

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is shown from the chest down to the waist. She is wearing a black, strapless bra and black lace-trimmed underwear. Her right hand is resting on her left breast, and her left hand is resting on her hip. The background is plain white.

**BODY SWAP  
FICTION**

**YOUNG  
*Again***

**M W I L L S**

# Young Again

by M. Wills

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## Samuel

The small crowd was gathering for the last auction of the morning: storage unit D154. Samuel took pole position by the roller door as Steve, owner and manager of Steve's Self Storage, broke out the buzz saw and hacked through the padlock. Shoving up the door, Steve shone his flashlight into the gloom and said, "Let's see what we got here."

Samuel craned forward. The auction rules mandated that bidders couldn't go inside the units, just stand in the doorway and guess what might be hidden under covers or behind boxes. He scanned the contents that he could see in the dim recesses of the unit: piles of boxes, a cheap IKEA wardrobe, an ancient toolbox, a recliner that had seen better days, random cables, board

games, plastics tubs filled with Tupperware and auto parts. He grinned, it was his kinda of unit: trash on the surface, potential treasure underneath... or possibly just wall-to-wall junk. And therein was the thrill of a storage unit auction. He counted his cash. *This* one he was going to bid on.

“Seriously, Dad!” Bethany’s weary voice piped up behind him. “You’re going to pay money for this?” She waved a dismissive hand at the unit. “Piles of dirty plastic crap and a busted armchair?”

Samuel smiled at his daughter. “*You* see plastic crap, *I* see potential.”

“*I* see money better spent on college for my daughter.”

Samuel ignored her, continuing to teach about the potential treasures of these auctions just as he'd done to

Bethany her entire adult life. “The toolbox – couple of good quality tools could earn me a fortune in resale. And, look, bunch of old board games back there; anything vintage earns a mint.”

“Hey, it’s your money,” Bethany sighed and tossed her long, wavy black hair out of her face. “Just don’t ask me to help you move this junk.”

Steve leaned over and interjected, “Don’t be so quick to judge, sweetheart. Your dad’s got an eye for finding the hidden gold.”

Bethany folded her arms petulantly underneath her heavy breasts. “Please! Look at this stuff. You really think there’s a Monet tucked away behind the wardrobe?”

Samuel watched Steve’s eyes fall on Bethany’s cleavage, pushed up by her folded arms and peeking over her top.

He couldn't really blame him; Beth might have been pushing forty but she still had great tits, and a gorgeous dark-featured face with sultry lips. Samuel had long ago accepted that one of the perils of fatherhood was watching other men eye his daughter.

Steve eventually dragged his eyes up to Bethany's slightly plump face and grinned. "Maybe not a Monet. Folks with Monets stashed away don't tend to fall six months behind on their storage fees." Clearly ready to move things along, he turned to the small crowd and announced, "Ok, ladies and gentlemen, who's going to start the bidding? Lemme hear \$500."

Samuel knew early on that the unit was his. A guy in a plaid shirt threw out a halfhearted low bid, a pair of junk dealers in the back raised the

price twenty bucks, but it was clear no one else was really interested. Two minutes after the bidding started, Steve was yelling ‘sold’, accepting Samuel’s cash and letting him know he had a week to empty out the contents.

While Bethany—who refused point blank to touch the ‘cheap crap’—parked herself on a bench outside the storage unit, Samuel got to work sifting through the clutter. On first inspection, he had a sinking feeling that Bethany may have been right about this one. The boxes revealed nothing but worthless trash: plastic clothes hangers, battered paperbacks, shabby clothes that reeked of patchouli and dirty hippie, a bunch of herbs riddled with pantry moths. Disheartened, he ducked behind the wardrobe that

blocked the back of the unit from view. The chances of finding a Monet were looking pretty slim.

What he found behind the wardrobe wasn't a Monet, it was entirely more odd. It was a book: big and weighty with thick leather bindings and an elaborate embossed text on the cover. Even with just a cursory glance, Samuel knew he'd found something of real value. Intrigued, he opened it and turned page after page, admiring the intricate engravings and delicate faded print in a language he didn't recognize. Reaching the last page, he stopped short. In contrast to the other pages, the text was crisp—as if freshly inked—and perfectly legible. It was also in English:

### Swap the Vessel

*A spell that permits the caster to swap*

*bodies with any person of their choosing.*

*Instructions: trace the text...then follow  
its lead.*

*Enchant... evoke the magic*

*Incant... say the name of your vessel*

*Decant... flow into your new body*

*When you've had your fill:*

*Recant... swap back*

*The vessel will be prevented from  
communicating any details of the spell.*

For a single moment, Samuel suspended disbelief and let himself enjoy the delicious fantasy described. Resting his aching knees, he leaned against the bare, concrete wall of the storage unit and imagined trading the creaking, decline of his 63-year-old body for something younger, tougher, virile and spry.

He was snapped out of his fanciful daydreaming by Bethany, who had apparently reached the limit of her patience. “Dad! Are you done in there? Can we take off?”

With a little flutter of annoyance, he realized that his two hours must be up: the two hours per week Bethany deigned to spend with her Dad before scurrying back to her life. He glanced at his watch: yep, two hours on the dot. She’d done her duty and she wanted rid of him.

Tamping down the annoyance, he gave the book a final appraising look and brushed a finger over the inky-black text of the body swap spell. Inexplicably, unbelievably, unthinkably... the text under his finger transformed to gold, glowing and shimmering under his touch. In shock he pulled

his hand away and watched the writing return to black.

What the hell!

He reached for the page again and slowly traced his finger over the word ENCHANT. He felt it warm under his fingertip and shimmer to gold. A voice, deep and smoky, emerged from the book: “Magic evoked.”

All at once, the hair on the back of his neck stood on end. *How did...* Confounded, he examined the book, pressed the bindings, searched for the trick—the hidden speaker, the electronic wizardry—that made the highlighted text and ethereal sound. There was nothing: just parchment and leather bindings. However it worked, it was ingenious! And he wanted to see it again.

“Dad!” Bethany’s shrill voice rang

through the unit. “Seriously! Let’s go!”

Samuel realized his next decision—one that was obviously more petty symbolism than actual belief—was made. He traced the word INCANT and watched it glow. The book said sonorously, “Name your vessel.”

