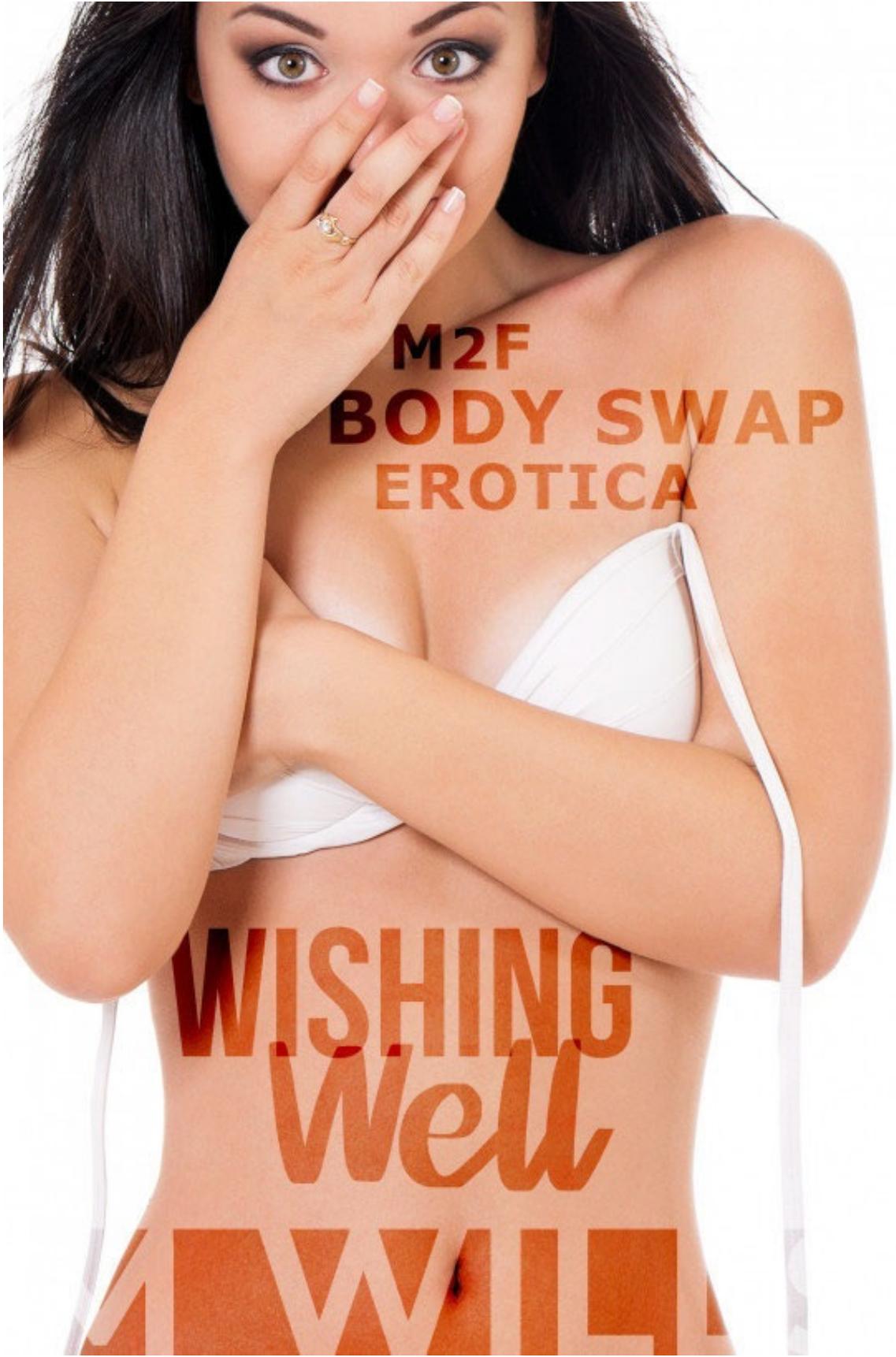


**M2F  
BODY SWAP  
EROTICA**

**WISHING  
*Well***

**WILL**



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*Well***

**WILL**

**Wishing Well**

*MtF Body Swap*

**by M. Wills**

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## Wishing Well

Chester's latest ex-wife had cleared the last of her things out last week, leaving him alone in an empty, echoey apartment. A few items of furniture and a closet full of clothes were all he had left. In the end, he'd found it easier to give up all the other crap than fight for it. The mess of Chinese takeout containers dotted around his easy chair were testament to the fact that he'd spent a good part of the day—and the week—slouched in front of the big screen TV in the otherwise empty living room. It was late in the afternoon when Chester finally clicked it off, the depressing memories from the townhouse finally overwhelming his inertia. He stood, his back popping, and put on his worn winter coat before stomping out to get some air.

The chill wind whipped through Chester's thin hair as he made his way slowly down the path through the middle of the nearby park. The surrounding trees were stripped of leaves, the bare branches arching up into the sky, like skeletal fingers grasping for something they could never reach.

Here he was, closer to sixty than fifty, and all alone. His real parents had either died or abandoned him when he was a baby, and his first memory was of clutching a stuffed bear, one stitch burst and leaking cotton, as he cried along with the other kids in bed at the orphanage. A series of foster parents had followed, but none were able to cope with his anger as he lashed out at them, and he always found himself back in the care of the state. And then one day he was too old for anyone to want to adopt him. The couples who came through the orphanage saw him and his dour demeanor and continued on, looking for someone younger, happier, less likely to set fire to an empty shed as Chester had once done. He was the troublesome one and he reveled in his newfound role, until the day he turned eighteen and was unceremoniously booted from the place, forced to strike off on his own with a middling education and no family support.

Still, he'd managed to do all right for himself. His false bravado and willingness to say the most outrageous statements with a straight face did him well on Wall Street. He'd arrived there as the eighties boom was taking off and found he had a knack for bullshit, which was just what the market wanted. It was insanely easy to make money, drive fancy cars and sleep around with all the best looking women. So what if the women wanted him for his money. He wanted them for their looks and considered it a fair trade.

He'd screwed his way through most of the eighties and half the nineties when the dot com crash brought everything to a screeching halt. Suddenly money wasn't so easy to come by and Chester's investments dried up. He'd switched careers, moving into sales but spiraling downhill: first private jets, then insurance, then timeshares, until he finally bottomed out as the owner of a used car lot. It wasn't glamorous but it was a living.

