



FtF BODY THEFT

THE
NEXT
Step

A STANDALONE SEQUEL TO
FIANCEE IN LAW

IMMENSE

The Next Step

A Follow up to Fiance in Law

FtF Body Swap

by M. Wills

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The Next Step

Natalie perches on a cold metal seat located mid-way up the small grandstand. Loose strands of brittle brown hair blow across her forehead and she swipes them back behind an ear, keeping her eyes on her granddaughter on the tennis court below.

The judge, a trim older man with a long gray beard calls out, “Forty-fifteen.”

Natalie's granddaughter, Sophie, bounces the tennis ball a few times in preparation to serve. She wears tennis whites, the sleeveless top clinging lightly to her body, set off beautifully against her bronzed cocoa butter skin. The pleated skirt bounces up and down, and her silky mocha ponytail jiggles as she moves fluidly around the court, smashing the ball back at her opponent with a grunt.

“Heard back from the scholarship committee yet?” Natalie asks her daughter.

Robin, sitting beside her, shakes her head. “Nothing yet. We should hear something back any day now.”

Robin has Natalie's rich skin that tans easily to a lovely golden hue. She has Zach's striking profile, with a bold nose and dark eyes that lend her a lovely Mediterranean appearance. It's facial features Natalie herself used to have, back when she was Ron, before she discovered the rings that allowed her to swap bodies with her son's future wife. The subsequent marriage to her son and their life together was a beautiful dream come true. She's been living Natalie's life for so long she no longer thinks of herself as a man.

In the intervening years before Zach passed away Natalie gave birth to two children. Never once did she think of swapping out again, enjoying the experience of childbirth despite—or perhaps, because of—the pain. In a way maybe she felt it was penance for stealing Natalie's life and leaving her in an old, comatose body. A body that deteriorated in a matter of months after the swap, leaving them no choice but to pull the plug and let it go. When the original Natalie, the only one who knew of Ron's swap and treachery, died it was like a load off the new Natalie's mind. Each erotic experience with Zach brought the memories of her current body into sharper focus until old and new were one and the same, and then her earlier life as Ron seemed more like a dream.

Natalie still wears one of the rings that let her swap bodies. She twists it around her finger, feeling it vacillate between hot and cold on each turn. She smiles to herself, reminiscing about the times she and Zach had used the two rings to swap bodies, pleasuring each other and exploring other lives. The magic power of the rings is still a secret to most everyone else. Natalie keeps the companion ring secreted away in a deposit box at the bank.

Polite applause brings Natalie back to the present. Sophie has just smashed back the game winning point. Natalie joins in with the applause, though the slight pangs of arthritis in her fingers force her to be more gentle.

Robin cups her hands around her mouth and yells: “Go Sophie!”

The two young women on the court shake hands over the net. Sophie looks up into the stands on hearing her name and grins at her mom. Her smile is bright and cheerful. She's so young and full of

energy. Natalie remembers what that was like. She's become aware of her own limitations, the daily aches and pains, the effort it takes to do simple activities that she could do years ago without thinking. Natalie's body is falling apart.

As the crowd begins breaking up, Robin helps Natalie stand. A shock of pain from her left knee makes her grit her teeth, but she manages to rise and lean on her cane. Robin helps her down the steep steps to the court where Sophie is waiting. Natalie hugs her granddaughter and gives her a peck on the cheek.

"Well done," Natalie says.

"Thanks, grandma," Sophie replies, her sparkling brown eyes so bright with happiness.

"Proud of you," Robin agrees, ruffling Sophie's hair.

"Mom!" Sophie rolls her eyes and smooths her hair back down, tucking it behind a delicate ear. In many ways she's still a teenager.

Sophie is very much a younger version of Natalie. Gorgeous, with an angelic face. A little slip of a nose. Elegant cheeks. Huge doe eyes with long lashes and slender dark eyebrows. Her tennis routine has kept her body in perfect shape, with solid calves and powerful arms, all kissed bronze by the sun.

Robin and Natalie help Sophie pack up her bags and then they all walk out of the stadium to the parking lot, chatting easily the whole time. Sophie has the slight bounce in her walk of the young and athletic, while Natalie hobbles along behind. Her knee surgery is scheduled for the coming days so she has some a few days of pain and some physio to look forward to. The joys of growing old. The subject of Sophie's upcoming nineteenth birthday arises.

"What are you doing for it?" Natalie asks.

"Just having a few friends over for a pool party in the backyard next weekend."

"And that boy you like? What was his name...Kyle?"

"Mom." Robin says with a glare.

Sophie blushes. "Yeah. We're kind of dating now."

Robin turns to her daughter in surprise. "You never told me that!"

"I didn't want you to get all, you know, mom-like about it."

"But you can tell your grandmother?" Robin asks in mock indignation.

"She's different," Sophie shrugs.

Sophie effortlessly tosses her heavy tennis bag into the trunk and then slides into the backseat. Natalie eyes Sophie's long, lean legs jealously. When Natalie first got her current body it was a delight, in the prime of youth, sexy and vibrant. She's enjoyed her life but the years have taken a toll on her body. Everything sags now. Her legs are dimpled with cellulite and her face is creased with wrinkles, despite her daily skin care regime. The temptation to move on from this body, to not succumb to the rigors of old age and death, grow stronger every day.

"Hey," Sophie chimes up from the back, "Can I borrow the car this afternoon? I need to get some new clothes."

"Oh," Robin screws up her lips, "Ed and I have to get some stuff for the garden this afternoon."

"Mooooom," Sophie moans.

“Hey, it's for *your* birthday. You don't want to swim around a bunch of dead tulips do you?”

“I'll take her,” Natalie speaks up.

“Yay, thank you grandma!” Sophie beams.

Natalie twists the ring around her finger. Hot. Cold. Hot. Cold. She knows what she's planning is wrong, but she also knows she can't face the same fate that Zach faced. Slowly dying in hospice. She begged him to use the rings to save himself but he refused. He couldn't imagine stealing someone else's life. Natalie isn't that strong.

And she has the benefit of practice.

“What about this one?” Natalie asks, holding up a pretty pink and white top.

Sophie pauses flipping through the rack of clothes and looks up. She plucks at her lower lip. Natalie notices she tends to do that when she's trying to spare people's feelings.

“It's okay,” Sophie says slowly. “Maybe.”

