

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 1

As soon as I woke up, I knew what had happened:

She'd done it again.

But this time, I knew why. And, if I'm being perfectly honest, I couldn't even be mad. Not really.

Let me explain:

Eight and a half months ago, my wife Mary swapped bodies with our teenage daughter. Belle had been on a bad path; "rebellious" would be an understatement. She'd been openly defiant: talking back, flunking school, and – worst of all – dating a drug dealer.

Weed, sure, but definitely not what we'd imagined for our daughter. It was all the worse because Belle could do anything. Be anyone.

Date anyone.

My daughter is smart, funny, charming. Beautiful. No, beautiful doesn't even begin to cover it. I can honestly say that in my forty-odd years on this planet, I've never encountered anyone as attractive as my daughter.

And yes, I know how unusual that must sound, coming from her father, but believe me: we're barely scratching the surface of unusual here.

I don't think anyone would argue when I say that my daughter gets her best traits from her mother. Mary could charm the rattle off a snake, and she's sharp as a whip. The swap was exactly what our daughter needed to straighten up. Two weeks in her mother's body, two weeks of observing herself through her mother's eyes, two weeks of seeing where her choices were leading...

By the end of it, she stopped seeing Sprat (the drug-dealer), stopped dressing like harlot twenty-four hours a day, and even found a new appreciation for her elderly, fuddy-duddy parents.

(Mary and I are in our early forties, but you know how teenagers are. From Belle's point of view, she may as well have been living with two hundred-year-olds.)

Overall, the swap was an unmitigated success.

For Belle.

For her mother and I, it was something else. If my wife had foreseen what would come from

swapping bodies with her daughter, I like to think that she wouldn't have done it.

Don't get me wrong, getting our daughter back was invaluable. Without the switch, I honestly think Belle's life was at risk of going completely off the rails. Thanks to Mary's meddling, she turned it around. She was on-track to graduate high-school at the top of her class – no easy feat, considering how far she'd dipped before the swap.

Belle's grades were perfect, and her future looked bright. All thanks to my wife.

But even so: each and every day, I questioned whether it had been worth it.

When my wife had switched into Belle's body, she hadn't been prepared for the strength of our teenage daughter's hormones. Teenagers, and this should be news to nobody, are horny.

Belle, it turns out, was hornier than most. Another unusual thing for a man to know about his own daughter.

As I mentioned earlier, my wife is truly amazing, but self-control is not one of her strengths. Occupying our daughter's perfect body, constantly turned on, able (if she'd tried) to seduce any of the horny teenage men that surrounded her at school...

She didn't want to cheat on me, and so she'd asked me to help. No, not asked: begged. She'd begged me to help 'relieve the pressure', to do things that no man would do with his daughter.

I tried to resist, I swear. Even as my beautiful blonde daughter knelt in front of me, her mother's words leaving her lips, begging me to help her get off, to touch her, to let her touch me...I tried to resist. I really did.

They were only in each other's bodies for two weeks. But for those two weeks, my wife persuaded me to do the unspeakable. To cross lines that I would never have considered crossing. To do things to my daughter's body that haunt me each and every day.

As I said, my daughter is gorgeous. Long blonde hair, big blue eyes, and a body that...well, a body that no father wants their daughter to have. Tiny waist; tight, toned ass; a pair of tits that draw the attention of anyone in a five-mile radius with a pulse.

She looks, it pains me to say, like a porn star. And if I didn't help Mary, if I didn't do all that I could to help my wife manage our daughter's hormones, she likely *would* have ended up as a porn star. Mary would have lost control, used our daughter's body to fuck half the school, and likely let them film it in the process.

Rather than saving our daughter's future, we would have destroyed it.

At the time, I thought I was taking the right course of action. The *only* course of action. It was the hardest thing I'd ever done.

You see, Mary convinced me that the only way I could stop her from acting out, from cheating on me with a teenage boy (or twelve), from ruining our daughter's life...was by taking care of

her needs myself.

Believe me: no man has ever hated himself as much as I did, the day I first made out with my daughter.

Technically with my wife *in* my daughter's body, but no matter how hard I tried to remind myself of that (and I really did try) it was impossible to ignore the fact that it was my daughter's lips against mine. My daughter's hands roaming my body.

My daughter's flesh pressed firmly against my tense skin.

It was horrible. At least, it *should* have been horrible. It should have been one of the most desecrate, perverted experiences of my life. I wanted to loathe every minute of it.

But...well, my daughter has a body that most only dream of. And at the time, it was occupied by my wife. My wife, who has two decades of experience in getting me hard and getting me off.

And so instead of being a nightmare, it bore a closer resemblance to a wet dream.

Hate me if you like; God knows I hate myself. What kind of a man gets turned on by making out with his daughter? Every day I asked myself why I'd done it, why we hadn't found another solution.

Why we'd gone further.

Because we did: kissing turned into heavy petting, which soon became groping, and then... then...

Sex.

Not just oral sex. Hell, we didn't even restrict ourselves to basic coitus. Over the worst two weeks of my life, I did everything that a man can do to a woman. I took her virginity. Not just one, all of them – her oral virginity, her vaginal virginity, her anal virginity.

I licked my daughter's asshole (something I'd never even done with my wife!), came on her tits, spanked her to orgasm, fucked her ass and made her lick me clean afterwards. I even took a photo of Belle with her lips stretched around my cock, mascara running down her face.

I burned it straight afterwards – again, this was all for my daughter's sake. Keeping that image (that perfect, pornographic image) wasn't something that I could justify, even as I justified everything else.

But over those fourteen days, nothing else was off-limits.

Maybe you want an explanation. It was be entirely reasonable for you to want to know how I justified what we did. How I convinced myself that what we were doing was anything other than degenerate...

Well, so do I.

I wish I could tell you that I believed the ends justified the means, that saving my daughter's life was worth corrupting her in the process.

I'm not a religious man, but I felt like what we'd done had irrevocably tarnished my soul. No, not just mine: Belle's, too. And my wife's.

So this is the closest I can come to a reasonable explanation: Mary is the most convincing woman in the world, I'm weak, and we constantly told ourselves that we were doing it for her. For Belle.

For our daughter.

But looking back, I don't know how strongly I believe that. I can't even trust that we believed it at the time. It just all seems a bit...convenient. The only solution, the only way to save our daughter, is to engage in two straight weeks of the hottest sex of my life.

Because I can't deny: it was. As I said, my daughter has a perfect body. Combined with my wife's sexual wiles, her sexual experience...she used my daughter's body to seduce me, again and again and again. Belle's huge, perfect breasts; her thin waist and muscular legs; her round, firm ass...Mary used all our daughter's assets to drive me completely insane.

That's my plea, your honor. I can't claim I'm not guilty, but I can plead insanity.

I fell in love with my wife twenty years ago. Last year, I fell in love with my daughter's body. To this day, I still remember what it felt like to be deep inside her. Staring into Belle's eyes, my tongue meeting hers as my daughter's tight, wet pussy clenched around my dick. As I pounded into her, used her as a sex toy, used my daughter's body to get off...

I can't even pretend to deny it: it was the best sex of my life. It may have been the best sex of anyone's life, period. Decades of sexual experience, in the body of an eighteen-year old goddess. Who could ever want for more?

When Belle returned to her body, two weeks after the switch occurred, she had a new outlook. A new vision of herself, of her parents. Of who she was, and who she wanted to be.

And – most importantly of all – she had no idea what I'd done to her. No clue that her father had taken her virginity, that her mother had used her body to experience toe-curling orgasm after toe-curling orgasm.

The two weeks of the body-swap taught my daughter the exact lessons she needed to learn. From her perspective, it couldn't have gone smoother, and she was none the wiser about what we'd done.

But I knew.

I knew, and no matter what I did, I...I couldn't get it out of my head. The images. The memories.

The knowledge that I'd fucked my daughter. That I'd defiled her body. Used her. Been her first.

Whenever Belle smiled, I was reminded of the way her face had lit up when I came on her tits. Whenever she bent over, my cock twitched, remembering what it had felt like to grab her hips and fuck her from behind.

Every time I saw her, I thought of cumming on her face, on her tits, into her sopping wet cunt. I remembered the feeling of her vaginal walls against my fingers as I brought her to yet another orgasm.

I remembered my wife controlling her, calling me 'Daddy'. Begging me to fuck my little girl. To fuck my daughter. Telling me that I owned her, that she was mine.

That she belonged to me, and only me.

My daughter. My little girl. My princess.

My ultimate sexual fantasy.

... I was a wreck.

For the next few months, I could barely look my daughter in the eyes. I did everything I could to hide it, of course. I forced a smile to my face as I congratulated her on getting her grades back on track, I took the whole family out for dinner when she topped one class, and then another.

Belle was doing the work, and I made sure she was rewarded for it. But I couldn't look her in the eyes.

I was constantly thinking about what I'd done to her. And – fuck! – what I *wanted* to do to her.

Not really, of course. I would never do that to my daughter. I couldn't. Despite what you might be thinking, I want to be a good father. I want to be the best father I can be.

I'd never do anything to hurt my daughter. Everything I'd done...I'd thought it was in her best interests. Or at least, I'd thought that I'd thought it was in her best interests.

Because Mary was there by my side, telling me it was the right thing to do. Telling me that it was okay to fuck my daughter. No, more than okay – that it was the right thing to do. The *only* thing to do. That we were protecting her. Saving her.

I hated myself for what I'd done, and I swore that I'd never lay another hand on my daughter. And for the first six months after the swap, I didn't so much as touch her.

And she noticed.

You don't really notice how often you casually touch your kids. My son Ben is two years younger than Belle; without him around, I might never have noticed the contrast. Whenever he

entered the room, I'd ruffle his hair, or clasp a hand onto his shoulder.

But I couldn't bring myself to do the same with Belle. I didn't trust myself.

I like to think I'm an evolved man, that I wouldn't suddenly lose control and move my hand to her breast, take her mouth with mine...but fuck, I'd always thought of myself as a man who wouldn't pound his daughter's ass, taking her anal virginity while she sobbingly begged for more.

I didn't know who I was any more.

I didn't know who I was, and I didn't know how to relate to my daughter.

And it all came to a head when Belle began dating.

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 2

It was inevitable, of course. My daughter, in case I've failed to make this clear, is pure sex. She's a walking wet dream; I'm sure that every boy at school thought about her while jerking off, and probably half the teachers as well.

The idea that she *wouldn't* find someone else to date after getting over Sprout was – to quote the great Shawn Wallace – inconceivable.

But I somehow didn't see it coming. And I was even more blind-sided by my reaction.

Jealousy.

Now, I'll be the first to say it: this reaction made absolutely no sense. Not only was I not interested in doing *anything* with my daughter, ever again, I was happily married.

Well...perhaps "happily" is a relative term.

I'm told that a 'Daddy' fantasy is a common thing. Many women call their lovers Daddy, or are attracted to men who resemble their fathers. It's not an incest thing, it's just a...proclivity, I suppose. A fetish.

I can tell you that before the swap, my wife never expressed any interest in anything of that nature. She never called me 'Daddy' in bed (or out of it, for that matter), we never roleplayed, nothing.

But afterward...god, she was insatiable.

Before the swap, my wife and I had sex several times a week. We'd even kept it up while rearing two children; I believe it's part of what kept our relationship so healthy. I loved Mary, I loved her body, and she'd always seemed very satisfied with what I had to offer.

For months after my wife spent those two weeks in Belle's body, it was rare that even a single day went past without us making love. No, making love is far too classy a term: without us fucking. Without me driving my cock into my wife's body, using her to get off, enjoying the feeling of her trembling around my hardness as she came and came and came.

The swap may have wrecked me as a person, but it was the best thing that ever happened to our sex life.

And all the while, all the time I was using Mary's holes for my own pleasure she was – as you

may have already predicted – calling me “Daddy”.

She would call me Daddy, and in those moments of lust-crazed weakness...I would call her Belle.

As I said, we’d never roleplayed before. So to jump straight to incest roleplay, for both of us to pretend that I was fucking my own daughter...

Yeah. It was quite a jump.

But our sex-life was the only thing that had strengthened, and for that I take full responsibility. After I came, after I emptied myself into my quivering wife, I’d be overcome with guilt. I don’t like admitting this, but I’d often push her away, or leave the room without saying a word.

Sometimes I’d go into my office and bury myself in work, sometimes I’d just drive. I needed to be out of the house.

To be out of myself, if I’m being honest.

When I returned, I’d compartmentalize. Maybe that’s being too generous to myself – more accurately, I’d pretend. I’d pretend that everything was fine, that we hadn’t just rutted like animals, reliving the two weeks of passionate father-daughter incest that we’d shared. At first, Mary tried to talk about it, but I’d slide off the subject like a politician at a press conference, and eventually she stopped trying.

We didn’t talk about it. I didn’t even want to *think* about it.

But the next night, when Mary looked up at me, moved her hand onto my thigh and called me Daddy, I wouldn’t be able to resist. Within minutes, I’d be shooting another load into her, onto her, imagining my daughter as I did.

Imagining that it was Belle who was making me cum, as she had so many times during those two awful, lusty weeks.

So yes, perhaps you can understand why I was reluctant to touch Belle. I wouldn’t so much as let my hand brush across hers at breakfast. It was more than six months before I could even make eye contact with her without springing a boner.

If Mary could make me lose control just by pretending to be our daughter, what would happen if I made contact with the real, perfect thing?

As I said, I was a wreck. Fucking my wife, imagining my daughter, refusing to touch her. And just as bad – I knew that she’d noticed, even though she hadn’t said anything.

I should’ve been the adult. I mean, I *was* the adult. It was my responsibility to fix what I’d broken, what we’d broken.

But I was broken myself. And when I learned that Belle had started dating – some kid who lived

down the road, Morris – I lost it.

Not at her, thank god. The poor girl was probably confused enough as it was; as she increasingly got her life together, her father was suddenly growing more and more distant.

Instead, I lost my temper with my wife.

I suppose one could argue that talking about it was better than the alternative, but I don't know if you can call our screaming matches "talking". All the confusion and fury and pain that I'd been keeping inside for the past eight months was unleashed, directed at Mary.

I blamed her for everything. I accused her of not being able to control our daughter's hormones, of meddling with forces she shouldn't have, and of so much more. I can't even remember everything I accused her of; I was beyond reason. I was a man possessed, out of control.

We fought into the night, in a way we hadn't done for over than a decade. Ben was at a friend's house, Belle was at the cabin with her friends – including Morris – and so Mary and I just let loose. Mary accused me of being a neglectful father, I told her that she was a whore (not my finest moment, I'll admit) and I went downstairs to sleep in the den.

And woke up in the cabin.

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 3

As soon as I woke up, I knew that Mary had done it again.

After our fight, after I'd said so many horrible words that I desperately wish I could take back... she'd apparently decided that I needed to be taught a lesson.

And my wife, god bless her, had learned a *very* effective way of teaching lessons to family members.