He sold the lot five years ago and coasted on the money, doing nothing but getting on his (third) ex-wife's nerves until she finally gave up. It was a bad divorce, made worse by Chester's aimlessness. He had nothing else to focus on—no job, no hobbies, no family—so he spent his days entangled in bitter arguments with his ex over the smallest things. She had more patience than he did, wearing him down until he practically threw everything at her—figuratively—just to get her the hell out. Well, she was out and he was alone. Starting over at the end of his life with very little to show for it.

His goddamn leg was acting up again but he managed to make it to the center of the park where several benches surrounded an old wishing well. He collapsed onto a bench, letting the ache in his leg sit there while he stared vacantly around him. Now and then someone would walk by: a guy out walking his dog, some joggers, a couple enjoying a stroll. It was all so...normal. Chester had never had a dog, never been one for jogging, never had someone he was comfortable just walking and talking with. He always had to be doing something or going

somewhere. Ironically, of course, now he was going nowhere.

When his leg stopped aching Chester stood and slowly walked around the wishing well, stretching his calf every now and then to make sure the pain didn't come back. He put his foot up on the wall of the well, leaning forward until he felt a light stretch and looking down into the deep darkness of the hole. It was an old stone well that had served as the water supply for the town's first settlers. Over the years it had been repaired and artistically modified, with large sloping brass triangles on each of the four compass points that divided the well into four quadrants. They sloped up from the ground and met at an apex directly above the well, so that he couldn't see anyone standing at the quadrants to either side of him. They were probably supposed to symbolize "togetherness" or some bullshit. Chester had never been into art except inasmuch as he enjoyed owning something someone else admired.

Chester dug his hands into his pockets to protect them from a sudden gust of wind. His stubbly fingers found a coin deep in his pocket and he pulled it out. Strange, he never carried change. Hardly any use for it these days. On impulse, he tossed it into the well, watching it spin end over end down into the darkness.

"Wish I had a second chance," he murmured to himself, before glancing around, feeling suddenly self-conscious at such an embarrassingly maudlin gesture.

He heard someone moving behind the brass triangle to his right but he couldn't see them. They sniffed, whether from sadness or cold Chester couldn't tell. He felt suddenly even more embarrassed about his wish and hoped the person hadn't heard him. He was about to turn away when he saw the hand of whoever it was flash out and toss a coin of their own down the well.

"I wish my life was simpler," a young woman said.

Chester snorted. A simple life? Youth truly was wasted on the young. He turned to go, strolling back around the well to try and catch sight of the other wisher. It was indeed a young woman. He caught a quick glimpse of her profile beneath dark hair that was tied back in a loose ponytail, saw a slender chin and cute ski slope of a nose. Her clothes were plain and unadorned, a simple tan winter coat rendering her body shapeless. She couldn't have been more than eighteen or nineteen but already wishing for simplicity. Well, Chester had plenty to give.

He walked away without looking back and didn't think anything more about it. He grabbed some takeaway from his favorite Chinese place and brought it back to eat in front of his TV, where he also finished half a bottle of wine. He woke with a start in his chair during one loud commercial break somewhere around midnight and then managed to drag himself back to his bedroom, his heavy footsteps noisy on the wooden floors. The city skyline stretched out beneath the hill below his balcony window, the twinkling lights of a hundred other lives only making him more depressed. He slipped beneath the cool, silk covers of his bed and his heavysset body sunk into the soft mattress. He was asleep in minutes.

## 2

A blaring alarm by the side of his bed jolted Chester awake. He pushed himself up on one elbow and blearily slapped at an alarm clock that hadn't been there the night before. It was sitting on a bedside table that hadn't been there the night before next to a lamp that also hadn't been there the night before. In fact the whole room, up to and including Chester himself, was different.

He finally slapped it off just as a thousand realizations hit him at once. His bare wooden floors had been replaced with a plush cream carpet. Through a half open closet to one side he saw a smattering of dresses and lacy garments hanging from hooks. A bookshelf to the other side of the bed was packed with fantasy novels and stuffed animals. What looked like a trombone case was laid out on the floor by his bed. But the most pressing change of all was his own body.

The arm that had reached out to smack the alarm was slender and tan, the contours smooth with nary a strand of arm hair or blemish to be seen. It was the arm of a much younger woman. He became aware of a weight on his chest and brought his eyes down to his chest. He found he was wearing a large shirt with the Texas A & M logo on it. It dwarfed his now tiny body, the neck of the shirt stretched out and hanging low, allowing him to stare down at the two heavy breasts that now graced his chest. He pushed himself to a sitting position, feeling his tits jiggle as he did so. He gasped—a delicate, airy sound—and brought his hand to his lips in astonishment. His face was smooth. The stubble had disappeared and he felt so soft.

Chester threw the covers aside in alarm and pushed himself out of bed, standing unsteadily on legs that were too long, too graceful. The sleeping shirt hung down to mid-thigh, and below were two shapely young legs. He glanced around the

room in alarm and hurried towards the only door he could see. A mirror hung from the back and Chester froze as he stepped in front of it.

The image reflected back at him was a young woman, maybe eighteen years old. Her glistening black hair flowed down over her shoulders, still mussed from sleep. She was girl-next-door cute, with a wide, innocent face and big blue eyes. Her breasts tented out the shirt, letting it fall down her body, where her bouncy rear tented out the back. She was, Chester reflected to his reflection, a woman who was very much Chester's type with dark-featured good looks and a sultry mouth.

Chester took a step back and watched the girl in the mirror do the same. He raised a hand to his face, following the contours of his delicate new nose, his cheeks, his dainty ears. The girl in the mirror copied him.

There was no doubt that it wasn't a dream. It was all too real, too present. And yet, it was impossible. But the facts were staring him right in his pretty little face. Somehow he'd become a young woman.

His heart began thumping in his chest. Who was he? He immediately recalled his wish. Had he really been given a second chance at life? Why did he have no memories of being her at all? No memories of her life. Of her friends. Of her body. Chester's mind was still very much male, and the idea of being alone with such an incredibly sexy young woman—a woman who wanted what he wanted, who felt what he felt—was giving him warm thoughts.

He bit his lip thoughtfully, one perfect leg twisting back and forth as he debated what to do. The girl in the mirror reflected an innocence completely at odds with Chester's dirty thoughts. In the end, his curiosity and arousal won out. He grabbed the bottom of the shirt and pulled it off over his head, dropping it onto

the floor beside him before staring down at himself. Holy shit, his new body was amazing. Tight and lean with incredible tits. He let his eyes roam slowly down his body, over his twin curves, down his taut stomach to the unruly tuft of golden pubic hair between his legs. He would need to trim that, but there was something almost exotic about seeing his wild bush. It seemed to highlight the cock he was missing.

