

Jon, surprised, opened for him. Jon could taste the phantom scent of cigarettes covered by mint on his breath as Logan's tongue eagerly explored Amy's mouth. Jon leaned into him, pressing his petite form against Logan's toned arms. Soon, all too soon, Logan pulled away and Jon had to force himself from grabbing for his body and pulling him close again. Logan seemed to be in a hurry.

He pointed a thick finger at Jon, "Don't forget, babe. Wednesday. Pool house. Gotta run." He winked and shot Jon an impish grin before striding off. Jon sensed Hillary and Cherry letting out wistful sighs as they watched his tight buttocks stroll away.

He was gone before Jon could reply that he was looking forward to it. As soon as he turned to Hillary and Cherry though, both girls were beaming at him mischievously

"The pool house!" Cherry winked at him.

Hillary pointed her fork at him and gritted her teeth furiously. "You better bring protection for that prick!"

Jon couldn't help the blush that washed over his cheeks and neck. He could feel Amy's breasts tingling with excitement as he thought about having Logan's body pressed close to his. He imagined Logan's hand sliding down between his thighs to press against his new sex and shivered. He decided against telling Amy his plans and hoped that they would still be swapped on Wednesday.

VI.

By Wednesday, Jon had gotten quite used to being in classrooms again. He enjoyed every bit of listening to teachers teach him things he'd long since forgotten, or of things that had changed in the intervening years. During lunches he was more comfortable around Cherry and Hillary. He'd finally learned who was who and cheerfully discussed boys and teachers that they had a crush on.

He went to cheerleading practices too, always getting distracted whenever Logan ran down the track in his sweaty vest and winked at him. He enjoyed the youthful feel of his body as he flipped and spun effortlessly through the air. He also enjoyed after practice ended, when the girls would file into the changing rooms and strip down. Their tan, pink flesh surrounded him. He beamed to himself all the time, wondering how they would react if they knew he was a sixty-five year old man in a teenager's body ogling them.

At home, Jon and Amy fell into a routine. He told her about his day (omitting the part about his future rendezvous with Logan) and she told him about hers. The way he sat there in her body, happily chatting away as he lounged around the house made Amy uneasy. He seemed to be taking the whole body swap rather well and it was Amy who would bring up the hope about swapping back to which he would agree.

Wednesday took ages to pass. Jon anticipated the evening he would be spending with Logan and his body tingled with expectation. He had thought about Logan every evening and had asked Amy various questions about him. She had willingly provided answers, more concerned about Logan not finding anything wrong with her until they could figure out how they could swap back than about the sneaking suspicion that Grandpa Jon was happy in her body.

Logan himself was too self-absorbed to notice anything. He met Jon in the hall after classes, ushered him into his jeep and drove to his parents' home without a word. As a boyfriend he was lacking, but as a bronzed god he was perfect. Jon was glad for the silence, as it meant he didn't have to avoid questions he couldn't answer and could simply gaze at Jon's chiseled face. Amy had explained how big the house was, so Jon wasn't really impressed as Logan led him around to the pool house. The young man had arranged for roses to be strewn about the house, while two heart-shaped cakes with a bottle of wine were placed in the middle of the bed for them. Soft music played from hidden speakers.

It was overkill, a teenager's idea of romance gleaned from movies, but still made Jon's heart leap into his throat. Logan took his hand and led him to the bed.

The desires apparent in Amy's eyes encouraged Logan. His hand grazed across her soft skin, pulling her top over her head and quickly loosened the hook of her bra. Jon's breasts dropped free and Logan's hand went straight towards them. He covered them with his large palm and squeezed gently, exploring Jon's form before lifting her in his solid arms. Jon felt the steel beneath his soft touch as Logan lay Jon's sweet body onto the soft sheets of the bed before tracing gentle kisses on his breasts.