My first hint was the eyesight. Until I put my glasses on in the morning, everything is a little bit blurry.

Belle, however, has perfect 20/20 vision. So when I woke up and could clearly see the cabin ceiling, I immediately knew something was up. That was my first indicator that something was up.

My second was the breasts.

I'm not the most in-shape man in the world (I believe the expression is 'Dad bod'), but I've never let myself go to the point of having boobs.

Well, when I woke up in the cabin on that Tuesday morn, I could feel an odd sensation on my chest. More flesh than normal, resting strangely. Pulling to the sides.

Flicking my eyes down, I could see exactly what it was. I was topless, and my chest – “my” chest – was, uh, larger than normal.

I had boobs.

Mary had done it again. I was in my daughter's body...which meant, presumably, that Belle was in mine.

With a sigh, I rolled over. And that's when I saw him.

Morris.

I'd never actually met the young man before, but Belle had set a photo of him as her phone's lockscreen, so I immediately recognized him. He was a step up from Sport, that's for sure.

In the photo, he'd been wearing thick glasses, but as he slumbered beside my daughter's body in the bed, his face was bare. He had brown hair and strong features: deep-set eyes, a square jaw. His skin was fair and flawless – he was good-looking, in a classic kind of way.

I should mention, I'm as straight as they get. I feel like there's no way to say that without sounding defensive – yes, Andrew, your fervent claims of heterosexuality are *very* convincing...

But it's true; I've never even had a hint of attraction to another man. And I feel compelled to specify – I've had opportunities. I was raised in a progressive area, I had plenty of chances to experiment.

I'm not defensively straight, or straight by default. I just...like women. I've never seen the appeal of another man. And as a monogamously married man, that's something I've always been extremely comfortable with.

But as I lay in bed, in my daughter's body, watching her boyfriend sleep, staring at his lips...I was shocked to find myself getting turned on.

Belle was getting turned on, that is. I just...I just happened to be the one experiencing it, if that makes sense.

Until that moment, I'd never given any thought to what it 'felt' like to be turned on. As a man, it's very...focused, I suppose. When I'm aroused, my cock swells. It was something I'd not questioned, but: my arousal was almost entirely centered in my erection. Perhaps there's a slight tightness in my throat, a tingling in my chest, but 90% of the feeling of being turned on is going between my legs.

The arousal growing inside my daughter's body was a radically different sensation, a difference that I couldn't help but be aware of. There was still a pooling of arousal between Belle's legs, but the rest of it was dispersed around her body. Her breasts, her thighs, her fingertips. I could feel it in Belle's neck, her face...even her toes, curling with excitement at the sight of the boy sleeping beside me.

It was unlike anything else I'd felt before. Pleasant, of course, but not overwhelming. In that moment, as I became aware of the flush of arousal spreading throughout my body, I had a thought. Now that I know what I know, I can see that it wasn't a fair thought, but in the moment I had no reason to question it.

This isn't so hard, I allowed myself to think. It was an extension of the grievance I'd had with Mary for the past year; I felt that when she'd inhabited Belle's body, she'd deliberately let our daughter's hormones overcome her. She'd used them as an excuse to indulge herself, to act like a teenager again.

And she'd dragged me into it. We'd saved our daughter, invigorated our sex lives, but almost destroyed our marriage in the process. And I resented Mary for it.

Belle's arousal was there, simmering. Like water boiling under a slow-cooker. The way Mary had acted, I'd assumed our daughter's heat was a pressure cooker; a sudden rush of heat and pressure that threatened to explode.

Yes, I thought to myself, letting myself enjoy the tingling that spread throughout my daughter's

body as I watched Morris breathe. *I can control this.*

And then he shifted.

As though he could sense my attention, Morris – without opening his eyes – moved an arm across my body. My daughter’s body. His forearm landed on Belle’s bare stomach, her hand possessively resting on her hip.

He pulled her – *me* – closer to him, and I got butterflies.

I’d thought the events of last year had been the strangest thing that could ever happen to me. I couldn’t see any way of possibly beating what I’d done with my daughter, my wife, my wife-in-my-daughter’s-body.

But as I lay there in bed, my stomach fluttering, I realized that it had been topped. The feeling of limerence that ran through my body as I stared a teenage boy was, by far, the strangest thing I’d ever felt.

The emotion was distinct from Belle’s arousal, but the two fed into each other. I’d felt infatuation before, naturally, and of course I’d been turned on. I’d experienced the dance as the two sensations blended together to form a warm buzz, a warmth that travelled throughout Belle’s entire body.

But not for decades. I loved Mary, but we’d been together for more than half our lives – the infatuation fades over time. It had been replaced, fortunately, with the deep love of a long-term relationship.

No, I hadn’t felt like *this* since I’d been a teen myself. Puppy love. Teen obsession.

And, of course, I’d never felt anything like it for another man.

I lay there for what felt like hours, soaking in the feeling of Morris’s hand against my belly, his arm wrapped around my waist. Belle’s belly. Belle’s waist.

His lips were so close to my face that I could feel his breath.

Belle’s face.

I could have kissed him. It wouldn’t have been me, of course. It would have been my daughter, kissing her boyfriend. Nothing strange about that, I told myself, feeling giddy at the thought. All I’d need to do was lean forward, and I’d feel his mouth on mine. On my daughter’s. We’d be tasting him, smelling him, touching him.

It was so much more tempting than I could ever have expected. There was something so appealing about the idea: kissing Morris, giving into the strange attraction, unlike anything I’d felt before.

But I forced myself to hold back. I was in control, I reminded myself. I may have been in Belle’s

body, but I was an adult. I could do what my wife hadn't been able to; resist our daughter's hormones. Resist the pull of her body towards his.

I was a straight man in his forties. I had no need to do anything with my daughter's teenage boyfriend, even if I was currently the one inhabiting her body. I could just slip out, and that would be that.

I didn't need to do anything. I was in control.

And then he woke up.

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 4

“G’morning gorgeous,” Morris said, blinking twice before he leaned forward and met my lips with his.

No, my daughter’s lips. Belle’s lips. I was only in her body temporarily; it wasn’t me kissing Morris. It was my daughter.

And, I quickly discovered, my daughter *really* enjoyed kissing him.

It was like my mind turned off, and my body took over. Belle’s body. I found myself responding to Morris’s kiss, pressing my daughter’s lips against his, rolling her tongue around his.

Encouraged by my response, Morris’s hands slid down my hips, over my ass, pulling me closer to him. Our bodies were pressed together, his arms encircling my waist, his lips moving from my mouth to my neck, my shoulder.

His fingers traced their way down my spine. Down my back until they reached my ass.

“You’re so beautiful,” he whispered in my ear, his voice low and husky. I couldn’t help myself; I groaned. A low, feminine sound of arousal left Belle’s lips, telling Morris exactly how much she was enjoying this.

How much I was enjoying it.

I could feel Belle’s toes curling with infatuation, her hands gripping the sheets tightly. The more he touched me – *her* – the more I wanted it. She wanted it.

We wanted it.

I was a straight man, making out with a teenage boy. And I was loving every moment of it.

Normally I wouldn’t. Normally, the idea of kissing a man at all (let alone one less than half my age) would be repugnant. But for some reason, as I made out with my daughter’s barely-awake boyfriend, none of that mattered. It was like my brain kept slipping off what I knew to be true. That I couldn’t focus on objective facts.

Instead, all I could think about was the teenage boy in front of me. What we were doing.

What I wanted to do.

I wanted him. I wanted a man less than half my age. I wanted to feel his hands on Belle’s body, his mouth on my teenage daughter’s lips. I wanted our bodies to tangle beneath the sheets, to feel

his firm masculine form against every inch of my daughter's soft skin.

Was this how Mary had felt, when she'd inhabited Belle's body? Was this how she'd felt every time we'd gotten together? This overwhelming desire to go further, to let someone – anyone! – use her body for their pleasure?

Morris was probably hard. Even if he didn't get morning wood, making out with my goddess of a daughter was enough to make any man hard. As soon as the thought entered my mind, I couldn't shake it. Morris, beneath the sheets, was probably hard. Because of me. Because of my daughter's body.

I wanted to reach down, and – for the first time in my life – touch a cock other than my own.

A soft moan of need left Belle's lips at the thought. God. *God*. Was this what women felt like all the time? The thought of wrapping my hand around Morris's cock, of feeling him jerk and harden at the touch of my hand...it made me ache in a way that I never had as a man.

I wanted to suck his dick. I wanted him to fuck me. I wanted him to cum inside me. The feeling was overwhelming; in that moment, I wanted him more than I'd ever wanted anything. More than I'd ever wanted my daughter, or my wife. My whole body craved him – it was like my brain had shorted out, leaving me with no way to remember that I was married to Mary. That I was still a husband and a father.

As if in a trance, I reached forward. The blanket covered Morris's body, and so I didn't know what he was wearing, if anything.

A thrill ran through my body at the idea that he was as naked as I was. That there would be no resistance as my hand moved down towards the prize. No clothing to get in the way. Nothing to between my daughter's hand and his hardness.

And as Belle's hand moved beneath the blanket it, as it grazed the teenage boy's surprisingly hard abs, his eyebrows raised.

“R-really?” he asked, his voice pitchy with excitement. “Y-you're ready? I mean, you want to...”

I froze.

Oh, god.

I'd just...I'd assumed that they'd...they'd done stuff like that. With my daughter's body, her hormones, her state of undress...she'd woken up topless, in a bed beside her boyfriend. It wasn't unreasonable to assume that she'd jerked him off, that she'd let him cum on her perfect form.

As I had, countless times, in the two perfect weeks we'd had together.

I licked my lips nervously, Belle's tongue darting out and coating her soft pink lips with saliva. Morris shuddered at the thought, which in turn caused another pulse of arousal to travel through

my body.

Belle's body.

It no longer felt like a slow cooker; my daughter's arousal was a raging inferno, a fire threatening to consume everything. Her sanity. Mine.

Belle's heart was beating so fast, and I could feel adrenaline pumping throughout my daughter's entire body. It was like I couldn't think— on one level, I knew who I was. I knew that I was a straight man in my forties. I knew that I was married to Mary, that I was monogamous, and that — unless you count the events of the previous summer — I'd never even considered cheating.

But all of that crumbled into nothing when met with the idea of...of reaching beneath the blankets. Of feeling Morris's hardness.

Of bringing it into view. Letting my daughter's eyes feast on it. Stroking it, until it covered her perfect tits with cum.

"No," I gasped, the soft feminine voice reminding me that *this wasn't me*. I wasn't me. "I...we can't."

"Of course," Morris said gently, doing all he could to hide his disappointment. "I can...we can wait until you're ready. It's fine."

I threw my head back in frustration. Great. This boy, this teenage boy who I'd been unreasonably jealous of...was a good guy. Exactly the kind of beau I'd want for my daughter. Someone who understood her limits, and was happy to wait.

"Are you okay?"

"I...I have to go."

"Belle?"

I tried not to look at him. The spell had been broken, but I didn't know for how long. I'd lost myself to the hormones of a teenage girl, and I needed to get out of there. I needed to be alone.

As I stumbled out of the bedroom, I discovered another half-dozen teenagers sleeping in the main living area. I recognized some of Belle's friends, but others were strangers to me. Most of them were sleeping, one or two looking bemused at the sight of the topless teen girl walking through their midst.

"You need to, um, borrow a shirt?" asked one of the girls, a brunette with a big smile. Angela, I think, or something like that.

"Y-yes," I squeaked, forcing my daughter's huge tits into the tight top she handed me. The shirt did nothing to hide my daughter's nipples, which were poking out prominently beneath the

fabric. They were still hard, for reasons that I didn't want to consider.

"I have to head back early," I babbled. "You guys can stay."

"Oh!" Angela said, tilting her head to the side. "You'll...you'll be back, right?"

"P-probably not," I said, trying to look unhappy. "Something important came up."

"What?"

I forced myself to take a deep breath, then looked Angela straight in the eyes and gave her an honest answer.

"I need to talk to my mother."

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 5

It's not a short drive from the family cabin to home. But the hour-and-a-half drive felt like merely minutes as I raced around the bends. I'd driven them a thousand times before. As a man. I knew the curves of the road almost as well as I knew the curves of my wife's body.

Almost as well as I knew my daughter's curves.

I don't know if it was the adrenaline coursing through my body, or the desire to get home as quickly as possible, or just the recklessness that I was learning came with possessing the body of a teenager, but I drove faster than I'd ever taken the bends before. It was probably a miracle that I didn't crash. That would've been one way of solving the family's problems, I suppose. Take out Belle's body and my mind, and...

Oh, god. Last time, Mary had put herself in Belle's body and Belle into hers. Did that mean... was my daughter currently in my body?

Was she experiencing my mild heartburn, my sore back?

Had she woken up that morning to experience her father's morning wood? Not externally (as she had so many times in that two-week period of debauchery), but from the other end?

My eyes (well, Belle's eyes) narrowed. My wife struggled to go more than a few days without sex. Had she fucked my body?

Had Mary fucked my body, knowing that Belle's mind was within it?

No. No. I forced myself to calm down. We'd never crossed that line. Even at her worst, Mary had agreed: to actually have sex with our daughter, our daughter's *mind*...that was unforgivable. She'd never do it. I knew she wouldn't.

I *knew* she wouldn't.

The small car (one of the rewards we'd given Belle for her good grades – she'd been given permission to drive the small car whenever she needed it) handled the curves well. Before long, I was out of the mountains and back in town. It felt like no time at all before I was pulling up to the house, my heart racing.

The big car was gone. Did that mean...was my body gone as well? I normally woke up between seven and eight; the small car's clock told me it was almost ten. I worked from home, but after the fight the previous night, I'd decided to take a personal day.

I'd also slept in my office, but that hadn't truly been my choice.

Had I made a note anywhere that I was having a day off? Had I written it down? Or would Belle, waking up in my body, immediately try to log into my computer and do my work for me?

When she'd swapped with her mother's body, she'd been able to go into work and...I don't want to sound like I'm diminishing my wife's job, she's very good at it. But she works customer service for a small company, not a role that requires much in the way of specialized knowledge.

I'd been an account manager for more than a decade. If the relationships between the accounts I managed hadn't been complicated enough, all the software I used was...I mean, it wasn't like I was compiling computer code or anything, but if you didn't know how to use it, mistakes would be easy to make.

Mistakes like deleting a customer's records, or changing their account status to "in default".

Belle's a smart girl. Her radical shift in grades (nearly failing to head of the class in less than a year!) was more than enough evidence of that. But I shuddered to think of the damage she could cause by logging into the software I used for work and messing around with it. Just a few wrong clicks, and...

I shook my head. What was I thinking? I'd woken up in my daughter's body, and my first thought was the potential damage to my clients.

There were more important things afoot.

I wanted to storm into the house, but if Belle – in my body – was home, then she'd know something was up. Last time, my wife had played the part of Belle perfectly, managing to convince our daughter that it wasn't a body swap, that I suppose her consciousness had been duplicated, and there were now two hers. The her in her own body, and the her in her mother's.