He turned to the side and ran a hand along his stomach, tracing the flare of his hip and one tau butt cheek. His hand slid around and between his ass, glancing across his puckered hole before returning to his front and gliding down between his legs. He felt so wonderful; soft and warm and silky. Just his simple touch awakened a powerful desire in him for his own body.

He turned back to the wonderful breasts, bringing both hands up to squeeze them. They were perfectly weighted, firm but with some give, and he clasped them to his chest, fingers gripping the soft skin. Chester was greedy for himself, squeezing his tits, running his fingers along and under his succulent curves, then taking them into his hands again. They nearly spilled out of his fingers and he held them from underneath, bobbling them, watching them bounce as he manipulated himself, growing warm at the sight of making this gorgeous young woman do everything he commanded. His thumb and forefinger came around to pinch his little strawberry pink nipple. He sighed gently, head nodding to the side as pleasure began pulsing through him.

Christ, he was already wet, could feel the slippery lips of his pussy as he danced his weight from side to side. One hand still on his tits, he sent the other hand down his trim stomach, over the little mound, and through the light forest of hair. His fingers landed on his womanly opening and he traced it up and down, the rubbery lips slowly parting for him, growing ever more slick. His body was overtaken by an inner anticipation and an outer loosening as he slipped a finger inside himself for the first time, eyes growing wide as he felt his new warmth. His body hummed as he stroked his velvety folds, opening his eyes to watch the young woman fingering herself in the mirror. Flashes of pink appeared between

his legs as he slowly circled a finger across his hidden button.

The hand on his tits kept moving, kept caressing himself as he thrust the other fingers in deeper, sliding through his slippery heat. He could feel himself, inside and out, his little body tight and wet inside. His fingers slid in slowly, each inch bringing with it new pleasure. He let out a hitching breath as his body shuddered once, a little thrill of delight harboring greater things to come. He stroked himself faster, his growing wetness spreading across his clit and his fingers. His pussy unfolded, the clit growing more sensitive, each touch more intense as his body flared with lust.

He had to lean against the wall, weak at the knees, as he continued fingering himself, the wet sounds of his own cunt louder now in his ears. He watched his fingers disappear inside himself, felt them sliding through his tight canal, enjoying the sight of himself as much as the touch. This body was a dream, warm and soft and wet, and he half opened his eyes, staring at the sultry vision in the mirror as he came, body trembling, mouth agape in pleasure as a long moan escaped his lips. Who knew such a tiny pussy could get so wet? His juices spilled over his fingers and made him desire his new body even more, bringing on a third orgasm, quicker than the others. The pleasure whited out the room and made him dizzy. He froze, fingers deep inside himself, body trembling around his digits, hand squeezing his tit hard as he came, a little mew escaping his lips. The pleasure was overwhelming, filling him from head to toe and holding on to his body long after the first shockwave ended.

Chester staggered back to bed on rubbery knees and collapsed, breathing hard, the wonderful acrid smell of his sex filling the room. He stretched out his legs, luxuriating in the sheer youthfulness of his body, the absence of pain and the energy waiting to be tapped.

He was startled by a knock at his door and a woman's voice calling out, "Annabelle?"

He hastily crawled under the covers in case whoever it was—his mother?—decided to come in. “Yes?” His voice was so soft and sweet. That would take some getting used to.

“Just making sure you're up. Don't want you to be late for school again.”

“Ok.” He said, and then as an afterthought: “Thanks.”

School. Of course. One of the things he could have done without in this second chance. Still, might as well make the most of it. The second time through was bound to be easier.

Chester got out of bed and slid open the closet. He was greeted by an array of clothes, some distinctly feminine such as the short skirts and breezy blouses, others more generic, like jeans, but still cut to a female form. In the closet was a built-in chest of drawers. Pulling open the top drawer he found a collection of panties and bras. He rummaged through until he found some plain white panties and slipped them on, his breasts dangling beneath him and getting in his way, practically smacking him in his nose as he leaned down. The bras seemed huge and he chose the plainest one he could find. He tugged it on his arms and fought to clasp it at the back, using the mirror on the back of the door for guidance until he had the brilliant idea of clasping it first, then putting it on and twisting it around before nestling his heavy breasts into each cup. The distribution in weight was immediate.

The black leggings he found were tight, exaggerating his already shapely ass and ending about three quarters of the way down his thigh. Flipping through the

clothes, he found a plain white t-shirt with a little lace design around the neck. Putting it on, he found that his breasts made the material protrude out over his stomach, giving a little glimpse of his tummy with each movement.

So dressed, he carefully peeked out in the hallway, then proceeded down the hall, glancing in each room until he found the bathroom. He went in and did his business. Figuring out which muscles to use were a little tricky, but he got there through trial and error. He took some time in front of the mirror, combing out his lovely raven black hair until it hung down in silky waves. The powdery deodorant combined with the little vial of perfume made him smell like a flower garden. He forwent the makeup, having no idea where to start. His face was pretty enough anyway and he beamed at himself in the mirror, his bright smile lighting up his angelic face.

He returned to his room and poked about to try to find out more about Annabelle, the girl he'd become. Her bookshelves were full of fantasy and horror novels, arranged alphabetically by author. The majority of her clothes leaned towards the girly, usually with a splash of lace or pastel colors. Tucked back in the bedside table he found a diary. He sat on the bed with his back to the door, flipping through it.

There were long, passionate entries about boys at school that she or her friends had a crush on. One name in particular, Jason, kept coming up. She'd even included a short poem about the "crushing weight of her desire" and the hope that their "kisses would shine through time". It was doggerel, but it was passionate doggerel.

As he flipped through the diary he found her complaints about her social life, or lack thereof. Her schedule didn't help. It seemed she was always running around to a roster of before and after school activities as a member of a number of school clubs. The complexity of her life seemed mostly her own doing, a desire to be the best in everything and to put together an impressive college resume.

Chester was interrupted by a knock on his bedroom door and he turned to find a sweet looking blonde woman with a pleasant smile that matched his own. “Annabelle, Robin's downstairs, you have to go! Don't forget to grab some breakfast.”

“Oh, okay, mom.”

Chester snapped his diary shut and returned it to its place. There was a backpack by the closet—pink, with a big Hello Kitty sticker on it—which he scooped up and slid on while he made his way downstairs. His body was still so new. He was acutely aware of the way the backpack straps compressed his breasts, and the way his body moved with a lightness and a sway that was alien to him but lovely nonetheless.

When he reached the bottom he found a thin teenage girl waiting for him. She had straight brunette hair tied back in a ponytail and a face full of freckles. When she spoke to him she revealed large, white teeth, which brought to mind a chipmunk.

“Come on, Belle, we're gonna be late,” she said, her eyes darting down to Chester's hand then back up. “Where's your trombone?”