He smirked, didn’t hesitate. “Bethany.”

And then he swiped his hand over the word DECANT. Grinning, he watched the word begin to glow, and then his grin turned into a gasp of shock as he felt his essence rush from his body and plunge into Bethany’s body with a juddering thud.

It was completely impossible, yet utterly irrefutable. Suddenly, he was outside the storage unit, annoyed expression on his face, mouth slightly open, lips forming the word, ‘Dad’. He was

Bethany!

He glanced down his new body: all at once shorter, tighter, softer, leaner, rounder. Wavy, dark hair cascaded down his shoulders and draped over... Samuel looked down and stared straight into his daughter's deep cleavage, nestled comfortably in a pink bra and spaghetti strap top. Needing to see to believe, he racing inside the storage unit, his body jiggling and bouncing, and found his old body, bent and reeling behind wardrobe. It looked up at him. "What... what happened?"

Unable to keep still, to believe what had happened, Samuel bobbed on his feet and felt the spring in his muscles and the bounce of his boobs. Grinning, he replied, "Body swap. You and me." It was incredible hearing his daughter's light voice slipping from

his plump lips.

“How?” Bethany asked. “How did you sw—” And the rest of the question never emerged. Confused she tried again, “How did you body sw—”

Samuel picked up the spell book with his now slender fingers and read the small print at the bottom of the spell, aloud, “The vessel”—he looked up and pointed at Bethany. “That’s you”—He resumed reading, “will be prevented from communicating any details of the spell.” It was so easy to read this small print with Bethany's improved eye sight.

“But you can’t do th—” She broke off, utterly outraged.

Strangely unmoved, Samuel replied, “Can.” He grinned triumphantly. “Did.”

He watched the anger and fear

coarse through his old body and play across his old wrinkled face. He looked so frail from outside.

He headed for the exit. "It'll be a learning experience for us both, Beth. Come on. You were so eager to leave before, let's leave."

Behind him, he heard the defeated footsteps of his former self, following his thick, swaying hips out the door.

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Samuel dropped Bethany off at his house then drove to her house to resume her life. Bethany had seemingly accepted that she had to pretend to be her own father, at least for a little while. It wasn't like Samuel was giving her a choice.

Bethany's house was empty when Samuel returned in her body; his granddaughter was still at school and

he had the house to himself. Samuel walked quickly into the bedroom to the full length mirror and gaped at his new reflection.

His daughter's face stared back at him, her mouth slightly open in awe. Her face was slightly rounded, with plump cheeks and a tiny, upturned nose. She looked a lot like her mother. Her dark, wavy hair draped down his back and tickled him whenever he moved. She was clad in a pink top with black stretch pants that clung to her bubble butt and thick legs. Samuel's new figure was curvy and soft and exceedingly feminine. Her breasts felt so heavy and Samuel clasped his hands across his pink top and watched the smooth, tanned skin wobble delicately beneath the little slip of his nose. His eyes were drawn back to the mirror

while he made his daughter's hands fondle her breasts. She was very pretty when she wasn't scowling at him.

Curious, he pulled Bethany's top off over his head and swept the hair out of his eyes. He reached around and after a bit of fumbling managed to unclasp her bra. He shrugged out of it and dropped it to the floor—ah, sweet relief!—allowing his breasts to tumble down. They were so sore after being held in the bra for so long, red marks from the straps criss-crossing his skin. He hefted his new breasts in his hands, running his fingers across the warm, meaty flesh and gently massaging them. They were heavy, filling his hands and spilling out of his fingers. His nipples grew erect as his fingers danced across them. A warmth began between his legs, slowly

spreading through his body as he watched his daughter play with her tits in the mirror, feeling every sensation from the inside.

He leaned his face down and brought a breast closer to his mouth. Sticking out his tiny, pink tongue he licked his own nipple, enjoying the slightly salty taste of his new skin, the warmth of his tongue across the sensitive nub of his daughter's breast. He wrapped his lips around his own areola and sucked gently as he watched himself in the mirror. The sight of his well-endowed daughter suckling her own breast was turning him on. His hot breath raced across his sensitive skin, lighting a fire between his legs.

He released his tits, watching them wobble back and forth, and slid his hands down his slight tummy. Slowly,

he rolled his pants down, revealing his round ass and smooth legs. He slipped out of his flats and pants, then rolled down his panties slowly, unwrapping his body like a present. He couldn't move his eyes away from the triangle of hair between his legs, his thin slit just visible beneath the curly pubic hair.

At last he stood naked in front of the mirror and admired Bethany's body. His daughter really was very attractive, with enjoyable, rounded hips and breasts, and a soft-featured, pleasant face. His hand trailed in between his legs, across the scratchy hair. He let a finger sink gently inside himself, watched in the mirror and felt himself opening as his finger landed on his warmth. His other hand came up to a breast and he hoisted it and squeezed

gently. The finger inside him pushed in deeper. He sighed as he pressed up against what must have been his clit, releasing a small burst of heat through him and driving up his lust for his new body.

He sat on the edge of the bed and spread his legs. Samuel stared down at his new body, framed by his massive tits, to his pink folds. Bethany felt so soft, so warm. He dipped a finger down into his growing moistness and spread it back up against his clit. He brought in another finger and rubbed harder. An airy gasp escaped his lips and his body burned with lust.

He groped his breasts and rubbed himself harder, faster, growing wetter and warmer, waves of pleasure pulsing through him, building on each other, until they crested and he cried out

“Ohhhh” in his daughter's voice as he enjoyed his first female orgasm. The pleasure began in his warm pussy and spread throughout his entire body. He slowed his rubbing as it grew, and resumed harder when the pleasure began ebbing, his body needing more, his cunt crying out for pleasure.

His voice rose in pitch as he worked Bethany's body, all thought chased from his mind except how he could pleasure himself harder. His fingers were soaking with his lust and he rolled his nipples back and forth between his fingers. Samuel threw his head back and moaned as another orgasm blasted through him. His body rocked back and forth as the pleasure ran through him.