She hadn't suspected a thing. That was the one saving grace of the whole affair (in both senses of the word) – Belle not only didn't know what we'd done in her body, she didn't even know that her mother had possessed her body at all. She'd had no reason to even start questioning things.

My wife had accidentally left two vibrators in her daughter's room, but Belle had never brought them up, and we just hoped she'd made use of them to...take the edge off.

I'd spent many a night touching myself, guiltily imagining my daughter in her room, taking the edge off.

I opened the door quietly. My daughter's body was still barefoot; I'd left the cabin in such a panic, I hadn't even thought to look for shoes. Belle's body was standing at the front door wearing nothing but a pair of panties and a tight t-shirt.

So much for avoiding suspicion. I just prayed that no neighbors had seen my daughter's body pull up and get out of the car.

I could feel Belle's cheeks burning red at the thought – apparently my daughter blushes easier than I do – and, to my horror, her arousal returning. I'd managed to shake it off during the drive,

but at the thought of a horny neighbor checking out my daughter's teenage body, I was getting...
I was getting wet.

With a very Dad-like grunt, I let myself into the house. I closed the door quietly behind me, and made my way through the front hall, to the base of the stairs. Glancing at the shoe rack, I could see that my brown loafers were missing.

Either Belle had taken my body out for the day, or my wife's scheme somehow involved disposing of my favorite pair of shoes.

I made my way to my office as quietly as possible. When I peeked inside, the couch still had a sheet and a blanket on it...but the room was empty.

I didn't go in – the last time Belle's body had been inside my office, it had been kneeling in front of my own. Or perhaps that last time had been when I'd bent her over the couch and fucked her until I came deep inside my daughter's pussy.

Or had that been where I'd taken her ass for the last time?

I could feel myself getting wet again. Well, no, that's a very male way to describe it – like I said, it wasn't just that I was getting wet. It wasn't like getting an erection, where the arousal is largely focused in one place.

My daughter's entire body was getting turned on. Her skin was flushed, her nipples hard, her breathing growing faster. It took me a moment to notice, but I'd even unconsciously started rubbing her legs together, stimulating pleasure points without ever touching them.

Belle really was built for sex. I was almost proud at how well she was able to control it – better than her mother had been able to, when she'd inhabited her body.

And better, it seemed, than I could manage. At the first chance of getting laid, I'd had to race a hundred miles away, just to resist the temptation.

I was fairly confident that Belle (in my body) wasn't home. Perhaps Mary had taken her/me out for the day...but something told me that she hadn't.

I made my way into the dining room. Sure enough, there she was. My beautiful wife; the love of my life. She was sitting on one side of the dinner table, two cups of coffee in front of her. She smiled when she caught the sight of her daughter's body, scantily clad though it was.

“Hello honey,” she said, sliding one coffee towards me. “Would you like to talk?”

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 6

“Mary,” I said, trying to sound authoritative. For a moment I’d forgotten whose body I was in, and my wife’s name came out of my lips as an exasperated teenage whine. “What have you done?”

“I tried to talk to you,” she said calmly, bringing the coffee to her lips. “I tried for months. But you wouldn’t talk.”

“You...I...”

My wife stared at me patiently, which caught me by surprise. I’d expected her to cut me off, to insist that I let her speak.

Instead, she gave me the floor. And with no interruption, I quickly realized that I had nothing to say.

Like I said, my wife’s a clever one.

“Go on,” I finally said. Belle’s face was burning red once more – god, how did teenage girls live? Their every thought, plastered on their face like a billboard commissioned by their lizard brain.

“Thank you,” Mary smiled sweetly. “I tried to talk, but you wouldn’t. And then when Belle started dating Boris—”

“Morris,” I corrected, and she gave me a curt nod.

“Morris. When Belle started dating, you...honey, you lost control. You needed help, and...well, there was only one thing I could do.”

I’d expected judgment. Anger. Condemnation. But my wife, always a step ahead, had a voice full of nothing but compassion.

It would have been infuriating, if she hadn’t been so...right.

That was the worst thing about Mary. She was always right. And on the rare occasion that she wasn’t, she somehow managed to convince you that she was.

I hung my head. Well, my daughter’s head. And before I even noticed what was happening, I was crying. She was crying.

We were crying.

Tears welled up in my daughter's eyes and began running down her nose, falling into the coffee. My wife didn't say anything, just reached out for Belle's hand. I took it, and gripped it tight as I continued silently crying my daughter's tears into the cup of coffee my wife had brewed.

"I'm sorry," I said eventually, wiping my eyes on the shirt sleeve. As I did, I couldn't help but be aware of how ridiculously I was dressed. My daughter's tits barely fit in the undersized shirt, and even though my arousal had passed (crying into a cup of coffee tends to do that) her thick nipples were still clearly visible through the thin fabric.

As I looked up, I noticed that my wife had been staring at Belle's oversized tits as well. I narrowed my eyes.

"Is that the only reason you did this?" I asked sharply, again forgetting which body I was in. Rather than the cutting tone I'd expected, I sounded more like a Mean Girl.

In response, Mary just raised one eyebrow.

"What do you mean?" she asked, her voice chilly. That tone would normally get me backpedalling as quickly as I could, but instead I clenched my daughter's fists and continued following the thread of suspicion.

"You did this just so we could talk? You put me into Belle's body – and our daughter into mine – just so that you and I could sit down and have a conversation over coffee?"

"No," my wife said, her confident tone disarming me for the third time in however many minutes. "No, there's much more to it than that. But it starts with a conversation. It has to, Andrew."

She gave my hand – Belle's hand – a squeeze. I'd forgotten that she was holding it, but I didn't let go. My wife's soft hand felt comforting, even as I felt the anger coursing through my daughter's body.

"Fine," I said, taking a sip of the coffee. It was adequate, as my wife's coffee always was. "What do you want to talk about?"

"What we did last year was wrong," my wife said, staring calmly into my daughter's eyes. "I know that now."

"You think?" I said, wishing I sounded like anything but a sulky teen. I suppose that was my fault; in that moment, I was both sulking and a teen.

"But at the time, I genuinely thought it was the right thing to do. Controlling this..." – Mary's hand gestured to the body I was currently inhabiting, her eyes once more resting for longer than was comfortable on our daughter's prominent breasts – "...is harder than you know."

I wanted to throw out another snarky remark, but I bit my tongue. Belle's tongue.

"I regret going as far as we did, I truly do. But if we hadn't done something, I would have..."

Mary sighed, and there was a long pause.

"...I would have done something we would have truly regretted," she said.

"I regret what we did!" I replied, the words coming out far more shrill than I'd intended. "Mary, I regret it every day. Every time I look at Belle, every time I...every time we make love. I regret what we did more than anything I've ever done."

"I know, honey," Mary said, her voice once more filled with empathy and love. I'll tell you what, it was frustratingly difficult to stay mad at her when she was so...so reasonable. "I know you do. And I know you blame me for it."

"You were—"

This time my wife did silence me before I could get started, holding up one hand and shutting me up immediately.

"I swapped us," she conceded. "But I don't regret that. Look..."

On the wall beside us was our daughter's high school certificate. It was hard to believe that just a year ago, we'd been so afraid she wouldn't get it, so afraid that she'd have to repeat a grade.

Or worse – flunk out of school and go start a life with her drug-dealing boyfriend, Spock. It was easy to imagine a future where she'd ended up pregnant before she even turned twenty, her life ruined before it began.

Mary, god damn her, was right. Again.

"But you—"

Again, my wife silenced me with a gesture.

"I was the one who couldn't control her hormones," she admitted. "I know. But honey, it...you don't know how hard it was."

She turned her gaze back from Belle's certificate, and stared deep into our daughter's blue eyes.

"This way, you will."

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 7

My wife and I sat there in silence for a long while. I stirred the coffee she'd made as I tried to think of a response. I don't know if it was my teenage daughter's partially-formed amygdala, or the anger I'd been holding onto for the better part of the year, but I felt like every part of Belle's body was seething with rage.

I didn't want to discuss. I wanted to attack. Since the moment I'd woken up inside Belle's body I felt like I'd been in fight-or-flight mode, and I was done flying.

I tried not to think about what the third F, and focus on the issue at hand.

"So if I can control Belle's hormones," I finally said, trying desperately to keep our daughter's voice level, "you'll admit...this was your fault."

"What was?" Mary responded, a note of amusement in her voice. I raised Belle's head to see her looking at me with a half-smile on her face. It was a look that I'd often seen Mary shoot me at the breakfast table when one of the kids did something childish or immature.

Belle hated it, and now – being the recipient – I could see why. I felt patronized to. Talked down to. My daughter is actually slightly taller than my wife, but in that moment I felt like I was two feet tall.

"What we did," I spat, once more frustrated by how high Belle's voice got when she was upset. "What *you* made us do."

"I seem to remember you enjoying it, honey..." Mary continued, that infuriatingly patronizing look on her face.

"Admit it!" I snapped back, Belle's voice a full octave higher than my own could ever go. I took a moment to breathe, to lower my daughter's voice, to try to sound calm and confident and even go for intimidating. "What we did – all the fucked up stuff you made us do – that was because you couldn't control Belle's hormones."

"Correct," Mary conceded with a nod, the smug look never leaving her stupid face.

"So if I can do what you couldn't, then...then I was right, and you were wrong."

Look, I know. I know how lame that sounded. But I was so worked up; so pissed off and hurt and underslept (I don't know what Belle's body did last night, but it was clear that she'd had a late night) that I didn't care. I wanted to make it clear to my wife that she'd screwed up.

There was a long pause, but finally my wife nodded.

“I’ll admit it,” she said. “If you can control our daughter’s hormones, then...what we did was my fault. Will that make you feel better?”

“Yes,” I said sulkily, but even as it left Belle’s mouth I didn’t really believe it.

“Drink your coffee,” Mary said. “There’s other stuff we need to discuss.”

I think that was what woke me up. Not the coffee – I mean, yes, the coffee woke me up, but in a different way. No, the fact that my first impulse was to NOT drink the coffee, just to spite my wife. That I wanted to pick it up and throw it at her.

Not the best way to prove that I could control our daughter’s hormones, hey?

And so I drank the coffee. And as I did, Mary explained the rest of her plan.

“I let everyone know that you’d be taking a one-week vacation,” she explained as I sipped at the perfectly-average cup of joe. “You had some time accrued, so we’re spending it on this.”

My ears perked up at that. Only one week? Mary had dealt with Belle’s hormones for two; I was already one-seventh of the way through!

Not that I really knew what it would prove, of course. Even if I could control Belle’s hormones for a week, what was I really proving? That it was Mary’s ‘fault’? What did that even mean?

I’d like to think that if I’d been in my own body, I would have bought that line of reasoning. But in my daughter’s, in the body of a teenage girl, it was far too easy to hold onto the resentment and pettiness.

If I could control the hormones for a week, it was Mary’s fault. And that meant it wasn’t mine. What we’d done, it wasn’t my fault.

It wasn’t my fault.

“So where’s Belle?”

“I sent her clothes shopping.”

Like I said: the face of a teenage girl is not a great way to hide one’s true feelings. Mary burst out laughing at the incredulous look I involuntarily put on Belle’s face, and almost immediately I felt my daughter’s cheeks turning red.

“I told her that you’d been planning it for weeks, and not to fight me, that you *had* to go. She pretended to put up a bit of a resistance, but I think she’s excited to buy you some...new clothes.”

“Mary...”

“I know, I know.” My wife held her hands up defensively. “But I knew you’d be getting back today, and I had to get her out of the house. She’ll be back in an hour or two.”

“Or four,” I said, knowing my daughter. Even in her father’s body, shopping for a man more than twice her age, I’d bet she could spend the rest of the day at the mall.

I widened Belle’s eyes in panic, and my wife pre-emptively answered.

“Don’t worry,” she said with a chuckle. “I made sure she only had the card with the thousand-dollar limit.”

“Still...”

My wife glanced down at Belle’s chest again. “Darling, let’s be honest. You’re not exactly the king of fashion. You could use some new garb.”

I tried not to imagine what kind of outfits my teenage daughter would be dressing me in, and returned to the topic at hand. “Hang on. What are we going to say when she gets back?”

“*We’re* not going to say anything,” Mary replied coolly. “Because *you* will be back at the cabin.”

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 8

If I'd had a mouthful of coffee when I heard that, I would have spat it out in shock.

“What?? Mary, you can't be serious.”

“You know how excited Belle has been for that cabin trip. If she gets back and you're sitting at the kitchen table, dressed like...”

Again, my wife's eyes lingered on our daughter's chest.

“...dressed like *that*, think of how suspicious she'll be.”

“Yes, but...but...”

“But what?”

It took me a moment to assemble the thought, and when I did, it came out as a somewhat pathetic mutter.

“...but I don't want to.”

“Why not?”

My wife was staring our daughter in the eyes, calm and unflustered. A stark contrast to how I felt – Belle's heart was racing, and I wanted nothing more than to fidget with the spoon, a habit of my daughter's that had driven me mad since she was five years old...but now felt like it would be incredibly soothing to my stressed-out mind.

When I didn't have a response, Mary's next six words were slow and calculated.

“You *can* control her hormones, right?”

I could feel the heat rising in my body again, and before I had time to think, I blurted out a “Yes”, far louder than I'd intended.

“Good,” my wife said. “That settles it then.”

“But...hang on,” I said desperately. “I don't know any of her friends' names.”

Mary stared me in the eyes. “You don't know *any* of the names of our daughter's friends?”

My wife's ability to make Belle feel guilty with a single question had come in handy countless

times as we'd raised her, and now that I was on the receiving end of it...well, I suddenly knew why it was so effective.

She didn't have to say anything more; just one question, and the rest popped into my head automatically. What kind of a father doesn't know his daughter's names? How would you feel if your parents didn't even know the name of a single one of your friends?

And, worst of all: Perhaps now you see why I think this swap is a good idea?

"Angela!" I blurted out, and Mary wrinkled her nose.

"Angela moved away when Belle was five years old."

Crap. Who had I borrowed this t-shirt from then?

"Morris?" I offered, and my wife rolled her eyes.

"Great work, honey," she said sarcastically. "You've learned the name of her brand-new boyfriend."

As Mary kept staring at me, I wracked my brain, trying to come up with a single other person I'd heard my daughter discussing.

"...Lacey?"

Mary raised one eyebrow. "You mean the girl who Spike left her for?"

I tried to maintain eye-contact, but the effort was just too great. In less than a minute, I was forced to hang my head.

Crap. I really didn't know the name of any of Belle's friends.

"Come on," Mary said, standing up and grabbing our daughter's shoulder. I didn't resist as she dragged Belle's body upstairs and logged into her computer.

I didn't ask how she knew our daughter's password. I didn't want to know.

"You've got some homework to do."