“You can tell me if you don't like it.”

“It's not that I don't like, its just that it's not...me.”

“Ok, so what are you?”

“I'm...” Sophie pulls out a black top sporting an abstract white design and holds it up with a flourish. “...this!” She drapes it over her arm and continues searching through the racks of clothes.

“Don't you want a little color in your wardrobe?”

Sophie sticks out her tongue. “I've got blue shoes.”

Natalie shakes her head but makes a mental note.

“Sophie?” A female voice cries out.

Natalie turns to see a bubbly blonde in a button down shirt. A name tag on her lapel says “Christie”. Sophie smiles a genuine smile that makes her face light up. They embrace, Sophie lifting one leg in the air, a gently carefree motion that's endearing.

“Christie, hey,” Sophie gushes, swiping her coffee brown bangs off her forehead. “I didn't know you worked here.”

“Yeah,” Christie rolls her eyes, “Better than staying home all summer. Plus I get an employee discount on anything I want. Are you working anywhere?”

Sophie shakes her head. “Mom wants me to focus on my tennis and not be distracted. We've managed to fit one last tournament in before school starts up.”

“Oh, have you heard about the scholarship yet?”

“Not yet.”

Natalie leans on her cane and watches their interaction with interest that Sophie takes as polite disengagement, but really Natalie is memorizing her granddaughter's tics and movements. Given enough time she'll be able to recover Sophie's memories, but at first she'll have to fake her way through life and she needs to be prepared. Someone calls Christie's name and she looks over her shoulder, then turns back.

“I've got to go. Work and all.” She rolls her eyes.

“Hey, you're coming to my party next Saturday, right?” Sophie asks.

“Wouldn't miss it!”

They hug one more time and then Christie's off.

“Friend from school?” Natalie asks.

“Yeah. She's great.”

“She play tennis with you or anything?” Natalie fishes for information, acting casual while pretending to appraise a polka dotted dress that would look hideous on anyone.

Sophie flicks through the racks. “No, we've just had a lot of classes with me. She's going to be in all my AP classes this year. I'm going to try these on.” She disappears back into the changing rooms, leaving Natalie alone.

No one approaches her. No one could possibly think that a woman Natalie's age would be shopping in this section. And if they did think she was shopping for herself they could only imagine she was fooling herself. Natalie caught a glimpse of her body in the full length mirror.

Even beneath her formless aquamarine shirt she can see her once proud breasts now sagging, held in place only by the bra. Once it came off gravity would do its thing. The blonde highlights in her brown hair were long gone, replaced with streaks of gray that even the aqua hair ribbon couldn't disguise. The face that Natalie had coveted for so long and worn for even longer was now jowly and shapeless. And the cane. Jesus, if there was anything that screamed old and decrepit it was this damn cane and the pain in her knee. The end of her life was slowly approaching but Natalie was determined to fight it. She would pay the cost of guilt. She'd been paying it for years.

* * *

Natalie parks outside Sophie's house and shuts the engine off. She turns to Sophie, stopping her before she opens the door.

“There's one more thing.”

Sophie faces her, those wide eyes so alluring and innocent. Natalie slides the mesmerizing golden ring off her finger and holds it up. Sophie stares at it as the swirling patterns dance in the light.

“I want you to have this,” Natalie continues. “Your grandfather gave it to me and I want you to have it. Every woman should own a nice piece of jewelry.”

“Oh, grandma,” Sophie says, taking the ring and staring at it in awe. “It's beautiful. But are you sure?”

“Of course.”

Sophie slips the ring onto her finger. If she notices that it conforms perfectly, or that it is unnaturally warm, she says nothing. She splays her fingers and admires it.

“It's gorgeous,” she whispers.

“Consider it an early birthday present.”

“Thank you,” Sophie gushes leaning over and embracing Natalie. Natalie's nose is pressed into her granddaughter's silky hair, filling her nose with the sweet fruity scent of Sophie's shampoo.

“Come on,” Natalie says when they pull away, “Let's bring these bags in.”

Natalie helps her granddaughter bring in the bags of newly bought clothes to the house.

“Look what grandma bought!” Sophie beams at her mom, as she hauls the bags to her room.

Robin watches her go, worrying her bottom lip. “Mom, it's too much.”

“Nonsense,” Natalie waves her off, “I'm allowed to spoil myself.”

“You're spoiling *her*.”

Natalie affects a look of confusion. “Those are *my* clothes. Grandma bought them for me.”

Robin cocks her head, a worry line appearing at her brow. “Mom?”

Natalie shakes her head and looks around the room for a few seconds of blank incomprehension. Then she blinks and looks at Robin. “What?”

“Are you feeling okay?”

“Fine, fine. Look, I have to go. I'll see you tomorrow.”

Natalie hobbles out of the house before Robin can figure out how to respond to what just happened. Natalie allows a smile to play across her lips as she gets into the car. On the drive to the bank she plans her next step. By the time she's retrieved the companion ring from the safe deposit box she's no longer reluctant to undertake her plan. She's eager to be young again, to experience a third youth in a new body.

Natalie readies herself that night, the excitement building as she swallows the sleeping pills. They should knock her out in about an hour and keep her asleep until morning. It's late enough that Sophie should be asleep and, if all goes according to plan, Natalie will get a little taste of her new body before her granddaughter even wakes up and realizes anything has happened. Natalie knows it's risky but she can't help herself. The anticipation is the hardest part.

Standing naked in front of the full length mirror in the bedroom she examines her body critically. It's served her so well, delivering a wonderful life and untold amount of pleasure. But Sophie can have her sagging tits and her plump belly, the fat butt and the pale legs striated with veins and cellulite. She shrugs on a robe and slips into bed, sliding the ring onto her finger.

She waits, eyes closed, and when she feels herself slipping down, just on the edge of sleep, she twists the ring on her finger. There's a brief warmth, and then her consciousness is eclipsed.

* * *

Natalie wakes early the next morning. The room tone sounds different, and from where she lies she can see Sophie's pink cell phone plugged in on the elegant white nightstand.

Natalie sits up, pushing back the long, silky hair out of her eyes. She stares down at her granddaughter's body in eager delight. She's wearing a simple cotton nightie, the thin straps leaving her elegant shoulders bare, the top plunging down to reveal the sensual curves of Sophie's breasts. Even from here she can see they're firm and full, the beautiful roundness she remembers from a younger Natalie reflected on this new body.