Samuel lay back on the bed, his heavy breasts flopping over his sides,

and continued masturbating his daughter's aching body as the musky smell of his pussy filled the room. Orgasm after orgasm cascaded through him until, exhausted, he let his hands fall to the bed. He lay there breathing heavily as the pleasure ebbed through him, a wet spot growing cool beneath his thick butt, his fingers wet and sticky with his lust.

He laughed Bethany's tinkling laugh and ran his hands through his hair. That was incredible, but he needed to clean himself off before his granddaughter got home.

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Samuel emerged from the shower with a plan. His new female body was still singing; he wanted to move, to dance, to be seen as a woman in his daughter's beautiful body... and he was

going to take it out, to give himself everything he was craving.

Wrapped in a towel he headed for Bethany's closet and opened the door. She had a wardrobe full of sensible clothes: jeans, t-shirts, pant suits, sweaters... Samuel pushed past all of them until he found what he was looking for in the back. A dress: short, tight, black and asking for trouble. The tags were still on; Bethany was apparently saving it for a special occasion. Samuel was fairly certain this qualified. He wiggled into the dress and surveyed himself in the mirror. The dress hugged his curves. It was cut low at the front, the swell of his breasts peeking out. It was perfect. He watched as his daughter's soft face lit up in the mirror.

Just hair, make up, heels and then

he was out the door. He headed for the bathroom and eyed the vast array of Bethany's make up with some trepidation. Swallowing, he grabbed an eyeliner pencil. No point being timid. He was just about to start when a voice from the door interrupted him. "Hot dress. Very hoochie mama!"

Looking up, Samuel saw his granddaughter, Samantha, standing in the doorway with her backpack slung over her shoulder. His heart swelled a little, the way it always did around Sam. She was his pride and joy: a high school senior with amazing grades, a place on the school varsity basketball team and a contagious laugh that lit up the room. She had dark hair like her mother, that framed a heart shaped face with big, brown eyes. Her body was trim and athletic, with small, perky

breasts. While Samuel had always struggled to find ways to relate to Bethany, his and Samantha's relationship was something special, forged in a shared love of sports, mint-choc ice cream sundaes and vinyl. Some of the best evenings of Samuel's recent life were the most simple: just attending Samantha's basketball games and picking up ice cream with her on the ride home. Even at 18 years old she couldn't turn down an ice cream with her grandpa.

Samantha waved a hand at the dress. "You got a date?"

"No, just going out," he replied and then a thought occurred to him. "But we could have dinner together before I go?"

Samantha shook her head. "Nah, I've got Calculus homework, go out

and enjoy yourself. We're still hanging out Saturday right? Mother daughter mani pedis and lattes?"

"Yes, of course," he smiled. A night out on the town, a nubile new body and the promise of a day with Samantha - life was officially *very* sweet. Then his smile faltered a little as he regarded the eyeliner pencil in his hand warily. It couldn't be that hard surely? He closed one eye and tried to draw a somewhat straight line on the lid. The result was, predictably, a disaster.

Samantha smirked at the mess he'd created and squeaked, "Oh my god! You want me to do it?" She dumped her bag on the floor and headed in. "You gotta learn how to do a proper smoky eyes, Mom."

Sighing in relief, Samuel handed her the eyeliner. "Please, save me from

myself.”

“K, close your eyes.” Holding Bethany’s jaw, Samantha leaned in close and began to draw, shade and smudge.

Samuel felt the warm, unfamiliar sensation of her breath on his cheek, felt her face so close to his own, examining him closely. Searching for normalcy, he asked, “How was school?”

“You know, same same same: teachers, tests, teen misery.” Samantha dragged a q-tip along Samuel’s eyelids then added excitedly, “Oh, except, so, Tara Westfield—you know the girl I told you about with the skeezy boyfriend who works at that gross tattoo place on Howard and Main—anyway, she got her bellybutton ring caught on Sarah Fiedler’s shirt during basketball practice and it *ripped out!*”

Samuel arched Bethany's eyebrow.  
“Really?”

“I didn't see it but it was supposed to be so gory. Full-on horror film blood splatters.”

Samuel had always known Samantha was on her best behavior around him. She'd made sure not to swear, not to wander into topics she thought might be too sensitive for his delicate geriatric ears. He smiled... the odd folly of the young, always thinking that the elderly were liable to be shocked by any mention of anything not PG-rated. And now, he could hear the difference in her voice. She was just *comfortable*, bubbly and chatting with her mom and not censoring herself in the least.

Delighted, he delved deeper and asked, “Anything new on the boy-front?”

“Nah, sat with Jason at lunch though and he was so totally sweet and I started thinking that maybe I want him back.” She shrugged. “But I don’t know really... Think I miss the idea of him, more than *him* him.” Samantha clasped Samuel’s chin and instructed, “Open.”

He opened his eyes and watched Samantha study him, smudging some extra color at the corner of his eye. Apparently satisfied with this stage in the process, she said, “Ok close again.” As she added eye shadow, she asked, “So how was your day? How was Grandpa?”

“It was good. We went to a storage unit auction. Got this really good deal on—”

Samantha snorted and cut him off. “He’s still dragging you to those? I

thought you said you wouldn't go to any more."

Surprised, Samuel replied, "What? Why would she—" He stopped himself.

Samantha didn't seem to notice his slip-up, just plowed on. "It's such totally creepy hoarder behavior. This is how it starts, you know. Couple of auctions here and there, the occasional yard sale; then, boom, he's got a house filled to the ceiling with moldy teddy bears and broken toasters."

Defensive, he retorted, "I... He sells most of it on. Makes a profit too."

Samantha rolled her eyes. "Whatever. He's so gonna end up like one of those old dudes that get caught under their collection of Victorian dolls and I am *not* gonna be the one to dig him out."

Samuel couldn't speak. The pain of the unexpected words choked his voice. Apparently Samantha didn't need him to speak, she was happy enough doing all of the talking. She continued, "Did I tell you he called me *again* yesterday? Wanting to make sure he had every one of my basketball games on his calendar. Soooo annoying."

He had to work to keeping the coldness from his voice. "What's wrong with him coming to games?"

"He always wants to drive me home *and* stop somewhere on the way. I mean, seriously, does he think I'm, like, an infant - all excited about ice cream with Grandpa? And if I say, 'no, I wanna ride with my friends', he gets all pissy; like he thinks I owe him a visit every week."