“Oh, right.” Chester said.

He hurried up to his room and picked up the case he'd noticed when he awoke

that morning. Chester had never played the trombone in his life but he set that thought aside for the moment. He carried the case back downstairs and followed Robin towards the front door. His mom stopped him just as he was about to leave and handed him a granola bar with a knowing smile.

“Thanks, mom,” Chester said, truly touched by such a small gesture.

People actually caring about him and wanting to help him out was a novelty. His usual defenses were down because of the sheer strangeness of the situation. He took the granola bar and was even more surprised when his mom leaned forward for a peck on his cheek.

“Bye, honey,” she said, returning to the kitchen.

To her it was so casual but to Chester it was everything. For his second chance he'd apparently been gifted with a loving family, as well as a wonderful body, and a middle class life. Sure, he was a woman, which was an adjustment, but everything else was just as he'd wanted. He practically skipped out the door behind Robin.

“You're in a good mood this morning,” Robin said as they made her way towards the street where a beat up Honda sat.

“Good night's sleep, I guess,” Chester chirped.

He paused, looking back the house—his house—before turning and taking in the

neighborhood. Two story houses dotted the street, all similar in style but with slightly different color schemes. A bland suburban development. But, god, it was wonderful after a life of broken dreams. He could do anything he wanted. A fresh start.

Robin unlocked the door and Chester slid his trombone case in the back seat next to Robin's instrument case. They got in and Robin drove them through the winding roads of the suburb. Chester stared out the window, taking it all in, trying to get his bearings.

“Have you memorized your music yet?” Robin asked.

“Uh, not yet,” Chester replied.

“Yeah, me neither. Probably Jenny has, though,” she snorted derisively. “We'll be on the field for the first time, anyway, so everyone will be a mess.”

Chester was puzzling over what Robin was talking about when he glanced out the window and saw something that gave him pause. They were passing through an intersection and, to their right, waiting to turn, was a familiar car. It looked exactly like Chester's vintage 70's Chevy Malibu. The car from his old life. Same tail fins, same maroon color, same person behind the seat. Chester thought he saw a shock of recognition from the man behind the wheel but then they'd flown past.

Robin was still talking but Chester wasn't listening. Was that really his old body back there? It sure as hell looked like it. Then was this second chance really a theft of someone else's life? Was Annabelle in his body? He couldn't be sure it

was his old body he'd seen, it was such a brief glimpse. Maybe it was just someone who looked like him.

“Did you hear anything about that, Belle? Belle?”

“Hmm?” Chester dragged his eyes back to Robin. “Sorry, I wasn't listening.”

“The band trip. Any idea where we're going?”

“No, I haven't heard anything.” Chester had a feeling he'd be claiming ignorance a lot over the coming days.

Robin talked about the people at school, and what she did last night, and who so-and-so was dating now as Chester tried to remember all the names and relationships she was dropping. This second chance at life was getting complicated but Chester figured he could always change what he wanted. Teenagers were always changing, after all, so it shouldn't be hard to nudge Annabelle's life towards his own interests if things got too hard. Maybe drop the chess club and take up modeling. That would be different! But first he decided to see how this all played out and enjoy his complete lifestyle change.

By now they'd arrived at Morris Lesmore Senior High, a series of low-slung tan brick buildings crammed together and surrounded by a paved parking lot on one side and various playing fields on the other. Robin drove around to the side of a large football field, where students were already beginning to collect on the sidelines with their instruments. Upon opening the door, Chester was greeted with a cacophony of chatter and the sounds of musical instruments being warmed up—a blat of a trombone punctuated by someone doing scales on a

saxophone while flutes trilled an aimless melody. Apparently, Annabelle wasn't just in a band, but a marching band.

Chester slid his case off the back seat and followed Robin onto the field. He followed her lead, joining a group of students near the fifty yard line who greeted them warmly. They seemed to be typical band students; a little geeky but earnest. Chester liked them immediately, trying hard to pick up their names as they conversed.

Robin grabbed her trombone from out of her case, slid on the mouthpiece, and clipped the sheet music to a little stand connected to the body of the instrument. Chester did the same. Hefting the cold metal instrument, he was surprised to find that his hands seemed to know where to go and what to do. He was even more surprised to find that he could play some decent scales as long as he didn't think too hard about it. Annabelle's body had an inherent muscle memory and he let it guide him.

It seemed the whole band was just learning the formations, which actually took the pressure off Chester. Everyone else was messing up just as much as he was. The main difference was that they actually knew the music. Chester's muscle memory helped him through some of the passages that Annabelle had worked on most, but when it came to reading the music from the page he got lost. By the time band practice ended he was mentally exhausted, but that was only the beginning of his day.

He packed up his instrument and slung his backpack over his shoulder, following Robin and the rest of the group towards the school. He happened to glance over towards the road and noticed the maroon Chevy Malibu he'd seen that morning. A man was behind the wheel but Chester couldn't make out the details from this distance.

“Oh, I forgot something. I'll catch up with you in a bit.” Chester said to the group before breaking off and returning to the bleachers.

When he was far enough away he glanced back to make sure no one was watching, then turned and hurried towards the road, trying to get a glimpse of the man in the car without seeming as though he were trying to get a glimpse, just in case he was wrong. But the closer he got the more he realized that his suspicions were correct. The man in the car was him. Chester came up to the passenger side window and the man rolled it down. Chester looked down at his old body, with its thinning hair and wobbly jowls. Two watery blue eyes returned his gaze.

“Who are you and what did you do to me?” Annabelle asked.

Chester paused momentarily upon hearing his own voice. It was much more gravelly than he remembered, nothing at all like the melodious sound of his current voice.

“I- I don't know. I didn't do anything. I just woke up like this.”

“Please give me my body back,” she begged. “I don't want to be an old man.”

“Well, I don't want to be a young woman.”

From across the field came the sound of a school bell ringing. Chester turned and saw the small clusters of students that had been outside the building turn and start moving towards the doors. He turned back and his backpack slid down one

shoulder. He shrugged it back on, which made his breasts bounce. Annabelle's eyes flicked down to his chest then back up to his face. Was that his muscle memory playing up?

“What do we do?” She asked.

For some reason Chester didn't want to tell her about his wish from yesterday. As outlandish as it seemed, it was the only explanation and they really should try to wish themselves back. But he wasn't ready to give up his second chance just yet.

“I guess I'll keep pretending to be you until the end of school and then we can try to figure out what happened.”

“I can't be stuck like this all day! Come with me now.”