Jon clung to him and allowed him to taste desires off every inch of Amy's mocha skin. A flame sparked inside Jon, beginning where Logan's hands touched his plump breasts and radiating through his feminine form. Jon gazed down in awe at his sexy, teenage body as Logan's lips closed around Amy's taut nipples. Logan sucked hungrily, allowing his teeth to gently bite on the tip of each one, sending small pangs of pain reverberating through Amy's body. When Jon clung tighter to him,

Logan groaned and inched up to smash his lips against hers as if he could no longer hold back his lust.

Jon eagerly kissed him back and opened his mouth to accept Logan's tongue. He grabbed Logan's hand and slowly guided his fingers down, down towards Amy's waiting womanhood. Logan's hands willingly slid underneath her skirt and pulled down her underpants then slid back up and pressed against Jon's aching heat. Logan kissed his way across her cheeks, down the nape of her neck and between her sloping breasts. Jon sighed and arched his back, pressing himself up against Logan's deliciously heavy weight.

Logan inched downwards gradually and soon his head was between her legs. He kissed the inside of Jon's thighs and the warmth burned bright through Amy's heaving form. He felt Logan's mouth graze over the top of his nether lips and kiss gently down his other thigh. Logan teased like this, pressing his hot breath inside her and withdrawing without entering. When he finally dropped kisses on the edges of her clit, Jon let out a loud sigh as an electrifying jolt ran across Amy's spine. He felt it settling all over her bones, and her thighs shuttered. She writhed under him as he finally, finally entered her with his tongue.

Logan's tongue dug hard into Amy's cunt while his fingers gently rubbed her clit. He kissed her everywhere, drinking her juices excitedly and interchangeably thrusting his fingers gently but forcefully inside. A long moan escaped Jon's lips as he quivered and came, pressing himself hard up against Logan's tongue until the fire faded to a burning ember.

"Let me touch you too, Logan. Let me." Jon breathed down at the gorgeous man between his sopping wet legs.

Logan stopped sucking and inched upward, nodding. Jon watched, slowly pleasuring himself with one hand as Logan hurriedly stepped out of his clothes. Logan had an eager desire to please and when he finally stood naked before Jon, Jon had a greater desire to be pleased. Logan's erect cock jolted free as he pulled down his underwear.

Jon was faced with another man's erection for the first time. Logan's raging hard-on pointed at Jon's slender lips, throbbing gently with anticipation. Jon wanted it inside him so badly, wanted to please this man and use him to fill his yearning body.

Jon took Logan in his hand. He closed his fingers around the firm-softness and slid gently up and down as Logan throbbed beneath his touch. When Jon inched downwards to close Amy's lips around Logan's cock, Logan buried his fingers into her hair and began to move his thighs slowly.

"You're so fucking hot," he murmured staring down her.

Jon was amused by the excitement that rushed through the entirety of Amy's body. He opened his lips and took Logan into his mouth, felt the warm head slide between his cherry lips and tasted the salty essence of pre-cum on his tongue. Jon's lips opened wide as Logan continued to dip his cock in deeper, Logan's cocking disappearing down Jon's throat and reappearing slick with saliva. The fingers running Jon's hair gripped harder and pushed him down the shaft, using Amy's head to pleasure himself. Jon felt his body growing wet as his lips danced up and down the shaft.

With a groan Logan pushed Jon's head off his cock and paused with his eyes closed. The thick erection in front of Jon's eyes pumped gently once, twice. A thick bead of cum appeared at the tip and rolled off. Jon caught it on his tongue and looked up at Logan's face, licking his lips as he swallowed. Logan shuddered but got himself under control.

“Lie down!” Logan moaned.

Jon knew what he wanted. He wanted the same thing. He sprawled Amy's body across the bed as Logan knelt between his thighs. Logan held Amy's legs in his muscular hands and stretched them wide at the same time that he dug his cock deep between her legs.

“Oh my God!” Jon cried, feeling a sharp pain before a steaming craving rushed through Amy's body. Logan began to move, ramming in and out of Amy's cunt and moaning out his pleasure.

