

Jean Hughfort was many things. A bestselling author. A mother of two. A divorcee. A one-term state senator. A lobbyist for education. The list went on, but none of it seemed to matter. Front of mind, for her, was that she was coming up on sixty and desperate to accomplish more. This was why she had taken a risk on a new “reverse-aging” cream that claimed to provide the user with increased vitality and vigor.

The container was small, probably the size of an acrylic paint bottle. It smelled lovely, in a musky, wood-infused kind of way. It felt great on her fingers. She dabbed some on her face before bed that night. When she woke the next morning, many of her wrinkles had lessened—if not faded away entirely.

“It really works,” she said, hand to her smoother cheek. She applied a bit more to her face and some to her hands and arms. It was warm out that morning, so the heat on her skin didn’t register as out of the ordinary. At least, not until she stopped for lunch and noticed her arms.

Not only were they smoother they were also fuller—as if she had literally gotten younger! These little discoveries went on for a week until she decided to do something far more daring.

“I wonder what you’ll do to my girls,” she mused as she squirted a good bit of the cream onto her chest. Her hands, constantly exposed to the cream, had become flawless. She had even been approached to be a hand model. She used her years-younger fingers to rub the cream into her sagging breasts. It took a moment for her body to respond but the now familiar heat soon enveloped her bust. She watched, in awe, as not only did her breasts regain firmness they also seemed to get bigger.

“A little more can’t hurt, right?” she said to herself, squirting a little bit more into her hands. There was an almost overwhelming amount of sensation this time. Had the cream done

something to her nerve endings as well? Whatever it was, it felt amazing. She was still rubbing her breasts when they started to grow this time, so there was no mistaking what she was seeing. Her flesh was springy now, in a way that almost seemed unnatural. It was even more pronounced than at the height of her time breastfeeding when her boobs had been taut with milk.

What else could this stuff do to her?

“I wonder,” she mused. “If I mixed some with my shampoo and used it in my hair—or maybe my conditioner would work better?”

The potential was all the encouragement she needed. She went to the shower without a moment’s hesitation and screwed the top off of her conditioner. The moisture-focused formula was thick and heavy, perfect for letting the cream sit in her hair for a good long while. She didn’t really measure as she added, but it was enough cream to get the bottle back to full from around the three-quarters mark.

Giddy, she decided to take a shower right then and there. The cream-infused conditioner tingled as she worked it into her scalp and hair. While long enough to reach her back, her silver-streaked brown hair wasn’t styled at all. It just kind of... was. What would it look like in a moment?

What she had not anticipated was the sensation that followed the tingle. The world tilted for a moment. When it returned to normal, Jean now thought of herself as Jeannie. She couldn’t quite explain it, but it felt like her personality itself had somehow gotten younger. She still had all her lived experiences. Still had all of her memories. However, there was an eagerness and an optimism there which she had lost long ago.

“I can’t wait to go out tonight!” she said to herself, excited at the prospect.

Then she went to rinse out her hair and she realized that the run-off would trail down her whole body. She was about to get a full body dose of this wonder cream! For the first time in years, she started to feel horny.

“Oh, yeah,” she said to herself, half moaning. “I bet I can get some young stud to come home with me.”

The creamy water felt like a cascade of caresses as it traveled down her body. All over, she could feel the burn. Her stomach shed some weight. Her arms and legs put on some muscle. Her breasts got a little heavier. The aches in her hips and feet faded away. Much to her surprise, she started to rub her clit with her fingers as she savored the feeling of rejuvenation. Her hips pressed into her hand while her other finished rising out her hair.

She wasn’t thinking when she grabbed the conditioner again and put a dollop in her palm. Lost in a haze of long-lost pleasure, she rubbed the mixture into her bush as she began to finger herself. Her free hand cupped a boob and lifted it to her lips.

Her back met the tile as she masturbated for the first time in almost ten years. She moaned like never before as her clit, labia, and even her pussy as a whole swelled in size. There was a flicker of shame that quickly gave way to enjoying herself to the fullest. She slid down the wall as her fingering grew faster. She was so close now. So very close!

Jeannie’s body tensed as an orgasm burst outward from her pussy before relaxing in the wake of the pleasure. Her butt hit the floor. She was gasping for breath. The water had gotten cold, though she only realized it now. How long had she been in the shower?

Turning off the water, she grabbed a towel and pulled it around herself. In the mirror, she realized her hair had completely transformed. Her plain-looking brown had brightened to a strawberry blonde. Even with it wet, she knew that it was full of life in a way her hair had never managed before.

She took her time toweling off before stepping over to her closet. Nothing she had was going to do her new physique justice. She'd have to go shopping before going out. She couldn't wait.

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Jeannie settled on a cute little number of red satin that clung to her rejuvenated body just enough to give a bit more than a hint of what was underneath it. Below that, she had on some of the sexiest underwear she had ever purchased. Her hair had been a cinch to style and that plus her expertly applied makeup gave her a look that said 'older woman looking for a good time' and then some.

As such, it was cake to get into a nightclub that she'd never have dared to visit before. People made space for her at the bar. Drinks were offered almost at once. She had never been much of a party girl, even back in her college days, but something about this felt like 'old hat' now. Drinking felt natural. Shots didn't even seem to phase her.