And the energy. God, the energy. She bounds out of bed, fully awake, and makes her way to the mirror above the dresser. Sophie's face greets her. Those big brown eyes stare back at her, the dark lashes blinking slowly as Natalie takes in her new appearance, running her fingers along her face, tracing the shape of her nose, the smoothness of her cheeks. This body is a delight and a bright smile appears on Sophie's reflected face, revealing her startling white teeth.

She does a few squats, bending now, enjoying the flexibility of this lithe little body. The knee pain that has been a near constant companion for months is finally gone. Natalie jumps a few times, landing on springy legs. She twirls around, kicks her leg up in the air and laughs. This is fantastic.

She's gorgeous and young and...and...God, she's so horny. It's like all the sensations in her body have been turned up to maximum. She has an aching need to touch herself, to release that tension sitting in her belly. Yanking off the nightie and tossing it aside she pauses, hardly daring to breathe as she stares down at her perfect breasts. They're perky, soft little curves that manage to fit comfortable beneath her hands when she holds herself. Natalie remembers being this firm and supple, and she strokes herself, the sensation sending delightful goosebumps along her skin.

Her hands play across her breasts, enjoying the feel of them, the heft of them, the perfect curves.

Her nipples spike to attention and she takes them between her fingers, squeezing gently, exploring what this body likes. She giggles as her body burns, the sound so girlish and young.

Natalie's hands move quicker, squeezing harder now as the desire takes hold. Her nipples are so sensitive, her breasts so erotically bouncy. Anticipation twists through her, building in her stomach and spreading up to her breasts and down between her legs. She lies on the bed, head propped on a pillow so she can stare down at her bronze body. Between her legs her new entrance is lined with curly black hair, neatly trimmed and coarse to the touch. Her fingers glide between her legs, stroking around herself, teasing without entering. Her breath comes faster, toes flexing as she runs her hands up and down her body, always returning to the perfect pussy between her legs. She's growing wet now. She can feel it, can see it when she strokes those rubbery pussy lips. They grow loose and open for her, and soon she slides a finger along her slit, fingertips landing on her warm, silky folds.

She sighs softly as she slips into her granddaughter's wet hole, teasing herself in and out, up and down. All the time her other hand is on her solid breast, kneading, squeezing, flicking the little nipple into sharp arousal. She grows wetter so much faster in this young body. Is Sophie just younger or is she hornier? It's hard to tell but Natalie doesn't puzzle about it right now, she just enjoys the sensations roiling her body, making her tiny toes flex and her mouth drop open in awe.

Her clit uncovers itself at her touch, and she drags the dew from her pussy up and over it, rolling the sensitive nub around and around beneath her finger, soon reaching a rhythm that surges through her body. Up and down the waves of pleasure wash through her in time with her strokes, growing faster, building on each other until with a tiny cry she cums. Her body explodes, quivering, the pleasure washing through her, whiting out the world. The sound of her fingers inside her sex hits her ears as she twists her legs back and forth, riding the ecstasy until it diminishes to a dull roar. But still her body demands more.

Natalie remembers this. Remembers being young and willing, with a body that was eager to cum. She follows the lead of her younger body, her fingers sinking into herself now, disappearing between her wet pussy lips. She can feel her fingers sliding through her tight canal, curving up gently to land on the dimpled nub of her inner pleasure. Her legs are spread so she can sink as deep as possible into herself. She watches her tight body, her fingers sunk deep inside, wiggling, thrusting against her sensitive walls. The second orgasm comes quicker and is more intense.

She raises her hips and moans loud and long, her hand clenching her breast, the fingers stroking deep inside. The orgasm is tremendous, like a rubber band has been wound up inside her and is now snapping, unleashing the tension with a torrent of pleasure. She rides the orgasm down, down, until it dissipates completely. She breathes hard, the delicious musky smell of herself filling the room.

As she lies on the bed Sophie's memories trickle into her mind, a byproduct of the ring's magic and her orgasm, just as when she first took over Natalie. This time she's ready for it and lets the memories sit in her mind, making an effort to remember them when she returns to her own body.

She "remembers" being Sophie in class, cheeks burning with embarrassment as she drops her notes in the middle of a class presentation. She remembers her middle school party, the chaste dance with a boy who had a crush on her ending with the other girls descending on her, spiriting her away back to the girl's side of the gym where they whispered and told tales about things they didn't yet understand. She remembers her mom, Robin, hugging her and giving her a pep talk after her first crushing tennis tournament defeat, where her mom told her she could win if she wanted it more. It was meant to be uplifting but to Sophie it came off as judgmental. At any rate, it spurred her to be better so it was effective nonetheless.

When Natalie has recovered she stands, slips her nightie back on, and makes her way to the bathroom. She knows she's tempting fate, that Sophie could wake up at any moment, though it's not

likely. But she needs to feel young and pretty again. Flicking on the bathroom light she sees Sophie's grinning reflection. Her cheeks are flushed, little strands of hair crazily stuck to her forehead. Natalie does her business and then brushes out her hair until the tangles are gone and it falls down her back in mocha waves.

Then she dabs on her makeup, not needing a lot, not with Sophie's smooth dark complexion. She gently applies some winged eyeliner to highlight Sophie's almond shaped eyes, giving her an exotic beauty. Leaving the bathroom, she runs into Robin in the hallway and her heart skips a beat, as though she's about to get caught. But of course Robin has no idea Natalie is wearing her daughter's skin. Robin mumbles a "good morning" and stumbles past into the bathroom. Returning to Sophie's room, Natalie lies back down on the bed and, with one last look down at her body, twists the ring.

Darkness swallows her again. The next time she wakes up she's not nearly so energetic. She's groggy, and her body jiggles altogether too much as she rolls over, saggy breasts tumbling across her chest. She's back and already she hates it. She removes the ring, lest Sophie accidentally trigger a transformation, and slips it into the small porcelain bowl on her dresser with the rest of her jewelry. Then she gets ready for the day and dresses herself, an altogether less exciting experience.

