

Swapping Scales (MtF & FtM Bodyswap)

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Commissioned by smike

Alex and Sapphire are a young British couple with Chinese ancestry, and a very big secret: both have family ancestries that give them the magical power to turn into dragons, to protect both the human realm and the magic realm. On a mission to recover a dangerous mirror artefact that could destabilise both worlds, they both look into it, not realising it has the power to swap their bodies. Over the course of seven days, the two dragon protectors begin to learn what it is like to be the other gender, and must race against time before they are stuck that way!

Swapping Scales

Alex Lee coursed down the London footpath on his skateboard, grinning from ear to ear. He was only twenty years old, and as far as he was concerned, life was amazing. He was young, laid-back, and - to himself at least - was the king of cool. His black hair rippled in the wind as he wound his way around the crowd.

“Sorry there old timer! Excuse me, lady! Watch out!”

He said it all with a smile on his features, despite the looks of disapproval from the various elders he passed. He didn't care: he had a date with his beautiful girlfriend, and preferred to be on time even if it meant taking more than a few dangerous shortcuts. He sped up, careening downhill, laughing as he managed to outpace even some of the traffic, before launching over the bonnet of a car and landing expertly on the other side. A series of angry car horns followed, but he was easily in the clear.

“Nice,” he said to himself.

“Go back to where you came from!” some tired old racist yelled.

They were obviously referring to his mixed features - he was half-Chinese of course. He just stuck out his tongue, shrugged his shoulders.

“Sorry to say, I was born here! Why don't you go back to the retirement home!”

He continued on his way, wary of the time. Of course, simply arriving on time by preparing earlier would have been an option, but for all his passion and love of adventure, Alex could be a deeply stubborn individual. He liked to leave at the last possible second, even for important business, because it made the challenge of arriving all the more fun. And, if he was being honest with himself, he was also often disorganised.

“It'll be fine,” he said aloud, as he pulled to a stop at the entrance to a small, outlying city park. There were several ponds and a large red-leafed tree that grew in the centre, but

otherwise the place was fairly ordinary. And yet, he chose to pick up his skateboard, even dust his jeans and flashy jacket off, and step inside respectfully. It was important to show this place respect. To all regular human eyes, it was just a little park that should have been bulldozed ages ago. But some force clearly prevented people visiting it, though they never showed any awareness why. They simply turned, found some distraction, and went elsewhere. Most never even remembered there as a park. Only certain people could step inside willingly. Alex Lee was one of those people.

A soft female voice spoke. "Took you long enough!"

He gave a sheepish grin as Sapphire Parker, his girlfriend, stepped out from behind the slightly ethereal looking tree with the red leaves. He sighed, as he often did, at her beauty. She was twenty, the same age as him, and yet she had a timeless quality to her beauty, like a woman in an old Hollywood flick his uncle liked to show him. She had long, light golden blonde hair that reached the bottom of her shoulder blades, though it was presently adjusted by a headband, and bright blue eyes that seemed almost innocent . . . up until she gave you the glare. Sapphire had a slender figure with a slightly hourglass shape, and while she didn't have the body of a busty cheerleader or anything, it was undeniable that she was not just beautiful but magnetic in her presence. It had taken Alex a lot of courage to first ask her out, and he'd fallen flat on his face when he tried to openly flirt with her.

Of course, it later turned out they had a lot more in common than they thought.

Alex chuckled as he approached her, hands outstretched to embrace his girlfriend.

"Hey beautiful, how's it going?"

She raised an eyebrow, folded her arms. "You're late."

"By, like, a minute at worst."

She tapped her foot, showed him the time on her watch. He could see a mark on her wrist - a dragon's paw. It was the same one he had on his own, coincidentally.

"Oh, okay. Ten minutes. I - I think my clock is slow at home."

"Oh, something's slow alright."

She smirked though, and it was clear she wasn't angry, just exasperated.

"I'll make it up to you," he said, giving a cocky grin.

"Oh yeah? Show me."

And with that, he lifted her unexpectedly in the air, twirling her about before giving her a deep kiss. She pretended to fight back a moment - Alex was well aware she could easily leave him in the mud if she really tried - and then gave in, kissing back. He loved the feeling of her against him, and she was the same in return. She had wonderfully ample C-cup breasts that were very fun to play with when they got a little naughty together, and while she sometimes bemoaned that she wished they were bigger, he thought they were absolutely perfect. All of her was, in his mind.

“Okay, okay!” she laughed as he put her down, “you’ve showed me! You know you won’t always be able to get away with that, right?”