“How would it look if I got into the car with a strange old man? Your friends and family would think you'd gone insane and then you—or me, or whatever—may even be arrested. I think I have to do this. We'll meet up after school, okay?”

Annabelle nodded sadly and Chester turned to walk away, then stopped.

“Um,” he said, turning back to her. “Where am I supposed to be going?”

“My schedule should be in the front pocket of my backpack. I don't think I ever threw it away. All the room numbers are on it. And my locker combination. Locker 445, by the way.”

“Thanks. I'll be good.” Chester promised.

He walked away, trying to tamp down the spring in his step. Truthfully, he was kind of excited to explore Annabelle's life some more. It had been pretty good from what he'd seen so far and if they were going to swap back soon he might as well enjoy it while it lasted. God, he had so much energy. And it was a good thing he did because, fishing through her backpack as he walked towards the school entrance, he found the crumpled printout of her class schedule. Around the sides she'd included all the extra-curricular activities: band practice Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings; school play rehearsal after school every day; student council meeting during Tuesday lunch...the list went on. Nothing for it but to power through.

Annabelle's classes were hard. Mostly AP courses well beyond what Chester had studied before. It helped that some subjects—like history—he remembered from his old life. The main events anyway. Some of them he'd even lived and found them to be nothing like they were currently taught. He'd expected the math to be hard and it was at first. Maybe it was his younger, more elastic brain, but he found himself picking up the concepts easier. Things were just clicking in a way they never had before. It wasn't that he was some sort of genius and that the knowledge was instant, but he had more capacity for remembering and applying concepts. He hadn't felt this way since...well, since he'd been Annabelle's age.

Chester stuck close to Robin, who was in most of his classes with him. He was glad to find that Annabelle had done her homework but nervous every time the teacher asked a question, terrified that he would get singled out. It finally happened halfway through math class.

“Annabelle?” The teacher said, holding out a marker, “Why don't you try this one?”

Chester stood nervously. He could feel everyone's eyes on him as he took the marker and stood in front of the whiteboard, pondering the equation the teacher had scrawled. Being in front of everyone made him feel even more self-conscious and aware that this body was not his own. He was fearful they would all suddenly turn on him, realizing that he was an impostor wearing Annabelle's body. He did the equation with shaking fingers, concentrating on the numbers, and only breathed a sigh of relief when he completed the equation, set the marker down, and returned to his seat.

As he did, he caught the eye of another kid who'd been in several classes with him. The guy had a pleasant face with startlingly green eyes and a trim but muscular build. His blonde hair spiked out messily and he gave off a laid back surfer vibe, despite being smart enough to have a course load of advanced subjects. It was Jason. The Jason. The crush from Annabelle's diary. He shot Chester a smile and Chester smiled back shyly, his cheeks blushing, before glancing away.

Chester brushed his hair off his face, his heart still beating madly in his chest as he took his seat. His excitement wasn't just nerves from being in front of the class. When Jason had looked at him he'd felt a sudden rush of heat. Chester had never been into guys, and yet there was something about Jason that seemed so delicious. Chester glanced back at him, attempting to see if he could recreate that feeling, but saw only the back of Jason's head. Jason turned suddenly, as if sensing Chester's eyes on him. Their eye contact was brief before Chester broke it and looked down at his paper, pretending he hadn't just been checking Jason out. But that brief moment was enough to send another pleasant heat through him.

Robin leaned towards him and whispered conspiratorially, “Jason is totally checking you out.”

“Shhh,” Chester said, his cheeks flaming red now. He kept his eyes down on his paper even though every bit of his body ached to be nearer to Jason.

“He likes you, you know.” Robin said, still keeping her head down and pretending to work on a math problem.

“He does?”

“Yeah. Tammy's sister is best friends with Lisa who's in class with Jason's sister and she said Jason was talking about you yesterday.”

“Really?”

Robin nodded and giggled.

When class ended, Chester and Robin packed up their books. As they filed out of class they found Jason waiting in the hall and he fell into step with them as they proceeded down the hallway.

“Hey, Annabelle, you have any plans for lunch today?”

“Um, not really,” Chester replied, looking up into Jason's gorgeous face. It seemed impossible that Jason couldn't hear the tremor in his voice.

“A few of us were gonna go to Pratchett's if you want to come.”

Chester glanced at Robin who gave him a knowing smile. “Sure.”

“Cool,” Jason broke out into a broad grin. “I'll drive.”

They walked out side by side to Jason's faded yellow Jeep, talking easily. Jason had a nice sense of humor and an easy smile, and Chester found himself ever more smitten by him. It was hard to believe that just yesterday Chester had been a jaded old man past his prime, and today he was a teenage girl flirting with a teenage guy. And what's more, it felt so normal.

Pratchett's turned out to be a local fast food place where they met up with several of Chester's friends, some of whom Annabelle evidently knew—or at least, they knew her—while the others were students he'd seen around his classes. The whole thing seemed to pass in a blur, punctuated by the times his eyes met Jason's, or when their legs accidentally touched beneath the table. He giggled a lot and had hardly any appetite, despite being starving only an hour ago. He was acting like a...well, like a smitten schoolgirl. It was only when Jason turned to him that Chester realized he hadn't been paying attention to a word anyone else said.

“What about you?” Jason asked.

“Me? What?”

“If you could be any animal what would you be?”

“A turtle,” Chester said, without thinking. It was his answer, not Annabelle's.

“Why's that?”

“They carry their house around with them so they're always at home. They're tough but they don't have much in the way of offense.”

“Tough but vulnerable.”

Chester nodded. “Yeah. Anyway, what about you? A lion, I suppose, right? Big and strong with sharp claws and a huge...mane.”

“An eagle, actually. I've always wanted to fly.”

“And crush prey with your talons?”

Jason laughed. "That's just a side benefit. Plus, eagles are loyal. When they find another eagle they want to be with they mate for life."

There was a brief pause that seemed to last forever as Chester lost himself in Jason's emerald green eyes. And then someone said something and the conversation moved on. Chester forced himself to finish his meal, knowing that Annabelle's schedule left hardly any time for food later in the day. He also tried to tell himself that he was a guy and not into men and he'd be gone in a day and he hardly knew Jason and why was he getting so worked up anyway about Jason's gorgeous bod and his amazing laugh and the way his jawline curved just so?

They drove back to school and split off in the hallway, Jason calling out, "See you at rehearsal."

Robin met up with him and quizzed him on every detail as they each analyzed Jason's every comment and movement for deeper significance. Did the way that Jason had singled out Annabelle meant he liked her liked her? Or just liked her as a friend? Should she wait for him to ask her out? What if he didn't?