Samuel took a breath and said evenly, “Maybe he thinks you owe him some respect.”

“Whatevs,” Samantha replied dismissively. Then, “Open up, you’re done.”

Samuel opened his eyes and leveled them, cold and glinting, at his spoiled granddaughter.

## Bethany

Bethany sat in her Dad's house and in her Dad's body. The shock of the situation was finally starting to wear off and, in place of the shock, was annoyance. Her Dad's crack about this being a 'learning experience' set her teeth on edge. It was just like the time when she was 17 and he'd heard her sneaking out of the house. When she'd got home a few hours later, she'd tried sneaking back in but found every door and every window locked. Eventually, cold and exhausted, she'd knocked on the front door, ready to face her punishment in exchange for a warm bed. But her Dad had simply opened the front door a crack, leaving the chain in place and said, "Probably shouldn't have snuck out," and slammed the door closed. She'd spent two hours

outside shivering before he finally let her back in.

How long would he leave her this time before he decided she learned something? Two hours? A day? It couldn't be longer surely. She had a job to go to, a teenager to care for, a life to live. And he had commitments too, things he wouldn't want to miss: his weekly poker game, emptying that stupid storage unit, Friday night dinners at the tacky Italian restaurant round the corner. She'd give him a night, one night, to play out this little power trip. He *had* to come to senses by tomorrow. And if he didn't...what could she do?

Sighing, she glared down at her temporary body. It was a body that ached when she stood and creaked when she sat. Her mottled arms and

legs seemed so thin and wiry, not to mention the...feeling between her legs that she didn't want to think about. She dreaded the first time she'd have to pee. And her body was also craving something.

Walking to the kitchen, she began opening random cupboards until she found what she was looking for: a bottle of single malt. Ugh, why her Dad felt the need to spent \$50 a bottle on something that tasted like soil and burned like hell was beyond her... but now she wanted it.

Grabbing a tumbler, she poured herself a hefty splash. She downed it in a single gulp, relishing the burn and peaty flavor. She poured another glass; this one she'd savor. She needed it.

She was halfway through her third glass when there was a knock on the

door. She stood up from the table, too fast for her body as a quick flash of pain radiated up from her knees, and opened the door. Standing on the porch was a glamorous woman who looked to be somewhere in her fifties. She had a short, ski slope of a nose, and a cheerful, slightly chubby face. Her hair was pulled back in a bun; a light brunette color with streaks of blonde, dyed—but dyed well—to hide the gray creeping in. A black pantsuit hid large, pillowy breasts. Bethany's dad certainly had a type.

The woman smiled when she saw Samuel, the sides of her blue eyes crinkling up to add a few more wrinkles. *Cute old lady* was Bethany's first thought, before remembering that she was in her dad's older body now and this woman was probably younger

than she was now.

“Hi, Sam,” she said, leaning in to kiss Bethany on the lips. The move caught Bethany by surprise but was finished in an instant, leaving only the lingering warmth of her mouth and the slight taste of honey on Bethany's lips. A name surfaced in Bethany's mind: Lisa. This must be her dad's girlfriend that he'd mentioned but had yet to introduce to the family.

Lisa swept in like she owned the place, heading to the fridge and pouring herself a glass of wine as she chatted merrily about her day. Bethany felt one step behind. It was partly the drinks she'd had and partly that she wasn't privy to her dad's thoughts and had no idea of his history with this woman. The latter was somewhat clarified when Lisa placed her glass on the

counter and wrapped her arms around Samuel's body, pressing herself close to Bethany.

“I've been thinking about you all day,” Lisa smiled as she stared into Bethany's eyes, “Couldn't wait to get over here.”

Bethany started to pull away, to think of how she was going to tell Lisa she wanted to be alone, but her body felt otherwise. The combination of the drink and Lisa's warm body pressed against Bethany's masculine form and the intoxicating honey scent of whatever lotion Lisa had used caused Bethany's new cock to twitch beneath her pants. Lisa kissed her on the lips again, and this time Bethany opened her dad's mouth and welcomed Lisa's tongue inside. It felt right having this soft woman in her arms as her dad's

cock stiffened to attention. No Viagra needed here.

Lisa's hand slipped down the waist of Bethany's pants and wrapped around her dick. Smiling, Lisa literally led Bethany by her cock to the bedroom. Bethany's hands returned the favor as they walked, slipping beneath Lisa's pants and grabbing a handful of her ass. When they reached the bedroom Lisa turned and wrapped her arms around Bethany's neck. Bethany was so hard, a desperate yearning filled her new body as her cock strained against her pants.

They helped each other out of their clothes, flinging them aside before pressing their naked bodies together in a warm embrace once more. Bethany's cock pressed against Lisa's belly, throbbing with desire. Bethany leaned down

and lifted one of Lisa's breasts. Her areolae were large round circles, each dotted with a tiny pink nipple. Her tits were heavy and full, sagging down and with light stretch marks, but they felt wonderful and tasted sublime as Bethany suckled eagerly, letting her tongue slide around and taste Lisa's skin as Lisa sighed above her. Bethany had never thought playing with a woman's breasts could be interesting, but in her new body she couldn't get enough of the delicious, plump tits in front of her. She wobbled them in her hands, watching as the skin bounced wonderfully beneath her fingers.

Lisa clasped Bethany's head to her breast and moaned, "Oh, god, just fuck me now."

Lisa lay back on the bed and spread her legs, revealing the dark pink folds

of her cunt already glistening with desire as she played with her own breasts. Bethany looked down at her dad's body, at the bulbous head of the thick cock straining between her legs. Bethany had a desperate desire to bury it deep inside Lisa's buxom body. She knelt over Lisa and wrapped one hand around her dad's cock. It was warm and throbbed beneath her touch, a force of its own yearning to bury itself inside Lisa's warm, pink folds. She guided her dick against Lisa's wet pussy and slowly pressed inside. She moaned as she slid into Lisa, feeling every inch of the wet pussy surrounding her as she sank into Lisa's heat. Somehow the yearning grew even fiercer as she entered Lisa, as if scratching this desperate itch made her want even more.