For the next ninety minutes, I studied harder than I can remember studying since college, learning the name of all Belle's friends, and the important – and intimate – details that Mary had garnered. (Again, I didn't want to know how.)

The one I'd thought was Angela was actually called Kristy. Hadn't even been close there. The black girl was called Takara, and the Asian one was Ayaka. Ayaka was gay, Takara was bi, and at one point or another both of them had made a pass on Belle...who had regretfully informed them that she was straight.

The rest of Belle's friends weren't quite as conveniently color-coded, so it took me an hour to memorize the whole gang. By the time I was done...look, I wouldn't score 100% on a test, but I was confident I had enough to bluff my way through the rest of a weekend.

"You'd better get back," my wife said, once I'd managed to go through the entire invite list with names covered up. "I'm sure Morris will be waiting for you."

I wish I hadn't felt Belle's heart flutter at that, but I did.

"What are you going to do with...well, 'me'?"

"Like I said, this isn't just to help you. I think it'll be good for Belle to get to know her father a little better, don't you?"

I narrowed our daughter's eyes at that. "How can she get to know me better if I'm...not there?"

My wife bit her lip, and I knew she was hiding something.

"Mary..."

"Belle is still a virgin," she said. She waved off the look I gave her. "Not including that, I mean. As far as she's concerned, she's never had sex."

"Good," I said firmly. "Until she finds a nice boy..."

"She's found a nice boy," Mary said. "She's been seeing Boris for almost two months, and—"

The look on Belle's face made my wife stop mid-sentence. "Oh, shit."

"Two MONTHS?" I asked, standing up and barely resisting the urge to stamp Belle's foot.

"She's been seeing Morris for *two months*?"

"I told her not to tell you," my wife began, but I stepped forward, moving our daughter's face until it was just over an inch from hers.

"You told her to lie to me??"

"Yes!" Mary shouted, losing her cool for the first time that day. "Yes, Andrew, I did! Because I don't know if you've noticed, but you've stopped being reasonable! When it comes to Belle, you don't touch her, you don't go near her, and if a boy so much as glances at her, you lose your shit for the rest of the day!"

"I...—"

"I told her not to tell you, and I did the right thing! Because the moment you learned about Boris, what did you do? You shouted at me, Andrew. For the first time since we were in our twenties, you shouted at me. You said things to me that...you can never take back. I can never unhear

them, Andrew, but you know what? I'm glad you did."

The words I'd said in anger the previous night...they all came flooding back to me. In the sober light of day, I suddenly realized how harsh I'd been. What cruel, horrible things I'd said to the person I loved most in the world.

"I'm glad you did," my wife repeated softly as I took a step backwards in Belle's body, landing firmly on her bed. "Because if you hadn't said them to me, you might have said them to her. And a father talking like that to his daughter...she'd never forget it, Andrew. For the rest of her life, she'd look at you differently. You think you feel bad about what we did when I was in Belle's body? Imagine how you'd feel if you'd lost your temper at Belle. Like my father used to lose his temper at me."

"I...I'm sorry," I said, struggling to keep Belle's voice steady. "I..."

Mary sat beside me on the bed.

"You're not that man," she said softly, and I nodded. I hadn't even noticed the tears welling up again – they streaked down Belle's face, pooling at her chin and landing on the tight shirt I'd borrowed from Kristy. "You're not that man, and we're both going to do what we can to make sure you never become him."

In response, I could do nothing but nod my daughter's head, causing a few more tears to fall from her chin.

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 9

“So I think it will be good for Belle to spend a few days in her father’s body.”

I looked up. I knew my daughter’s face was blotchy, her eyes red. It was a face I’d seen so many times before – both during the week Mary had inhabited our daughter’s body and before.

Not since, I realized. Since that two weeks that had changed our lives before, I’d never seen my daughter cry. I’d never let myself be alone in a room with her.

I’d felt so bad about what I’d done, I’d completely disconnected from her. My little girl. Without even meaning to, I’d taken her father away from her.

Oh, god...what had I done?

Mary didn’t react to the way Belle looked. She just reached out and put a hand on her daughter’s cheek.

“How?” I asked, in a raspy voice.

“What?”

“How will spending a few days in my body help my daughter reconnect with me? I won’t be there...”

Mary’s eyes slid away, and I moved Belle’s hand onto hers.

“Mary...”

“It’s not so much being in her *father’s* body,” my wife explained. “It’s more about her being in a...a male body.”

I tightened my grip on my wife’s hand.

“What?”

“It’s like I was saying,” Mary said quietly, continuing to avoid my gaze. “She’s still a virgin. Even after dating a nice boy for two months, she won’t even touch his cock.”

“So how will...”

I trailed off as I put it together. Belle’s eyebrows shot up, and a small squeak of horror left her

mouth.

“Mary! You want her to...you want her to...”

My wife’s half-shrug said it all.

She wanted our daughter to get more comfortable with...with male genitalia.

And she’d figured the best way to do it was to put her in a male body.

“Her *father’s* penis?”

“It’s not like that!” Mary said, turning back defensively. Her eyes were burning. “When you’re in the body, it’s not your father’s anything. It’s yours. Your tits...”

She poked our daughter’s tits.

“Your stomach.”

Mary put her hand on our daughter’s stomach.

“Your legs.”

Her other hand rested on Belle’s right thigh.

“And your genitalia.”

My wife’s hands remained on Belle’s stomach and thigh, and she continued staring me in our daughter’s eyes.

“It’s not like she’s going to be touching *your* dick.”

“She literally is!” I replied, my voice so high I briefly wondered if any nearby glass was at risk of shattering. “That’s exactly what she’s doing.”

“No,” Mary snapped. “She’s touching *her* dick. It’s a safe way to...to get comfortable with a penis. To learn what makes it hard. To learn how to...how to get it off. And clean up afterwards.”

I closed Belle’s eyes. I’d touched my own dick, of course. Countless times. But it had...it had been *me* touching it. Now it was going to be my daughter. Not my wife in my daughter’s body – god knows THAT had been hard enough to justify.

No, it was going to be my actual daughter. Belle. She was going to learn what turned her father on. Physically, at least. She was going to learn how to turn me on. How to...how to get me off.

For the next week, my daughter was going to be jerking me off. Probably more than once. Hell, probably more than once a day. Each and every night, my daughter was going to jerk me off. My

actual daughter.

She'd be using my hand, at least. Thank god for small blessings.

But after this week, every time I saw Belle, I'd not only be remembering what it was like to get *her* off...she'd be remembering what it was like when I came. What my cock looked like, felt like.

How to get me off.

"Mary..." I whined again, but she shook her head.

"Honey, we don't have time for this. Belle could be back any minute now. You need to get back to the cabin."

"I don't..."

"It's too late," she said simply. "It's too late to do anything about it now. You need to get back to the cabin and get through the rest of the trip. I'm going to tell Belle that after our fight last night, I want him – sorry, her. Him? That I want your body to sleep on the couch until we cool down."

"Belle knows about our fight?"

Mary shot me a look. "Honey, you woke up on the couch in your office, fully-dressed. She figured something was up." A soft smile appeared on her face. "Once she worked out which body she was in, she actually came and apologized. It was very sweet, getting an apology for something she didn't even remember."

I couldn't help but smile at that too. We'd raised a good kid.

Mary sighed. "So yeah, she's going to be sleeping in the office until you switch back. I made sure to put a box of tissues in there for clean-up, and I even got you a trash can with a lid."

"That's where that came from?" It had appeared in my office last week, and I hadn't for the life of me been able to work out why.

Mary was pushing Belle's body towards the door. I gestured at our daughter's closet. "Shouldn't I at least change?"

She glanced down at the outfit I'd driven to the house in, her eyes drinking in Belle's long legs and exposed midriff.

"Not a bad idea," she reluctantly admitted. "But be quick about it!"

My wife stepped outside as I started going through our daughter's clothing, quickly realizing that I had no idea how she organized her outfits. I pulled on the first pair of pants I could find: they were black and tighter than they'd looked in the drawer.

I had no idea how to put on a bra, so I just picked out a lumpy sweater and pulled it over the shirt Kristy had lent me. Slipping my daughter's feet into a pair of flip-flops, I exited the room, to be met with a burst of laughter when my wife saw the outfit that I'd chosen.

"What?" I asked, annoyed.

"We seriously don't have time," Mary sighed, pinching herself to stop another fit of giggles from overcoming her. "Now, remember – Belle is a virgin. She hasn't touched Boris, and she hasn't let him touch her below the waist."

"Morris," I corrected, more annoyed than I probably should have been by Mary's inability to remember his name. She waved my objection away.

"Whatever. It's important that you don't go any further with him than she has...but of course, that won't be a problem, will it?"

"Of course not," I muttered in response. "Like I said...I can control Belle's hormones."

And as I got back in the car and started driving back to the cabin, I desperately hoped that was true.

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 10

It was a long drive back to the cabin, and it gave me plenty of time to think.

Unfortunately, being stuck in my daughter's hormone-filled body meant that I could only think about one thing:

Sex.

I'd been far too quick to judge when Mary had told me how easy it had been to obsess about sex when she was in our daughter's body. Even after I left the city, and began the beautiful drive through the trees, with nothing to look at but the road ahead and the occasional deer, I found myself thinking fixating on it.

Sex.

Dick.

Specifically, my dick. My dick, somewhere across town. Belle, in my body, exploring what it was to be a man. Exploring what it was like to get erect, how good it felt to touch yourself, how to stroke my cock (now *her* cock), how to make it hard and make it cum... The thoughts kept coming, and I tried to push them out of my mind.

But I couldn't.

I just couldn't stop thinking about Belle in my body, touching my dick. Jerking me off.

When my wife and Belle had swapped, I'd experienced every inch of my daughter's body. I'd touched and tasted and fucked every part of Belle's skin, and she'd had no idea about anything.

Now, she was doing the same. I didn't know that for sure, but the odds were good. My daughter was almost certainly taking out her old man's member, exploring what a penis looked like. Felt like.

Hell, if my body had been flexible enough (it wasn't), I guaranteed she'd have leaned forward to see what it felt like in her mouth.

I wondered what it would feel like when she came. Would she cum onto my hand? Would she taste it? It wasn't something I'd ever admitted, even to my wife, but when I had first started masturbating I'd tasted it. More than once – not because I was gay, just because...I was curious.

It was like picking your nose. It doesn't feel gross when it comes from your own body.

It was all too easy to imagine my daughter (in my body) using my hand to stroke my cock,

unloading into my palm, and then rubbing my semen into my skin, smearing it around, seeing how it felt.

Like I said, I didn't *want* to be having these thoughts. But I was. I couldn't turn them off.

And the worst part was...I was excited.

No straight man should be excited by the thought of a man jerking off. Even (perhaps especially) when it's himself that he's picturing.

But of course, no straight man should ever be inside the mind of a teenage girl. But I was. And, loathe as I am to admit it...I was really fucking turned on.

I'd been turned on that morning, laying in bed with Morris, feeling his arm on my body...my daughter's body, that is. But that was nothing compared to how I felt about the idea of Belle, in my body, playing with my dick.

I struggled to explain *why* it was such a turn-on. Like I said, I'm straight. I'm straight, and even if I *were* gay, I'm pretty sure that I wouldn't be my own type.

But the idea of my teenage daughter exploring, playing, getting me off...even though it wouldn't be *me* she was getting off, it still would. Kind of.

Aside from my own inability to keep my feelings in check, Belle had no idea of anything her mother and I had done with (or to) her body. And I'd do anything to keep it that way. I wanted our daughter to grow up stable and healthy, and I know Mary felt the same way.

That's why she'd swapped us. That's why she was doing all of this, so that Belle could explore sexuality, in a healthy, safe way. Without hurting anyone.

But it was impossible to deny: in the deepest, darkest parts of my soul, some part of me was turned on by the idea of Belle getting me off. By the idea of my daughter – my real, flesh-and-blood daughter – doing what her mother had done, while in her body.

I would never, ever do it. I want to make that clear. This wasn't a goal; it was the thing I felt more guilty about than anything. I would rather die than ever do anything – *anything* – with my daughter. If I could excise those dark thoughts, I would, without hesitation.

But when Mary pulled me into her at night and called me Daddy...well, the mind goes to dark places.

And so while my daughter using my body to explore her sexuality wasn't the same, it was close enough to hold a sick fascination.

That wasn't the part that confused me.

What confused me was that it wasn't just the idea of *Belle* touching my cock (even when using

my body to do so) that turned me on. It was the idea of the cock itself.

I know my own penis. I don't want to say "like the back of my hand", because...well, how well do you actually know the back of your own hand?

And while I'd never, y'know, "studied it", I knew my dick. I knew how it felt, how it looked, what it...liked. And just thinking about it, just *remembering* my own dick was enough to start getting me hot and heavy.

I shouldn't have been turned on by dick. Especially my own dick.

But as I took the turns that led to the cabin, I felt like I was soaking the seat. My daughter's pussy was sopping wet, and I got the feeling that if I'd so much as breathed on her clit, I would've cum. A strong, powerful orgasm...brought on by my mental memories of my own cock.

No, that's not fair. It was more than that. It wasn't just "my cock" that was driving me so wild, it was all of it. The fact that I was now inside the body that had brought me so much pleasure, one year earlier. The fact that Belle was inside mine, getting me off, getting her own father's cock off.

But it was impossible to deny: a large part of it was just dick.

Dick.

It was frankly incredible that Belle, inside this body, had managed to avoid going further with Morris. Really, there was nothing holding her back – no marriage to respect, no male straightness dictating guilt. I was shackled by moral obligation to my wife and to my daughter, and a reluctance to be gay.

How the hell had she stopped herself from taking his dick into her mouth the first time he'd offered? Or bending over, letting him fill her teenage pussy...as I'd done, so many times.

I tried not to think about it, failed, and drove. I drove, resisting the temptation to pull over and get off. Resisting the temptation to explore my daughter's phone for dick pics.

Resisting the urge to go online and find videos of DILFs masturbating.

And so when I arrived at the cabin, my daughter's body was flushed, breathing heavily, and soaking wet.

Now, I just had to survive two days surrounded by teenagers (including Morris) (*especially* Morris) without giving into my daughter's wild hormones.

How hard could it be?

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 11

By the time I got back to the cabin, the teenagers were all up and starting to make lunch. They looked at me when I entered, and it took me a moment to recognize the expression on their faces.

It wasn't guilt, not quite, but a sort of unsureness that you don't often see on adults. When you're grown up, you know "the rules" (at least well enough to bluff your way through them)...and when you're a teen, you don't want to show your lack of confidence to an adult.

The last time I'd seen an expression like this had been a few years ago, before Ben had hit puberty. He'd "borrowed" my phone (I kept it unlocked) and only when I'd entered and found him playing some match-three game had he realized that he might be transgressing.

He'd looked at me the way these teenagers were now; a look of "*is this okay?*"

It was a family cabin, and without Belle's presence, none of them had a true claim to it. They'd needed to eat, so they'd made lunch, but without express permission.