Amy hadn't had sex before! Jon thought as the pain gave way to pleasure. His granddaughter was having sex for the first time and he was inside her body to experience every bit of it.

The thought alone drove him nuts. He wrapped Amy's legs eagerly around Logan and pulled him towards her, getting him to ram in deeper and drive her towards a rippling climax. Amy's body moved rhythmically with Logan's, accepting his thrust with her own as his cock drove deep inside her. Jon's hands flew to his breasts and he gripped the soft skin in each hand as he cried out his pleasure. With a loud groan and a final thrust Logan went deep and Jon felt him spasm inside his virginal cunt. The hot seed filled his womb and he, too, cried out in pleasure.

As they lay together with Logan's hard body wrapped around Jon's soft form, Jon realized that he now had memories of being with Jon as Amy. Memories that had happened days and weeks earlier. As he drifted lazily through these new memories he found more, things only Amy had done and could possibly have known. The memories of being an old man seemed distant and hazy, as if it were a story he'd been told by someone else. Wrapped in Jon's solid arms with a trickle of cum sliding down one leg, Logan soon drifted off to sleep, pondering this new turn of events.

Something was different.

Amy jolted awake from her sleep, feeling as if something was being zapped within her. She could feel each memory of herself as Amy grow hazy. The more she tried to hang on the more each one disappeared, replaced by memories that ought to be Grandpa Jon's.

No. No.

She got off the bed and began to pace the room nervously. She wasn't getting her consciousness back into her body. It didn't feel that way. It was as if her mind were adjusting to her new body, as though she were becoming more and more Grandpa Jon.

Her memories. Her life. *Everything*. Grandpa Jon would have it all while she had his. In a few moments, would she even remember being Amy?

She tried to stop it. She buried Grandpa Jon's fingers into his hair and shook his head but nothing happened. It got worse. She was Grandpa Jon now, with vague memories of being Amy, memories that seemed so fake but which she clung onto as she knew, *knew* they were true. Impossible as it seemed. She had to get her body back. What would it even be like being young and female? The two sides of her thoughts tugged at her as she gripped her head and tried to remember what was true and what was false.

VII.

Her dad and mom stared at her as if she had gone nuts.

“I'm telling you, I am Amy!” Amy yelled, pacing the kitchen anxiously in Grandpa Jon's body and shaking her head rigorously. Her goddamn hips hurt from the arthritis that was kicking in again.

“He got into my body and stole my life!” She yelled again. She felt a strain on her back each time she yelled and cursed under her breath for having to be in such an aged body and be unable to do anything about it.

“Dad,” Her father whispered, laying a hand on her shoulder. “It's okay, calm down.”

“I am not Grandpa Jon!” Amy yelled, still finding it unbelievable that her family members would not recognize her, even if she was in another human's body.

“Okay. Okay.” Her mother said. “Then convince us.” Her tone was placating and she shot a worried look to Amy's dad. She clearly didn't believe a word of it and was just trying to keep Amy calm.

On the other hand, Amy had no evidence. Only broad memories remained of her body. She stared around anxiously, trying to remember at least one thing about herself. Everything had drifted from her on Wednesday evening. She couldn't even remember her friends' names.

“I can't find anything to convince you.” Amy groaned. She was about to yell wildly at everyone again that she was who she claimed she was when she saw herself striding confidently down the stairs and grinning at everyone.

“Tell everyone, Grandpa!” She shouted instead. “Tell everyone who you are and maybe... maybe we can all find a solu...”

“Hey dad. Mom.” Grandpa Jon said nonchalantly, placing kisses across her parents' cheeks and interrupting her.

“Has he been like this for long?” Amy's dad whispered, raising an eyebrow towards Grandpa Jon.

“A couple days. I tried to humor him but I'm scared.” Amy's mom wrapped her arms around him and comforted him.

Amy lost every shred of sanity she had left then. She rushed towards him, intending to close the strong fingers around her own neck if she had to.

“Tell the truth! Tell the truth!” She yelled at the top of her croaky voice.