“With that?” he said with a smile, pretending ignorance.

She gave him a light punch on the arm. “With being your usual stubborn, lazy self and making me wait on you, just because you’re handsome and a damn good kisser.”

He shrugged. “Well, it’s got me this far, hasn’t it? Besides, it all works out in the end.”

A sigh. “You’ll be the end of me, Alex Lee, I swear!”

“Well, better than being uptight.”

“I am *not* uptight!” She paused, trying to avoid his gaze. “Okay, just a little! But organisation is important! I was raised to be a good girl on time, unlike some.”

Alex laughed. “I can’t help it then! It’s a guy thing to always be casual about this stuff. It can’t be helped.”

“Uh-huh. Just one of those boy-girl differences, huh?”

“I guess so.”

She rolled her eyes, giving him another light punch on the arm, then amending it with a light kiss on his cheek that made him feel all fluttery.

“C’mon,” she said, “we’ve got a new mission. Old Arthur has need of us.”

The ‘Old Arthur’ she was talking about was the tree itself. Most people realised it was a little odd, a little enchanted looking, but those same enchantments preventing them from looking too close, and realising that the tree was one of the so-called ‘Thin Spaces’ that connected the human realm to the realm of the fae, of magic. Even as they approached it, numerous pixies, fae creatures, even a wild centaur shimmered into existence, gazing at them.

“Hey Cerroc,” Alex said to the centaur.

“Good to see you girls,” Sapphire said, waving to a group of female fairies. They giggled and waved back.

“Hi Sapphire! We will see your other forms today?”

“I reckon so.”

They cheered, talking excitedly among themselves, and the two human continued forward to the base of the tree. A bright red glow emerged from a hollow near its base, and something approaching a human face appeared in silhouette, albeit with two horns. Most people would think it was a devil of some kind, but most people were idiots. This was Old Arthur, a tree said to be infused with part of the spirit of the great knight and king himself, formed to guard over this crossing place between realms.

“*Welcome Alex and Sapphire,*” it said in a booming voice that was both male and female at once. “*Thank you for answering the call.*”

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world, Old Arthur,” Alex said casually. “We’ve got responsibilities, after all. Plus, I was kind of itching for an adventure. Mom’s been on my back a bit about my flagging university grades, so I need a break.”

Sapphire groaned. “Your grades are bad? Alex, why didn’t you tell me!?”

“Because I didn’t want to drag down your straight A’s! It’ll be fine, Saph.”

She sighed, but turned her attention back to the tree.

“What’s the mission?” she asked.

‘A Mirror from the realm of the fae has somehow gone missing. A band of giants escaped with it to the city’s edge, through a temporary Thin Space. They are most ferocious to most of our kind, but know not what they are dealing with.’

“It is like a freaky mirror or something?”

‘Knowledge about it is scarce, but it is a powerful artefact of the Unseelie Court. Unfortunately, their queen is not talking to the Summer Court right now. We know that it has power when looked directly into, and that this is a dangerous act. So don’t do that.’

Sapphire nodded in understands, and Alex shrugged in a carefree fashion.

“Got it,” he said, “don’t look in the mirror, beat up the ogres-”

“Giants, Alex,” Sapphire said.

“Giants, got it. And then return them all to here so they can go back to the Unseelie Court.”

‘Exactly. You will find the giants rampaging somewhere to the west of the city. As giants, they will likely be moving towards fields of cattle or sheep.’

“Then so will we!” Alex declared. “You ready to put on a show for all these nice fae folk, Saph?”

She grinned. As rigid as she could be, not even Sapphire could resist showing off a little at this next part.

“Of course. Let’s do this, babe.”

They raised their fists to the air, the dragon paw marks on their wrists glowing bright blue on Sapphire’s wrist and an emerald green on Alex’s. Instantly, the rest of their bodies began to glow as well.

“Woo! Go go Dragon Power!” Alex yelled.

“Aaaand you ruined it!”

And then a great change began as lightning from above struck upon them. They grew and stretched. Their skin rippled as thousands of reptilian scales pushed out. Alex roared as his mouth extended to a dragon’s snout, his neck elongating, his limbs enlarging. His muscles became far more defined, even as green emerald scales covered his body, his clothing disappearing magically as spikes grew in along his back. Sapphire did much the

same, though her body became longer and sleeker than his, appropriately-coloured sapphire scales growing in.