Morris came up and casually put one hand around my waist. It was all too easy to melt into his embrace, to let myself be held. Be owned.

I've mentioned in the past, I have a bit of an ownership fetish. My taboo encounters with Mary-in-Belle's-body had been all the hotter for them. The fantasy that she was mine. That I owned my daughter, that I could do anything I wanted with her. To her.

It would have been hot either way. Belle was so perfect, so incredibly sexy, and mixed with my wife's years of sexual experience – her knowledge on how to specifically please *me*...there was no way that combination would've been anything but electric.

But when I'd broken, when I'd fully given into the fantasy, and Mary had encouraged me to verbalize my ownership of her, of my daughter's body, not only *allowing* me to tell her things like "this pussy belongs to Daddy", and "your ass is mine to fuck, whenever I want", but encouraging it...

Yeah.

Of course, this was what had led to the problems after the fact. A sexual connection that electric leaves a mark, and I hadn't been able to cope with the image of my daughter in another man's arms.

On some level, on some sick, messed up level, I still felt like she was mine.

And now I was she. Inhabiting her body, at least. So I would've guessed that the feeling of Morris so casually owning me – my daughter, I mean – would've been something I bristled against. That I would've been repulsed. Jealous.

But now that I was in Belle's body, it felt so...right. So natural.

I pushed *that* thought deep into my head. Something to examine another time. Or, ideally: never.

"Hey," I said. It had been almost an hour since I'd last spoken, so the feminine tone of my voice managed to catch me by surprise. I looked up at him; Morris was taller than my daughter, and he looked down at me with a loving smile.

I knew exactly what he could see. I'd seen that exact image so many times before: Belle's beautiful blue eyes, smiling up at him, wide and loving. Her soft lips parted, so kissable.

Every time I looked at my daughter's face I thought about kissing her lips, and I hated myself for it.

So perhaps I should've seen it coming: Morris leaning down, kissing my lips – Belle's lips – so casually.

It was a shock. But I'd be lying if I said it was unpleasant. And before I knew what was happening, I was kissing him back, meeting his kiss with a hungry fervor.

My hands moved on their own accord, wrapping themselves around his neck, pulling him closer. His hand moved under the layers I'd so carefully dressed Belle in, moving onto my flat stomach – *her* flat stomach – and resting there possessively, filling it with butterflies.

I moaned, and leaned into his touch. I didn't care who was watching, that I was a middle-aged man possessing his daughter's body...in that moment, all I wanted was to feel his tongue against mine, his hand on my skin.

Belle's tongue. Belle's skin.

There's no way of knowing how long I would've stood there, kissing my daughter's boyfriend. He was passionate but respectful – his hand never moved from Belle's soft stomach, even as my hands – her hands – moved into his hair, tussling it with a growl.

I know I wouldn't have resisted if he'd moved his hands down to Belle's ass, or even up to cop a feel of her tits. He would've had full access to my daughter's perfect body – my goal had been to protect her, but just a simple kiss had been enough to completely demolish my defenses.

But one of the teenagers (whom I'd completely forgotten were there) let out a wolf-whistle.

I wish I could say that was what made me pull back, but it wasn't. The sound barely penetrated my lust-filled head; if anything, it felt like encouragement, like the applause of an audience

watching my daughter's perfect body be used for what it was made for...

But Morris, I'm ashamed to admit, had more self-control than I did. At the sound he pulled back, a sheepish grin on his face and a twinkle in his eye.

"Okay, okay," he laughed. "Show's over."

My daughter's friends laughed at his remark, and I found myself doing so too, blushing furiously as I did.

God. He was not only cute, and a great kisser, and hot, and respectful...he was *funny*, too.

I bit my lip and looked out at the group of kids that Belle chose to spend her time with. They didn't look like they were judging her, or – worse – lusting after her. They were just amused, as I probably would've been if a girl in my high-school friend group had started making out with a boy and then gotten embarrassed.

It was a far cry from the pair that Belle had spent most of her time with a year ago: Lacey and her now-boyfriend, Sparky. A girl who'd stolen Belle's man from her, and a literal drug dealer.

It reminded me again – what Mary and I had done last year was sick. We'd crossed lines that we never should've crossed, we'd partaken in acts that would haunt me until my dying day. We'd done damage to our marriage, and damage to my relationship with my daughter.

But it had all been for Belle. Looking at the crew she now spent her time with, I knew it had all been worth it.

I glanced back up at Morris. He moved one hand to the side of my face...*Belle's* face...and asked me if I'd eaten.

"No," I smiled, and he made his way to the kitchen to make me a sandwich.

As I watched him walk away, I realized the butterflies that had appeared in my stomach when he'd started playing with Belle's navel had never disappeared. He was so kind, so sweet, so cute...

The blood left my face in a rush.

Oh, shit. Did I have a crush on my daughter's boyfriend?

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 12

The next few hours were spent hanging out in the cabin. My practice with Mary paid off, and I managed to avoid getting any names wrong. My initial impression of Belle's friends had been correct; they were charming. And funny! On more than one occasion I was surprised to find myself laughing along at some remark. Even when it was an in-joke, it wasn't hard to tell when I was meant to laugh, and I could often unravel the original context.

I mean, they were teenagers. It wasn't like their jokes were impenetrable intellectual fortresses.

I'm not going to oversell it: given the choice, I'd much rather have been spending time with my wife, or my own friends, or even just working. But considering I was trapped in my daughter's body for another six days, spending time with these kids wasn't the hell that it could have been.

And then there was Morris...

For the most part, I stayed pretty quiet. I didn't really know what my daughter's place in this social circle was; considering they were all relatively new friends, I figured Belle wasn't the leader of the group. And so I laughed along at the jokes, replied when spoken to, but otherwise kept to myself.

Not Morris.

I'm a straight, heterosexual, fully-grown man. I'm not the epitome of manliness or anything like that – I've never played a game of football in my life, and I'm far more comfortable in front of a computer than a grill – but I've never felt desire for anything other than women.

Until I was switched into my daughter's body.

For several reasons, I was extremely happy with the bulky outfit that I'd chosen. It got me a few strange looks from Belle's friends, but it served a multitude of purposes: it hid Belle's incredible body away (as I said, they all seemed incredibly respectful...but my daughter's body could've made a gay man drool), it was thick enough to hide any signs of my daughter's arousal (I knew from last year how prominently erect her nipples could grow) and, most importantly, it was warm enough that Belle's face was always slightly flushed, so it was less obvious that I was turning beet-red every time Morris...well, did anything.

And my daughter's boyfriend did a lot.

Like I said, I stayed quiet.

Morris did not.

I quickly realized that my boyfriend – my daughter's boyfriend, I mean – was a natural leader. A

year ago, when Mary had been in our daughter's body, she'd barely had more friends than you could count on a single finger. Now, she was surrounded by fun, erudite kids.

Hollywood films will argue otherwise, but I know: you don't become popular overnight.

Morris wasn't just Belle's boyfriend, he was her ticket into this group of friends. They were *his* friends, and she was...well, the girlfriend.

No wonder she'd been excited to take them to the cabin. It was her way of proving her value, of proving that she was more than just Morris's girlfriend.

Although Morris was so clearly accepted by this group – more than just accepted, it was *his* group – that she probably could've coasted on just that.

And, of course, what she brought to the table. I don't want to sell my daughter short – as well as her looks, she's quite personable. Charming, for a teenager. And fun. She didn't turn it on at home, of course, but I'd overheard her and her friends before, laughing and having a good time.

I'd buried myself in the office so that I wouldn't think about the good times that *I'd* had with her, but it was clear that she could carry her own.

But even if she'd been an awkward wallflower, she could've gotten by just on being Morris's girl.

I tried not to swoon at the thought. I was...I was Morris's girl.

Belle. Belle was Morris's girl.

I was a middle-aged man with a bad knee.

"Who wants to go swimming?" Morris asked, and when the group showed unanimous support, looked at me expectantly. "I mean, if that's okay."

"A-okay," I said, trying to hide my blush. The cabin has a pool; it's not heated, but I doubted the teenagers would mind.

When everyone disappeared to get changed into their swimming costumes, my blush deepened. Morris and I were alone, a state I'd been trying to avoid all day. He stepped towards me, and before I could object, his mouth was on mine.

Belle's. His mouth was on Belle's. And who was I kidding? I wasn't going to object.

A pant of arousal left my mouth as my daughter's boyfriend kissed me hungrily, pushing his tongue past my lips. My hands wandered on their own accord, running through his hair, grabbing hold of his shoulders, trying to pull him closer. He responded with equal passion, pressing his body closer to mine.

Belle's. Belle's tongue, Belle's hands, Belle's body.

But in that moment, as it lit up with lust, it sure as hell felt like mine.

"I've been wanting to do that all day," he sighed, pulling back from the kiss. All I could do was nod dumbly. "You're the most beautiful girl I've ever met."

Swoon. Swoon, swoon, swoon.

"C'mon," he grinned. "Go put on your bikini."

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 13

I stood there, stunned. My first reaction was to protest.

“Bikini?”

Morris nodded. "Yeah. We're going to take a dip."

“But...I...”

I hadn't planned for this. I'd deliberately covered up as much as I could. My daughter has a perfect body, and I couldn't...I didn't want to flaunt it.

I didn't want all those teens staring at it. Admiring her huge tits, her round ass, her firm thighs.

A shiver ran through my body – Belle's body – as I realized...they'd seen it before.

Morris had asked me so casually. This wasn't the first time.

A blush crept up my neck as I realized how dumb that thought had been. Of course Belle had w...*Belle's* neck. Not my neck. A blush crept up *Belle's* neck.

Of course Belle had worn a bikini in front of her friends. Why wouldn't she?

Why shouldn't I?

After all, I was doing this to prove to my wife that I could control our teenage girl's hormones. That even though *she'd* lost control when in our daughter's body, *I* would do no such thing. My wife had needed constant sex to survive – or at least, that's what she'd claimed.

But I could get through the week without resorting to that. I was in control.

And if I was really in control, there was no reason I couldn't do what Belle had done on countless occasions. There was no reason why I couldn't...why I couldn't change into a bikini and go swimming with Belle's friends.

So why was I hesitating?

Morris noticed that I was still standing there, frozen, and tilted his head to the side.

“Are you okay?” he asked, and my heart melted. *God*. How had Belle gotten so lucky? Her

boyfriend was so sweet, so compassionate, so confident and funny and...hot. So, so hot.

I smiled up at him.

“I’m doing great,” I lied, and escaped into the bedroom.

The bikini wasn’t hard to find. And – after making sure the door was locked – I took a deep breath and began to take my daughter’s clothes off.

I’d woken up topless that morning, and getting dressed had been my first priority...well, after ‘not giving Belle’s boyfriend a handjob’. And when I’d changed at the house, it had been as quickly and dispassionately as possible.

I may have even closed my eyes – *Belle’s* eyes – for a part of it.

But now, I was going to be wearing a bikini. I was going to be wearing an outfit that exposed basically as much skin as a person can. My daughter’s body was going to...was going to go swimming in a bikini.

For obvious reasons, I hadn’t seen my daughter’s naked body since that last night. The last night that my wife had been inside Belle’s head, I’d fucked her against the car. On a public road, where anyone could have see.

I could still remember her, lit only by the moonlight. She’d been completely naked, bent over the car. For more than half an hour I’d pounded into her, fucking my daughter’s body as she twitched and trembled in orgasm after orgasm...

I’d cum inside her, and then they’d switched back.

Since that day, I hadn’t seen my daughter naked. But Belle had always dressed to...well, to show off her assets. So it hadn’t been an uncommon sight to see her in Daisy Dukes and a midriff-baring t-shirt, or a short skirt and a tank top.

But not a bikini. I mean, it was obvious now that she’d still been wearing bikinis for the last year, but not around me. Or perhaps it would be fairer to say that I’d made sure to never put myself in a situation where there was any chance I’d see my daughter in a bikini. I’d skipped a few beach days, and made sure we only went to the cabin when it was too cold to swim.

But despite it being a year since I’d seen it, the image of my daughter’s naked body had been burned into my brain. I tried not to think about it – truly I did – but...well, it’s hard to forget.

And so when I finished undressing my daughter’s body and turned towards the mirror, I wasn’t surprised by what I saw.

Perfection.

Belle’s body is, in a word, perfect. Two full breasts without even a hint of sag, larger than even

her mother's. Smooth, unblemished skin. Taut stomach. Toned legs. Firm ass.

Perfect.

It was all exactly as I remembered...with one difference. When my wife had been inhabiting Belle's body, when we'd been alone (and yes, she'd only ever been naked while we'd been alone), I'd been able to tell it was her. There was something about the way she held Belle's face, the subtle looks that you recognize after decades of marriage.

I'd only ever seen my daughter naked with her mother's expression.

I squinted into the mirror, and tried to hold back a laugh at the look that met me. My own expression on my daughter's face. It wasn't quite me, it wasn't quite Belle...it reminded me of my son, Ben, more than anything.

I had to make sure not to make *that* face while spending time with Belle's friends.

With a sigh, I let my eyes travel up and down my daughter's perfect form once more. When Mary had been in Belle's body, she'd said something that I'd thought about a lot over the past year:

She hadn't been attracted to women.

Perhaps not notable in and of itself, except that it was the exception that proved the rule. Mary had noticed she wasn't attracted to women in our daughter's body...which meant that in her own body, she was.

My wife's bisexuality had been one item on the long list of Things We Don't Talk About.

As I stared at the reflection of my daughter's naked body, I realized something.

Perhaps my daughter's latent bisexuality had kicked in over the past year, perhaps it was because her body was currently being possessed by a man who liked women...or hell, maybe Mary had just been lying to me.

Whatever the reason, one thing was clear. As Belle's eyes travelled up and down her own naked body, it was having a reaction.

I was getting aroused. I was getting...wet.

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 14

It is a truth universally acknowledged that if you ever wake up in the body of someone of the opposite sex, the first thing you're supposed to do is masturbate.

It's not a law, obviously, just one of things that everyone knows. It's like how there's one correct way to draw a star, and anyone who doesn't do the corner-to-corner bounce is obviously wrong.

I'd been occupied since basically the moment I woke up, but as I stood there, admiring my daughter's body in the mirror, the thought struck me.

And it was a particularly sticky thought...or perhaps I was just overwhelmed by Belle's hormones.

No. No, not overwhelmed. Mary had been overwhelmed. I...I had them under control.

I had my daughter's hormones under control.

If you live with someone for nineteen years, you learn a few things about them. And Belle, like my wife, seems to be physically incapable of getting ready in fewer than twenty minutes. Even if it's something as simple as putting on a sweater – for as long as she's been dressing herself, she takes the better part of half an hour to adjust any part of her outfit.

Morris had been dating my daughter for a while now...surely he knew that, too.

Surely.

I glanced at the closed door. Yes, it was just putting on a bikini...but he probably wouldn't question it if I took my sweet time about it. Hell, he might even be suspicious if I didn't.

