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Family Squabble
By Morpheus

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"Stop picking on your sister, Chris" Nancy screamed at her 11 year old son. "I'm sick and tired of hearing you two fighting"

"But Mom" Chris whined, "Lizzie started it"

"Don't give me any of that" Nancy said, glaring at her son, then at her 9 year old daughter Lizzie, "I don't care who started it, you're both grounded" Both Chris and Lizzie stared at their mom in surprise, and anger, then turned around and left, knowing that it was useless to argue with her. Once she made up her mind, she'd never listen to reason.

Chris went to his room, slamming the door behind him, while Lizzie ran to her own room, doing likewise.

Still angry, Nancy stormed to the kitchen, making sure that dinner wasn't getting burned. Sometimes those kids made her so mad. They were always fighting with each other, and never listened to her or did what she told them to. They left her so mad at times.

Chris kicked the side of his dresser, pissed off at his mom. Lizzie came into his room, taking his favorite CD without asking, and then broke it. She was always doing things like that to him, and getting him in trouble afterwards. He glared in the direction that he knew Lizzie was in, then again down towards his mom. She was so bossy, always telling them what to do, and always getting angry. Chris was sick and tired of it all. Lizzie for being such a brat, and his mom for never even listening.

Here he was, 11 years old, and still being treated like a little kid. He never had any rights, and they'd never listen to him. Lizzie always seemed to get away with everything, while he always took the blame.

Clothing her doll tightly to her, Lizzie pouted. She'd only wanted to borrow one of Chris CDs, and ended up grounded. So what if she broke one of his CDs. That didn't mean that he had to yell at her. It was all Chris's fault, for being so mean.

Sadly, Lizzie felt bad about being yelled at by mommy again. She didn't like being yelled at that way, and all because Chris wouldn't share his CDs with her. He was so selfish, Lizzie thought.

Tiredly Dan opened the door, already wishing that he'd stayed at work a little longer. As he walked in, he prepared himself. It didn't take long. Nancy came storming at him, "Did you know, those kids of yours...." Dan tuned her out

It was always like this when he got home. Nancy would start nagging him, them kids would fight, and he wouldn't get a moments peace. Looking at Nancy, he had thought about divorce, more and more lately. He'd even thought about having an affair, just to spite her, but he couldn't bring himself to do it. It just wouldn't be right. She was still beautiful, but she was so trying.

Finally, Nancy got the hint and stopped talking. Everyone sat down at the table, and got ready to eat. Dan noticed that the kids were both glaring at each other and staring at their plates rather sullenly. He just focused on eating his dinner.

"Finish eating your peas" Nancy told Chris, a little too loudly for Dan's ears. He wondered when he'd get some peace and quiet.

After dinner, Dan was just sitting down to relax, when Chris and Lizzie started fighting again. Chris was chasing after Lizzie, tearing mad dash through the house. "Stop that" Dan told them. They didn't listen to him. Dan got angry. Those kids had better do what I tell them, he thought, then he reached out, grabbing Chris by the arm. Chris struggled to get loose, but Dan held on, pulling his belt off with one hand, in a well practiced move.

He started spanking Chris, who was crying aloud. Finally Dan was done, and told Chris to go to his room. "That goes for you too, little lady" he said to Lizzie, who was hiding around the corner.

Chris sat in his room crying, angry at everyone in general. When the tears stopped, he started reading, trying to distract himself. He was still angry, but knew that there was nothing that he could do. So, he immersed himself in the Goosebumps book instead, trying to ignore the sounds coming from downstairs, of his mom and dad arguing again.

He tried to drown out the sounds of his mom, yelling at his dad, and his dad yelling about her spending money. He was tired of all this fighting, and just wanted to be left alone.

The next day, Nancy walked through the mall, shopping. Shopping always made her feel a little better. She knew that Dan would yell at her for spending his "hard earned money", but she didn't care. She smiled, glad that it would annoy him. She worked hard all day around the house, having to take care of the kids and everything else, and what thanks did she get for it. None.

Nancy stopped, seeing a new shop. A sign hung above the door, proudly proclaiming the shop to be Spells R Us. Curious, she stepped inside. She was familiar with every other store in the mall, so found this new one to explore fairy interesting. Going inside, she was a little startled to see it looking like it had been there for some time.

There were bits of clutter on the shelves and in corners. It looked something like an antique store. Nothing caught her eye, but she decided to have a look around. Maybe she'd find something interesting to buy anyways.

As she bent over, examining an old vase, she didn't notice the old man coming up behind her, until he said "Can I help you ma'am"

Startled, Nancy jumped back, feeling embarrassed at having been caught unawares. She looked at the old man that had surprised her, seeing that he was wearing some sort of robe. Feeling rather embarrassed Nancy told him that she was just looking.

The old man smiled at her, waving for her to continue looking around. After several more minutes, she still hadn't found anything. "Were you looking for anything in particular", the Old Man asked her again.

"Oh, no." Nancy said, and was about to leave. Then for some strange reason, she stopped, and started talking to the Old Man. He seemed rather polite to her, and before she knew it, she was telling him about her problems. He seemed rather understanding.

"Well, I don't know if I can solve all your family problems" the Old Man chuckled, but I do have something that will add a little spice to your lives. He went to one of the shelves, and pulled down a small bottle. "This, is a very special spice" he said, holding it out to her.

Curious, Nancy looked at the bottle. It didn't seem very special. The Old Man chuckled. Use it in your cooking. Put it all in something you're cooking for your husband and yourself, and it might surprise you.