“AHHHhhhhhh,” she groaned in relief as her other form was set free. A whip-like tail snaked from her backside, just as a thicker, stronger one expanded from Alex’s. Black and green hair in a long mane-like fan extended over Alex’s back, while Sapphire’s was blonde and blue. They expanded in size, growing larger and larger until they were easily ten feet tall each. Great wings sprouted from Alex’s back, and sleeker ones from Sapphire’s. As the changes completed, they both let loose a great roar, sending a gust of flame from Alex’s snout and a gust of cold from Sapphire’s that intermingled and looped before exploding like a firework in the air.

Standing now in the park, out of the eyesight of any ordinary mortal creature thanks to the magical mist that descended around the area, was a pair of mighty dragons - emerald and sapphire in colour, male and female. Their scales shined brilliantly, their forms radiating old magic.

“That’s what I’m talking about!” boomed Alex, grinning his new reptilian lips before the awestruck congregation of fae creatures and spirits.

“Way to keep it old school,” Sapphire said sarcastically. “What kind of draconic proclamation is that anyway?”

“The kind that’s relatable,” he joked. “After all, it’s an old family legacy, right? Might as well try to keep it fresh.”

Still, regardless of Alex’s laid back approach to his own dragonhood, the creatures of the park applauded. He gave an overly dramatic bow, before flapping his wings and taking to the air.

“We’re on it, Old Arthur! We’ll be back before you can say ‘Where’s Alex’s cool jacket disappeared to?’”

Sapphire gave an apologetic grimace with her thin blue snout, before taking to the air after him. The two rose up over the skies of London. Perhaps a few people saw them, but the magic of dragons was such that ever having their photos taken was an impossibility. Only being captured could overcome this, and they’d evaded that so far.

After all, their respective families had trained them well.

Alex Lee and Sapphire Parker were no ordinary young human adults. Both of them had discovered when they were teenagers that they had the strange, terrifying, and *wonderful* power to take on a dragon form. Prior to this, they’d both always felt like something was missing in their life, like something was wrong with their bodies. Alex had always been

brash, but he'd acted as if he was invincible at times, and leapt over gaps on his skateboard that made his parents shudder in terror. Sapphire, on the other hand, had been fascinated with flight, and despite her more rigid demeanour, was an avid enthusiast of mountain climbing and snowboarding. She adored places far above sea level. It was only when both of them had - separately - discovered that their ancestors were sworn dragon protectors that it all began to make sense.

For Alex, his ancestry traced back to ancient China. The great dragons of the Middle Kingdom defended the Emperor and his people from incursions, but had a far more important role in ensuring that the peace between the ordinary and the mystical was preserved. As his family had moved to Britain for three generations now, he had to rely on his aged grandfather for wisdom, for the old man had always believed in the legends that their family had 'the potential.'

Sapphire, on the other hand, had no such tangible connection, and had no idea why she was suddenly becoming a great sapphire blue dragon, sometimes in places that required great effort to elude attention. Even her own parents didn't know for a time, and had no answers for it. Initially, she clashed with the emerald dragon she encountered across the city and in the sky, believing this stranger to be at fault for her terrible condition. This happened several times, neither knowing they went to the same high school, travelling in social circles that were close yet never quite touching. In fact, Alex had often tried to ask her out or get in with her group, but failed a number of times: for all his bravado, she had made him quite bumbling just with the cute turn of her head and knowing smile.

And so it was that after a clash, they discovered one another's true identities. They became allies as Alex explained to her his mission, to help balance the mystical world and the mortal realm, and how she had been manipulated herself by dark forces that made her think his death would be her salvation. Because of him, she came to love her dragon form, and over the years that followed, they learned the reason for her power. She too had a strong ancestral lineage going back to the mythical age of King Arthur, and members of her family tree had the power of dragon form every few hundred years, similar to Alex, albeit more geographically local.

The revelation made her more confident in her power, and from then on she embraced it. She embraced Alex too, who was no longer an ally but a close friend, one she happily graduated alongside with. And as two people who came to understand each other so closely, they eventually began dating, and not long after were admitting their love for one another. Even if, in Sapphire's mind, Alex could be a bit of a slouch. And in Alex's, Sapphire could be a bit too intense at times.

There was even talk between them, very occasionally, on if they wanted to 'go the distance' - e.g. think of marrying one day - but while Sapphire liked to plan her whole life out, Alex liked to 'go with the flow', and so it wasn't brought up too often.

For now, they simply flew together, their paths in sync.

The two of them flew now, descending from their lofty heights amid the clouds towards the fields where the giant's tracks were obvious. A line of twisted fences and broken storage silos gave evidence to their passage.

"Not too bright, are they?" Alex said, his dragon's voice only slightly lower than his regular one, but certainly louder.

