

The neon sign flashed above your heads. "HOTEL NEW YOU" it read, blinking every few seconds to attract attention. Technically this place was supposed to be refreshing, give you a vacation you would never forget, with a whole new lease on life. Honestly, you thought this was just some marketing bullshit, and the only reason you were really here is because you had a discount with your travel agent. You rolled up the entrance with your suitcase in tow, your wife by your side. She had been hesitant about this place, the name, and the look of it not inspiring confidence. But you still managed to convince her, saying the discount was substantial enough, and the place didn't look so bad, even if it was eccentric.

So, you walked in, heading to the reception area. Despite the gaudy exterior the interior was actually not so bad, you were pleasantly surprised. The person on the other side of the counter stood up as you walked in, beaming smile on her face.

"Welcome to Hotel New You, valued customers! Before we get you settled in, we will just need you to sign this liability waiver, as well as pay the security deposit."

You quickly signed the waiver and handed over your credit card, while your wife signed as well. You were both eager to get to your rooms after long hours of travel to get here and wanted this to be over as soon as possible. She then handed the form back to the woman who tucked it away, handing you two key cards for the room.

"These are your cards. Room is 303 on the third floor. You will need to stay in your room until orientation is over. Have a nice stay, and we hope you enjoy the new you!"



That last part was a little cryptic, but you didn't think to much of it. And the orientation was most likely just going over ground rules for the hotel, the pool, quiet hours, event etc. So, you took your bags to the elevators, pressed for the third floor and headed to your room. It was a cozy little place, not too fancy but it did the trick. It had its own bathroom with a shower, and a large queen-sized bed. On a stand of front of it stood a large TV, which sprung to life as soon as you walked in. Curious, you both dropped your bags and stood in front of it, reading the text as it appeared.

Welcome to Hotel New You!
We will now be assigning three new life
changing traits to each guest

Jennifer Walker
First Trait: MILF
Second Trait: Cougar
Third Trait: Lesbian

Adam Walker
First Trait: Young
Second Trait: Girl
Third Trait: Boy Crazy

We hope you enjoy your new lives and
thank you for staying at New You Hotel!

An affiliate of Life Reassignment Inc.

While the TV was displaying the text you both looked at each other skeptically. What did it mean, assigning life changing traits? As the traits rolled by, you both gasped slightly. Some of these were quite explicit... And most were definitely strange and did not apply to you at all. But that seemed to be the point, these were supposed to be new traits after all. When the last message faded away and the screen turned black, you turned to Jen shrugging your shoulders.

“Well, that was weird. Apparently, you are supposed to be some kind of Lesbian Cougar MILF now hahaha!” You tried to laugh genuinely, but it still came out as a nervous laugh, this whole situation unnerving you. Something was off about this place. But it couldn’t do the things you feared it would... could it? Your wife responded with her own nervous laugh.

“Yeah, and you are a boy crazy teenage girl. How about that?” She smiled, but then frowned. She grabbed her midsection, groaning in discomfort. You were about to ask her what was wrong when you noticed her shape was starting to shift, writhing under her clothes. Her lithe figure was plumping up, her curves accentuating. Her firm b cup breast suddenly blew up, becoming very fake DDs, while her ass plumped up and hips widened dramatically. Her average face reformed, gaining a sexy, although mature look, seeming at least 10 years older, if not more, as her plain brown hair curled up and became a shiny blond color, curling up. Finally, her perfectly normal clothes reformed into a very revealing dress that didn’t hide anything of her new curves. In mere moments gone was your girlfriend, replaced by an absolutely stunning MILF with a body weary with age and childbirth, yet still incredibly attractive and sexual.



“Oh shit, it came true! You actually became a fucking MILF! Wait... if that trait came true, does that mean you are a lesbian now as well? And a cougar? Are you into college aged girls now? But that means... Oh no...”

You came to the ultimate realization that if her traits became true, yours would as well, just at the same time as you felt a twisting in your gut, your changes starting up. While your wife’s changes were big, they were nowhere as drastic as yours would be. You felt your whole body heat up as your overall figure shrank rapidly, your slightly above average 5’11” shrinking down to a measly 5’2”, which was well below average, even for women. As you shrank in height, so did you shrink everywhere else. Your 30s had been a rough milestone for your body, and you had developed a bit of a beer gut and flab. All that faded away, leaving your whole body slender and smooth, a process reverse to that of your wife, rendering you much more youthful and fit than your previous aging self. But younger was not your only assigned trait, or else you would have been quite happy with this change, even if you ended up quite small and frail. The next part filled you with dread.

It started with your head, hair lengthening, dripping over your shoulder and reaching the middle of your back. Your masculine features smoothed over, short beard fading away, eyes growing bigger, limbs plumping up, the whole shape of your face rounding up giving you a youthful, cute, and innocent look. Next your shoulders slimmed even further, your arms losing any muscle definition that you had left over, becoming as thin as twigs with a thin layer of baby fat over them, giving you a soft and creamy look. Your pectorals blew up slightly, losing any hardness to them as they became a pair of small, perky, girlish breasts. Your hips popped out slightly, giving you a figure that would never be mistaken for a man’s. You then felt the oddest sensation in your groin, as one testicle was sucked back into you, then the other. Desperate to keep your manhood, you grabbed at your dick, feeling it inevitably shrink into the folds of your ball sack, which was reforming into your brand-new lips. Then it was done, you were left as a full woman, with a vagina, a nice butt, and everything.



Makeup appeared on you, light and tasteful, some foundation, a little lipstick, eyeliner and painted nails, nothing too complex, yet you would never have been able to apply all that by yourself, having absolutely no knowledge about makeup. The last things to change were your clothes, as it had been for your wife, as they reformed into a casual form fitting outfit, with a light camisole and some jean shorts that showed off your legs, your shoes becoming a cute pair of sandals.