Nancy wasn't sure, but it did sound interesting, and rather mysterious. She half suspected that she was being ripped off, but decided to buy the spice anyway. After all, it was Dan's money, and there was always more where that came from. After giving the Old Man, the $20 he asked for, she left the shop, feeling a little better.

On the way home, Nancy picked the kids up from her sisters house where she'd left them. She had to yell at Lizzie once, on the trip back, for kicking the back of Chris's seat, but found that otherwise it wasn't bad.

Getting Dinner ready, Nancy had already started a pot of goulash before she remembered the spice. The old man had told her to put it in the food she and Dan would share to help things, but she decided that if it would help her and Dan, she might as well give some to the kids as well, so poured the whole bottle in. It certainly couldn't hurt.

Nancy sniffed the goulash, finding that the spice added a slightly different smell to it, though it seemed to fade after a minute, then became unnoticeable. She wondered how this spice would taste, thinking that it sure was expensive for just enough to use on one meal.

Just a little later, Dan got home, looking rather tired from a hard day at work. They all sat down for dinner, eating quietly. Lizzie reached for some bread, accidentally knocking her milk over. As it ran over the table, some spilled on the floor. Angry, Nancy told Lizzie to clean it up, threatening her with no desert.

Lizzie bit her lips to keep from crying. It had been an accident.

Dan ignored the mess, focusing on his own food. It tasted a little different, but it was good. Quietly, he ate, even helping himself to more. He just couldn't seem to get enough of this goulash. None of them seemed to be able to, and the pan was empty before everyone got up and left the table.

Nancy smiled pleased that her cooking had been such a success, wondering where she could get more of that spice.

A little later, Chris and Lizzie were washing dishes, playfully poking each other. Lizzie got overly excited, and dropped a plate on the floor with a shatter. Seconds later their mom was in the kitchen with them, yelling at Chris for breaking the dish, "But I didn't do it mom" he protested to no avail. "NO back talk" Nancy snapped.

Reluctantly, Chris cleaned up the mess, glaring at his sister who was keeping quiet, wanting to avoid being punished herself.

Dan took another drink of beer, trying to ignore the noise in the kitchen. Kids should be seen and not heard, he decided. Finally he got up to go to the bathroom, then slipped and fell. Getting up, he saw that he'd tripped over one of Lizzie's dolls. Angrily he yelled "Lizzie, get over here"

Lizzie came running, then got extremely nervous seeing her dad angry. He held the doll up, and she knew she was in trouble. "You've lost this for good" he said. "I told you I was going to throw the next thing you left lying around into the garbage"

"NO, not dolly" Lizzie cried.

"No buts. I've told you before, not to leave your stuff lying around"

"But that's my favorite doll" she protested.

"I told you enough. Now go to your room"

"But daddy" she whined.

Angry at her for not doing as he said, Dan started spanking Lizzie, leaving her crying as she went back to her room, feeling humiliated and angry.

In her room, Lizzie drifted off to sleep, to the sound of her parents arguing downstairs.

Chris woke up, feeling immediately that something was wrong. Usually his mom came in waking him up, but this time he'd woken up on his own. Opening his eyes, he saw someone lying in bed next to him, and jumped back, falling off the bed. The other person started to sit up as well, having just been awoken by Chris's falling.

Looking around, Chris saw that he was in his parents room, and got extremely confused. The person in the bed still, sat up, and Chris saw that it was his dad. "Dad?" he asked, wondering how he got into the bedroom, just as his dad looked at him confused, asking "Mommy?"

Chris wondered what was going on, then looked down, just as the other person did as well. Both stared at themselves for several minutes. Chris fearfully put his hands into the breasts protruding from his night shirt, and ran his hands down to his waist, stunned. Poking a finger into one of his breasts, he felt it push in, jiggling a little. It definitely seemed real.

Running to the mirror in the corner, he was horrified to see his own mom staring back at him, with her dark brown hair cascading behind her, and over her shoulders. His dad pushed him aside, staring in the mirror as well, equally shocked. They turned, staring at each other, "Lizzie?" Chris asked, and heard "Chris?" in his dads voice at almost the same time. "Oh boy" he muttered in dread, turning back to the mirror.

Lizzie was equally confused and horrified, finding herself feeling so big and heavy. She felt so clumsy and strange. Definitely strange. She rubbed one hand along her jaw, feeling the rough skin, and shivered. Looking down, she saw hair all over her chest and arms, thinking that she looked sort of like a monkey with all that hair.

"How could this have happened?" Lizzie asked Chris, scared, and barely keeping herself from crying.

"I don't know" Chris told her, but if you're dad, and I'm mom, does that mean they're us? Both stopped thinking about that for a few seconds, finding the idea a little strange, but almost funny. Lizzie giggled.

"I wonder what happened though" Chris said, and tried to think what it could be. He remembered buying some special spice from the old man at the store the day before, then suddenly froze. That wasn't his memory. That was his moms. He carefully called that memory back up, realizing that his mom had somehow done this to all of them. Wondering about that memory, he tried to remember other things, and found that by concentrating a little, he could remember things his mom did.

He was shocked. He carefully searched his moms memories, trying to get more familiar with them. After several minutes of this, he turned to Lizzie, "I think I know what caused this", then he told her about his memories.

Lizzie tried to remember things too, and giggled, finding that she could. She could remember things her daddy did, finding it very odd.

They both sat down again on the bed, exploring their new memories. They found that as they concentrated, it got a little easier to remember some of those things, and that they didn't seem to be losing any of their own memories either.