"Mhm, just a little brighter than you," Sapphire said, chuckling in a sultry tone as she pressed ahead of him.

Alex watched her go, unable to deny her beauty. The two of them had both learned to appreciate each other in dragon form as well as their regular human bodies. The sleek curves of muscle, the shine of scales, the elegance of their tails, the power of their breaths: it was intoxicating in its own way. Bestial. Animalistic. Primal. Alex felt a little arousal as he watched his girlfriend soar. It had been too long since they last made love in these particular forms. Maybe if all went well, they could do so again.

He was pulled from his aroused thoughts by her shouting.

"I see them!"

Two large giants - one male and one female - were dancing around in a field while terrified sheep ran all over the place. Something in the male ogre's hand glinted in the sun; it had to be the mirror. The creatures were acting oddly, smelling one another and staring at their mate with shock and confusion.

"Yes, that's them all right," Alex said. "I don't just see them, I smell them too. Pee-yew!"

"Now you know how your bed smells," she jested.

"Is that why we always sleep at your apartment?"

"That, and I know how to keep mine tidy," she said. "C'mon, let's make short work of this!"

"After you, my lady."

"Oh, so *now* you're a gentleman. I like this!"

He guffawed. "Only in dragon form, babe. The new school can be old school."

"Grand."

They spiralled down to the earth together, flying right up to the surprised giant's. The two lumbering creatures were even bigger than the young dragons, but they were slow and stupid, and the two dragons danced and flittered in the air around them, dodging their slow punches.

"C'mon, giants! It's your local friendly dragons! We just need you to give up the mirror and go back to where you came from. The mystical world, I mean. I don't mean that in a bad way - I got the same spiel just this morning!"

Sapphire rolled her piercing blue eyes. "What my *mate* means to say is, we just want the mirror."

"NO GIVE SHINY! EVEN IF CAUSE WEIRD!"

It was the female one that shouted. She lumbered forward to wrench Sapphire from the air, and Alex had to swat her back.

"Weird," Sapphire said, "normally the male ones are more aggressive."

"Looks like we do it old school," Alex shouted, leaping into battle. His mate sighed.

"You and your schools - as if you aren't failing your university grades right now!"

They continued their banter as the large giants swatted at them. A few years ago, back when they were teenagers, these giants would have presented a far larger threat, perhaps even a scary one, but now that they were two adults going to university - and in Sapphire's case, taking it seriously to help start her own business - they were far more practiced. While Alex distracted the confused pair, who seemed oddly clumsy in their bodies, Sapphire grabbed a length of paddock fence they had ripped from the ground and used it to trip the two up. Their ugly heads cracked against one another, knocking them unconscious instantly. The large male's hand shot out in surprise, and the strange arcane mirror launched from its hand towards the ground.

"I'VE GOT IT!" the two dragons shouted, both of them winging through the air. Too late they realised their combined mistake, grabbing the silver mirror in its frame at the same time and crashing into one another. Like the giants, they too fell to the ground, though not nearly so far, landing in the mud of a pigsty. His body reverted to dragon form, as it often did after such a surprise, and he was annoyed to suddenly have mud all over his fine red jacket.

"Well, that was painful and messy," Alex said. "Should have let me have it. Are you okay?"

He looked over to his girlfriend, only for his eyes to widen. She was in human form as well, her honey-blonde hair streaked with mud, her beautiful form dirty from the landing. But her eyes were wide and unfocused, as she stared into the reflection of a perfectly clean mirror that floated in the air before her.

"Shit!" he said, running to her. "Sapphire! Don't look!"

But it was too late. The young woman stared, entranced by the strange sight in her reflection. It wasn't her reflection at all, in fact. It showed Alex Lee, mimicking her every small gesture: her smirk, her raised eyebrow, even the turns of her head. She peered in closer, drawing her face to the mirror, and suddenly a little green spark flashed, coursing into her.

"Saph! Saph! Snap out of it!"

Alex wrestled his love away from the mirror, but even as he did, he felt a strange pull, like a burning curiosity. He tried to ignore it, but while he had a strong will, he'd always been brash and prone to giving in to curiosity. And so he gave the briefest of looks.

Or at least he'd intended to.

There, in the mirror, was him and Sapphire. Only they'd swapped positions, somehow. She was the one pulling *him* away. His girlfriend's reflection was actually his, in the same pose, mimicking the same sway, even the same expression on his face.

"What the hey?" he said, and then suddenly he stumbled closer to the mirror, as if pulled by some invisible force. "Hey! Get off me!"