It felt so nice to have someone to confide in. Chester felt closer to Robin than he'd ever been to his ex-wives. Maybe it was the lack of sexual attraction. Maybe it was that, being teenage girls, everything seemed so important and meaningful. Or maybe Robin was just cool. Whatever it was, it helped the day pass quickly.

After school, Chester hurried to the theater for play rehearsal. Annabelle was only a minor character and didn't have a huge part, which was fortunate for two reasons: one was that he only got yelled at once for not knowing his lines, and the other was that he got to spend more time with Jason. Chester wasn't going to wait for Jason to make the first move. He felt Annabelle's hesitance within him

but, just like in his past life, he was going to take what he wanted.

He moved closer to Jason as they sat in the auditorium, whispering and giggling between scenes. Chester took any excuse to touch Jason on his arm or place a hand on his thigh, or let Annabelle's limber young body brush past him. He was rewarded by Jason nonchalantly placing an arm around the back of Chester's chair, allowing Chester to snuggle closer until he could smell Jason's enticing, spicy scent.

At the end of rehearsal, one of Annabelle's friends came up. "You ready to go home?"

Jason broke in before Chester could respond. "I can give you a ride home if you want."

"Sure," Chester smiled.

As they walked to Jason's Jeep, Chester slipped his hand into Jason's. Jason gripped him back snugly and comfortable, his huge hand engulfing Chester's own dainty fingers. When Jason reached Annabelle's house he pulled up to the street outside but left the engine running.

Chester looked over at him. "Turn off the car."

Jason did, pulling up the parking brake before asking "Why?"

“So I can do this,” Chester said, leaning forward and kissing Jason on the lips.

Jason kissed him back immediately, bringing his hand up to stroke Chester's cheek. Annabelle's body melted at his touch, and Chester was suddenly dizzy with desire. He placed a slender hand on Jason's broad chest to steady himself. The thumping of Jason's heartbeat was the only soundtrack as they made out, eyes closed, enjoying the taste of each other. Chester's slender nose was pressed against Jason's cheek, the delicious scent of him filling Chester's nostrils.

Jason's lips were tender and his kiss was firm. Chester could feel the desire coming off him in waves. It fed the lust growing in Chester's own body. They groped each other, hands sliding across bodies, stroking backs, petting each other, the thin layer of clothes the only thing stopping them from completely giving in to their desire. Chester so wanted to claw off Jason's clothes and straddle him right there. Feel Jason's girth inside as he thrust, moaning into Annabelle's tight little body.

But he couldn't do that to Annabelle. Not when he would be giving back her body. Instead, he pulled away from Jason and smiled.

“I'll see you tomorrow,” he whispered, grabbing his stuff and exiting the car.

Jason finally managed to get over his astonishment enough to say “See you.”

Chester's body was aching as he hurried through the front door, calling out a 'hello' to his mom as he passed her in the living room on the way upstairs. He

dumped Annabelle's backpack and trombone on the floor and searched through her nightstand. Fuck, his body needed to be touched right now. But more than that, if he didn't get something inside him he felt he would explode. He came up empty from Annabelle's nightstand. Not a vibrator to be found. Shit.

An idea struck him and he hurried across the hall to Annabelle's parents' bedroom. It was empty, so he hurried in and around to the bedside table with the frilly lamp. Opening up the drawer, he reached in the back and his fingers found something solid but with some give. He pulled it out, revealing Annabelle's mom's pink vibrator. It was vaguely dick shaped, with an elongated shaft and a thicker “cockhead”. There was also some lube. Chester took both back to his room and locked the door before tearing off his clothes and tumbling into bed, his tits bouncing merrily.

He stroked himself, hands wandering across Annabelle's nubile form, feeling her soft curves. His tits were bouncy and warm, and he fondled them, gripping them every now and then before letting them drop and watching them bob down the side of his chest. God, they were so heavy to carry around all day but so incredible to play with. He stared down at his naked body as he manipulated his breasts, Annabelle's fingers gliding across her soft curves, working their magic on his body. The anticipation pouring through him made him arch his back and stretch his legs.

He brought one breast to his lips, opening wide to suck on his apple-pink nipple. Annabelle's body tasted warm and delicious. His tongue swirled around the tip of her nipple as it grew erect and a trail of fire burned down from his breasts to his legs. He pushed his tit higher up towards his mouth, fingers gripping the soft flesh, squeezing as he sucked, moaning around his own tit, trying to stuff as much as he could into his mouth, gorging himself on his own fat breast.

Grabbing the lube, he aimed it at his pussy and squirted a huge trail over his mound and across his thighs, enjoying the mess he was making. He released his

breast and let it bounce down his side as he ran both hands over his pussy, spreading the lube over his mound until his thighs were glistening and he was deliciously slick. He dragged the lube up his tits, painting his body with the slick substance, growing ever wetter between his legs as he dirtied Annabelle's perfect body.

Picking up the vibrator, he flicked it on. It buzzed pleasantly as he aimed it towards his entrance, sliding it up and down his slit, teasing himself without entering as the fingers of the other hand stroked his clit. His hidden nub throbbed as his fingers landed on it, a pulse-pounding pleasure that made his breath hitch in his throat and his hips rise to meet his hand. He stroked faster, dragging the buzzing vibrator up to replace his fingers over his clit and—god, it was like an electric shock that made his body tingle and his toes flex. He cried out with a sudden orgasm, his free hand coming back up to his breasts, rubbing his juices across his tits and pinching one nipple in between slick fingers.

He stared down his slender body as he watched Annabelle stroke herself, mouth gaping open as he dipped the vibrator down into his entrance as his lips parted and it slid inside. Fuck, he was so tight, and he went in slow, his cunt spreading to make room for the buzzing toy, pulling back out briefly before sliding in again, a little deeper each time. The vibrating toy inside him filled him, traveling through his slippery canal and soon it was entirely inside him. He thrust in and out, hard and fast, watching the toy disappear inside him, feeling it tunneling through his pussy until it hit his center and his eyes snapped open wide and he came. He thrust his hips up, driving the vibrator deep as his free hand returned to squeeze his tit. His moans turned urgent, rising to a high pitched cry until he strangled it by stuffing his slick fingers into his mouth. The juices of his pussy were still on his fingers and when he tasted himself he came again, pounding the vibrator deep, fucking himself hard and fierce as pleasure overtook him and he wriggled, driving the toy in deep, fucking himself long and hard.

Chester continued gliding the slick toy in and out of his opening, slowing as he came down from his orgasmic high. His thighs were slick, a sticky trail of lube

and cum leading up to and across his tits. The body beneath him was incredible, huge breasts rising and falling with each breath as he lay still, just enjoying being Annabelle as the pleasure slowly dissipated. It would be such a shame if he had to go back.