She withdrew, then plunged in again, slowly pumping into Lisa's soft body with her dad's rock hard cock. They both moaned as Bethany thrust over and over, pumping harder and faster. One hand gripped Lisa's soft tits, the other held her up so she could stare into Lisa's gorgeous face. Her mind spun with love and lust. She wanted this woman beneath her more than she had ever wanted anything. She pumped harder, thrusting inside as Lisa lifted her hips and moaned. Bethany moved faster, burying herself into Lisa's center as she grunted, animalistic, a ball of desire, wanting to own Lisa, to fill her forever.

Tension built within Bethany's body. She gritted her teeth and pounded faster. Lisa wrapped her legs around Samuel's body and Bethany sank deep.

The tension snapped unexpectedly and Bethany moaned as her cock spasmed and she came, spurting her seed into Lisa's cunt and thrusting, thrusting, until she was empty and Lisa was full.

Bethany lay atop Lisa's body, breathing hard. The desire had fled and Bethany was astonished at what she had done with her dad's body. At what she had *needed* to do. She pulled out of Lisa and rolled over, her flaccid cock slick with their mingled essence. Lisa wrapped a leg around Bethany and nestled into Samuel's body. The pleasure had been intense but fleeting and, while she still wanted to get back in her own body, for the moment she was content to rest with her lover in her arms.

## Samuel

Samuel knew he eventually had to figure out a suitable punishment for his granddaughter. He'd thought they'd been having a perfect time together and she turned out to be a spoiled, ungrateful brat. Just like her mother. For the moment, though, Samuel pushed those thoughts aside and tried to enjoy being in Bethany's body.

There was certainly a lot to get used to. He was already off balance from his thick ass and heavy breasts, and the high heels weren't helping. What's more, the dress he'd chosen could barely contain him. His feminine body was on full display and he felt nearly naked, like his breasts were going to pop out of his top at any moment. He was barely holding himself together as

he wobbled and swayed across the marble floor of the hotel. People must have liked what they saw, though, because he caught several appreciative glances his way.

Samuel made his way into the swanky bar and took a stool at the counter. There was some squirming and fidgeting with the fabric of the dress as he tried to sit and cross his legs without letting his dress slide up to reveal his white silk panties. Even then, he could hardly believe the miles of silky skin showing below his dress. There was no way he was changing position now. It wasn't possible without flashing half the room.

The bartender approached him and asked him if he wanted a drink. Samuel didn't think a shot of whiskey would be appropriate in his daughter's

body. What's more, he didn't feel like having one. The idea of it slightly nauseated him. What was it his daughter always ordered? Some sort of wine?

“A Chardonnay, please,” Samuel said.

Samuel smiled gratefully as he took the wine glass in his slender fingers and sipped slowly, looking around the swanky bar. A few other patrons, mostly middle aged men, were scattered around the room among the muted lights and elegant décor of the room. The men were in suits or neatly pressed collared shirts, probably guests of the hotel here on business. Samuel had chosen this particular hotel because it was expensive and attracted higher end clientele. He wasn't about to pick up some dirty imbecile from the local dive bar. Samuel wanted his

first time to be perfect.

As he sat looking around, he noticed a couple in one of the booths at the corner of the room. She was a good looking woman with shoulder length, dark-blond hair who seemed poured into a strapless red dress. He was ruggedly handsome, with dark, intense features and a blue button up shirt that was tight across his chest and biceps. They, too, were looking around the room, talking to each other occasionally, and shooting glances his way. After about a half hour of sitting alone, the woman in the red dress slid out from behind the table and approached the bar. Though there was no one else at the bar, she chose to stand next to Samuel to order her drinks: a beer and a pinot.

Samuel glanced at her out of the

corner of his eye. She was slender, with petite breasts tucked beneath the fabric of her dress. But just from seeing the wonderful curve of the top of her breasts before they dipped down below the fabric, he could tell that they were stunning, perfect. Probably perky and firm and wonderful to stroke. She looked over at him and smiled.

Samuel thought she'd caught him staring, then remembered he was in his daughter's body and a stare from a woman didn't have the same sexual connotation it may have had from when he was a creepy old man. He smiled back. She had an exquisitely striking face that reminded him of a model from a perfume ad.

“Are you waiting for someone?” She asked.

Samuel shook his head, sending his

hair tickling across his shoulders. “No one in particular.”

She looked him up and down as if trying to figure out a puzzle, then: “In that case, why don't you join us at our table?”

She bit her lip and blushed red, though Samuel couldn't understand exactly why. It would be another hour before he understood what she was *really* asking.

“That sounds great,” Samuel agreed.

“I'm Isabelle,” the woman said, proffering a slender hand with red painted nails.

“Sa...Bethany,” Samuel said, catching himself mid-word. He still wasn't quite used to his new identity.

“SaBethany?” the woman arched one exquisite eyebrow.

“Bethany. Just Bethany.”

They collected their drinks and returned to the booth, Samuel standing slowly and adjusting his dress once more before swishing off behind her. She had a wonderful ass, it wiggled back and forth beneath her red dress. The man in the booth smiled as she approached, light creases appearing at the sides of each eye. Up close he was even more handsome than Samuel had thought. The blonde slid into the booth first and Samuel sat beside her.

“This is my husband, Colin. Colin, this is Bethany.”

Colin's hefty hand enveloped Samuel's delicate fingers and he squeezed firmly. He gave off an air of complete confidence and Samuel felt a pang of jealousy as Colin rested his arm on the back of the seat behind Isabelle. It was irrational. Samuel had no

interest in men. And yet...the way Colin was staring at him with the hint of a smile on his lips made Bethany's body warm and fidgety. He could imagine parting his legs for this man and letting him fill his daughter's body. Samuel shook his head to clear this thought, tossing his hair back behind an ear to cover for his hesitance.

“You looked a little lonely,” Colin said, “We're honored to have a woman as beautiful as yourself join us.”

It was a cheesy line, but said with such sincerity that Samuel felt himself blushing and avoiding eye contact with the handsome stranger.

“Thank you,” he murmured. Samuel glanced down at the table, his eyes flicking across his daughter's tremendous breasts, ripe and round. He looked back up at Colin and Isabelle,

who were both watching him keenly with expressions of interest, as if they were presenting him with some sort of test and were waiting to see if he passed.