Natalie's first task of the day is to visit her lawyer. His office is downtown on one floor of the many steel and glass skyscrapers that have sprung up since Natalie was a little boy. She changes her will, adding more money into Sophie's trust. She wants to be well taken care of. She, herself, has been well take care of with the benefit of compound interest from her original life. Much as she covets Sophie's body now she knows there will likely come a time far in the future where she's tired of even that, and who knows where she'll go afterwards? What she does know is that money is a nice cushion for any life she wants to steal.

Afterwards, she wanders the streets for a little while, doddering around on her cane. At one point she allows her purse to slip off her shoulder. It tumbles to the ground when no one is around to notice. Her ID, her cell phone, everything that shows who she is disappears in a single shrug.

She affects a blank look, staring around in wonderment as if she's never seen this street before. She enters a nearby convenience store and approaches the man behind the counter.

"Jonah, I didn't know you worked here."

The man looks at her, perplexed. "My name's not Jonah."

"Oh, pish," Natalie says. "Make sure you wear a tux to prom this weekend."

"Ma'am, I think you're confused."

"Ma'am?" Natalie says, affecting indignation, "Ma'am is what you called my parents. Would you call a nineteen year old ma'am?"

Natalie totters away on her cane before the bewildered employee can answer. She goes in and out of a handful of nearby stores. It's hard to find ones that still employ actual people rather than some sort of AI, but she finds a few and has several similar strange interactions with the people that work behind the counters. She plays at being a teenager before suddenly dropping the act and wandering back out onto the sidewalk, hobbling aimlessly. Once she's sure that enough people have bought into the senile old lady act she steps it up.

She starts crossing a street on a pedestrian signal, stopping in the middle of the road and looking around, acting confused. When the light turns green she's still in the middle of the road. The car in front of her honks and she hits it with a cane.

"You're not my boyfriend!" She yells.

"The hell, lady?" The angry driver rolls down his window. "Get out of the road!"

"Am I in the road?" Natalie says, blinking.

Now the driver's face softens. About time. This dementia act is getting tiresome. He steps out of the car, ignoring the honking behind him, and escorts Natalie back to the sidewalk. By now some people have gathered, including some of the employees she recently bewildered. They converse among themselves, treating her like an invalid. She looks around, a vacant smile on her face, but

she can overhear them talking, saying things like “...senile...worried for her safety...thinks she's a teenager or something...”

Someone calls the police while others help her into a nearby cafe. A young woman wearing the green uniform of the coffee shop agrees to look after her until the police arrive. Natalie decides it's time to snap back to reality. In a way.

“Oh, no. My purse. I lost my purse.”

“It's okay,” the uniformed woman says, patting her hand, “We're getting you some help.”

When the police arrive they're just as kind. They ease her into the back of a patrol car and ask her where she lives. Natalie confidently gives them Sophie's address. The police take her here and escort her up the front walk.

Robin opens the door and Natalie greets her with an enthusiastic “Mom!”

Robin is dumbfounded as Natalie hugs her, glancing from her to the police, who look just as confused. Natalie pushes away and says: “Hello, dear. What are you doing here?”

“This is my house, mom. Are you okay? Is she okay?”

One of the police officers escorts Natalie into the living room and eases her onto the couch while the other relays Natalie's adventures to Robin. When they're gone, Robin cautiously approaches Natalie and sits beside her. Her eyes are creased with worry.

“Mom? How are you feeling?”

“Oh, just fine, just fine. I'll be better after this damn knee surgery tomorrow.”

“Do you know where you are?”

Natalie cocks her head. “Of course I do. I'm in your house. And you're my daughter before you go getting into any of those questions. Do I *look* like I'm senile?”

Robin presses a few more times and Natalie answers her correctly. Best not to be too senile too quickly. Robin insists Natalie stay for a little while, but she seems more comfortable as Natalie shows no further signs of confusion. The worry is still there but pushed away for now. Natalie knows her daughter. The seeds are sown and Robin will be looking out for any further signs of mental deterioration. Within two days she'll have thoroughly researched the nearby elderly care options. Robin's confusion is a sadly necessary part of Natalie's plan.

Sophie comes bounding through the door, interrupting Robin's line of questioning. Sophie's excited to talk about her party, going into the minutiae of who she's invited and who can't come because of who else will be there and whatever history they have. Basically all the emotional teenage drama Natalie missed out on, having never been a young woman, and will soon be right in the middle of. Natalie takes careful mental notes.

Robin accompanies Natalie in the autocab to the hospital in the morning for her knee replacement surgery.

“How are you feeling, mom?” Robin asks. The question isn't just about the surgery. Natalie can see Robin groping for any sign of the confusion from yesterday.

“Just a little nervous,” Natalie replies. “I generally don't like people cutting me up.”

After parking in the hospital lot Robin helps Natalie into the surgeon's waiting room. The antiseptic smell of the hospital surrounds them as Natalie eases into one of the many identical molded plastic chairs arranged around the perimeter of the room. Robin fusses over her and Natalie does her best to laugh it off. Soon a nurse appears with a wheelchair to take Natalie back to prep for the surgery.

“Good luck,” Robin says, giving Natalie one last hug. The feel of her daughter's arms around her is comforting. There's an inversion of their relationship occurring. Now it's Robin taking up the mantle of responsible parent for her ailing mother.

“I don't need luck,” Natalie responds carelessly, “*I'm* not doing the surgery.”

She touches her daughter's cheek tenderly and then sinks into the waiting wheelchair. The nurse rolls her back into the hospital proper and to her room. Natalie is instructed to remove her clothes and put on the paper gown that lies folded on the bed. She does so, teasing her ring, anticipation growing within her.

It's only when she's reclined on the operating table with the robotic surgeon and the nurses crowded over her that she clasps her hands together, fingers on the ring. The anesthesiologist places the plastic mask over her nose and mouth then instructs her to breathe deeply and count backwards from ten. On the count of eight she twists the ring around her finger, feels the brief burst of warmth, and disappears from the operating room.

* * *

She's suddenly standing on a tennis court as a ball whistles by her face. She's caught off guard and takes a surprised step back. The frilly tennis skirt brushes against her thighs. A slight breeze whispers against her bare skin and, looking down, Natalie sees Sophie's gorgeous body dressed in tennis whites. There's a visor shading her eyes from the sun and a tickle on her neck as her ponytail bounces against her. Beneath the skirt Sophie's long legs poke out, tanned and toned. She feels so powerful and can see the muscles of her limbs flex beneath her perfect skin with each motion as she raises the tennis racket in one slender hand.