Finally Chris looked up, "Maybe we should get dressed", sounding embarrassed. He didn't feel comfortable sitting around in this night shirt. It felt odd enough as it was.

Slowly, they started getting dressed, digging through their parents closets and drawers. Chris wasn't sure what he should wear, and tried matching some of the things he pulled out with his moms memories of what she wore them with. He looked at the bra confused, and couldn't figure out how to put it on. After a struggling with it for a minute, much to Lizzie's amusement, he tried remembering, and used his moms memories to direct him. He was startled at just how easy it was.

Carefully, they both dressed, feeling embarrassed about their new bodies. Lizzie seemed amazed at the new appendage between her legs, while Chris tried to ignore the absence between his. After dressing, Chris realized that he had to go to the bathroom, and dreaded it. He remembered that his sister always had to sit down, so made sure that he sat down to go pee as well. He was relieved at it, but found it very odd the way it sprayed.

As soon as he was done, Lizzie had to go, and took great joy in standing up to go pee. Unfortunately, she didn't have very much control, and left urine all over the back of the toilet seat, and on the floor, which she was disgusted to have to clean up.

Chris looked at his reflection in the mirror, seeing his mom wearing a blue flowery shirt, one of her skirts, which he found very drafty, but kept telling himself that it was sort of like wearing shorts. He still didn't think that he looked right. He realized that his hair was a bit of a mess still. He was used to just getting up in the morning and running around, not bothering with his hair until his mom made him. He was about to do that again, but decided that he wanted to make himself look like his mom. He grinned, getting an idea. He started working on it.

Carefully, he brushed his hair, accessing his moms memories to make sure that it was combed the way she usually did. Remembering that she wore makeup, he reluctantly started putting lipstick on, using his moms memories to guide him. After he was finished, he stared at the results in the mirror, satisfied. It looked just the way his mom always had her makeup.

After he finished, Chris turned to Lizzie sitting on the bed, already dressed, and looking worried. Chris smiled, sharing his plan with her. He didn't know how that spice changed them, or when it would wear off, but he wanted to take advantage of it while he could. Lizzie was reluctant at first, but Chris managed to convince her to go along. The more he told her, the more she liked the idea.

Dan yawned, feeling himself being shaken awake. He turned over to see Nancy standing above him. "What's up Nancy" he asked, suddenly afraid that he'd been late getting up. He sat up suddenly, about to get ready for work.

"Why are you calling me Nancy?" she scowled down at him. "You call me mom or mommy Lizzie"

Dan was confused, then noticed that he wasn't in his own room. He was in Lizzie's. He pointed at Nancy, about to ask "What's the meaning of this", when he noticed his hand, and how tiny it was. His mouth froze, hanging open, while he just stared at his tiny hands, then down at himself. Chris walked out of the room, without Dan noticing the smile of triumph on his Nancy's face, too caught up in staring down at his own tiny body in horror.

Somehow, he realized in horror, he'd become Lizzie. He got up, and stretched, unable to believe how small he was. He felt absolutely tiny. So weak and helpless. Shivering in fear, he fell to the floor, crying into his hands, unable to believe what had happened. Somehow, he decided, this was all Nancy's fault. She did this to him, in revenge for something.

With a start, Nancy woke up, feeling herself being shaken. "Get up sleepyhead" she heard someone saying. Reluctantly, she turned over and looked up, seeing, her own face looking down at her? She jumped up, in shock and looked again. That definitely looked like her standing there, glaring down at her. "Come on Chris, its time for you to get up"She heard her own voice saying to her. She stared in shock as the person that seemed to be her, turned around and walked out of the room, a satisfied smirk on the face.

She just stared at herself, seeing Chris's hands. She pulled back the sheets, and put her hand down her shorts, being horrified to discover that she had a penis. And it felt so real. She didn't know what was going on, and was confused, but she wasn't't about to just fall down crying. She got up, and forced herself to get dressed in Chris's jeans and T-shirt, then she was ready to go and find what was going on.

Chris laughed, "You should have seen the looks on their faces" he told Lizzie, who was laughing as well. She'd been outside both rooms when they'd woken up, and had heard them. "Now its your turn" he said, pointing at the phone.

Using her dads memories to know what to say, Lizzie called his work, saying that she was sick and would have to stay home for the day. They easily agreed since Dan had been working so much overtime, and they thought that he needed some time off. Hanging up, Lizzie smiled, giving Chris the thumbs up.

They waited a little while, then their mom came downstairs, Chris knowing it was her since the one in Lizzie's body had called him Nancy, meaning that the one in his body had to be his mom. Made sense, he guessed, since he was in her body.

He just smiled at her, pretending that he was her. He set two bowls on the table, with some milk and cereal, just as she did every morning, then went into the living room, ignoring the glare she was giving him. Obviously she was very confused by his actions.

Shortly afterwards, their dad came downstairs, in Lizzie's body, and dressed in one of Lizzie's pink jogging suits, with pictures of kittens playing on the front. Chris could barely keep himself from laughing at the sight.

Quietly, both Dan and Nancy ate their cereal, sullenly staring at their bowls. Neither of them was sure what was going on, but both decided that the other must somehow be responsible for this. What confused each of them the most was that their own bodies were still going around, acting like normal, though neither realized that their own bodies were being much quieter, and nicer than normal.

Nancy stared at the back of the cereal box, seeing the toys advertised, then remembering that she had one of them hidden under her bed. She froze, suddenly realizing that wasn't her thought. Her memory. It was Chris's. She tried again, and found she could sense his other memories. Not as clearly or as easy as her own, but with concentration, she could "remember" them.