And so I lay down on the bed and did what everyone, apparently, would do as soon as they found themselves in a body of the opposite sex. I was only seven hours late to the idea.

I shivered at the feeling of my hands – my daughter's hands – travelling up my thighs. Her thighs.

They were so sensitive. It wasn't like they tickled, not exactly. Or...it was like they tickled, but instead of sending the urge to squirm or laugh or brush it off, they transmitted pure pleasure.

No wonder Mary had loved it when I'd touched her like this. As I lay naked in my daughter's

body, ready and receptive to be touched, every tingle felt incredible. It was like eating the finest chocolate, but in the form of touch.

And when my hand crept up further, one finger slowly finding my daughter's soaking wet pussy, I didn't even realize I was letting out a moan of pleasure. My other hand immediately covered my mouth, and my cheeks burned. God, if Morris had heard...if he knew what I was doing...

Morris.

My eyes rolled back at the thought of my daughter's boyfriend. The only thing hotter than being here, than being in Belle's body and using her hands to touch herself was the thought of him doing it. I didn't *want* to be turned on by a teenage boy, I didn't want the thought of his soft nineteen-year old hands taking the place of my own – of Belle's own, I mean – but I couldn't help it.

Once the thought of Morris was in my head, there was no dislodging it.

He'd be so gentle. So kind. But firm. Masculine.

I'd spent so many years as a male trying to live up to what I thought a female fantasy looked like...or, when I realized that I couldn't, rejecting it entirely. When I'd realized that I couldn't be the muscly jock that I thought every woman wanted, or the gruff noir detective that I imagined them finding erotic, I'd decided to instead be the nice guy. The giver.

It had obviously worked – my wife had fallen in love with me, and our sex life was fantastic. But only now that I was in the body of a teenage girl could I see what women really wanted.

They didn't want macho jocks. They didn't want pandering 'nice guys'. They just wanted... confidence. A man who was confident in himself. A man who was confident enough to balance his own pleasure with his lover's. Not someone who was selfish in bed, and not someone who gave without any consideration for themselves. Women wanted confident lovers.

I wanted a confident lover.

I wanted Morris.

At some point my hand had found my clit. I could still remember how I'd touched Belle's body a year ago, when my wife had been inhabiting it. I remembered her responses – what had clearly felt good, what she liked, what caused shivers of pleasure in my teenage daughter's perfect body.

Now, I didn't need to remember. Now, I could feel it first-hand. From the inside, as it were.

My hand moved as if on autopilot, rubbing around and between my lips, gently parting the folds and dipping into my wetness. I was so, so wet. My finger rubbed my clit firmly – not too gentle, not too hard, almost teasing.

And as I touched myself, I couldn't help but imagine it was Morris doing it. Morris, standing over me – over my teenage daughter. Looking down at her, a smile on his face: not cruel, but not

exactly kind, either.

Dominant. A smile of soft domination, telling me – no, telling *Belle* – that he was going to have his way with me. With her. That he was going to do whatever he liked...and confidently communicating that she'd like it.

That I'd like it.

I bit down on my hand so as to not scream with pleasure as I came. My mind was a flurry of images – Morris's hand on my clit, his mouth on my tit, his cock between my legs. I came long and hard, imagining Morris fucking me, taking me, shooting his load into my pussy.

God help me, I came while imagining Morris not using protection. Knocking me up. If Belle was anything like her mother, she was so fertile that she was at risk of getting pregnant from someone glancing at her without wearing sunglasses.

The image was so clear in my mind – my teenage daughter, pregnant, stomach bulging. Her future, the future we'd worked so hard to claw back, gone. My daughter, a pregnant teen. Pregnant with her boyfriend's child. Pregnant with Morris's baby.

At the thought I came and came and came.

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 15

I moved my hand – Belle’s hand – aside to gulp in some air. I was laying on the bed, sweaty and panting. I’d never cum so hard in my life; Belle’s orgasm had felt more powerful than my last year of climaxes put together.

And the images that had sprung to mind as she shivered and shook with pleasure had been so vivid. So...perverse.

So, so fucking hot.

My heart was pounding in my chest...Belle’s heart. Belle’s chest. Why was it so hard to remember that?

What had my wife said, a year earlier, when she’d been trying to convince me to have sex with her? That she understood it was Belle’s body, that she knew that intellectually...but the longer she was in it, the harder that separation was to remember.

“If Belle’s nose itches, I’m the one who scratches it.”

Well, I’d just scratched Belle’s itch. I’d hoped it would calm things down, let me think...but somehow it felt like it’d had the exact opposite effect. I somehow felt more worked up than before. More light-headed.

I just wanted to lie down on the bed and cum and cum and cum. The pleasure that Belle’s body had felt was unlike anything I’d experienced. It was like having an open box of the finest Swiss chocolate: you couldn’t just stop at one.

I could have lost days touching myself. I could’ve lay there for the rest of the week, bringing my daughter to orgasm after orgasm. But I knew that it wouldn’t help.

It wouldn’t help me calm down – if anything, it’d just turn my brain to soup. Belle’s brain. No. My brain?

My mind in Belle’s brain.

It wouldn’t help me prove my point to Mary, that I could control our daughter’s hormones better than she could. Quite the opposite, in fact – if she learned that I’d spent the entire day in our daughter’s body touching myself, I’d never be able to hold my head up high again.

And I'd already taken far long than anyone should ever take to change into a bikini. If I didn't leave the bedroom soon, Morris would get suspicious.

Morris.

My heart skipped a beat at the thought of him.

Now, I'm not stupid. I know teenage boys. There was no way that he'd be the lover that I'd built him up to be in, uh, Belle's mind. Like all teenage boys, he'd be clumsy and selfish, not the kind of man who'd treat Belle's body as it deserved to be treated, who'd play her like an instrument.

Who'd bring her to orgasm after glorious orgasm.

(Well, okay, maybe he'd be able to do that. But purely because of how orgasmic my daughter was, not due to any actual *skill*.)

He'd be a terrible lover. I knew that. I *knew* that. And Belle deserved the best – she was so attractive, so sexy, and she deserved to be fucked by the best. And Morris wasn't the best.

But like *1984*'s doublethink, I was able to hold two opposing thoughts in my head at once. Morris would be a bad lover, I knew that for a fact.

And somehow, I also knew – with equal certainty – that he'd be everything I dreamed of. That Belle dreamed of. That he'd be kind, patient, and dominant...confident in both himself and what he could do to me. To my daughter.

That he could bring me to orgasms that made my self-pleasure look like amateur hour.

I shivered at the thought.

Focus, I told myself as I pulled on my daughter's bikini. *Get through the night. Don't think about Morris. Don't think about sex.*

Ha.

The moment I walked out of the bedroom, I knew what an impossible mission that was. As soon as Morris saw my body, my daughter's body...god. His eyes on Belle's breasts, on her exposed skin, on her long legs and perfect ass...

It was like I could feel it. It was like his gaze was a physical touch. And like I said, Morris was a good guy. A gentleman.

But you could've put a priest in a room with my bikini-clad daughter and I don't think he'd be able to keep his eyes off her. There was something about my daughter's body; it transcended sexy. It transcended *sex*.

The sight of Belle's form was enough to turn any man's brain into jelly. Maybe because all the

blood rushed to one particular spot.

And, worst of all, it felt *good*. No, more than good: great.

The knowledge that I was making Morris hard. The knowledge that my form – my daughter’s form – was turning him on.

The knowledge that the simple act of walking out of a room was enough to give Morris an erection that wouldn’t go away for hours...it was almost tangible. I could *feel* it, in the form of a throbbing warmth between Belle’s legs. I could feel it.

And it felt amazing.

Not just Morris, either. Hell, not just guys. As I moved Belle’s perfect body across the room, past her stunned boyfriend, out into the pool area, everyone went quiet. If this had been a movie from my youth, there would’ve been a record scratch, or Jennifer Love Hewitt slow motion.

I could feel every pair of eyes on me. Everyone wanting me. Everyone wanting nothing more than for me to go up to them and put my lips on theirs, to press my body against theirs.

The quick orgasm I’d had in the bedroom hadn’t been enough. My body – Belle’s body – was on fire. I could see it so clearly. I could take any of these boys, even the ones in relationships, even the ones who were sworn to chastity or whatever...and I could have them. I could use my body, my daughter’s body, to give them such pleasure. I could give them a night that they’d never forget.

I could feel it so strongly that it almost hurt. Don’t think about sex? Ha! It was all I could do not to start an orgy right there and then, to fuck each and every one of them. To give them the pleasure that I knew Belle’s body was capable of giving.

When Morris stepped behind me and possessively put his hand on the small of my back, I could barely stop myself from moaning with pleasure. I wanted nothing more than to push him down onto one of the chairs behind the pool and fuck him right then and there.

I didn’t. Somehow, I don’t know how, I restrained myself. It required every ounce of self-control I had not to remove my bikini top and move Morris’s mouth to my hard nipple. It was all I could do not to strip naked and throw myself at my daughter’s boyfriend and beg him to fuck me, to fuck me long and loud like the slut I was.

But I didn’t. I stayed strong for Belle. For my daughter.

And most of all...to prove my wife wrong.

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 16

The rest of the day passed slowly. Agonizingly slowly.

My daughter's friends were good kids. Funny, fun, kind. They ribbed each other, but never to the point of overstepping. They clearly cared for each other, and – in a way that made me feel a little bad about my own generation – a huge amount of their conversation was focused around 'doing the right thing'.

The kids and I spent a few hours goofing around by the pool. I did my best to be involved, to be fun and friendly and charming as I knew my daughter could be.

And I did everything I could not to get distracted by some simple facts.

Fact 1: each and every one of the teenage boys around the pool had a cock.

That was just a truth. We all had to live with it. I had to live with it.

It was true even when I was in my own body. It had been true when I was young, and it would be true when I was old.

But while I was in my daughter's body, that fact felt...larger. It felt like it was lit up in bright colors, directly imprinted onto my brain. Belle's brain.

When I was in my own body, that undeniable fact carried basically no significance. Teenage boys have cocks, ducks have bills, mice have fur, and spiders have eight legs. No biggie.

But that fact – that simple, uncontroversial fact – loomed large when I was in Belle's body. Largely because of the second truth that I was trying desperately not to think about.

Fact 2: each and every one of those cocks was capable of spraying cum onto my daughter's face and body.

Now, this one is a little less obvious. I mean, it's one that you don't immediately think about. It's not explicitly taught in health class, for example.

But it was still true. And as soon as the thought popped into my mind, it was nigh-impossible to avoid thinking about.

I don't know if my daughter has a unique chemical make-up that makes her crave cum, or if this

sudden obsession stemmed from the fact that I'd been on the other end of the 'cock spraying my teenage daughter's body with cum' situation, but there was something about the idea that was just impossibly tantalizing.

It wouldn't take much to convince them, of that I was sure. Even the ones whose girlfriends were right there; if I (in Belle's body) had stripped off the bikini and ordered them to gather around and coat my teenage body with cum, I'm sure they would've obeyed. Maybe not all of them, but enough of them to give me the cum-shower that I apparently craved.

Hell, I probably wouldn't even need to strip off my daughter's bikini to convince them.

Or I could be more tactical about it. I could pick them off, one by one. I could tempt them away from the poolside, into the bedroom or the kitchen or a bathroom or to the front of the house. I could get down on my knees – my daughter's knees – look them in the eye, and tell them how badly I needed it. I could breathlessly beg for them to whip out their dicks and stroke them until they came onto my daughter's smiling face.

That's not cheating, right? If I didn't touch them. I wouldn't be cheating on Mary, my daughter wouldn't be cheating on Morris. It would all be above-board. Belle would just be...helping some teenage boys out. Letting them release some tension.

Right onto my daughter's face and tits.

As I chatted with Belle's friends, as I joked and pretended to know the slang of the youth (what the fuck is "rizz"?), and acted as much like her as I could, those two facts were running through my head.

All of these boys had cocks.

All of those cocks were capable of covering me with their cum.

And as you can imagine, it wasn't long before a third fact started to force its way into my consciousness:

Fact 3: Mary might have been more right than I gave her credit for.

Of the three facts, that was the hardest one to push out of my brain. I'd been so mad at her. I'd seen so much of what she did as a betrayal of trust, of a betrayal of our daughter's autonomy. I'd truly thought she'd been over-exaggerating what it was like.

My mind flashed back to my wife in my daughter's body, kneeling in front of me in my office, begging me to use her. Telling me how much she needed it, how much she needed release so she wouldn't lose control the next day at school.

It was all I could do not to moan just at the memory. It was all I could do not to reach below my bikini bottom's right there beside the pool and touch myself, get myself off while everyone watched.

If I had, I'm sure that would've brought facts 1 and 2 to the fore. God I wanted everyone to watch.

I didn't do it. I maintained self-control. I didn't masturbate, I didn't convince any of the boys around the pool to cover me in their cum. I didn't take Morris by the hand, lead him into the bedroom, and fuck him until it was out of my system.

For hours, I talked and chatted, and pretended everything was normal. As the sun set and we went inside, I acted like my bubbly, charming daughter. As the other girls put on clothes, I did the same, resisting the urge to flaunt as much of my skin as I could for as long as I could to as many people as I could.

Fact 4: At least one of Belle's friends would masturbate that night thinking about her.

I can't prove that one, but I was sure of it. If it wasn't one of the guys (or ALL of the guys), it would be Ayaka, or Takara, or hell, one of the supposedly 'straight' girls who I'd noticed checking her out.

Maybe they *were* straight. Maybe Belle was hot enough to sway a straight chick.

It was our last night at the cabin. "Our" – I was already thinking of myself as one of the gang. My wife's training had proved helpful, and I'd only called one of Belle's friends the wrong name all day (what kind of friend group has both a "Todd" and a "Tad"?). (Also, what kind of a name is "Tad" anyway?) – like I said, I really did like them.

Dinner was cooked, dinner was served, dinner was cleaned up. And I was so distracted by facts 1–4 (and trying desperately not to flirt my way into forcing Fact 4 to be true) that it wasn't until I saw someone yawn that I realized a new fact, a fact that overshadowed the first four facts combined:

Fact 5: Just like the previous night.. Morris and I would be sleeping together.

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 17

“Hey,” I said shyly.

God, it was so fucking weird. I was a grown man. I was in my *forties*, for god’s sake. And yet the moment everyone had called it a night, the moment that my daughter’s boyfriend and I had made it to the bedroom and closed the door, the moment we were alone...I felt like a teenage girl.

My stomach was full of butterflies. I knew that I was blushing, despite the fact that...I mean, on paper, there was nothing to blush about. He was a teenage boy, I was a fully-grown man.

But I wasn’t just a fully-grown man. In that moment, I was a fully-grown man in the body of a teenage girl.

And the fifth fact could’ve been written in a neon sign two inches from my face, so emblazoned was it on my consciousness:

Morris and I were going to sleep together.