Before she could get to him her dad had stepped between them to hold him back. Amy couldn't fight him off. She was so weak, everything hurt. She deflated.

“He is evil!” She tried again, but the fire had stalled. “He even changed the password on my phone and stole my diary. I want my life back.”

Tears welled in her eyes as she spoke, especially since her own mother slowly shook her head and stepped away from her, intending to protect Grandpa Jon from her.

Things only quieted down a few days after the medics came and took Amy away. Grandpa Jon easily slipped into her life, enjoying the power and pleasure of his sexy new body. There were times when he felt bad about what had happened, but what could he do? He'd had nothing to do with it, and besides, he was only a teenage girl.

Summer Lovin'

Jay sat on the shore of the lake and watched Ashley climb down from the lifeguard tower. Her petite body was clad only in a red two-piece bathing suit that showed off her golden skin, still shiny with sweat from sitting out in the sun. Her wavy blonde hair draped down her shoulders over the faint outline of her breasts. Jay admired her long, lean legs, the hidden muscles becoming briefly visible at each step.

'Hi, boys,' she sang as she passed Jay and Seth, who were laid out on the sand.

Jay pushed his blonde bangs out of his eyes, 'Hey, Ashley,' he said, taking the time to stare at her taut, rounded ass as she passed. He did it all the time but, fortunately, she was pretty oblivious.

'Grab the amulet,' Jay said quietly to Seth, 'Now's our chance.'

Jay and Seth picked up their towels and followed Ashley at a distance, the amulet clutched in Seth's sweaty palm. Ashley passed the toilets and seemed to be on her way back to her cabin alone. The boys picked up their pace.

Jay and Seth hadn't even wanted to come to summer camp. They felt they were far too old to be bossed around by counselors but their parents had lied about their ages and sent them off. It turned out to be a blessing in disguise because one day, early in the season, Jay and Seth had snuck outside the camp grounds and investigated one of the dilapidated cabins in the woods nearby. There, tucked away in a hidden wall cavity, Seth found a tarnished bronze medallion etched with strange symbols and attached to a chain. Seth hung it around his neck and when Jay came over to have a look he reached for it.

The instant he touched it the world seemed to spin for Jay. When it righted he was all alone.

'Seth?' he called out, and noticed his voice was odd. Looking into a broken bit of mirror he saw the dark hair and skinny body, and terrified face of Seth looking back at him and mirroring his every move. It took him a few seconds for the reality to sink in that somehow he'd jumped into his friend's body. He ripped off the amulet and his friend seemed to pour out of him. Jay looked at him and Seth stared back.

'What?' Seth asked. He had no memory of anything after Jay had taken his body.

With this new power the boys immediately decided to use it to borrow Ashley, an athletic camp counselor with an amazing body that they both had a crush on. They'd waited for the perfect opportunity and now here it was.

'Ashley, wait up,' Seth called.

Ashley turned and Seth paused, staring at her lovely glistening body.

'I-- uh-- I found something for you.' He held up the amulet. 'Try it on.'

One dark eyebrow arched up slightly. 'Ok,' she finally said.

She slipped it over her head and Seth immediately touched it.

The world spun and when it steadied he found himself looking up at Jay, who had a delighted grin on his face. Seth looked down at his new body and found his eyes staring directly into Ashley's perfect cleavage. The small, rounded hills of his breasts were covered by a skimpy bathing suit. His trim stomach was bare. Beneath it was the bottom of his bathing suit and two gorgeous legs. Between his thighs there was no bulge, only the smooth curve of his new womanhood. He snaked one of Ashley's dainty thumbs under his waistband and pulled it out, gazing down at her—no *his*—trim bush for the first time.

'Whoa,' he whispered in her light voice.

'Come on, let's go find someplace quiet.'

They hurried around a cabin and back into the woods, away from the path. Seth's unfamiliar body moved and jiggled in strange ways with each step. He couldn't help running his hands over his new face, feeling the soft contours of Ashley's little nose, her rounded cheeks and her smooth skin. He tucked his blonde hair behind his ears, his nose catching the scent of her sunscreen.