Dan tried to figure out what was going on. The last time he'd seen Lizzie was the night before when he'd taken that doll from her, then he woke up as her. Thinking about that, he found himself remembering the incident, from Lizzie's point of view, then shook his head amazed. He felt a little embarrassed about it, realizing how harsh his actions seemed. The thing that caught his attention the most, was being able to have the memory at all. He could access Lizzie's memories.

"Shit" he muttered under his breath, amazed at the discovery. Nancy heard this, and froze.

"Who are you?" she asked, having a bad feeling about this.

Dan stared back at her, afraid he'd been caught, but at the same time, glad that someone might believe him. "Chris, I'm really your dad"

"Wrong" Nancy said quietly. "I'm not Chris" They both stared at each other, eyes wide.

"Nancy?" he asked, and saw Chris's body shake his head yes. "We'd better talk"

Chris had just put some laundry in the washing machine, and was just walking up to Lizzie, when he saw both their parents walk up, grim looks on their faces. "All right kids" Dan said, sounding rather foolish with the little girls voice, "The games up. Turn us back NOW"

Chris laughed, and Lizzie giggled, seeing this little girl giving an ultimatum. "We don't know how" Chris said, looking down smugly. He saw just how much bigger than them he was. He had to look up a bit to look Lizzie in the eyes, but he really had to look down to see his parents. He loved it, and glared down at them, making them step back, suddenly afraid.

"You're the one responsible" Chris told his mom, who paled, looking shocked. "I think it was that spice, stuff that you put into dinner last night"

Nancy couldn't believe it, almost falling over. Somehow she'd done that. "We have to go to the mall, immediately" she told them. " Get ready to go.."

Chris laughed at her. "Who's going to drive?" Nancy froze, realizing that she'd need them to cooperate to get back. She had a real bad sinking feeling. "Besides" Chris said, "the malls not open yet", and he stuck his tongue out at her, and walked away, leaving both her and their father feeling rather miserable.

After Chris and Lizzie were out of hearing, Dan told Nancy, "We obviously need their cooperation to get changed back to normal." Reluctantly, Nancy agreed.

Finally, Nancy suggested "We need to make them want to be kids again. But how?" They finally decided on pretending to play and have fun. That would make them want to be themselves again. Shaking hands, they started to look for something to play with.

Disgusted, Dan pulled out one of Lizzie's dolls, and pretended to be having fun playing with it. Oddly enough, he found himself absorbed in his playing, forgetting that he was only supposed to pretend to have fun. Similarly, Nancy was absorbed in some of Chris's toys.

Several hours later, they got back to each other. "The malls open now, but they don't seem any more interested in going" Nancy reluctantly admitted.

"All because you had to try drugging us" Dan snapped, really losing patience with the situation.

"Are you saying its all my fault?" demanded Nancy, beginning to get angry as well.

"Who else's fault would it be, Bitch?" Dan snarled, sounding odd coming out in a little girls voice.

Looking down on Dan, Nancy realized that for once she was much bigger and stronger than him, and shoved him backwards. He fell into the coffee table with a loud "Ouch", and barely kept himself from breaking out in tears.

Dan started screaming at Nancy, who screamed right back. Nancy pushed Dan again, and he kicked her back.

After several minutes of this, Chris and Lizzie came into the room, greatly annoyed by the screaming.

Without waiting, Chris grabbed his dad, holding his arms tight, making Dan wince in pain. Lizzie grabbed her mom, and looked confused for a second, then smiled nastily. Seconds later, she was pulling her belt off, and started spanking her mom with it.

Nancy screamed in humiliation and anger, unable to believe that she was being spanked by her own daughter. She felt so helpless, and it stung badly. Finally Lizzie let her loose, pushing her away. Nancy ran as quickly as she could afraid to get more.

Next they turned to Dan, who was in shock, terrified. Lizzie threw him over her lap, leaving him squirming, trying to get away. He started screaming as the belt hit his bottom, and kept hitting him. Finally, after what seemed like forever, he was let loose, and ran crying to his room. Before he got there though, Chris got there first, and pointed down the hall. "Go to your own room, Lizzie" he said, smirking. Reluctantly, Dan complied, going to Lizzie's room, too much afraid to argue more.

Chris and Lizzie were both calming down, still a bit annoyed, but overwhelmed with feelings of triumph, at their revenge. Finally, Lizzie sat down, turning on the TV, while Chris went to start folding laundry. He didn't know why he bothered to finish it now that they knew who each other was, but he felt that he started doing the laundry, so he should finish it.

Getting done, he flopped himself down on the couch, feeling his hair slap around, and his breasts bouncing. He looked down, finding too distracting. He tried to take his mind off of them, by reaching out for the remote, then changing the channel.

"Hey" Lizzie cried, "I was watching that"

"That was boring. I want to watch something else" Seconds later, Chris and Lizzie were yelling at each other at the tops of their lungs. Lizzie, realizing that she was bigger than Chris, tried to push him, but as he fell back, he kicked her between her legs.

Lizzie fell to the ground, unable to believe how much she hurt. She'd never hurt so much in her life, and started crying. Chris felt sorry for kicking her there, knowing just how much it hurt, but he was afraid that she was going to hurt him. Leaving her there, he went up to his parents room, and locked the door behind him.

Once he was alone, he made sure the curtains were closed, then started taking his clothes off. He was still angry at Lizzie, but tried to distract himself again. He felt so embarrassed to have these things on his chest, but at the same time, he was a bit curious. Falling into his curiosity, he stood naked in front of the mirror, finding it really strange.