But before he could, a strange energy rushed into him: a small blue spark that shot from the mirror and into his core.

"Don't Alex! It's hypnotising us or something!"

He felt his girlfriend's fit arms around his waist, and she pulled him back into the mud. She threw her shirt over the mirror, rendering it useless, and now that its reflection was no longer showing openly, it fell to the muddy ground and lay still.

"Good thinking," Alex said, panting on his wet back, his girlfriend atop him. He looked over her torso, now naked but for the cute black bra that encased those wonderfully healthy C-cups.

"Sooooo . . . are you trying to hint something to me?" he joked.

"You are the grossest!" she giggled, flinging mud on his face.

"Okay, I deserved it. Jeez, imagine getting hypnotised for seven days by that thing! Thank goodness we've got each other's backs, right?"

Sapphire grinned, even as she tried to fling the revolting mud off her body.

"Thank goodness indeed," she said, giving him a little peck on the lips. "You know, this place is just like your bedroom."

"Oh, ha ha!"

They both looked over the mirror, ensconced away in her shirt.

"Well, let's drag these giants to the nearest Thin Space and close it with our breaths. I guess I'm flying back shirtless, not that it makes a difference. I could smell your arousal on the way over, by the way."

Alex grinned sheepishly. "Well, you weren't exactly unexcited yourself."

She gave a sexy wink. "What can I say? I like a guy who shows off his tough dragon muscles. Just like you evidently like a girl covered in mud."

"Too many mud wrestling videos as a teen, I suspect."

She placed her arms over his shoulders and smiled. Despite her dislike of dirt and mud, she couldn't deny the feelings of the moment.

"Well, what say we get these giants locked back in their realm and hand this mirror over to Old Arthur. And then . . . maybe we can go enjoy ourselves in dragon form in a field somewhere. A clean one."

Alex could barely wait. He shifted back into dragon form with a calamitous thunderbolt of power, and took to the air.

"Let's be quick then!"

Sapphire transformed too, laughing at her boyfriend's eagerness. It didn't hurt that he really was quite a good lover, even if he got a little overexcited sometimes and spoiled the slow burn.

And yet, she couldn't help but feel something was a little off. A small pressure in her chest, a slight energy in her core. Alex felt the same, but didn't want to say it. It was probably nothing.

They both quickly forgot about it.

Sapphire hadn't lied about fun in the field. Alex could barely stop thinking about it the day after. He'd roared loud enough to scare the sheep herds as far away as Wales. Of course, dragon protection wasn't something they had to worry about: dragons went into season like cows and other non-human mammals, and more appropriately, many species of reptiles. Sapphire could always tell when she was in estrus, and he could smell it on her while in dragon form, so they always made sure not to have sex in dragon form during that time, using appropriate contraception in the regular human forms instead. Which, of course, could be just as fun, if not as totally magical.

"OOhhhhh, that was good," Alex said after he dreamed of their previous night's activities. "That was very, very good."

He rose out of bed, feeling more than a little aroused.

Only something was strangely different. It was as if he were just a little shorter. It was odd, he couldn't say exactly how he knew, but something about his height just seemed off. He checked himself over in the mirror, examining his features. They looked a little soft that morning, though he attributed that to the rather excellent sleep he'd had, courtesy of his

wonderful girlfriend. Certainly, his eyes sparkled a little, just like hers often did. It made him amused.

“I guess there are worse people to adapt traits from!” he joked to himself. “Maybe the height thing is just my imagination.”

He certainly didn't look shorter, really, at least not in any purely noticeable way. It was just off feeling he had. The same feeling extended to his hair: it had its usual spikiness to it, but its usual matte black look seemed to have a fresh glint, somehow. As if a few hairs were quite a bit lighter.

“Weird,” he said, before shrugging. “But then, my whole life is weird. Maybe it's just an aftershock of that weird mirror.”

He made a mental note to ask Old Arthur about it, but in classic Alex fashion, he immediately forgot said mental note as he took a long and luxurious shower. He usually preferred them warm, but today he had it extra hot, despite it usually scorching his non-draconic form's skin.

“Damn, I can see why Sapphire likes it so hot. This is awesome!”

He usually freaked out when he joined her in the shower - she was hot enough for him, why make it positively fiery? But now, he was starting to appreciate a hot shower. He rinsed his body over with soap and cleaned himself thoroughly. His joints ached a little, as did a number of his muscles, which he attributed to the fight he'd had with the giants and subsequent slip up. If he'd been more curious, and more investigative, he would have noticed that his rear was just a little softer that morning, and his lithe yet muscular arms just a little bit thinner. He had inherited his father's side of the family's propensity for lack of body hair, but even the small wisps he did have were absent, though this was easily missed in the shower.