“Come on, Sophie, pay attention,” a harsh female voice calls out.

Looking up, Natalie sees a gray haired woman on the other side of the court, also dressed in tennis

whites. She stands next to the automatic ball launcher. From the look of the woman's ropy muscles and leathery skin it's evident she's been playing this game for a long time. Clearly, from her demeanor, this is Sophie's coach.

"Sorry," Natalie calls out, delighting in the youthful voice spilling from her lips.

Natalie knows about tennis from watching her granddaughter play in numerous tournaments, and her body is fit and fast. But she doesn't quite have Sophie's muscle memory. She's not as graceful, not as confident. Maybe she's still adjusting to this body, or maybe she doesn't yet have the memories—or maybe she'll have to relearn everything?—but whatever it is she's clearly inferior to the real Sophie.

"Get your head on," the coach barks as Natalie barely returns another serve. "What's going on today?"

Natalie shakes her head, frustration and disappointment mounting. There's a problem if she can't imitate Sophie's athletic prowess. She yearns to imitate Sophie exactly so there's not a shadow of a doubt that's who she is when the real swap occurs this weekend.

Natalie manages to improve, finding that if she can keep her mind occupied it won't get in the way of her body. She does a passable impression of her granddaughter and the coach's mood lightens. She even cracks a smile once. At the end of the practice session Natalie's body shines with sweat. She takes a gulp of her water bottle and wipes her mouth on her arm, getting a hit of Sophie's tangy sweat.

The coach walks with her back to the gym, giving her some pointers as they go and preparing her for next week's game. Natalie dutifully nods her head, though all she wants to do now is be left alone to try to enjoy herself and recover more of Sophie's memories. Natalie picks up the coach's cues, following her out to the car. The coach opens the trunk and Natalie drops her tennis gear inside before climbing into the passenger seat. She's become adept at following other people's lead.

When the coach drops her off at the house Natalie hurries inside, the little skirt bouncing up and down over her delicious butt. Robin has gone to work so Natalie has the house to herself. She drops her bag in Sophie's room and peels off her sweat soaked clothes before stepping into the shower.

The water is wonderfully hot on her skin and it sluices between her breasts. She strokes herself, luxuriating in the youth, in the bounciness of her tits, the sweet curve of her ass. Splashing water onto her face she lets her fingers run across her features, feeling the new shape of her face, the curve of her nostrils, the sharp chin, the petite ears.

She soaps her hands up, the sweet strawberry scent of the body wash hitting her nose. She glides the soap over herself, half out of the water so she stays slick. Her fingers scrabble at her breasts, pinching lightly before slipping off. Tiny suds appear across her skin with each wipe, a few bubbles clinging to her nipples, which are rising at her pleasant touch. She slides her hands in between her thighs, caressing her creamy skin, fingers splayed against the coarse hair of Sophie's womanhood.

Watching herself feel up her new body is an arousing experience, cementing the ownership she has over these unfamiliar hands, this new form. She grows wetter than water and allows a finger to glide inside, circling her clit like an old friend. She sighs, leaning back against the cold tiles of the shower wall and spreading her legs slightly. Another finger joins the first inside herself. She spreads her slick juices up and down her entrance. She presses harder against her clit, experimenting with different angles and pressures, learning all about how this new body desires to be caressed.

She's half in the shower now, water spilling across her taut ass as she fingers herself with one hand, the other returning to her soap slick breasts and squeezing, bouncing, smacking. This body is hers to enjoy and the pleasure comes so easily.

Natalie moans as the pleasure takes hold, her body shivering in anticipation. The fingers inside her cunt move faster, finding the perfect rhythm to send waves of delight through her body. Each wave builds on the next, growing, growing to a fantastic tsunami that overwhelms her.

She grips her eyes shut, squeezes her tits and throws her head back, mouth open, crying out as Sophie's orgasm pounds through her. This body was made for pleasure and she enjoys the sweet, unfiltered orgasm of youth. Her cries rise in pitch with the wave, the orgasm cresting through her as she cums, helpless and alive, fondling her stolen body.

Still breathing hard, Natalie rinses herself off and turns off the shower. Sophie's memories twine through her mind, more of them, and more recent. She wraps herself in a towel and brushes out her hair, noticing the way she grips the brush with one finger resting on the head for support. She's never done it that way. It must be one of Sophie's mannerisms. Natalie towels off but she's still agitated. She's had a slight release but there's still more tension. She needs more than she can get with fingers alone.

There's no memories of any sex toys in Sophie's mind, and a search of the obvious hiding spots—Sophie's bedside table, chest of drawers—brings up nothing. She *needs* it though. Desperate, she goes into Robin's room and looks through *her* bedside table. She comes up quickly with a simple pink vibrator and carries it back to her room. She's too horny to feel squeamish and, turning it on, she lies on the bed and runs it up and down her still swollen clit.

The waves of pleasure jump back to life immediately. She shifts on the bed, stroking gently up and down across her entrance until the buzzing is too maddening and she slides it inside. The lips of her pussy grip the rubbery toy and she sinks it slowly in, pulling out just as slowly, luxuriating in the low vibrations as her pussy lips clutch it. Her hand rests on her mound as she delicately flicks the vibrator in and out of herself, growing faster along with the rising pleasure. She spreads her legs, her cries growing more urgent, the tension rising, rising, until it explodes and she cums hard. She cries out in a throaty voice, thrusting her hips up to meet the toy, the wet sounds of herself striking her ears. Her body needs this, and the utter release is dizzying. The pleasure enfolds her, making her flex and wriggle, the orgasm filling every inch of her sweet young body.

When she returns to earth she's finally sated. The exercise and the orgasms have caught up with her. She switches off the vibrator and holds it across her chest as she stares dreamily up at the ceiling, occasionally wiggling her toes, holding her hand up to gaze at her fingers, just enjoying the physical ownership of her granddaughter's body. Finally she struggles to her feet and cleans the dildo before returning it to Robin's bedside table. She really must get a toy for herself.

Once she's dressed in street clothes she looks at the clock and sighs. It's time to go back. She has to make sure everything is in order before the party. She knows this one was risky but, God, she needed it.

Lying on the bed, she twists the ring. Darkness enfolds her.