Grabbing his breasts, he looked down, surprised at just how bigger his nipples were. He looked down, and then between his legs. He'd known how girls were different from boys, but still, he was curious about what it was like down there. He'd barely glanced at himself this morning, even when going to the bathroom, being too embarrassed by it. Now he wanted to look.

It as a slash where his penis had been, with folds of skin on the sides, and he found a small thing there, sort of like his penis. He touched it, and felt how sensitive it was. It kind of made him tingle. He played with it, feeling his nipples start to harden as well, which surprised him. Wondering what was going on with his body, he kept it up, feeling his nipples get tense. The area between his legs, the slit, started to get a little tense feeling as well. And it started to get a little wet, and sticky. Curious, Chris started rubbing, the whole thing feeling good. His other hand slipped up to one of his breasts, rubbing that.

He couldn't believe how this felt, and his hands moved as if they had a mind of their own. Chris wondered what was going on, and tried to search his moms memories about it. He blushed in embarrassment as he got a memory of his mom doing this very thing, and another with her playing with his dad. He stopped thinking on those memories, and just went with what he felt.

Then he exploded. His whole body shuddered, and the slit between his legs twitched, all in pleasure. He stopped, breathing hard, surprised that he hadn't screamed. He waited for his heart to slow down. That had felt so good, he couldn't believe it. Finally, he wiped the sticky stuff between his legs off, and got dressed again, feeling embarrassed, and hoping that no one guessed what he'd done.

Looking into the mirror, he thought it was kind of cool to be a grown up, and that playing with himself felt really good, but he looked so old. He didn't want to be real old like this for good, even with those feelings. After a few minutes staring, he went down to talk to Lizzie.

Chris and Lizzie both agreed that they didn't want to be stuck, being old like this. They both liked being grown ups, and a lot bigger than their parents, but they didn't think that they wanted to stay like that. Their being able to read the bodys memories had made it much easier or them, and even seemed to make them a little more comfortable in their new bodies, but they both wanted to still be able to play with their friends, knowing that they couldn't like this.

Searching his memory carefully, Chris became sure that he could drive the car. He paid special attention, searching out how to drive, getting a little more confident. It wouldn't be hard for them to get to the mall, but they started to worry about what their parents would do if left home. Or maybe that old man will need us all there to fix us, Chris told himself.

Before leaving, Lizzie wanted to have more fun, telling her dad that he couldn't go out in public with the pink jogging suit on. She insisted that he put on that cute pink and white dress, that they always made her wear for going to church. Dan refused to put on that thing, feeling embarrassed enough as it was. No way was he going to put on that frilly dress.

Lizzie had always hated wearing that dress, but her parents always insisted, saying how cute it was on her. Now she wanted her dad to see what it was like to wear it.

"NO. Elizabeth Sue, I will not wear that dress" her dad snarled up at her.

Lizzie was getting angry, "NO. You'll call me DADDY. YOU are Lizzie. That.." she said pointing at Chris, "..is MOMMY. And that "she said, pointing at her mom, "is Chris. Any questions?" she glared at him.

"Don't be ridiculous, Lizzie" Dan started.

Angrily, Lizzie grabbed her dad, and started spanking him. "I told you, LIZZIE, that I am Daddy or Dad" Dan started crying as Lizzie spanked him hard, "And you will wear that dress" she told him, shoving him into her old room.

"Chris....I mean mom" Nancy started, changing her mind when both Chris and Lizzie glared at her, "Where are we going?"

"We're going to take a little walk to the mall" Chris said smiling, noticing the look of relief on his old face. "I want to make sure that this is permanent" he said, just to keep her from getting too happy, and being satisfied by the look of horror he received.

A short while later, they went out to the car, Nancy and Dan going slowly and fearfully, Dan feeling humiliated to be in that horrid dress. He hated looking so disgustingly cute, and feeling so helpless. They climbed into the back seats, both feeling so small in their seats.

Chris jumped into the drivers side, while Lizzie glared at him, wanting to drive herself, but not saying anything. Chris bit his lip, trying to "remember" everything about driving. Then he turned the key, and started backing out of the driveway. He found it was rather easy to drive, especially after a few minutes of practice. He smiled, feeling proud of himself for that success.

The trip was uneventful, with Nancy and Dan quietly sitting in the back seat, fearfully glancing at their "parents" every few seconds.

Chris hurried through the mall, dragging his "daughter" behind him by the hand, while his "son" walked behind. They kept an eye out for that store, Chris "remembering" where it was. He got a little confused though, finding that it wasn't where he thought it was, while Nancy looked around equally confused. After circling the mall twice, they found it, in a place that they'd passed twice already, but had still missed it.

Chris hesitated before going in, while Lizzie went right in, leaving the others to follow. They stopped, staring at the Old Man behind the counter. He rubbed his beard, then wiped his hands along this robe, looking up at them. "What can I do for you" he said.

"Change us back" Dan demanded impatiently. The Old Man ignored him.

Nancy stepped forward, "How long will this last?" she asked, afraid of the answer.

"How long will what last?" the Old Man asked innocently, a slight twinkle in his eye.

"Can you change us back?" Chris asked.

"Is that what you really want?" the Old Man asked him, staring right at him, making Chris avert his eyes.

"I think so" Chris said, not quite certain. He didn't want to be old, and he wanted to be a kid again. But on the other hand, it was kind of cool being a grown up. Especially since his parents couldn't yell at him or spank him. The Old Man looked at him, then nodded his head.

"I can't alter the spices effects" he said, "though you may still be a little surprised"

"Change us back, right now" Dan demanded again, looking like he was about to throw a tantrum.