Again.

If you’d told me one day earlier that my teenage daughter was going to share a bed with her boyfriend, I would’ve been teeming with jealousy. I would’ve found it so upsetting that...I mean hell, it wasn’t a hypothetical.

It felt like I’d been in my daughter’s body for eighteen months, but it hadn’t even been twenty-four hours yet. The previous night I’d learned, I’d learned that Belle was dating.

And I’d lost it.

That’s why I was here. I’d yelled at my wife, so full of anger and jealousy and...look, I’d like to say ‘parental concern’, but that would be lying.

I wanted my daughter, all to myself. It was as simple as that. It was as *fucked* as that.

No, I didn’t want my daughter. I feel like I should be clear about that. I’d never, ever done anything with Belle while *she* was in her body. My daughter was my daughter, my baby girl. I wanted her to have a normal life; I never wanted her to think of me as anything but her loving, kind, caring father.

I didn’t want my daughter.

I just wanted her body.

My wife, Mary, in our daughter's body...our time together had been the most intensely sexual experience of my life. And while I would never, ever do anything to hurt Belle, I hadn't been able to stop myself from reacting to what we'd done.

Even when it was my daughter in her own body, I couldn't help but notice her thighs flexing as she stood on her toes to get something out of a high cupboard. When she wandered downstairs in a t-shirt but no bra. Why would she need to wear a bra? She was at home with her family.

Just her brother, her mother, and me. Her father.

I didn't *want* my cock to harden at the sight of her nipples, visible through the thin fabric of her t-shirts. I didn't want to notice how her yoga pants clung to her firm, perfect ass, the way her buttocks shifted when she walked down the hallway.

I didn't want to see my daughter that way. Truly.

But I couldn't help it.

One day earlier, I was steaming mad at the idea of Belle going to bed with her boyfriend, spending the night with him. Sleeping in his arms.

That's something we'd never been able to do, during that mad two weeks of Mary inhabiting our daughter's body. We'd never been able to spend a night together, just sleeping beside each other, like my wife and I do every night.

I was so mad that Morris got that, and I never had. I'd lost it at my wife, and she'd put me in my daughter's body as punishment. To understand her point of view.

Now? I wasn't mad.

I was nervous.

"Hey," he shot back, grinning. He was wearing jeans and a white t-shirt; the boys had gotten dressed after our swim as well.

"Hey," I repeated, blushing furiously. God, what was wrong with me? This kid was less than half my age, and I couldn't get a second damn word out.

In response to my obvious nervousness, Morris laughed. And when Morris laughed, he *really* laughed – loud enough that I knew the other kids could hear. Booming. *Infectious* laughter – at the sound of his full, genuine mirth, I found myself laughing too. Belle's laugh was (as you'd hope) much higher than mine, a tinkling giggle that turned into a bubbly, wholehearted laugh.

In contrast, it just made Morris's laugh sound more like...well, a *man*. A confident, strong, masculine man.

The laugh relaxed me, but my stomach tightened at how attracted I was to Morris. How attracted my *daughter* was, I mean – I’m not into teenage boys.

Except I guess I am, because every fiber of my body – Belle’s body! – was telling me to throw him down on the bed and fuck him. To get it out of my system – my daughter’s system – by spreading her legs and letting him fuck her as hard as I knew from experience her body liked to be fucked.

Fuck. *Fuck*. There was no way I could sleep next to this guy without making a play for him.

I didn’t want to want my daughter, but I did. And I absolutely, one-hundred-percent didn’t want to want my daughter’s boyfriend...

But I did.

Apparently Belle wears her feelings on her face, because Morris’s smile faded, and he shot me – shot *Belle* – a look of concern.

“Hey,” he said gently. “We don’t have to do that again.”

I didn’t think it was possible, but my blush grew more intense.

“What?” I said, trying to sound like I was...I dunno, playing. Teasing. Being coquettish.

And not like I had absolutely no idea what “we” had done.

Well, no, that’s not true. I had an idea. I had a hundred thousand ideas, and they were all flashing through my head at once.

“What we did last night,” he said, shooting me a look that said ‘I know exactly what you’re doing’. It was a look I’d given my wife many, many times.

“*What?*” I asked, playing into the blush, the embarrassment. I only barely managed to stop myself from biting my lip as I stared at him, Belle’s big blue eyes shining.

I knew exactly what I was doing. Belle never looked cuter than when she was being shy.

Well, no, that’s not true. My daughter’s best look, if I’m being completely honest, was naked and sweaty, impaling herself onto my cock.

But nervous and shy was a close second.

Morris rolled his eyes, but I knew that it had worked. “Sleeping...topless,” he said delicately. “I know that was a big step. I just want you to be comfortable. If you want to wear PJ’s tonight, that’s absolutely fine by me.”

Fuck! Why did Belle’s fucking boyfriend have to be so fucking sweet.

I should've taken him up on the offer, of course. I should've said "Wow, Morris, I really appreciate that. I feel so heard and respected. I'm going to sleep not only in my pajamas tonight, but in a full medieval suit of armor. And, just to be safe, you're going to sleep on an inflatable raft in the middle of the pool, which – by the way – I've filled with ravenous piranha. It's not you, I just don't trust myself not to jump your bones and make love to you until we both die of dehydration."

I should've said all of that. But I didn't.

Obviously the piranhas would die from the chlorine in the pool.

That, plus my heart was so...full. My hormones – Belle's hormones – were so inflamed. And every inch of me wanted to reward his gentleness, his thoughtfulness, by throwing him down on the bed and fucking him until we both died of dehydration.

So while I didn't give the ideal response, considering that 'immediate, passionate, unprotected sex' was my first impulse, I wasn't entirely unhappy with the compromise I reached.

I didn't say no. I didn't say 'fuck me now, use me like I was made to be used.'

Instead, I looked Morris dead in the eyes, smiled, and said three simple words:

"I want to."

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 18

I didn't sleep a wink that night.

Morris was a complete gentleman. Of course he was. For all my jealousy, for all my rage, it was impossible to deny: Belle had chosen an absolute sweetheart to be her first boyfriend.

Despite the fact that he'd already seen me – well, my daughter – topless, he still turned his back as I removed the tight t-shirt that I'd used to contain Belle's enormous breasts.

It was a blessing that he did, honestly; even with Morris's back turned, I was overcome with this strange urge to strip for him, to remove the red shirt as provocatively as possible...

And, as my wife and daughter will heartily agree, I'm no dancer. Even in Belle's body, I'm sure I would've managed to mess it up.

God, just the thought of it made me blush as red as the shirt in my hands. In my daughter's hands. What if I'd embarrassed myself – *herself* – in front of Morris? What if he'd burst out in that big, booming laugh of his at the sight of me trying to strip and messing it up?

Intellectually, I knew that wasn't possible. Belle could've slipped on a banana peel into an entire cart of cream pies, and she would've somehow made it look sexy. Her body was so beautiful, so sexy, so completely and utterly perfect...

Yeah, if Morris had laughed at her stripping for him, he didn't deserve her.

When my shirt was off, I was tempted to keep going. To strip Belle's body bare, to reveal her long legs...and what was between them. To growl an invitation for him to pounce her, to fuck her, to give her what both horny teenagers so desperately wanted.

But I didn't.

It should've been easy. *Not* propositioning teenage boys is something that I normally do all day every day, without breaking a sweat. It shouldn't have filled me with pride that I managed to keep Belle's shorts on *and* stop myself from inviting Morris to fuck my daughter.

Not for the first time that day, I was forced to admit...I may have been a little unfair on Mary, stuck in this teenage goddess's body. Because as I managed to stop myself from begging Morris for his undeniable cock, I felt proud.

"I'm ready," I said, Belle's voice soft and sweet. Morris turned around, his eyes practically

bugging out of his head at the sight of Belle's toplessness.

I couldn't blame him. My daughter's breasts were firm and full. Barely nineteen, they didn't have a hint of sag, and her pink nipples were – I'm not too ashamed to admit – hard as diamonds.

Morris didn't say anything, just drank in Belle's boobs with his eyes, and the warmth between her legs grew.

I couldn't help myself; my eyes dropped to his shorts. Again, *not* checking out teenager's dicks should have been the easiest thing in the world to me...but I'd spent most of the day trying desperately to do anything but.

Belle's body was perfect. I knew it, Morris knew it, every teenager in the cabin knew it. But despite *knowing* that, I craved confirmation. I wanted to see Morris get hard at the sight of me. I wanted to see all the boys get hard. I wanted to know that I was the hottest piece of ass that they'd ever seen.

I wanted visual confirmation of what I already *knew*.

And Morris, god bless his soul, delivered.

He wasn't packing a piece of salami down there or anything; it wasn't like my daughter was secretly dating a porn star. But even through the shorts that had been infuriatingly hiding his erection all day, it was clear:

Morris was hard.

Because of me.

Well, because of my daughter. And so I'd like to claim it was my daughter who let out a small gasp, and that I had nothing to do with it. A soft moan of what can only be described as lust; an audible sound of how incredibly attracted she was to her boyfriend.

And Morris, the absolute fucking paragon of virtue that he is, *didn't react in the slightest*.

Well, not verbally. At the sound of Belle's sound of pleasure, the tent in his pants got a slight bit more...tenty.

I didn't sleep a wink that night. After the gasp, Morris took a moment to collect himself, then stammeringly suggested we go to bed. And as I lay Belle's body next to his, it took every inch of my self-control not to press her perfect ass against his cock. I knew he was hard, and he surely knew I knew he was hard. But out of respect for my daughter, out of respect for his girlfriend who he clearly adored to the moon and back...Morris's hips were so far back in the bed, I'm surprised his butt didn't make a hole in the wall.

His cock stayed away from Belle's ass. His hands stayed away from her tits. And as we lay there, breathing in unison, I suddenly remembered what it had been like to be a teenager.

That moment when you don't know if something's going to happen, if something *should* happen, if it's your responsibility to suggest that something happen...or if doing so will brand you a pervert, and you'll lose everything.

If I'd rolled over and said "hey, Morris, I want you, I need you, oh baby, oh baby," his cock would've been in my daughter's mouth, hand, or various willing orifices before I could finish the *10 Things I Hate About You* reference.

But if Belle didn't make a move, it was clear that Morris wasn't going to.

I wanted to. God help me, every inch of my daughter wanted nothing more than to invite him in.

But that wasn't why I was in her body. That wasn't why Mary had done this.

And so instead of making a move, instead of allowing Morris to release his pent-up teenage lust, I lay there wearing nothing but a thin pair of pajama shorts and bit my daughter's tongue and tried desperately to sleep.

But I didn't. And I'd bet good money that Morris didn't either.

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 19

When the sun rose the next morning, I used it as an excuse to get up. I *had* to get up. I'd been laying there for hours, trying to sleep, pretending I *was* asleep.

Resisting the urge to move Morris's hands to my nipples – my daughter's nipples – and tell him to be rough. Tell him that I liked it rough, to use me as he pleased.

To call myself his little sex doll and invite him to use my body however the hell he liked.

I sat up, stretched, yawned, and when I turned to face Morris, I pretended not to notice his eyes snapping shut.

“Are you awake?”

Belle's voice still felt strange coming out of my mouth – *her* mouth. It was higher-pitched and more feminine than mine, as you'd hope. Softer.

Sexy.

“Mm?” Morris replied, opening his eyes and stretching. God bless him, he even tried not to stare at my daughter's huge, naked tits, her exposed nipples, just as hard as his cock had been all night.

He failed. But he at least *tried*.

“Thanks for last night,” I said, my blush real. Belle has always blushed easily, and now that I was inside her body, I felt more sorry for her than I ever had. When she'd been younger I'd teased her about it, in that way that fathers do. Now that I was experiencing it...I can honestly say, it *sucked*. It was like having a billboard attached to your cheeks, broadcasting your innermost feelings to the world.

“Mm-hmm,” he replied, his voice a squeak.

He was a good kid. But I couldn't wait to get the fuck away from him, before I did something in my daughter's body that the three of us would regret forever.

It was the last day of the cabin trip; after putting on a bra and shirt (to Morris's obvious disappointment) I went out and helped supervise everyone as they packed up. Belle's friends all thanked her for letting them stay there...even in the single full day we'd spent together, I'd

found myself growing to actually like them. They were good kids.

I tried not to overplay the part, packing up the cabin to what I knew would be my daughter's standards instead of my own, mentally making a checklist of what I'd have to fix and/or re-buy next time we came up here as a family. Farewells were made, hugs were given (including one from Ayaka that I felt was uncomfortably long), and everyone left.

I could've driven home. I probably *should* have driven home – Ben was getting dropped off to summer camp, and I knew that my wife would have appreciated the help getting everything ready.

But “I” was at home – my body, at least. And while I doubted that Belle-in-my-body would be as helpful as me-in-Belle's body...well, I figured that was the price that Mary had to pay for switching our bodies.

Besides, maybe this would help with whatever lesson our daughter was going to learn from the whole experience.

So instead of driving home, I returned to the bed where Morris and I hadn't slept the previous night, I stripped naked, and I masturbated. I imagined everything that Morris and I *could* have done the previous night, using my fingers to get my daughter's body off, again and again and again.

And when I was done, I did something else I wish I'd done the previous night, and slept.

It was still light when I woke up – checking my daughter's phone, I saw that I'd only slept for a few hours. My feet were heavy as I forced myself to get up, get dressed, and drive back home.

The big car wasn't out the front when I arrived home, which made sense – Ben's camp was over an hour away, and so I figured Mary and Belle-in-my-body were dropping him off. I pulled Belle's bag of clothes out of the car, and struggled with the keys for longer than I should have; I'd napped for a few hours, but was very much looking forward to getting a full night's sleep.

So I was surprised when I entered the house and discovered I wasn't alone. As I dragged the bag into the entryway, I looked up to see someone watching me, a panicked look on their face:

Me.

If I hadn't had kids so young, I like to think I would've taken a year or two off to travel the world. Part of me always wonders what would've happened if I'd gone to Tibet, spent time in one of the monasteries, and really made an effort to ‘find myself’.

I certainly hadn't expected to find myself just by walking inside my own front door.

“Hi!” I yelled, not sure what to say. *Dad*, I remembered immediately. *Belle calls me Dad*.

“Hi!” she replied. *He* replied.

I replied, I suppose.

When my daughter and wife had switched bodies the previous summer, Belle hadn't taken long to get the hang of my wife's mannerisms. Looking at her, standing in *my* body, it was obvious that it would take her a little longer to get the habit of it. She wasn't standing even remotely like I normally did. Her posture wasn't even that of a man; her hip was cocked, her arms awkward and unsure of where to rest.

My body's eyes were darting around nervously, even as I realized I had a look of shock on my face...and was blushing again.

"How was the cabin, uh, sweetie?"

It was so strange, hearing words come out of my mouth that I hadn't put there.

"Okay," I said, trying to sound disaffected. Trying to remember how my daughter felt about me, after a year of awkwardness and no contact.