“Are you here on business or pleasure?” Colin asked, sipping his beer. There was the merest pause before the word 'pleasure'.

“Definitely pleasure,” he replied, never letting his eyes leave Colin as he sipped his wine.

“We are as well,” Isabelle said, slipping a hand lightly onto Samuel's bare leg and staring into his eyes. Her fingers were warm and delicate on Samuel's bare skin, sending goosebumps of anticipation up his daughter's thigh.

They talked for a little while about their lives, Samuel using as much of

his daughter's life as he knew to fuel the conversation. The wine and the casual way they spoke put Samuel at ease. He warmed to them both, enjoying Isabelle's husky laugh, and Colin's dark, intense eyes. Isabelle's fingers left and returned to Samuel's body several times, brushing against his arm, lingering on his fingers. Samuel found excuses to move closer to her, leaning forward as he spoke to Colin, letting his daughter's breasts hang down, the beautiful curves tucked beneath the dark fabric of his dress inviting the man's eyes to linger.

At a certain point there was a pause. Isabelle and Colin glanced at each other, smiled. Isabelle nodded, then turned to Samuel. His hand was resting on the table and Isabelle placed her slender fingers on it.

“My husband and I have a room upstairs. Would you like to come join us?”

Bethany's body was relaxed and mellow. “Absolutely.” He was eager to try out his daughter's body with someone else.

Colin and Isabelle's hotel room was on the sixth floor overlooking the park. Samuel walked in and was greeted with a magnificent view across the city from the wall to ceiling windows along the far wall. As he stood to admire the view Isabella came up beside him and slipped her arm around his waist. Her softness pressed against Samuel's own. He looked over at her. She, too, was looking out at the city. Her aquiline face was exquisite in profile, lit only

from the single light from the doorway.

She turned to him, smiled. Her face came nearer and then their lips were pressed together in a kiss. Isabelle was hesitant at first, but grew bolder as Samuel pressed back, slipping his daughter's tongue out and against Isabelle's lips. She opened her mouth for him, accepted him into her deep warmth and he tasted her for the first time. The crisp-sweet hint of wine was still palpable on her hot breath as Samuel let his daughter's tongue trace around the inside of this woman's mouth, breathing her in.

Samuel turned fully towards her, wrapped his arms around Isabelle's waist and pressed her close, her hands wandering around the back of the velvety red dress as their breasts pressed

together. An ember of desire flared between his legs, pulsing slowly through his feminine form. He was used to this, the touch of a woman, the smooth cheek beneath his lips, the slender curves as his hands roamed from her shoulders down to the curve of her ass.

And then a man's hands gripped Samuel's waist, gently but solidly from behind. Colin's heat pressed against Samuel's stolen body and his hot breath landed on Samuel's neck, nibbling kisses gently up and down the soft nape of Bethany's neck. Each kiss sent another chill down Samuel's spine and he moaned softly into Isabelle's mouth. The bulge beneath Colin's pants pressed up against Samuel's round ass, strong and firm, hinting at things to come.

Samuel unzipped Isabelle's dress

and she slipped out of it, revealing a trim, toned body, the shadows deepening the shallow contours of her muscles. His eyes roamed up and down her body, taking her in. She returned his gaze, unashamed.

“You're so beautiful,” he whispered. Isabelle stepped back into his arms and Samuel's fingers slid up her warm back, slipped across the strap of her bra and freed her. She shrugged herself out of it and pressed her nearly naked body back against him.

Samuel was on fire, burning for Isabelle, burning beneath Colin's slowly quickening kisses, the urgent throbbing of his manhood. Samuel wrapped his hair and held it aloft so Colin could unzip his dress. Samuel shrugged his daughter's dress to the floor, soon followed by his bra. His daughter's

tremendous breasts hung free on his chest, plump and full. Colin reached around and wrapped a hand over each of Samuel's tits. He'd already removed his shirt and the heat of his chest pressed hard against Samuel's bare back. Bethany's body lit up at his touch and he leaned his head back and closed his eyes, enjoying the desire floating through his body as he was sandwiched between their caresses.

A man's hand slid gently between Samuel's legs from behind and he spread himself so the solid fingers could land on his pulsing sex, hidden beneath the delicate panties. The fingers slowly pressed against him, rubbing ever so gently, teasing him as Samuel's body ached for more, for harder.

There was a stifled gasp and Samuel

opened his eyes to see Isabelle naked, her own fingers circling into her wetness, disappearing between the lips of her pussy as she grew wet watching her husband caress another woman.

Samuel grabbed her arm and turned her towards the bed. Colin made to move his hand from between Samuel's legs but Samuel caught his arm and turned to speak over his shoulder.

“No. You keep going.” His daughter's voice was heavy with lust.

Isabelle sat on the bed and Samuel straddled him on all fours, his ass still in the air, Colin's fingers now slipping beneath the hem of his panties to dip into his rapidly growing wetness. Samuel stared down at Isabelle with lust his daughter's tits hanging in front of him, resting on the soft curves of the woman beneath him. He kissed

his way across her cheek, down her neck, over her collarbone and across her breasts, moving down, down, each kiss bringing him closer to her sex, driving their bodies higher with lust.

And then his daughter's face was over Isabelle's pussy, the beautiful pink folds visible beneath him, soon covered by his own pink tongue. She moaned beneath him as he landed on her for the first time, tasting her delicious muskiness, knowing it was matched by his own.

Samuel licked long and slow, pushing his nose into her tangy, delicious pussy, inhaling her deep scent, flicking his tongue against her clit as she juddered and sighed at his every touch.

Samuel's ass was in the air and he felt Colin pulling the panties aside. A second later there was a pulsing

firmness against Samuel's cunt, followed by a gentle pressure. Samuel was so wet it didn't take much for Colin to slide inside. And now it was Samuel's turn to shudder as his daughter's pussy was filled with this stranger's cock. He slid deeper, deeper, until Samuel held him all inside, clenched around his glorious pussy. Colin withdrew slowly, leaving an aching emptiness that was soon filled once more.