The Old Man glared at him, "Children should speak only when spoken to" he said, and Dan suddenly found that nothing would come out of his mouth, leaving his mouth silently opening and closing. He looked up in horror, feeling so weak and helpless, as if he weren't even a person anymore, but some kind of animal.

Softly, they asked the Old Man if he was sure, but he waved them off, no longer seeming interested. Sadly they left the store going home, each feeling as if a small piece of hope were shattered. As soon as they walked out the door, Dan found he was able to speak again, though didn't feel like it at the moment. After they left, the Old Man looked towards the door, a smile on his lips.

Getting home, they were each quiet, realizing that they'd probably be stuck that way for life. Chris thought, at least they can't yell at me anymore. Realizing that he was stuck in the role of his mom, he went to the kitchen to start preparing dinner, using her memories to guide him.

During dinner, Nancy bit into the chicken, surprised at how good it tasted. It was just like what she always cooked. She looked at Chris a little startled, realizing how easily she had been replaced. And all she got out of it was a few more years of youth, at the price of losing everything, and having to go through puberty again. As a boy.

After dinner, Nancy and Dan were forced to clean up, each glaring at the other, at their "parents" and wondering what they were going to do. What kind of future did they have? Nancy was kind of glad to not have to cook dinner, and clean the house, but losing those responsibilities also left her feeling as if she had no identity either. Being a housewife, and a mother was the only identity she'd had for so long, she wasn't sure how to handle suddenly having another one thrust on her.

Later, when the kids usual bedtime arrived, Chris and Lizzie insisted that Dan and Nancy go to bed. They were playing the roles that they were stuck in, each enjoying their small taste of revenge. The chance to give their parents exactly what had been given to them.

After Dan and Nancy had reluctantly gone to bed, in the rooms they'd woken up in, Chris and Lizzie started to argue again, each taking their stress and fears out, by lashing out at the only other person there. As they screamed at each other, their screams were heard upstairs, leaving two people realizing just how their frequent fighting had seemed to their kids. No wonder they argued all the time. No one ever taught them how not to.

After awhile, Chris and Lizzie stopped, having burned their stress out for awhile. They stopped, each feeling slightly relieved. Lizzie started crying, and Chris hugged her, trying to comfort her. He found himself crying as well, wondering what they were going to do.

Chris pulled back from Lizzie a bit, feeling something between her legs pushing into his leg. He looked down, seeing a slight bulge in the front of her pants. Lizzie looked at him embarrassed. Curious, Chris got closer to her, beginning to feel something himself. He wasn't sure what. As he got closer, Lizzie bent over, following her body's urgings, and kissed him.

Surprised to be kissed, and having someone else's tongue suddenly in his mouth, Chris didn't resist. He felt his nipples begin to tighten up again, and started kissing back, rather clumsily. They both stepped back, looking at each other with great embarrassment.

Chris wasn't sure what to do. He only know that they seemed to be stuck as their parents, and all they could do was adapt to their new lives. To accept the good along with the bad.

Hesitating, Chris grabbed Lizzie's hands, not sure exactly what he was doing, he led her to their parents room. The stared at each other, the newly discovered feelings of lust driving them. Undressing, they stared at each others naked bodies. Chris was startled to see Lizzie's penis standing out, hard and stiff. His didn't do that. Was that because she was in a grownups body. Accessing his moms memories, he found that this was so, and reached down for it, not completely sure what to do with it.

They fell into another deep kiss, then Chris, letting his moms memories guide him, laid down on the bed, gesturing for Lizzie to join him. Lizzie started to access her host memories as well, beginning to know what was needed of her. Carefully, she started to kiss Chris's nipples, making him moan. She rubbed his breasts, then went down further to his vagina. She wasn't completely sure, but knew what she needed to do, and did the best that she could since it was her first time.

Lizzie licked the slit, finding that it tasted rather odd, but somehow pleasant. Chris kept rubbing his breasts, moaning in pleasure. Lizzie smiled at how Chris was laid out in front of her, making her feel so powerful. Carefully, she took her new penis, and stuck it to the opening, then pushed in.

Chris winced a little in surprise as it went in. He knew she was supposed to put it into him because of his moms memories, but those memories couldn't let him know just how it would feel. He felt as if he were being pushed out a little, having something inside of him. She began to move in and out, and Chris felt amazed at the sensation of something inside him, and the pleasure it was causing.

Briefly, he wondered how it would feel to be on the other end, knowing that he would have eventually if he hadn't changed. But the pleasure he was feeling at the moment drove those thoughts out of his head. He wrapped his legs instinctively around Lizzie, pulling her into him more.

Chris felt the pressure building in him, getting stronger and stronger. Finally it burst forth, much like when he'd played with himself earlier, but at least 10 times stronger, more powerful. He bit his lip to keep himself from screaming out as waves of pleasure hit him, as his body spasmed, and he felt Lizzie releasing something inside of him from her penis. Something gooey.

Both lay there, breathing hard, looking at each other. They couldn't believe how that felt, amazed at how they could do that. Chris felt a strong warm pleasure still throughout his body, and just wanted to lay back enjoying it. Several minutes later, he turned to Lizzie, noticing that she'd already rolled over and gone to sleep.

He felt slightly disappointed, wanting to go at it again. Happily, he looked at Lizzie, and whispered, "Good night Dan", calling her by her new name, since her old one didn't seem appropriate in this situation. "And I must be Nancy" he muttered to himself as he fell asleep.