No, as far as Alex was concerned, he'd simply had a rougher experience yesterday than expected, and now felt a little odd. He scratched the back of his head, which was a little itchy, and failed to notice the hairs glow slightly, extending just a few small millimetres longer, and lightening in colour. Neither did he notice his nipples expand just slightly, a small glow around them as well, almost imperceptible. Instead, he finished his shower, got dress in his classic blue jeans, black shirt, and red jacket, and quickly prepped his standard butter on toast.

Only it tasted weird.

“Eugh! What the hell? Maybe the bread is off . . .”

He loved butter on toast. It was the lazy man's breakfast, and so suited him fine. Instead, he was forced to make some porridge and have it with some orange juice. He usually hated porridge - it was a last resort - but to his surprise he rather liked it, and even had seconds.

“Huh, another thing Saph is right about. Jeez, maybe that weird mirror’s terrifying power was . . . *perspective!*”

He said it in a faux spooky voice before looking at the time.

“Shoot! Well, time to get to uni before I wind up late to a lecture again.”

He grabbed his skateboard on the way out.

Alex had no way of knowing, but Sapphire had also woken up feeling strange. She’d had dreams of the mirror she’d stared at, the reflection not her but that of her boyfriend. She dreamed what it would be like to have a member between her legs, to have no breasts and no womanly figure, and instead have muscles on her body and testosterone in her system.

When she woke, she also ascertained there was something weird going on. She felt . . . taller. It was difficult to say why. She checked her height - she was well aware she was 5’6, a perfectly standard height for a woman. But to her shock, she was now 5’7, a whole inch taller!

“Okay, maybe I’ve just grown taller in the last year without knowing. People can keep growing into their early twenties if they’re late bloomers.”

She knew something about being a late bloomer herself: she was very happy with her C-cups (even if occasionally a D-cup sounded wonderful) and they’d only really grown out once she hit sixteen years of age.

Still, it was strange. She made a mental note to forget it as she stripped off to get into the shower. She sighed as she looked around her bedroom. She wished Alex would hurry up and move in with her - her flat was far better than his, and she knew how to keep it neat - but there was also the knowledge that he would bring his innate messiness with him.

“He better not leave pizza boxes out when he does move in,” she sighed.

If he ever did. She loved Alex, and she knew he loved her - they both said it often - but he could be quite stubborn and bull-headed about his own space. ‘Organised chaos’ he called it, which naturally meant it was just ‘chaos’, really.

She got into the shower, only to help.

“Too hot!” she cried, leaping back.

She adjusted it to the kind of temperature that Alex liked, and found it much more soothing.

“Maybe he has a point,” she said to herself as she began cleaning her body. To her surprise, she felt a bit more fit this morning. She had been going on runs and to the gym again, so maybe it was just that, but there was a vigour and energy she possessed that seemed quite unlike her. She rather liked it, and revelled in the feeling as she did her

morning stretches beneath the warm water. While that happened, she failed to notice the slight glow around her chest and hips, and in her hair. She didn't notice that her hair shrunk back nearly an inch in length, or that her rear hardened, becoming a little flatter. She felt a soreness briefly in her chest and massaged them a little, but her breasts shrunk only a little.

When she emerged, she was surprised to find that her breasts were a little loose in her cups. She tightened the band a bit more, but was frustrated.

"Okay, and there's the disappointing part of going to the gym," she said, "I burn fat in all the parts I don't want to lose."

She had her breakfast, feeling oddly like buttered toast for some reason, despite that being more Alex's lazy kind of morning dish, then headed off to university.

She wondered if Alex would be late again.

Alex was late again, as usual. But it was hard to take the course on English Literature seriously when he wasn't interested in it, and had only chosen it because Saph said it was 'easy' and would be a good filler while he decided what he wanted to do with his life. Turns out that 'easy' for Sapphire was anything but for him. He managed to daydream his way through the lecture before finally meeting up with his girlfriend for lunch.

"Saph, you've no idea how boring that lecture was!" he said as he grabbed her by the hips and kissed her. She returned the kiss and chuckled, ruffling his spiky hair.

"That's because you've got the attention span of a goldfish, I swear."

Alex looked away. "Sorry, you were saying something? I wasn't paying attention."

She rolled her eyes at the joke, and led him to their table.

"You look especially hot today," he remarked. "Your hair looks different."

"Yours too. A little longer than you usually get it."

"Yeah, I need a haircut more than I thought."