They continued like this, Samuel lapping at Isabelle's clit, Colin gripping Samuel's waist and fucking him from behind. Samuel felt himself dripping, each thrust driving the heat through him, his body on fire, burning as he moaned into Isabelle's sopping folds. Colin began moving faster, building to the rhythm of Samuel's body until he

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was gripping Samuel's thick thighs and plunging deep into the core of him. Each thrust sent Bethany's tits bouncing and jiggling.

Samuel and Isabelle came at the same time, their cries mingling. Isabelle's legs flexed and writhed beneath Samuel's tongue. She thrust her thighs up towards his face and he devoured her as his own pleasure exploded through him. To be wanted like this, to be needed for his body was powerful, intoxicating. He needed one more release, he needed Colin to make him a woman.

Samuel raised his head and arched his back. He stared into Colin's wild eyes. "Cum for me." He begged, "I need you to cum inside me. Please."

Colin grinned and sunk deep, deep. Samuel raised his head, shut his eyes

tight as his own pleasure crested and then he felt the throbbing of Colin's cock inside his pussy and he came hard. Crying out as Colin grunted from behind and emptied himself into Samuel. Bethany's body needed this release, this fullness and he cried out in her lusty voice until the throbbing stopped and the pleasure slowly faded.

With Colin still inside him, Samuel rested his face on Isabelle's thigh, his eyes still close to her glistening folds as he traced one finger inside, parting her, admiring her cunt.

Now that the immediate need for release had been satisfied, his thoughts wandered back to his daughter. He wondered how Bethany had fared in his body. Wondered if he should tell her what he'd done in her own.

## Bethany

The next morning, after extricating herself from Lisa, Bethany headed home, utterly determined to end this farce. She might not be able to articulate her annoyance but that didn't mean her Dad was going to dictate terms. She was going to make him change them back now... even if she had to do it by force.

She walked into her kitchen and found her former body looking pale and drawn. Anger coursed through her body and her voice emerged as a low growl, "This is the stupidest stunt you've ever pulled and it ends now!"

In response, her dad just quaked.

Bethany shook head in disgust. "You *should* be scared. This is insane, even for you." She glared. "How did you even do it?"

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Her Dad sounded completely confused. “This is real? Not a dream?”

“Of course it’s real. Now end it.” She got in her father’s face. “Sw—” Infuriated, she tried again. “Sw—“ But the damn spell wouldn't let her say the words.

Her dad watched her, perplexed, and responded, “Sw?”

Bethany tried again, “You have to fix this, you have to change—” Done with trying to reason with him verbally, she grabbed his arms—her old arms, her father’s arms now—and shook. “How do I ch—”

Samantha walked in and gasped, “Grandpa! What are you doing to mom?”

Reluctantly, Bethany let go of her old body and watched it cower in the corner. She turned to Samantha,

“Sam...I...Are you ok?”

“I’m great.” Samantha smiled. “What are you doing here so early, Grandpa?”

Bethany only got as far as, “I’m here to—” before the spell cut her off.

Samantha didn’t seem to notice, just glanced at the clock on the microwave and said, “Whatevs, we need to get going anyway.” She turned to Bethany’s body with a smile, “Come on, mommy, you wouldn’t want me to be late for school would you?”

Bethany watched, feeling utterly helpless as Samantha led her old body out the door. For some reason the word ‘Mommy’ stung more than anything. It had been years since Samantha had called her that... and she wasn’t even in her body to enjoy it.

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Moping achieved nothing; she needed to think, to act. When she had been flung into her Dad's body the previous day, he'd been holding that book: big, old, coursing with a strange energy. The book had to be the key to the swap and, if her father wouldn't change them back, then she'd simply find the book and do it herself. Her father was dropping Sam at school: that meant Bethany had twenty minutes to search. The book was enormous; there couldn't be that many places to hide it.

Turns out there were more places than she'd thought. Bethany ransacked her own room before moving onto the bathroom, the living room, Samantha's room and kitchen. She was rapidly running out of ideas and time when she glanced out the back door and noticed the small ladder (which usually

lived in the garage) leaning against the house. Playing a hunch, she hauled the ladder into the hallway. Climbing it, she shoved open the trap door to the roof space and glanced around. There, lying between the box of Halloween costumes and Christmas decorations, was the book. The stupid old sod hadn't even bothered to hide it properly.

She climbed into the attic, grabbed the book and brought it down to the kitchen. The leather creaked as she opened it and then her newfound hope faded. The text was old and so faded she could barely make out the letters. It was a language she couldn't identify: a garbled blend of indistinct letters and unknown symbols. Panic rising, she flipped page after page, searching for anything legible, anything she could

feed into Google translate and begin to identify.

Then, just as she heard the car pull up outside, just as she was giving up hope... she found the last page. And there, in perfect, uncomplicated English, was her solution. She smiled as she watched her former body push open the back door and step inside. She touched her finger to the word "RECANT" and stared in awe as the letter took on a golden glow. Then a voice emerged from the text and whispered low and fierce: "Returned."

And then she felt herself flow and across the room and sink comfortably back into her old body. Gasping in shock she clutched at her body, her face, her hair, desperate for the confirmation that she was herself again. Turning she caught her reflection in

the oven door: there she was, distorted in the glass but completely *thankfully* her. She left out a sigh of relief.

Her moment of grateful calm was interrupted by her father, back in his own body and clearly furious. He spat at her, “*You* did this! You did this to me!”

“Me? I just fixed your mess.” She shook her head. “What was your plan, dad? Just take my body and run? Were you ever going to switch us back?”

For a moment, her dad turned still and silent. And his anger seemed to fade in an instant, replaced by desperation and confusion. He said pleadingly, “Please, you don’t understand.”

“Don’t I? Really? What don’t I understand?” Bethany had no sympathy. “That you’re a sick old man? That you’re the kind of man who

would steal his own daughter's body?"

Her father stepped forward and grabbed her hand. His voice quivered as he said, "No, no, you're not getting it—"

"Oh, I get it." She pulled her hand away from him in disgust. "I just don't care."

"Please! Please listen. I'm not—" He was begging now, utterly pathetic. "You can't do this."

"Can." Bethany smiled triumphantly and picked up the spell book. "Did."