When Nancy woke up, she groaned, already remembering the day before, and dreading having to get up as Chris again. Opening her eyes, she realized that she was back in her own bedroom. She felt someone next to her, and sat up, excited. Whatever it was wore off. Then she looked down and realized that she still didn't have her breasts back.

An hour later, they were all dressed, and in the kitchen, staring across at each other. They'd changed again, but not back to normal. Nancy had ended up in Dan's body, Lizzie had shifted over to Nancy's body, while Dan was in Chris's, leaving Chris as Lizzie.

They were all rather confused by this unexpected development, having gone to bed expecting to remain as they were. Somehow this made everything worse, and a little better at the same time.

Chris felt tiny, and humiliated. He was smaller than ever before, which he hated after having been larger, and a grown up just the day before. He tried, and found that he could access Lizzie's memories now, but not his moms anymore. He couldn't even really remember much of what he'd pulled out of her memories. As if he could only use her memories while in her body, not carrying much along with him. He sighed, dreading the upcoming day.

Nancy was ecstatic at being an adult again, and even sort of pleased to be Dan, that giving her a chance to get even with him. She'd always secretly believed that he'd been cheating on her, and used his memories to try to prove it. But after extensive searching of his memories, she had to admit that he'd always been faithful to her. Even after they way she'd treated him, which she realized from his memories, wasn't always pleasant.

Lizzie liked her new body, thinking it was cool to be her mommy. She found the new breasts particularly interesting, wondering how big hers would be when she grew up. If she got back to her own body.

Dan was a little happier, having at least become a boy again, and a little older, but he was still unhappy that he wasn't himself yet. However, this second change gave him hope that it wasn't permanent. If they could change a second time, they might be able to change yet again.

After a short talk, they decided to call each other by the body's names, thinking that would stop some of the confusion, and wouldn't look as strange if anyone outside the family should happen to hear them talking.

Reluctantly, Nancy went to work as Dan, hoping that everyone else would be all right at home. She didn't want Dan to lose his job, and knowing that his memories would help her to pass herself off as him. As she drove out of the driveway, she felt very odd going to work. She'd been a housewife for so long, that she had almost forgotten what a real job was like.

After Nancy had gone, the rest sat around the house, Lizzie starting to vacuum, knowing that was what her mommy always did. Chris held one of Lizzie's dolls in his hands, looking at it in disgust, but for some reason began to find it rather interesting. Dan read the newspaper, then went up to Chris's room to hide out for awhile. He put one of Chris's CD's on, and was surprised to find it rather pleasant, though some of the others were less so.

The morning went by rather quickly, with them staying out of each others way. Lizzie cleaned up the house, and Chris was finding himself playing with dolls, against his original intents. Since he was in his sister's body though, he convinced himself that he couldn't be too embarrassed about it. Getting up, he accidentally knocked a flower pot over, spilling dirt onto the carpet.

Lizzie glared at him, angry since she'd just vacuumed. She was about to yell at him, but he already started cleaning it up himself, and she remembered how she'd felt when she got yelled at for an accident. She bent over helping him, forgetting that she'd even been angry.

Chris felt so intimidated by her, since she was so huge, even overtowering him. He shivered a little, but kept cleaning. He'd had to clean the house the day before, and knew how annoyed he'd been when the others had made a mess so he'd made sure he cleaned up after himself. He was rather surprised when Lizzie started to help him.

Nancy took a break at lunch, feeling a little tired. It had been a busy morning, but fortunately, Dan memories helped her. Otherwise she wouldn't even have been able to tell who all the people around her were. She sipped a cup of coffee, just realizing how hard Dan had to work. She did find it rather exciting though. Different from her usual day, and in an odd way, sort of fulfilling. Letting her feel like she'd actually been doing something. She kind of liked that, though missed being at home.

She sighed, and let her mind wander, then stopped, suddenly realizing that she'd just remembered something from the day before, from what Lizzie had done in that body. Curious, she scanned the memories of the day before, and was greatly shocked to "remember" the events of the previous night.

She couldn't believe it. Lizzie and Chris had sex together. Shocked, she slowly went over the memories, and found that the memories of sex from a male point of view seemed rather interesting. She shook her head, trying to clear it of those thoughts. She felt a little envious of Lizzie as well, since she and Dan hadn't had sex in over a month.

She wasn't sure what she was going to do about that situation, or if she even had a right to do anything. The whole thing made her head ache.

Lizzie got bored of staying around the house, and wanted to go out for awhile. She decided that going to the grocery would be a good excuse, and told the others to get ready to go. She enjoyed the look of annoyance on Chris's face, her old one. Even the day before he'd been bossing her around a little, but now he was the little girl, and she was the mommy. She giggled. Dan didn't bother arguing, knowing where that led. Besides, he was getting rather bored as well, and also wanted to get out.

She gave her dad a glare when he tried telling how to drive, making him shut up. Then thinking hard, she "remembered" how to drive, and carefully backed out of the driveway. She thought it was fun driving, and neat to be able to control a car like that. She smiled all the way to the grocery store, getting more and more comfortable, until she was driving very easily when she got there.

Chris felt embarrassed to be walking around as a little girl, but was thankful that at least Lizzie hadn't made him wear that stupid dress. He noticed that all the adults tended to ignore him, but that while he was waiting for Lizzie, another little girl came up to him, and started talking.

Being polite, Chris started talking back, and after several minutes, found himself actually playing with the strange girl, chasing each other. He stopped, feeling embarrassed, when Lizzie told him to come along. He couldn't believe he'd done that.