Robin drives Natalie home. The replacement knee is grown from the patient's own cells these days, so there's no need for further drugs. Still, Natalie is worn out from the surgery and her knee is swollen and slightly painful to use. She affects a little more loopyness than she actually feels.

"How did I get so old?" Natalie asks as Robin helps her out of the car.

"You're not young anymore," Robin agrees, distracted with helping Natalie up the path to her house.

"But how am I older than you, mom?" Natalie asks.

Robin pauses and turns to her, that look of worry on her face. "Who do you think you are?" She asks slowly.

"I'm your daughter, Sophie," Natalie replies. "But I'm so old. My knee hurts." Natalie blinks, shakes her head, smiles vacantly.

Robin chews her bottom lip, concerned for Natalie's mental health. "Come on, let's get you inside."

Robin helps Natalie hobble inside and eases her into bed. She flits about the room, opening the curtains and making Natalie comfortable.

"Do you need anything, mom?" Robin asks.

"I'm fine, dear. You should be going back home and tell Sophie I'm all right."

"Your...granddaughter?"

Natalie gives her a look. "Of course. Something wrong with you?"

"No, I'm...no. You sure you're okay?"

Natalie lies back and closes her eyes. "It's confusing sometimes. I have strange thoughts. Like I'm not myself. Sometimes I think I'm Sophie and she's me."

This last part is mumbled, as though on the verge of sleep. Natalie waits with her eyes closed, listening. When she hears the front door close she opens her eyes and sits up. She hobbles into the kitchen, ravenous. The pain wasn't as bad as she was making it out to be when Robin was around. Hunting through the cabinets she finds a package of her favorite chocolate chip cookies. She brings them out onto the back porch and enjoys the cool breeze as she finishes the entire bag. This is her chance to enjoy the little things, to indulge herself in whatever she likes knowing that this decrepit body will be someone else's problem soon.

* * *

Two days before Sophie's party Robin surprises Natalie by showing up at her house one morning

unannounced.

"I've made an appointment for you. Just to make sure everything's okay."

"My leg's fine," Natalie insists.

"It's not for your leg. You've been saying some strange things recently and I just want to make sure you're okay."

"I'm old. I say strange things."

But Robin isn't put off and Natalie eventually lets her drive them both to the doctor's office. Once they're escorted into the consulting room Robin speaks first, explaining Natalie's lapses in memory and her odd declarations that she's Sophie. Natalie acts suitably bewildered. She's not quite sure how to fail the series of mental acuity tests the doctor sets for her. She wants to generate just enough worry that she's not locked up for her own safety immediately, but that no one will believe Sophie when they switch bodies. They also take a few scans of her brain, which she can't fake. In the end she's allowed out, with some further follow up tests scheduled for next week.

Robin insists on bringing Natalie back to her place to keep an eye on her for a little bit. Sophie joins them downstairs. Natalie senses a hesitance about her. How much has Sophie been awake for? Surely she's confused about finding herself fully dressed that one morning earlier this week? Has she mentioned it to Robin?

Natalie envies the easy way Sophie moves, the light muscles rippling beneath her tanned skin. Natalie coos over her granddaughter, taking special care to tell her how lovely the ring looks on her finger. Natalie's own duplicate ring sits at home in her jewelry box. She doesn't want to chance an accidental swap giving the whole game away. Sophie tells her all about the party, growing more animated as she explains who's coming, and how she and Kyle have been growing closer. She even pulls up some pictures of Kyle on her phone.

"He's such a handsome young man," Natalie agrees, eyeing the sharp good looks, the solid pecs of Sophie's boyfriend.

Sophie runs upstairs and returns with the new bikini, which Natalie admires.

"It will look very nice on me-- you," Natalie agrees, catching the look of worry on Robin's face.

When Robin finally takes Natalie back home, she finishes up preparing for the switch, laying out her papers, making sure her finances are in order. She doesn't want to totally leave Sophie in the lurch. As far as sanity, it will be up to Sophie as to how much she tries to convince people, but Natalie is certain that with the groundwork laid, any attempts will end up with her being committed somewhere for her own safety.

The morning of Sophie's party Natalie gets in her car and drives out of the city. She passes the sprawling suburbs miles from the city center, driving for hours, exiting the highway and winding through dirt roads. She hasn't paid her subscription, so there's no auto-driver, no maps. She never got her phone back after "accidentally" losing her purse, so there's no way she can call anyone. When she's good and lost on a dirt road in the middle of nowhere she pulls over. The car has plenty of battery life to get Sophie back; she'll just have to find out where the hell she is.

Natalie slips the ring on her finger then unbuttons her pants. She wants Sophie good and confused when she appears in her grandmother's body. If she times the swap just as the orgasm hits, Sophie should find herself in Natalie's body with some of Natalie's memories already crowding in. It's been a long time since Natalie masturbated her aging body and she misses the feel of Sophie's eager young pussy. Still, with some imagination she manages to ease herself into it, remembering how she first landed in Natalie's body. Back when she was young. Those eager early days with Zach were intense and amazing, and soon the welcome pressure builds through her body as she remembers them together. Her fingers are finally slick and she rubs them across her clit, circling as the intensity twists through her and then, just as she's on the cusp, her mouth open to cry out, she twists the ring.

There's a disorienting dizziness and then her mouth is full of water, her lungs bursting for air. She kicks her way up, following the bubbles until she breaches the water, gasping. She kicks her legs to keep herself afloat as she wipes the water from her eyes and smooths back her hair.

Music is playing somewhere, and surrounding her is the susurrant of youthful voices. She blinks the water from her eyes, looks down to see her golden tanned body, nearly naked but for a pink bikini covering her perky breasts. They're buoyant and beautiful. She looks up to see Natalie's friends gathered around the pool. There are about ten of them. Tanned, youthful bodies, drinking and laughing. Natalie slips the ring off her finger and clutches it in her hand as someone swims up behind and grabs her, making her start. She turns to see Kyle, a smile spreading across his handsome face.

"Nice dive," he says.

"Thanks," Natalie replies, joy filling her at the sound of her young voice, at the feel of Kyle's strong body around her supple waist.

Kyle strokes her as best he can while they both tread water, Sophie darting in for a kiss that Kyle gladly returns. He tastes like an eternal golden summer.