Bethany watched his eyes fall to the book and, before she had time to react, he'd lunged across the room attempting to grab it from her hands. But apparently he'd forgotten he was back in his older body with its frail old knees; he'd moved too fast. Bethany watched his left knee give out and his

body fall, slamming his head against the corner of the kitchen counter before he hit the ground. He lay there groggy and whimpering.

The next step, Bethany's revenge, was actually laughingly simple. A couple of phone calls, a visit from a kindly social worker plus a hefty chunk of her father's cash... and her father was removed to the Lavender Gardens Elderly Care Facility. Her Dad made the whole thing remarkable easy: ranting on incoherently about how no one understood and that his elderly body was a prison.

Bethany rolled her eyes at his pathetic attempts at justification and happily signed the papers that removed him from her life forever.

## **Samantha**

Samantha sighed in annoyance. There were so many things she'd rather be doing with her Saturday evening. Like hanging out with Jason who was currently going all-out in an attempt to get back in her good books. He was so eager to please: driving her to and from school every day, buying her NBA tickets and spending countless hours with his head between her legs showing her exactly how much he wanted her back as his girlfriend. It was seriously tempting, the boy knew what he was doing down there....but, then again, there were reasons to keep her options open. Mark Whitmore had whispered a couple of really filthy suggestions in her ear at Homecoming and, if the rumors about him were true, he was an opportunity she didn't

want to pass up. The agonies of choice...

Her Mom put an end to her day-dreaming, saying, “Come on, let’s get this over with.” Bethany pushed open the door and led the way into Lavender Gardens.

Sam wrinkled her nose. “Ugh, the place smells like disinfectant and old man. I hate coming here.”

“I know but it’s only once a month,” Bethany placated. “We’ll just go in, make sure he’s sitting tight, not up to anything and leave.”

“What would he be up to?” Samantha asked.

Her mother shook her head and said breezily, “Oh, nothing, just... making sure.”

They headed for her Grandfather’s room, pausing at the nurses’ station

outside his door. Bethany greeted the nurse behind the desk, “Hi Sylvia. How’s he been?”

Sylvia smiled. “Pretty good. He was having some difficulties earlier in the week—one particularly manic episode—but Dr Dhawan adjusted his meds slightly and he seems to be doing a lot better. I can page Dr Dhawan, if you want to talk through the—”

Bethany cut her off, “No, no need. Just as long as he’s doing ok.” She smiled and headed into the room.

Samantha eyed her Granddad’s hunched form: slumped in bed, eyes vacant and glued to the muted TV. While her mom launched into one-sided conversation, Sam elected to park herself in the visitor’s chair and shove in her headphones. She checked the

time on her phone every minute and at five minutes on the dot, she gave a big smile and said brightly, “Time’s up, Mom.”

Her Granddad looked across at her smile and glared, an icy look of pure fury crossing his face.

Bethany ignored him and said, “Oh, yes, we ought to be going.” She turned for the door.

Samantha said sweetly, “I’ll be right out, Mom. Just want to say goodbye to Granddad.”

“Ok, I’ll meet you at the car.” Bethany headed out.

Samantha closed the door behind her and turned to her Grandfather’s body. Eye’s glinting she said, “So... do you miss this?”

She ran hand down her body slowly, trailing her fingertips over her breasts,

down the flat plane of her belly and resting them gently over her pussy. “Do you? Do you miss it, Samantha? Do you miss living in this body?” She giggled. “Because I gotta say”—he pointed to the decrepit body in the bed—“I don’t miss that.”

Samantha snapped, “Fuck you! Give it ba—” The spell stopped her. “You asshole! How could you do—”

Samuel just laughed, luxuriating in his granddaughter's stolen body. “You know... when I did the spell and swapped into your mom’s body, I thought it was the best thing that had even happened to me. New body: so fresh, so fit, so freeing. I thought nothing could be better.” He smirked. “Then you showed up... and demonstrated just exactly how bitchy and spoiled you are... and I realized:

youth—real youth like yours—is completely wasted on the young.”

The fingers over his pussy trailed back up and grabbed the tank top and bra that Samantha's body was wearing. He continued, “So I just had to swap into your body instead and I’ve got to say: apologies to your mom, but there’s no comparison. Samantha, your body... is just so responsive.” He pulled down the bra and his tender breast poked out, perfect and smooth. He pinched a nipple and sucked in a tight little breath at the jolt of pleasure. “I mean one little squeeze, one teeny tweak of your nipple and I can already feel you getting wet. Do you miss these little tits? Think they might be as big as your mom's one day?”

He squirmed, squeezing Samantha's legs together, sighing at the little

grind of friction on his pussy. He dragged Samantha's tongue along her lip and said, "And then your mom—bless her—had to find the spell book and do the switcheroo, getting her own body back and dropping you neatly into mine. Of course, your mom chalks up my retreating to my room as me just being a teen. She has no idea of what I'm doing up there. Alone. In this hot little bod." He laughed. "I should really thank her for all this. What do you reckon – fruit basket? Flowers?"

Samuel watch his old body move, watched Samantha maneuver it out of bed and across the room towards him, begging, "Please change this, Grandpa. Please, I'll do anything. I'm sorry. Please sw—"

Samuel stepped out of her reach, opened the door and said simply,

“Nah.” Smiling sweetly he called, “Bye, Grandpa.”

He closed the door and turned to an orderly, a big, well-muscled guy with tats spanning his massive biceps. Using an old-school combo he’d mastered very early on in the swap, Samuel rested a fingertip gently against his lower lip, crossed one arm under his boobs and pushed his elbows together. Peeking up at the guy through his lashes he squeezed his tits together and said, “Hi, so, *totally* sorry to bother you but I think my Granddad could use some help.”

He watched the guy’s eye dip to the curves of his breasts and mutter distractedly, “Umm... sure, Miss. What’s the...”

Samuel reached up and squeezed the guy’s arm. “Oh my god, thank you.

He's in Room 302 and he's getting, like, agitated. I think maybe you need to up his meds."

With that, he turned and walked for the front door. He swung Samantha's hips, gave the orderly a good long look at his biteable ass. For a moment, he wondering idly what the orderly would do to his old body... but dismissed the thought pretty quickly. It was *far* more fun to think about what the orderly wanted to do to his new body.

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