When they got home, Lizzie started getting dinner ready, liking the idea of being able to cook, all by herself.

Nancy got home, feeling a little tired. All she wanted to do at the moment was to eat dinner, then sit down and relax. Reluctantly, memories of herself standing at the door yelling arose, making her feel slightly guilty for some of he past behavior. She shuddered, and happily sat down for dinner, glad that no one was arguing for a change.

They all ate dinner, then Chris and Dan cleaned up, while Nancy sat back on the couch, trying to relax. Looking around, she was somewhat pleased that the house was all clean. She hadn't expected that.

The evening was much quieter than usual. Chris and Dan both tensed up, getting a bit annoyed with each other over who was getting to the bathroom first, but both forced themselves to relax, realizing how stupid the argument would have been.

At bedtime, Chris and Dan reluctantly went to bed. Dan was going to stay up, since he was an adult. At least mentally, but his body was already getting tired, and Nancy insisted that he go to bed. She started getting angry when he resisted, but then laughed at the situation. Of course he'd resist. She would too. Then she reminded him that it was Chris's body, and would need the sleep. And if he stayed up, how would they ever tell Chris that it was his bedtime if things changed back. Reluctantly, he agreed and went to bed without further arguments.

Nancy looked over at Lizzie, feeling uncomfortable with the situation. She felt that she should send Lizzie to bed, but knew that in this situation, that wouldn't quite work. Finally, she broached the subject of the night before. Lizzie blushed, feeling embarrassed at having been caught.

Lizzie tried explaining, but felt embarrassed and couldn't think just what to say. Finally, Lizzie stopped, and thought for a few minutes. Then she jumped up, and hugged Nancy, kissing her. Nancy was so startled at this, she didn't react, but found the kiss rather enjoyable, which left her feeling confused.

She felt her old breasts pushing up against her front, and realized how distracting that was. A pressure against her groin made her realize that her body had been reacting to the presence of the breasts pushing into her. She looked down, amazed to realize that she had an erection. She looked at Lizzie in her body, and was embarrassed to realize that she was feeling rather lustful.

The look of surprise showed on her face, and Lizzie smiled at her, then put a hand to Nancy's crotch. Nancy tried to pull away, but her growing desire made her stand motionless. She told herself that this was wrong, that she couldn't feel this way with her own daughter. Or her own body. But her body reacted anyway, the way that male body always did.

Seconds later, she found herself kissing her own body, this time of her own choice, savoring the moment. Slowly, she led Lizzie up to the bedroom. She told herself that it couldn't be wrong. That these bodies have slept together an uncountable number of times. That Lizzie had already had sex before, and had access to all her own memories of other nights.

As they stripped, then fell together in a passionate embrace, Nancy told herself that she'd make sure Lizzie's first time as a woman was spectacular. After all, she knew all of that bodies sensitive spots, intimately.

The next morning, they once again found themselves scrambled. Dan was surprised to find himself now in Nancy's body, but was happy to at least be an adult again. Chris was in Dan's, Nancy in Lizzie's and Lizzie in her brothers.

Reluctantly, Chris went to work, pretending to be his dad. Since his mom had done it the day before, he knew that he should be able to succeed as well, using his fathers memories and knowledge.

Lizzie was greatly disappointed to be a kid again, and pouted for awhile. Finally, she ran into Chris's room, listening to all his CDs, knowing that he couldn't do anything about it, since now she was him.

Nancy was greatly disappointed in being a little girl again. It brought some fond memories from her own childhood back, but left her rather nervous.

Dan found being an adult woman a rather interesting experience, and enjoyed being able to stay home, and not have to go to work. He hadn't for the last few days, but this was different. This time he was not only home, but an adult again. He felt full of confidence again, even if he was now a woman.

He went to work making sure everything was clean, relying on Nancy's memories to show him what needed to be done. He found it rather satisfying in an odd sort of way, though a little more difficult than he'd previously guessed.

The day went by quickly for each of them, and rather quietly as they explored each others lives and memories. Dan was shocked to find the bodies memories, of the last two nights. He felt startled, unable to believe that both his kids had lost their innocence so much. when he looked at Lizzie in Chris's body, she didn't seem to have really lost any innocence. She still acted like a child.

That night, feeling very curious, Dan decided to find out what his memories already hinted at. Since the harm was already done, he decided to seduce Chris. They both went to sleep feeling extremely satisfied, having experienced new and different sexual pleasure.

Once again, they woke in different bodies. Chris was once again in Nancy's, Lizzie was back in her own, with Dan being in his own as well, leaving Nancy as Chris once again.

Over the next several days, they changed each day, and came to realize that it seemed to be permanent. That they'd change every night while they were asleep, apparently at random. After the next week, they quickly lost track of who was in who's body. It didn't seem to really matter too much to them anymore, as they changed from one day to the next, leaving their memories to help carry on continuity. Each one carried on with the role of the body they wore, finding it easier and easier to use those memories, to be that person.

Their arguments and fights almost ceased entirely, each being able to see things from the others point of view, knowing that they'd be there themselves again, rather soon. The parents stopped punishing the children, knowing that they could easily get it returned, and the children behaved responsibly, following the lead of whoever were the parents that day.

All in all, they all found it to be as much a blessing as a curse, giving them new view points. They each found that they liked being some of the others. Chris particularly enjoyed his time as Nancy, while the others all had their own opinions. Quickly, it became a part of their lives, expected and familiar. To outsiders, they even seemed to be a perfect family.

Elsewhere, the Old Man smiled. He hadn't meant to get them all involved, but he liked helping to bring families closer together anyways.

The End