### 3

Chester was able to clean and return the vibrator to Annabelle's mom's bedside table without incident before she called him down to dinner. He ran down the steps two at a time, fully prepared—as was the case with his last few foster homes—for dinner to be on a first-come, first-served basis and to have to fight for the best pieces of what was usually a hastily cooked frozen pizza or some unidentifiable brown meat with limp vegetables. Instead, he found Annabelle's mom and dad already getting seated around a kitchen table that was set with actual flatware. A delicious looking meatloaf sat in the center, and Annabelle's mom—he really needed to find out her name—was slicing pieces off for everyone and adding them to plates that already contained crisp green salads.

Chester sat down and followed their lead. He nibbled a small piece of meatloaf and found it delicious. Annabelle's younger brother soon joined them and they all tucked in, talking while they ate. It was like something out of a movie. Chester had never been part of a family that sat around a table. The TV was even off! Annabelle's parents asked him questions and really seemed to care about his responses. He soon lost his defensiveness as he realized her family was very earnest. They actually gave a shit.

After dinner Chester returned to Annabelle's room to face the mountain of homework. High school really wasn't so bad the second time around and Chester found himself actually enjoying using his brain to puzzle out the answers. He tapped the end of the pencil against his white teeth, his head leaning on his hands, fingers entwined through his fine hair.

He was interrupted by a noise from his window. A little clink as though something were hitting the glass. He thought nothing of it until he heard it for

the third time and he suddenly realized that someone was trying to get his attention from outside. He pulled aside the blinds and looked down at the lawn. In the light from the streetlamp he could make out an older man, familiar even from this far away and in semi-darkness. It was Annabelle in Chester's former body.

Chester opened the window and peeked out, tucking his long hair behind a slender ear.

“Chester,” Annabelle whispered, “I figured it out. I made a wish yesterday. I think I remember seeing you there, too. Did you make a wish?”

Chester nodded and Annabelle beamed.

“That's it then!” She said, giving a little dance before grimacing and grabbing her back. “We need to wish ourselves back.”

“I can't just leave,” Chester whispered back.

“Just sneak out the back door.”

“Your mom's cleaning or something. She keeps walking by my room.” Chester lied. Anything to stay as Annabelle just one more day.

“That's my body and I want it back!” Annabelle stamped her foot.

“I'll come by tomorrow after school. I promise. Now get out of here before your parents see you and wonder what the hell some old creep is doing outside their house talking to their teenage daughter.”

Chester closed the window without waiting for a reply. Annabelle's life was busy, sure, but it was wonderful. Didn't Chester deserve it after a life of hardship? Hadn't he always tried to do his best and been beaten down time after time? Maybe becoming a teenage girl was his reward for all that.

He sighed and returned to his homework, finishing up an hour later. Then it was music practice. He didn't quite have a complete understanding of the trombone but he was getting better. By the time he'd finished his work it was time for shower and bed.

Chester stripped off his clothes and stepped into the shower, fresh waves of delight filling him when he saw Annabelle's naked body—his naked body—once more. But he was so exhausted, mentally and physically, that he couldn't do much more than stroke his tits, soaping them up thoroughly before washing them down. He fell into bed and passed out right away.

The alarm clock woke him again the next morning and he was overjoyed to find himself still in Annabelle's body. He took his time dressing and combing his hair just so, even going so far as to watch a few videos about makeup online. There wasn't much time to go into detail but even the little dab of makeup on Annabelle's youthful face was plenty. He hurried downstairs and demolished some toast before Robin showed up to drive them to band practice again. She quizzed him about Jason and Chester told her everything. Robin squealed with excitement for her friend, giving Chester a few pointers.

The day was almost a replay of yesterday, except that Jason met him at the front of school after the bell and they walked hand in hand through the hallway, parting with a kiss to go to their first classes. Every time they met up during the day Chester found his heart doing somersaults. It was like the entire world was a fairy tale. Chester knew it was irrational, that he'd only really known Jason for a day. And yet he was completely smitten.

“I've got something for you,” Jason said after the lunch bell. “Come with me.”

He led Chester through the halls to a locker.

“Close your eyes.”

Chester shut his eyes, a crooked grin on his face. “What's going on?”

“Hold out your hands.”

Chester heard a locker opening and a second later a cool plastic box was placed in both his hands.

“Okay,” Jason said, “Open your eyes.”

Chester opened his eyes and saw that the box was a little terrarium filled with pellets, a few plants, and, right in the middle, a small turtle.

“Oh my gosh,” Chester gasped, lifting the box and peering in. “He's so cute! Oh, god, thank you.”

He stood on tiptoes and kissed Jason.

“You like it?”

“I love it. I've always wanted one. Oh, but I didn't get you an eagle.” He frowned.

Jason laughed and Chester kissed him again, longer and slower this time, nearly losing his balance and bracing himself on Jason's chest with a giggle. They were inseparable the rest of the day. It was the young love that Chester never had, an all-consuming need to be with Jason. It took a huge effort to head to the park after school, turtle in tow, to meet Annabelle.

He found her by the wishing well looking miserable and, well, old. She stood on shaky legs when she saw him.

“You ready?”

Chester nodded. "Let's be quick, I have to get back to play rehearsal."

"What's that?" Annabelle asked, pointing to the terrarium.

"Oh, uh, Jason gave it to me."

"Jason? W-why?"

"He, uh, he likes me-- us-- you."

A mix of emotions crossed his old face: anguish, excitement, fear, happiness. She jumped and clapped her hands.

"Oh my god. Did you kiss?"

"Yeah." Chester said bashfully.

"You kissed him and I wasn't even there? Come on, we're making the wish now."

Annabelle reached into her pocket and pulled out two coins. She gave one to Chester and hurried unsteadily to the well.

Tossing the coin in, she said, "I wish I had my body back." She turned to him. "Go on."

Chester approached the well. "I should probably go around to the same side I was on the day I made the wish. Just in case that mattered."

"Okay. Fine."

Chester hurried around to the other side and, with some regret, tossed the coin in and made his wish. When the coin had splashed into the water far below and there was no turning back, Chester returned to Annabelle.

"That's done it. Now I guess we wait for tomorrow. I've got to get back to rehearsal. Don't do anything I wouldn't do!"

"You too!" She called out as Chester skipped away, determined to make the most of the rest of his life.