On the dance floor, she managed to move with a practiced grace that was entirely new to her. At some point she found herself dancing with a woman who was just the right amount of masculine. She was buff without being overly muscled. She was tall, but not too tall. Better yet, she had big hands that could grab hold of Jeannie's entire ass.

There were some kisses. Some making out in a booth. Some grinding on a thigh that was wide enough to ride. Jeannie was surprised by this new her. She would never have considered doing anything like what she was doing. She would have never been this intimate with a woman, or this brazenly sexual, either. It felt right though. She was sexy, so why not flaunt it? Why not capitalize on it?

So she invited the woman—Leena—back to her place and things got going the moment they came in the door. This time, making out included a thick finger inside her. Jeannie found herself under Leena on her couch. With her shirt off, Leena was even more appealing with her perfect abs. Then came the surprise.

“You’re—”

“Trans? Yeah,” Leena said, her voice husky. “Is that a problem?”

“No. In fact, this is perfect.”

Jeannie switched spots with Leena and went down on her. When was the last time she’d had a cock in her mouth? Her memories said a long time, but her new instincts said otherwise as she worked Leena into a frenzy with a combination of teasing and deep-throating.

Ready for an amazing fuck, Jeannie led Leena to the bedroom by her cock. The feeling of Leena entering her was bliss and Leena’s lips on her nipples were almost as good. She expected to be tired after one round, but her more youthful body kept going for almost an hour—and what an hour! The feeling of her softer body bouncing against Leena’s harder one became ingrained in her. No one had ever fucked her like this. She wanted more of it—needed more of it, even.

Trying to get Leena up again, Jeannie got her to sit on the edge of the bed so she could kneel between Leena's legs. Casting about for something to help with what she was about to do, her eyes landed on the bottle of her miracle cream. To her pleasure-flooded brain, the idea of growing while getting fucked was too good to pass up.

Slathering some on Leena's half-stiff cock, she engulfed it in her new boobs and began to stroke. She could feel the growth almost at once as the weight in her hands swelled. What she did not expect was that the cream would affect Leena as well. She felt Leena getting harder and then felt her growing even more.

Not considering what would happen if she got the cream inside of her, Jeannie pushed Leena back and mounted her. Leena seemed to be done growing when she started to move. The new sense of being filled even more so was more intoxicating than all of the drinks she'd imbibed earlier. She sped up, her breathing getting ragged as she started to release a string of affirmations and begging.

In the moment, he didn't know that her brain chemistry was changing to crave this sensation. She couldn't have known that this would be the trigger that not only reawakened her sex drive but had caused it to grow like other parts of her. She had no idea, of course, exposure like this was causing her body to shrug off another five years as it refined itself into the sex machine Jeannie had been since college. All she was aware of was Leena's cock and the way it made her feel.

The next round lasted almost an hour on its own and then two of them collapsed, exhausted, after Leena pumped a load that was larger than average into Jeannie's snatch.

Jeannie woke up horny. She also woke up next to someone who could help with that. In the last week, she had spent every night getting railed by Leena—and usually at least once each morning. Ever since the tit fuck that'd made Leena grow, she'd had an almost superhuman recovery period. Jeannie was tempted to use more of the cream, but she wanted to ask before doing so this time—how was she supposed to bring it up, though?

She had tried to be subtle by using a little bit on her ass—okay, quite a bit—to see if Leena noticed. If she had, she hadn't said anything. Which meant talking about it was the only way. Maybe today was the day.

“Leena, dear, what if I told you I was fifty-nine?”

“I'd have a hard time believing you. Grandma's don't fuck like you do.”

“Oh, I'm very much telling the truth. You see, I'm younger because of this,” she said, pulling the bottle out of the drawer. “You want to see it in action?”

Leena looked dubious but nodded.

Jeannie squirted some of the miracle cream into her palm and then rubbed it between her hands before starting to caress her breasts. There was almost no delay in their growth as they surged out and down. Leena went to attention in an instant.

“That's amazing. No, more than that.”

“I know, right?”

“What if you apply it more precisely?”

“Hmm?”

“Here, put a drop on my fingertip.”

Jeannie did as she was asked and Leena dabbed the little bit of cream onto each of her nipples and the skin around them. Almost at once, they expanded in size. Jeannie cooed and did the same to her lips. They, too, swelled to a new size and she couldn't wait to take them for a test drive.

Meanwhile, Leena picked up the bottle and squirted out a dab. She wasn't sure what to expect, but it was worth trying, so she rubbed the cream into the injection site for her hormones. The skin beneath her fingers grew warmer and warmer. A contrasting chill flooded her veins. She could feel a bit of her bulk shrinking away as if she'd had fewer testosterone hormones in her system growing up.

At the same time, there was a sensation of emptiness between her legs, followed by a subtle inward pressure. It probably wasn't a full reproductive system, but was likely enough of a pussy when it came to sex. Leena was then surprised by Jeannie putting two fingers into her new hole as if it had always been there. What the hell was this cream—and why did getting fingered feel so good?

The two women fucked the morning away, the bottle of cream forgotten on the bed.