Finally, they were far enough from prying eyes and Jay turned to Seth. Seth was just as eager to unwrap Ashley's body as Jay was, though he found the lustful stare of his friend slightly off-putting. Nevertheless, he struggled out of his top, freeing his breasts and flinging the top onto the forest floor. He ran Ashley's hands around his perfect breasts. They were small but firm. He danced Ashley's fingers across his soft skin, hefting his tits and tweaking her nipple.

Without warning, Jay reached out and squeezed a breast hard.

'Ow!' Seth squealed, 'Not so hard.'

'Sorry,' Jay blushed, 'But your tits are awesome.'

Now it was Seth's turn to blush as his friend gently hefted a breast in each hand. Jay's hand was warm and rough on Seth's tits, but strangely comfortable. Jay lowered his mouth and sucked on Seth's sensitive, plump nipple. His mouth was deliciously warm on Seth's breasts and he sighed softly in Ashley's voice as a pleasure pulsed through him. As his friend suckled, Seth roamed Ashley's hands around her curves, down over her wide hips and around to her butt and squeezed, something he'd been dying to do for so long. He grew moist under his own touch. The feeling was nearly opposite of his familiar hard-on, instead he felt his body opening up, unfolding for his friend.

Seth's knees buckled under another wave of pleasure, spilling them both onto the grass beneath a tree. Seth giggled adorably and wrapped Ashley's hands around Jay's neck and guided their lips together. They kissed as their sweaty bodies mingled. Jay's hands found Seth's bathing suit bottoms and tugged them off as Seth lifted his hips to help.

Jay gazed down at Ashley's gloriously naked body in awe. He was rock hard but nervous as he stroked his friend's thigh and stared at Ashley's pussy, her lips unfolded and glistening for him.

Seth writhed on the ground and ran a hand through Ashley's fine, blonde hair. 'Fuck me, Jay' he moaned.

Jay hastily pulled down his bathing suit, his erection throbbing for Ashley, and leaned over her, staring down at her pretty face. Seth grabbed his friend's manhood and guided it against the lips of his new pussy. The pressure mounted and then Seth gasped as he felt the head of Jay's cock enter him for the first time. Jay glided slowly inside Seth's body, filling him with his hard heat and then their bodies were pressed together and Seth was so full. Every inch of his friend was inside him as their heat mingled. Jay began thrusting gently and Seth was so wet, so wet. Jay picked up his rhythm, thrusting harder, faster and Seth's moans grew more urgent. He wrapped his legs around Jay's sweat soaked body and pulled him closer. With a final mighty thrust Jay came. Seth felt him explode inside Ashley's body, the hot cum filling his belly and he cried out 'Ohhh!' as an orgasm hit him.

They lay still for a few seconds, their sweat mingling, then Jay pulled out, leaving Seth with an aching emptiness.

'My turn' Jay said.

'Ok,' Seth sighed, reluctant to leave Ashley's body in his post-coital bliss. 'You need to put the amulet on before I fully take it off so Ashley doesn't come back just yet.'

Seth lifted the amulet just to the top of his head, already feeling his body starting to untangle from Ashley's. Jay slipped his arm through the loop and the top half of his body melded with Ashley while Seth's upper body extruded from Ashley's waist.

'Wait, stop,' Seth said, the amulet half off him. His lower half was still melded with Ashley, his torso seemingly connected to hers while they shared her bottom half. Seth slid his original fingers into Ashley's velvety folds and felt himself fingering her, probing her clit as another wave of pleasure flowed through him. Jay, inside Ashley's upper half sat up to watch, wiping dirt and leaves out of his tangled hair. Seth rubbed himself, pressing hard on Ashley's clit as the pleasure burned through his own body and he groaned as he gave himself an orgasm through Ashley's pussy.