Then it was as if time unfroze for the both of you. Your aged wife gasped in a nasally tone, her voice now drastically higher pitched, almost squeaky even. You started patting yourself down, feeling at your altered body, cupping your breasts, stroking your hair, feeling at the emptiness in your crotch. It was real, this whole thing was no joke! This hotel had really given you new bodies, new lives! You then gasped yourself, in your new young feminine voice.

“The Hotel! They did this to us! Quick honey, we have to go to reception, have them undo these changes!”

Your wife nodded, and in a heartbeat, you were outside the room, making your way to the elevators. While waiting in the crammed space, you couldn't help but feel your wife's not so subtle gaze over you, inspecting your cute teenaged body from afar. That's right, she was now a lesbian, and a cougar to boot, you were basically a walking wet dream for her. But you didn't want to dwell on this too much, or else that would bring you back to your own last trait, the one that meant that you weren't interested in women like her anymore, but in virile, muscular men, with long hard di... *DING*. The elevator doors opened as the loud bell snapped you out of your thoughts. You rushed to the reception area, the same woman from before once again rising up from her seat to greet you.

“You! What the hell is this? Care to explain why I look like a slutty cougar and my husband looks like a teenage high school girl?” Jen was pissed, and her voice resounded with anger and threat.

“Ah! You must be our two new arrivals! Jennifer, I presume? And this lovely young lady must be Adam, although you might want to change that to a more appropriate name now... Unfortunately, all changes are irreversible, and the hotel can only change you once. It is all detailed in the waivers you signed earlier, see?” She produced the documents you had signed a little too quickly when you arrived, brandishing them arrogantly before you. “These traits were assigned to you, and now they define your new lives, who you are now. Better get used to it.”

Your wife argued with the woman, threatening to sue them, while you stood there in shock. Jen was still in denial, but you understood your situation quite well. You were stuck. There was no going back. They had all the power, and there was nothing you could do. After a heated exchange, your wife agreed to go wait in your room, while they worked something out. On your way there you came across a pool boy, wearing only a bathing suit, his upper body on display. You couldn't help but stare dreamily at those rock-hard abs, imagining running your soft hands over them, leaning up on him, pressing your delicate body against his tough and rugged one... You were awakened from your daydreaming by a squeaky cough from your wife, who was staring at you, visibly uncomfortable with the situation. You bowed your head in shame and quickly made your way to your room, closing the door behind you.

The next days passed by in a whirl. You tried to remain in your room with your wife as much as possible to avoid coming into contact with the gorgeous hunks that worked here. With each trip outside you felt your resolve weaken, the urge, the need to flirt shamelessly with them growing stronger and stronger, your boy crazy trait refusing to be denied. Meanwhile your wife was having troubles of her own. Each day she would go to complain to reception, only to receive the same answer, that they were working on a solution for the both of you. And in between those visits, she stayed in the room as well, keeping you company. Except that her new sexual preferences made it so she was still very much attracted to you, while you were not. So, while you were hidden away, safe from your new desires, she was locked in with hers, and it was driving her crazy. She tried to initiate sex a few times, you were married after all, but you couldn't bring yourself to do it. You just weren't attracted to women anymore, and definitely not older women.



As for yourself, the urges started getting harder and harder to deny, and having your wife masturbate while ogling you didn't help. So, whenever she was asleep, you would sneak out, try to indulge a bit in your new interests. You would hang around, trying to remain discreet while you appreciated the view, so to speak. It wasn't long before the male staff members noticed you peeking at them trying to be subtle but failing miserably, and started approaching you, trying to flirt. At first you coyishly rebuked their advances, but with all the attention you were getting, your resolve was weakening further and further. Until one night you gave in and agreed to go back to a gardener's place to have some fun. It was the best sex you ever had. The feeling of his rigid dick deep inside your young pussy was indescribable. As you moaned you knew that you were forever addicted, and that you would never have enough. He fucked you all through morning, and even as you were heading back to the hotel the yearning came back, and you wanted more of that ultimate pleasure.



Your wife was waiting for you, wide awake, when you came back. She knew what had happened yet was still heartbroken when you admitted to cheating on her with a man. She didn't understand, blaming you for what had happened, telling you that she hadn't slept with anyone since changing either, yet she wasn't throwing herself at every young coed that passed her way. The argument left you both in tears, and you stormed out the room, needing some space for a while. You explained your situation to Mark, the gardener who had given you your first experience as a woman, and he agreed to let you stay at his place for a bit of time, to give you some time away from your wife. Needless to say, that the both of you fucked your way through the next day, making you relive that so sweet sensation of the female orgasm. As you were about to leave and return to Jen, Mark asked you for your name. As you were about to answer Adam, you decided that this name no longer fitted you, having embraced your feminine side, and so you answered:

"I'm April."

With that you left and returned to the hotel to try and reconcile with your wife. Even if you weren't attracted to her anymore, and knew you could never be truly together again, you still loved her, and didn't want to hurt her. As you walked into the room, you found her kneeling on the couch, a young blonde girl in between her legs with her tongue buried deep in Jen's pussy. Jen had a dazed look on her face, her mind obviously lost in pleasure. You were shocked, even angry at first, but then soon regained control of your emotions. After all, you were the one that first submitted to your impulses, that had cheated on the other one first, so you clearly couldn't blame her for this. In fact, you should be glad that she embraced her new self, just as you had done. This way you could both leave this cursed place, and start your new lives, as a teen slut and lesbian cougar. Have you had a say in this, you would definitely chosen other traits, but it could be worse, as it seemed you were both headed towards a life of fun and pleasure, just not with each other.