They swim to the side of the pool and get out, toweling themselves off. Natalie's body is nearly naked, every inch of her on display. She can't believe Robin let her buy this tiny bathing suit, but she's happy she did.

Lying on a pool chair, Natalie slips the ring behind a brick in the garden bed for retrieval later. Smiling and talking with Kyle she catches him glancing at her body. And why not? She's doing the same, admiring the tanned, toned limbs, the motion of the muscles as she moves and stretches. She's also admiring Kyle's body. He's got a roguish charm about him, powerful and fit but without smug

arrogance.

Sophie's friends crowd around her and Natalie finds she knows many of their names. The memories brought about from her previous orgasms as Sophie are still there, allowing her to happily reminisce with her friends. There are blank spots, but they're easily covered or avoided, the conversation pushed on to other topics. All the while Kyle is so close. He's touching her or she's touching him. It's that physical young love, the intense desire to just touch the other person, to be close to them.

Robin provides food and drinks but mostly leaves them on their own in the backyard. Every now and then Natalie dives into the pool, taking long, languid strokes through the water. She's so fluid and powerful. When she pulls herself out the water sluices down between her breasts. She pulls her long hair back and squeezes it out, laughing as Kyle does a somersault into the pool for her benefit.

She dives in again and joins him. They twine their arms around each other. She can feel his cock beneath his bathing suit and she strokes it, letting her fingers linger on it, her touch hidden from view of the others as she smiles at him. He takes it as she intends, as a promise. It's been so long since she's been desired. Before he can get too hard she kicks off and swims away from him, smiling, teasing him. He chases her, picking her up and dunking her. The power in him is tremendous and she thrills with anticipation as she rises to the surface and clings to his back. He flails about comically, pretending he can't dislodge her.

"Do you give up?" She laughs.

He falls backwards into the water, taking her with him. They come up laughing. And then one of her friends, Leah, is there, joining the mock fight. They dump each other, hands gliding over bodies with the ease of long friends until at last, tired and getting cold, they climb out of the water. Natalie wraps herself in a towel as Robin comes out with a cake. Everyone gathers around and sings as Natalie blushes with embarrassment, though she enjoys being the center of attention.

Towards evening the party breaks up. People slip away alone or in groups. Kyle's friends call him away but Natalie puts a hand on his arm.

"Stay with me," she whispers, pressing up against him.

The other guys see her and grin knowingly when Kyle turns down their invitation to leave. She tells him to hide in an out of the way corner of the yard, then enters the house where Robin and her husband are preparing to go out.

"I can't believe after the whole party today we still have to go to the Crusoe's," Robin shake her head.

"Sorry, but I can't turn down an invitation from the boss. Happy birthday honey." Sophie's dad adds, kissing Natalie's forehead.

"Everyone gone home?" Robin asks.

"Yeah," Natalie says, easing into a kitchen chair and flipping open her phone as if she's not dying for them to leave.

"Even Kyle?" Her mom teases.

"Mom!" Natalie rolls her eyes in the way of teenagers everywhere.

They kiss her again and head out the house. When the car drives off down the street she hurries back to the pool and around the corner where Kyle is waiting for her. The last rays of the sun turn everything a golden red, and the summer heat still lingers in the air. He stands and grins, and she throws herself into his arms right there by the pool.

He enfolds her up, solid biceps wrapping around her soft form, holding her against him. His hands grope her back, fingers splayed across her warm skin as they kiss. Now there's no one around they don't have to hide their passion. Natalie grips his face, fingers stroking his stubble as she slips her tongue up against his. He welcomes her inside, sucking on her as she runs her tongue around his mouth. His hands slide down to her taut ass, squeeze once, then back up her bare back. Up and down they roam, exploring her body as she explores his mouth. Their breath mingles. Her young body *needs* him so much it's a physical ache in her thighs.

She feels his dick rise between their bodies and she smiles, pulling away to run her hands through his hair and stare into his big brown eyes. He wants her so much. And his wanting is intoxicating. As is his body. She presses against his warm pecs, feels his hands come up and tug on her bikini straps. A few seconds later the top is loosened. Kyle tugs it slowly down her arms, first one side, then the other, until the top falls to the ground. They both stare at Sophie's breasts. They're beautiful. Firm and perky, each tapering to a soft point of cherry red nipple.

Kyle puts his hands on them with a look approaching awe. His palms are huge, nearly covering each breast as he attempts to take them in his hands. He can't stop staring, slipping his fingers beneath her supple breasts and lowering his lips to take a nipple into his mouth. She sighs as his wet heat surrounds her, his tongue flicking out to taste her. The fingers of his other hand circle her other breast, tickling, unsure of himself. What he lacks in expertise he makes up for in sincerity. Moaning, he sucks on her breast. She feels her nipple rise to a soft peak in his mouth as a gentle heat winds through her.

He moves to her other breast, suckling on that one, kneading her tits harder. And then his mouth crushes against hers again. Now he's kissing down her neck. Now her tummy. Back to her breasts. He wants every part of her and she wants him. Gone is the timidity, replaced with a simple hunger for her.

She drops to her knees and unties his bathing suit, looking up at him with a grin. He strokes her face softly, pushing the hair out of her eyes. She tug down his bathing suit. His erection bounces out, the cockhead pointed straight at her lips as if it knows. She takes him in her hand, gliding her granddaughter's fingers up and down this young stud's cock. She knows they've never had sex together, and she knows Sophie's never had sex at all. Natalie's about to lose her virginity for the third time.

Kyle's cock is warm beneath her fingers. Up and down she goes, moving her head closer until she sticks out her tongue and licks the head of his dick. He moans and she smiles shyly up at him. They lock eyes as Natalie opens her mouth and guides his cock to her lips. She swallows him, breaking eye contact only to close her eyes and sigh deeply as she drags her lips down, filling her mouth with his dick. He tastes divine. The shaft fills her mouth, bringing with it a tangy musk that makes Natalie's new pussy grow moist and slick.

She pulls up and kisses her way down his shaft before swallowing him again. He groans once more, his body shaking.

"Oh, fuck, that's amazing," he whispers.

Natalie sucks his cock slowly, looking up at him. They stare at each other as she takes him in. It's so hot when he watches her like this as she holds him between her lips, able to control him with a flick of her tongue. The salty taste of him hits her taste buds and she sucks harder, faster, using her hand to help stroke up and down his shaft. She can feel his excitement rising but before he can finish she pulls her mouth off his cock with a wet pop and stands.