Seth sighed happily and slipped fully out of the amulet as his friend pulled it on and sealed himself completely in Ashley's body. Jay looked down at Ashley's body happily. He jiggled his breasts and laughed in delight as they bounced in his hands.

'This is amazing,' he said, and his hands flew to his lips as he heard Ashley's voice. He looked up at Seth and laughed again, his nose wrinkling as his eyes sparkled with mischief. He brought his gaze down between his legs, where his folds were still open and a trickle of cum dripped down his thighs. He dipped two slim fingers inside himself, felt his new wetness from the inside as he curled his fingers and scooped out his cum from Ashley's folds. He brought his fingers to his mouth and sucked, forcing Ashley to swallow him.

'Mmm,' he sighed, 'I made me so horny.'

Jay stood unsteadily, balancing with his new center of gravity as he brushed the dirt and leaves from his butt and his legs. Seth, back in his original body, was also getting turned on watching Ashley's naked form. True, he'd had an orgasm as her, but his body hadn't been involved and was ready to go.

Jay held his arms out and jumped up and down, watching his new tits jiggle, then he turned and shook his butt for his friend. Seth reached out and grabbed one of Ashley's cheeks, pinching hard.

'Ow!' Jay cried from Ashley's body.

'That's what you get,' Seth replied.

Ashley's eyes flicked down to the tent pole beneath Seth's shorts. 'But that's not all I want.'

Jay turned around and placed his hands against the tree. He arched Ashley's back and spread her legs so Seth could see the pouchy lips of her pussy. He looked back behind himself, Ashley's hair draping over her shoulders. Seth dropped his pants and Ashley's eyes widened at the site of Seth's member. It may have just been Jay's new diminutive perspective but his friend looked massive. A worrisome thought flitted through his mind: What if it didn't fit?

Before he could think of protesting Seth was on him. One hand grabbed each side of Ashley's fleshy ass as he pressed the head of his cock against Jay's wetness. The pressure built and slowly, slowly Jay felt the head slide in. The painful pleasure intensified as Seth sank deeper, inch by inch, filling Ashley's void until Jay felt he would split. His tiny body was so wonderfully full. And then Jay felt Seth's groin against his butt and knew he was all the way in. Jay released a breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding. His friend was so massive he felt like he would split open, but at the same time it felt so good, so right.

Seth withdrew slowly before pushing inside his friend one more, thrusting gently, filling and emptying Ashley's aching pussy. Each time the pressure died back down Jay just needed it more. Each thrust ratcheted up the pleasure and the tempo until Seth was pounding Jay's slim form, working Ashley's body hard with his thick manhood as Jay took it all, his moans growing louder until, with a final grunt, Seth came. Jay thought he couldn't possibly get any fuller and then he felt his friend empty his warm cum inside Ashley, filling her womb, her belly. How could he not overflow? And his voice rose as he came, too, crying out in Ashley's voice as his friend thrust inside him, fulfilling his need.

Seth finished and pulled out, his seed dripping down Ashley's powerful legs. Jay's folds felt so wonderfully stretched and he was filled with a heavenly post-coital bliss. After a minute he picked Ashley's bathing suit off the ground where it lay and looked down at himself. Ashley's tiny body was coated with dirt and sweat from their workout. Jay tried to brush his borrowed body off as best he could and Seth helped pick the leaves and twigs out of Ashley's hair. Jay stepped Ashley back into her bathing suit, wiping the cum off his legs and out of himself with his fingers, before licking them clean and sending it to mingle with his own cum in Ashley's belly.

They walked back to the path, both boys getting in a few squeezes of Ashley's body, pinching her tits and slapping her ass, enjoying her one last time before she was returned to herself. When the coast was clear Jay took off the amulet and stepped out of Ashley's body.

'Do you want me to try it on?' she asked, continuing the conversation from before as though nothing had happened because, to her, nothing had.

'Uh, no, nevermind,' Seth said.

'Ok,' Ashley smiled, oblivious, and headed back towards her cabin.

The two boys watched her lovely hips sway knowing that one day, they'd be back inside her.

###