She gave an exaggerated pout of sadness at that, before thinking on it a little. "Say, do you feel a little bit weird today?" she asked as she ordered a sandwich from the university cafeteria.

"Yeah, actually," he admitted. "I woke up feeling a bit . . . odd. How'd you guess? Do I look sick or something?"

"No, I woke up feeling similar. Like I was taller."

"Me too! Except I was shorter instead."

Sapphire blushed, not wanting to admit that her breasts felt a little smaller too. Alex loved them, and so did she, and it was an embarrassing subject to talk about, particularly in public.

“Well, maybe we just feel a bit weird looking at a magical mirror,” she suggested.

“Yeah, too bad about the Unseelie Court being all incommunicado with us. Hopefully things will cool down between them and the Summer Court and we can find out what that mirror does.”

She nodded. “Still, we should keep an eye on these feelings, just in case they continue. Maybe it’s a mirror of confusion or something.”

“Not a bad idea.”

There was a few moments of silence as they ate, and Sapphire decided to broach another subject. “So Alex, you really love me, right?”

He gave her a quizzical look. “Yeah . . .”

“So about moving in-”

He groaned. “Not this again!”

“We’ll share the same bed. We can actually *enjoy* each other more.”

“But you’ll hate my constant mess! I know it.”

“I’ll . . . I’ll manage it.”

“Manage *me*, you mean. What next? Retire my skateboard?”

“That’s not what I mean, Alex,” she said. She slumped. “Look, let’s talk about it another day, you’re clearly upset by this.”

Alex went to snap something, before realising she was right. He really did feel upset over this. Oddly so. He’d been feeling more emotional all day, in fact. He made a mental note to keep on top of that.

But like the previous one, he forgot about it during the rush of skateboarding home, and his later shift at the *Mario’s Pizza* which helped pay his rent.

The next day, both Alex and Sapphire felt even stranger, and it was undeniable that something was up. Both had woken from strange dreams involving silver mirrors shining in dark rooms. And in these dreams, when they looked into the mirror’s reflection, they saw not themselves, but their partner mimicking their movements, in both human and draconic form.

It was enough to make Alex wake more than a little startled, whereupon he noticed the strange soreness in his chest and hips, among other places.

“What the heck?” he said, in a voice that was too light to naturally be his own. He clutched his throat in surprise, confused as to how he could be sounding almost girlish.

It was then that he felt his hair swish against his neck. He patted it with his hands, eyes wide as he felt at the longer strands there are also now much silkier and softer, instead of the coarse spikes he rocked.

“What is happening to me?”

He jolted out of bed and moved to the bathroom mirror of his flat, stepping over a pile of discarded shirts and pants. For just a brief, fleeting moment he saw not himself in the mirror, but Sapphire, and then it was him again.

But not as he knew himself.

“Okay, that mirror definitely did *something*,” he said, his breath quickening, his heart pounding in his chest. He was wearing only a pair of briefs, and so he could see just about all of his body, including a number of ways it had most certainly changed. For one, his shoulders had shrunk, as had his waist, which looked as if it had pulled in. He couldn’t be sure, but it appeared like his hips had expanded slightly. His legs were most certainly smoother, but more than that, they no longer had the slightly olive-yellow tone of his Chinese heritage, at least not as strongly. He had lightened, paled slightly, enough to be noticeable. His hands had shrunk slightly, his arms lost some of their muscle mass. Far worse, his nipples had bloomed in size and now looked more pinkish in colour. Even his face had changed: his nose was less prominent and looked sort of button-shaped now, and his eyes were a little lighter - no longer black but a sort of dark grey. His hair had grown out, but it too was light in places, with a few strand hairs that were almost blonde in colour.

“Okay Alex, okay. Just breathe, just keep calm. There’s gotta be a rational explanation for this!”

That was when his phone buzzed. He almost didn’t check it due to his bigger concerns - he hadn’t even noticed that his behind had swollen slightly - but then he saw that the message was from Sapphire. In fact, there was more than one message. There were seven. And five missed calls. He’d slept in, evidently. Again.

“Shit,” he said. He opened the latest message, and his jaw dropped.

ALEX WAKE UP ALREADY YOU SLEEPYHEAD, it read, WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY. MY BODY IS CHANGING FOR SOME REASON. GET TO OLD ARTHUR ASAP.

He grabbed a couple of quick snacks and a bottle of water, and his trusty skateboard. He wiped away a stray tear of worry, and was shocked that he’d just done that. Since when did he feel emotion so deeply? He shook off the odd feelings, and headed out.