Jason was waiting for him in the back of the theater with the other actors who weren't in the first few scenes. Chester picked his way through the row to the empty seat next to him and gave Jason a slow kiss on the lips. Jason slipped his arm around Chester as he nestled close. Chester stroked him as they whispered together, feeling his chest, his legs, his solid arms. He couldn't keep his hands off Jason. His hormones were in overdrive and even Jason's masculine scent was sending Chester's body crazy with lust. Chester's fingers slid down and accidentally rubbed against Jason's pants, where he found a solid bulge. He giggled and looked up at Jason. Jason looked back down and shifted in his seat, embarrassed, but Chester leaned close to his ear.

“I don't mind,” he whispered, “Why don;t you show me it tonight?”

Chester couldn't help but notice that Jason was distracted the rest of rehearsal, his gaze continuing to drift back over to Chester. When no one was looking, Chester would tease Jason by grabbing one of his tits, or flicking out his tongue suggestively.

They left as soon as rehearsal was over, practically running out to Jason's Jeep. Jason drove back towards Chester's house, clearly excited but not quite sure how to proceed. That was fine, Chester was happy to take the lead. His petite body was yearning to be touched.

He directed Jason to pull down one of the side streets and into the parking lot of a small park. It was deserted at this time of the evening. Jason pulled into a spot and shut off the engine. Chester was on him in an instant, Annabelle's body demanding attention.

Chester swiped his silky hair out of his face and kissed Jason. Their kisses were urgent, exploring each other by touch and taste. Chester's tiny nose brushed against Jason's stubble and Chester inhaled the deeply masculine scent. He slid his tongue across Jason's, investigating the contours of his mouth as Jason's hands came up to caress Chester's cheeks.

Chester was on fire with lust and he gave himself over to Jason, letting Jason kiss his way down Chester's soft jaw and to the nape of his neck, where he buried his nose int Annabelle's hair and inhaled, releasing a hitching breath. Chester reached between Jason's legs and pulled the lever on Jason's seat, pushing him back far enough for Chester to climb over the central console and

straddle him, Annabelle's bobbing breasts right in Jason's face.

Chester resumed kissing as they groped each other, hands sliding over each other's bodies. Jason was greedy for him, exploring his waist, his heavy breasts, roaming up and down. All the while Chester pressed against the bulge in Jason's pants, dragging Annabelle's pussy across the excited hardness, teasing them both.

Chester scrambled to pull his top off over his head, Jason helping him, throwing the shirt aside before fumbling with his bra. When that was unclasped he yanked it off and his breasts spilled into Jason's waiting hands. Jason pulled back and stared at them in awe, taking in their perfect teardrop shape, fingers tickling Chester's soft skin as he grasped them in both hands. He squeezed one firmly as he latched onto the other with his lips, hot wet breath caressing the nipple. Chester's breast spilled out of his hand, bobbing madly as Jason gripped it, kneading it hard and sending flames straight down to Chester's center.

Jason's lips were smoldering on Jason's tender skin, his tongue teasing the little nipple until it stood erect and warm. Jason kissed his way around and beneath Chester's tits, grabbing them in both hands and wrapping them around his cheeks, burying his face in Jason's cleavage. The physical pleasure coursing through Chester, Jason's obvious desire for his nubile body, and the sight of this young teen with perfect bouncing breasts drove Chester wild.

He reached in between his legs for Jason's jeans, unbuttoning them and awkwardly maneuvering himself up so he could slide the pants off enough to free Jason's cock. It stood erect between them and Chester took him in hand, stroking the shaft as Jason kissed his breasts. When Chester couldn't stand it anymore, he yanked his own leggings down enough to free his pussy. His panties were already damp and the musky smell of himself hit his nose as he stripped down. He guided Jason's cock against the furry nether lips, stroking the shaft against his opening, grinding up against it, teasing without going in until

Chester's body was on fire and Jason gripped him ever harder, pulling him towards his manhood, desperate to be close to him.

Finally, Chester gripped Jason's cock, so hot and hard in his fingers, and guided it against his womanly opening, feeling it press against his lips, the pressure building, until Jason slipped inside with a hoarse sigh. Annabelle's tight cunt gripped his shaft. Chester felt every inch of Jason's cock as it slid slowly through his wet canal, filling him with an incredible fullness. Chester sank down, down, until Jason was lodged entirely within him, the cockhead pressing up against Chester's center.

There was a brief pause as they enjoyed each other, Chester just holding Jason inside him, and then Chester began grinding, dragging his sopping wet pussy up and down Jason's throbbing shaft. Their lips came together again and they kissed, slower this time, living in the pleasure of their young bodies. One of Jason's hands came to Chester's tits, the other hand wrapping around his waist, following the curve of Chester's ass to grip him around the butt cheek and pull him down onto his cock.

Chester rode him like this, his body undulating softly, filling and emptying himself on the dick clenched tight inside him. They fit together perfectly, like a hand in a glove. The pleasure spun through Chester's body, urged on by the physical desire. He sped up gradually, grinding his cunt up and down Jason's cock, faster and faster, until his tits were bouncing madly and he was moaning in a throaty voice he'd never heard from Annabelle's lips before.

“Oh fuck. Oh god, oh fuck,” he cried, over and over, eyes shut tight as Jason thrust up, pumping inside him as the pleasure shook them both until Jason exploded, groaning and gripping Chester's thighs, slamming his dick hard and fast up Chester's young cunt and emptying his seed into Annabelle's nubile body. Chester moaned as the heat filled him, each burst making him ever more full, feeding on the pleasure already curling through him as he quivered, his entire

body shaking, pussy still wrapped around the perfect hard-softness within him. They came together, trembling, crying, gasping, as they shared in their pleasure and Chester lost Annabelle's virginity.

When Jason's cock finally stilled, Chester rested his forehead against Jason's, breathing heavily, fingers still exploring his lover's body. They remained there for some time, kissing occasionally, until Chester finally pushed himself up, whimpering softly as he was once again empty. He returned to the passenger seat and they adjusted their clothes, smiling bashfully at each other.

Jason drove him home and Chester gave him a goodnight kiss. A long and deep one, their tongues once again meeting, before Chester finally broke away.

“Call me,” Chester said.

If he couldn't have Jason with him he just wanted to hear his voice. God, Chester really was smitten. And it was incredible.

His parents wondered why he was in such high spirits and he made up some story about play rehearsal. He stayed up late that night, talking to Jason on the phone, enjoying the warm afterglow of being Annabelle.

When he awoke the next morning he found that his wish seemed to have come true. He was still in Annabelle's room, in her body. He lay back and breathed a sigh of relief. He was sure Annabelle was taking it hard and was wondering what went wrong. Chester didn't think there was any way she could figure out that when he flipped the coin into the well for the second time, he wished to stay in her body forever. And he was going to enjoy his second chance.

###

## **Thank you!**

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