"Fuck me," she whispers, leading him to a deck chair.

He lies on it and she straddles him, dripping pussy poised over his cock. She drags her entrance up

and down his shaft, lubricating him on her juices, letting his cockhead pump up against her swollen clit. Teasing him like this she leans down and kisses him, her long hair draping across his chest as she continues undulating. His hands clasp the small of her back, follow the contours down to her ass and cup her butt, squeezing, fingers digging into the soft skin.

Finally, she reaches between her legs and finds him, slick with their mingled essence. She guides him against her, the head of his cock slipping in between her pussy lips and up against her entrance. She helps him inside her. There's a pressure, growing, growing, and then he enters her with a sigh, suddenly pulsing through her warmth. She sinks down on him, feeling every inch of his shaft as it fills her, pressing hard against the walls of her canal. Her pussy is so tight and he feels so wonderfully perfect, his dick curbing around just so to glance across her dimpled center.

She rises off his shaft as he grips her waist, staring up at her swaying tits. She knows what men likes. She brings her own hands to her chest, squeezing her jiggling tits as she rides him slowly, up and down, up and down, letting him enter and withdraw at her chosen pace. All the while her hands play across her tits, enjoying the feel of them as much as Kyle evidently enjoys watching her. His mouth is open and his cock twitches once inside her. He grips her waist, shuts his eyes and holds on. His cock twitches again, and then he's under control.

Natalie moans and continues riding him, the pleasure twisting through her, demanding more. She moves faster, hands squeezing her tits harder, the perfect curve of her ass rising and falling, filling herself with Kyle's cock quicker, harder. Now he thrusts up into her and she cries out, voice rising in pitch with each thrust. They move faster, bodies rocking in tandem. She needs him inside, needs to feel that hard cock sliding through her pussy, needs him deep, deep, and then she cums, quivering around him. Her mouth drops open and she utters a strangled cry. He must feel her rocking around his cock because he loses control and cums with her, thrusting up hard and deep, emptying himself into her with a mighty groan.

His seed fills her, each wonderful spurt pounding into her, filling her more than she thought possible with a divine heat. She grips her tits and he grips her and they thrust, passionate, animalistic, greedy with desire, their young bodies wanting only the physical pleasure of each other as they share in orgasmic bliss.

Natalie collapses on Kyle, feels him grow soft inside her, his delicious warmth still so needed. She rests on his warm chest, listening to his heartbeat as she holds him close and he rests his hand lightly on the small of her back. She quivers with aftershocks every now and then while pleasant memories buzz through her mind. Sophie's memories. It's a little dizzying thinking of Robin as both daughter and mom, but she'll cope. After a few more of these sessions Natalie will know everything. It's unfortunate that someone else has to suffer, but that's life.

Sophie is awoken late that night from someone banging on the door. By the time she's wrapped herself in her robe and reached the stairs, Robin is opening the door. Sophie, in Natalie's old body, is there. She looks wild, her hair mussed, her clothes askew.

"Mom! Mom!" She says clutching Robin.

Robin doesn't know what to say. As Natalie walks slowly down the stairs Sophie looks up at her and gasps. Her eyes go wide and a hand comes to her mouth. She limps towards her former body. Natalie can see how old she looks, all the wrinkles, the bags under her eyes. Everything she hasn't noticed for years now stands out. The woman in front of her is *old*. And it's not her anymore, thank God.

"Who are you?" Sophie asks, "What happened to us?"

"What do you mean, grandma?" Natalie asks.

That stuns Sophie into silence. She looks back and forth between Robin and Natalie until Robin puts an arm around her and guides her to the couch.

"It's okay mom, sit down here."

Sophie lets herself be lowered onto the couch, wincing at the pain in her knee. Robin tells Natalie to wait with her while she goes to the other room. Natalie wraps the robe closer around her and sits. Sophie looks up at her, her lower lip trembling.

"What's happened to me?" Sophie whimpers, with a voice like dust.

"You have two choices, sweetie," Natalie begins, stunning Sophie into silence. "You can continue to insist that you're Sophie and then be locked away for dementia, or you can assume your new role. Become Natalie and live the rest of your life in freedom."

"But...but..."

Natalie pats her hand. "I'm afraid getting your body back is not an option."

Sophie's eyes harden. "You did this on purpose?"

And then Robin is back in the room. There's a second when Sophie looks up at her that Natalie is sure she's going to insist on trying to convince her mom of what happened. She knows that road.

"I'm okay now, honey," Sophie says, swallowing dryly and looking at Sophie. "I know who I am. I'm Natalie."

The real Natalie smiles, pats her former hand, the skin like dried paper, and returns to her room. Tomorrow will be the first day of the rest of her life.

Thank you!

I hope you enjoyed reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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M

Also by M. Wills

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Give it Up

Dan offered to help out the beautiful college girl next door, unaware that she would take him up on that offer by swapping their bodies.

Let Me Stay

Shane is Will's best friend. Shane's wife, Alicia, is Will's worst enemy, an entitled brat who doesn't realize how lucky she has it. After chancing upon a magical being who grants Will a body swapping spell, he takes over Alicia's life, vowing to be a better wife and lover -- and just all around person -- than Alicia ever was.

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Tom is able to possess people's bodies. While out shopping one day he sees someone that he must have. As he enjoys her body he finds himself falling in love with her, and decides to help change her life for the better. And for his benefit.

Busted

Jason's a bully who takes great pride in ruling the school, but things change when he makes fun of

the new goth girl's big chest and she casts a spell on him and his friends, turning them into their own big busted fantasies. She gives them one chance to change back, but they'll have to fight their new burning desires.

Foreign Exchange

Chun isn't happy about being volunteered to swap bodies with an American teen in the name of diplomacy. But when she lands in the body of Ashley, a cute high school senior, she discovers that life in another country -- and as a sexy high school hottie -- is much more pleasurable than she ever imagined.

Got It Going On

My girlfriend, Stacy, is an amateur witch. She can do magic, just not very well, which is why I'm hesitant when she comes to me with a spell that will swap our bodies for a day. Turns out I should have said no, because an accident causes me to swap bodies with her elegant, curvy mom. I know it might be wrong, but there's so much fun to be had being inside Stacy's mom.

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