My blush deepened as I saw my eyes – the eyes in my body, not the eyes in Belle's body – involuntarily run up and down my body. Belle's body.

On paper, there was nothing wrong with that. It was Belle in my body checking out her own body.

But in practice, I felt a shiver cross through me as it happened. I was, after all, in the body of a teenage girl...and even though it was *me* standing in front of me, it felt deeply wrong to be getting that kind of attention.

Wrong...and a little bit thrilling.

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 20

I'd hated finding myself attracted to Morris. He was a teenage boy, I was a middle-aged man. A middle-aged *straight* man. I wanted to be attracted to my wife, and no one else. If a genie had appeared, that's what I would've used wishes one, two, and three for: I want to be attracted to my loving wife, Mary, *exclusively*. That's all I wanted.

But I was in the body of a teenage girl, and...well, teenage girls are attracted to teenage boys. It's one of those gifts that evolution gave us to guarantee the perpetuation of the species.

And so, as little as I liked it, it made sense. I was in Belle's body, and even though I'm a straight man, I was attracted to Belle's boyfriend.

But when I felt myself getting turned on at the sight of my *own* eyes on me, that didn't make any sense.

Belle wasn't attracted to me, was she? She'd always just seen me as her father. Her boring, stodgy, sometimes-irrational father.

Right?

My blush deepened and I tried not to look at my crotch. If I'd caught Belle, in my body, getting hard as she checked me out in *her* body, I don't know what I would've done. Instead, I acted on instinct.

Not one of my strengths.

"Gotta pee!" I exclaimed, before quickly exiting the room and rushing for the bathroom.

I didn't need to pee. I mean, once I got there, I realized I did, but that wasn't why I'd blurted it out. I just needed a moment to calm down, to collect my thoughts.

While I was in my daughter's body, I was attracted to men. It was strange, but very obviously true.

And my body, which currently contained my daughter...was a man's body.

While I was in Belle's body, I was attracted to myself.

It certainly didn't help that – unlike the bevy of teenaged boys at the cabin – I *knew* what my body looked like. I mean, I wasn't going to win any modeling contracts anytime soon, but

apparently that didn't matter to Belle. Or to Belle's body, anyway.

I knew exactly how hairy I was. I knew that I had a little bit of a gut. I'd expected that to be a turn-off, for Belle's hormones to react to the trim, largely hairless bodies of her peers at the cabin...but either Belle had a bit of a fetish for older men, or I did.

And I was fairly sure I didn't.

Worse, I knew exactly what my cock looked like. No, more than looked like – I knew what it felt like. What it smelled like. Exactly how hard it got, and exactly how thick it was. I knew what it was like to slowly sink it into a tight pussy, exactly how it throbbed.

Exactly how to make it cum.

My eyes shot open as I let out a soft moan. Fuck! I hoped to god that Belle (in my body) hadn't heard that. I had to keep it together. I had to make sure that she didn't suspect anything, that she didn't know we'd been switched.

As far as she was concerned, she was in my body *and* her own body, and we had to keep it that way. If Belle knew that her father had been inside her body (in *any sense*), she'd never recover.

If Belle knew that I knew about her strange fetish for dad bods, I don't know how we could ever make eye contact again.

I had to pull it together. I had to remember everything my wife had shown me, taught me. I had to behave exactly as Belle would around her father. So far, I didn't think I'd been too inaccurate – I was pretty sure my daughter would've made an excuse to leave a conversation of small talk as quickly as possible.

Besides, she'd been just as freaked out as I was. The odds of her applying critical thinking to our interaction was pretty low. But now that she knew I was here, now that she had time to prepare, she'd be more aware.

I had to act normal.

I had to act like I wasn't insatiably turned on by *my own body*. Despite cumming almost half a dozen times before napping, I could feel how warm Belle was between her legs. The lust was back, fogging my brain, making it hard to think.

How long had Belle felt like this? How long had she been lusting after me, her own father? How long had the two of us been secretly wanting each other, avoiding contact because despite her being my daughter and me being her father, we knew – we *knew* how sexually compatible we'd be?

I shook my head. Belle's head. I wasn't thinking straight. Well, as a teenage girl thinking about a man, I was thinking *straight*...but I wasn't thinking clearly. And I needed to have my wits about me, if I was going to get through our next interaction without my daughter getting suspicious.

I needed to clear my head. And as I was sitting on the toilet behind a locked door, pants and panties around my ankle (I'd peed and wiped several minutes earlier), I knew one thing that would help with that more than anything.

Biting my lip (to make sure I didn't inadvertently let out a moan), I reached between my legs. Belle's legs. Belle's hand reached between Belle's legs, and – in order to cum as quickly as possible – started thinking about Belle's father.

It was the fastest way to get off, I told myself. The easiest penis to visualize. Like I said, I know my own cock more than anything. I know how it feels, parting the soft folds of a wet pussy...a pussy like the one my fingers were lightly stroking.

No, not a pussy *like* the one I was touching. That one specifically.

I knew exactly how much pleasure my cock had been able to give Belle. I'd been on the other end of it for a straight month. A twisted, screwed up, yet *extremely* 'straight' month. I knew how it had felt, slamming all the way into Belle's needy cunt. I knew how much pleasure it had given her as it fucked her, as it used her as I now knew her entire body ached to be used.

I knew what it had felt like to unload inside it, to fill my daughter's pussy with my hot, thick cum.

It was that memory that bounced around my head as I came, one hand over my mouth. I remembered how good it had felt to pump Belle full of my seed, how hard she'd cum at the feeling of her own father's dick stretching her tight body to its limits.

I remembered how Belle had begged me, pleaded with me to fuck her deeper, harder.

And when I came down from my orgasm, I was filled with the deepest shame I'd felt in months.

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 21

My skin was flushed, my breathing heavy.

Belle's skin. Belle's breathing.

Belle's nipples were hard – I'd felt my nipples harden before, of course. When it was cold, or when Mary (or Mary in Belle's body) ran her tongue across them. But Belle's nipples were something else: two pink nubs, hard as rocks and begging to be played with.

I knew what they felt like against my lips. I knew how sensitive they were, how eager they were to be played with. To be tasted.

I was still clothed, of course, but I knew that if I wasn't, I'd have been able to bring them to my lips. To Belle's lips.

I've heard that some men – those who are missing ribs or double-jointed – are able to suck their own cocks. I can't tell you why, but it was a frequent topic of conversation in my teenage years. The consensus was that even if they could, they mostly didn't, that it didn't feel as good as having someone else go down on you.

I was overcome with the urge to test that theory with Belle's nipples. Last year, I'd seen my wife (in my daughter's body) shiver with delight as I'd brought Belle's nipples to my mouth. She'd looked practically orgasmic as I bit down on them, sucked them, tongued them.

Would it feel the same if I did it to myself?

With a sigh, I flushed the toilet, pulled up Belle's shorts, and stopped trying to distract myself from the overwhelming sense of shame that was consuming me.

I'd just gotten off – I'd just gotten *Belle* off – while imagining my own cock inside my body. Her body. My body inside my body; his body inside her body. After less than a minute with my own body, I'd been insatiable, needing to get alone and get off.

Was this why Mary had struggled so? Let me be clear – I'm not trying to claim I'm a contender for Mr. Universe or anything like that. But at the sight of my average, hairy, forty-year old Dad Bod...I'd needed to excuse myself and cum. I'd felt more out of control than I had after several days surrounded by teenage boys.

Did my daughter have an older man fetish?

Did Belle have a fetish specifically for me?

Did Belle unwillingly want me as much as I unwillingly wanted her?

As the thoughts ran through my head, the feeling of shame never lessened.

And Belle's nipples never stopped trying to burst through her shirt.

When I emerged, my body – my male dad bod – was nowhere to be found. Belle had clearly taken the opportunity to make my body scarce.

My eyes widened at the thought. Was she, right now, jerking me off in another room of the house? Was my daughter wrapping my hand around my cock, and pumping it? Getting off at the thought of me? Of her?

Of this perfect teenage body my wife had cursed me to inhabit?

God, the thought of that turned me on so much. It was all I could do to resist getting off again, cumming at the thought of my own body cumming at the thought of my daughter's body...

I needed to get it out of my system. No, I needed a more drastic solution than that. I couldn't just fuck myself silly every time I saw my old body.

Belle couldn't get off every time she saw her father.

I don't know how long I stood there, staring at nothing, trying to process the perverse thoughts running through my head. Belle's head. It wasn't until I heard the front door opening that I even realized I'd spaced out. I tried to reposition my facial features into a slightly more sensible arrangement as my youngest child entered.

"Hey squirt," I said. Ben was just two years younger than his sister – the exact right gap, it turns out, for siblings to constantly squabble. I hadn't needed to practice this one with my wife; I knew all too well how Ben and Belle interacted.

"Hey bitch," he responded, and I opened my mouth to reprimand him – 'Don't talk to your sister like that' – before remembering that I *was* the sister he was talking to like that.

"Real smart," I said instead. "You learn that one from one of your genius friends?"

I felt bad, bullying my own teenage son – even if the words were coming not from 'me', but from his sister's mouth – but I would've felt worse if Ben's friends hadn't been such a nightmare. Just a year ago, Belle had been similarly surrounded by bad influences: after spending several days with her new crowd, I was delighted to see what a corner she'd turned.

"Belle!"

My cheeks immediately glowed as I was reprimanded by my own wife, who'd been just a few

steps behind our son.

“He started it!” I said instinctively, and as Ben rolled his eyes, Mary shot me an amused smirk.

“Ben, why don’t you go and see if your father has any plans for dinner?”

The eye-roll continued as Ben did as his mother said. I considered mentioning to Mary that Ben might not want to walk in on his father at this very moment...but I knew that would raise more questions than it answered.

Hopefully Belle was smart enough to lock the door before jerking me off inside the house.

After making sure we were alone, Mary turned an inquisitive gaze my way.

“So?” she asked. I hadn’t even realized my fists were clenched until then; I took a deep breath and tried to force myself to relax. It had been literal decades since I’d last been reprimanded by a parental figure – it turns out it never gets better.

“So?” I echoed back, trying to mimic her smile...but the words came out exactly as they would have from Belle’s mouth a year ago, like those of a defiant teenager.

Mary wasn’t bothered, however. She leaned forward, curiosity dancing in her eyes.

“So...did you fuck Boris?”

Topsy-Turvy Tuesday

by Pan

Chapter 21

“Of course not!” I exclaimed, my face an immediate, furious red. “God, Mary, what do you think...”

I trailed off, unsure how to finish the thought.

“Some of us,” I said, as haughtily as I could manage, “have more than a modicum of self-control.”

Mary was unaffected by my attempt at moral superiority. She shot me a wicked look.

“But you were tempted, weren’t you?”

“No!” I hissed, a little too defensively. “I’m...I’m straight. You know that.”

Mary’s hand ran down my body – Belle’s body. Even through my daughter’s clothes clothes, even though I’d just brought her body to a powerful orgasm, I felt tingles run down Belle’s spine at the touch.

“You’re in the body of a straight girl, honey,” she said gently. “You might like women, but Belle likes men.”

I cursed at how easily Belle blushed, as my mind was flooded with the memory of what I’d been doing just a few minutes earlier. Of what I’d been thinking about.

“But I’m straight,” I repeated, as if it meant anything. I’d just gotten off while fantasizing about my own body, using Belle’s hands to cum while imagining being fucked by a cock.

By my own cock.

“Completely straight?” she asked, and I was so distracted that I didn’t notice the wicked tone in her voice.

“Of course,” I said quickly, desperately. I could feel how hot Belle was between her legs; her flush was not localized to her face.

“Great,” she nodded. “Then it won’t be a problem to keep Belle’s virginity intact.”

“Right.” Belle’s voice was hoarse, slightly ragged. It was too easy to imagine Morris fucking me as hard as he could, filling me to the brim. Using my daughter’s body for his pleasure, the body I’d sworn to protect.

It was too easy to imagine how good it would be feel. To be *used*. To be fucked, taken like a sex doll.

To cum around his cock, again and again and again...

“Great,” Mary smiled.

“Great,” I said in response.

Mary’s hand was still on my back; she pulled me in closer so she could whisper something in my ear, soft enough that if either of our kids came back, they wouldn’t hear it.

“So if you’re still into women, there’s nothing stopping us from having sex.”

I choked, and my eyes went wide. I had to clear my throat twice to force words out.

“W-what?”

“Nothing’s stopping us from having sex, sweetie,” Mary said again. Her hand was still on my back, and it moved slowly, suggestively down to the curve of my ass. Belle’s ass. Belle’s perfect, firm ass. “If you’re completely straight, then there’s no reason we can’t make love...”

I pulled away and faced my wife. She looked beautiful – as always – but there was a hunger in her eyes that I’d never seen before.

No, that’s not true. I’d seen it once before, when she was in the body I was in now. When she’d been the one inhabiting Belle’s body, she’d looked like this.

Hungry. Horny. *Insatiable*.

“Why the hell would we do that?” I asked, my voice a shrill shriek. Mary shushed me, putting one finger to our daughter’s plump lips.

“You know I’m bi,” she stated matter-of-factly. “I didn’t know until last year. And you know I’d never cheat on you...”

“Mary...”

“This might be my only opportunity,” she said, moving even closer. Her body was pressed against mine. Against our daughter’s. It was all too easy to imagine what this would look like, from the outside: my wife was still attractive, and Belle was a teenage goddess. Their bodies, pressed against each other. It was all too easy to imagine it going further, to imagine taking Mary up on her offer... “I can have sex with my husband, while also being with a woman. It’s perfect.”

It wasn’t perfect. It was disgusting. It was *incest*.

Belle’s body was flooding with adrenaline, and I didn’t trust myself to react without exploding.

Ben could never hear this conversation. And my daughter – in my body – could *never* hear this conversation. If she knew, if she suspected, even for a moment...

I took a deep breath and forced myself to calm down. When I was sure I wouldn't shout, I started speaking in measured tones.

"We can't do that, Mary," I said as softly as I was able.

"Why not?"

"Why not??"

Again, I forced myself to stop, to take a breath. Again, I resumed as quietly and calmly as I could.

"Because we can't, that's why not!" I hissed. "Because it would be wrong. Because it would be sick."

"More sick than what we did last year?"

Belle's fists were balled, and I could hear her heartbeat in her ears. How dare she throw that back in my face?

"I never wanted to do that, Mary!" I reminded her. "That was for Belle!"

"So is this," she said, returning her hand to my back. Belle's back. I was too focused on not losing my shit (Belle's shit?) that I didn't even try to shake it off. "I know what it's like, honey. You need release. You need to be touched...to touch..."

"No I don't!" I snapped. "Maybe you couldn't handle it, but I'm stronger than you! I'm...I'm..."

"Uh..."

We turned to see that Ben had returned, and had heard me – or, from his point of view, his sister – shouting at his mother.

"What's going on?"