The trip across town took Alex more time than usual. He was as daring as always, but to his annoyance his energy levels flagged a little more quickly, even after he finished some morning snacks and even grabbed an egg roll on the way. He chalked it up to his anxiety

over whatever weird change was happening to his body, and presumably to Sapphire's as well.

By the time he arrived at the park, it was clear his girlfriend was annoyed. He ran up to her, his skateboard beneath his arm and went to apologise, before falling short out of shock. She too had changed, but in a totally different way than he had. An opposite way, in fact. She was taller than him by an inch or so, where previously he had easily five inches on her. Her shoulders were larger, her entire frame in fact. She no longer had the lithe curves of a cute yet fit young woman, and instead had a distinctly boyish figure, with narrower hips, a less thin waist, and arms that had put on muscle. More than that, her skin had darkened subtly, and her hair also, with several patches even being black. Her gorgeous sky blue eyes were now almost grey in colour, and her nose had become a bit more defined and narrow.

"What took you so long!" she said.

"I was - I was sleeping, sorry! What's happened to you?"

His girlfriend blushed. "Yeah, I know," she said, "I look weird. And you look like you've changed too."

He looked over himself. "More than I thought," he said, as he scratched his sore chest idly.

"Old Arthur is getting word from the Unseelie Court as we speak - he's getting a sitting elf of their council to visit. Apparently they're quite concerned by this."

Alex slumped. "Okay, that is a big deal. Damn! Are we turning into monsters?"

"You mean more than we already are? We do turn into dragons, babe."

He chuckled. "Yeah, still. I'm freaked out by this."

"Me too."

They held hands, and he was a little taken back by how firm her grip was. She in turn was surprised by how dainty his hands were. Neither wanted to say it, but each had a slight suspicion as to what might be going on, but neither wanted to say it.

"Come on," Sapphire said. "Let's go hear from Old Arthur."

As they passed, a number of spirits, pixies, and even a satyr looked on in astonishment, remarking how different they looked.

"You smell like each other," Alfred the centaur remarked.

They didn't know what to make of that.

They were waiting nearly an hour as the living tree conferred with the Unseelie Court 'on the other side.' As they waited, subtle changes continued to affect their bodies: Alex and Sapphire's hair lengthened and shortened respectively, and lost and gained muscle mass

too. Alex felt a slight set of bumps upon his chest, but quickly entered denial as to what they might be.

'The Unseelie elf Karuth is ready to talk to us,' Old Arthur proclaimed. *'He will answer just a few questions and be done. He does not like the mortal plane or dragons, so be respectful.'*

Sapphire gave Alex a strong look on that last point, and he shrugged, trying to ignore the strange pressure in his chest.

There was a *WHOOSH* of magical energy, and a number of the spirits of the park pulled back as a pale elf, roughly four feet in height, appeared before them. He had red eyes like an albino, and wore a regal dark cloak. His hair was the colour of bleached bone, and combed backwards in an older, medieval style.

"Well, well, these are the foolish *dragons* that looked into the Mirror of Turning, hmm? Not too bright, not too bright the individuals of this mortal realm. You have idea the trouble you have unleashed upon yourselves.

His voice was high and reedy, and already the guy was annoying Alex.

"Seems kinda on himself, doesn't he?" he whispered.

Sapphire elbowed him lightly, though it landed harder than expected.

"Ngh!" Alex whined.

The elf gave them a side eye, before continuing. "How long did you look?"

"Only a few seconds," Sapphire said.

"Same."

The elf nodded solemnly. "That is good, that is good. Otherwise things would be most dire . . . for you. Had you looked a minute the effects would be irreversible, as it turned out to be for those stupid, still-confused giants."

"What exactly does this mirror even do?" Alex asked.

The elf regarded him. "What do you *think*, mortal dragon? It changes you into the likeness and place of the other that sees the mirror. In this case, that is both of you. Tell me, what did you see when you looked in the mirror."

They shuffled awkwardly on the spot.

"I saw her," Alex said.

"And I saw him," Sapphire finished.

"And now you will become her, and you will become him. No doubt you've already noticed some changes - such as your uncouth human hair."

Alex went pale - even more pale than his changing skin currently was. "Wait wait wait a second. Just hold up now, Kanuth."

The elf sighed. "Karuth."

“Gesundheit. You’re telling us that we’re changing into each other? Like, I’m becoming a girl and she’s becoming a guy. That these bumps on my chest are-”

“My breasts,” Sapphire said sadly, cupping her own briefly. “So that’s why I felt smaller this morning.”

“Oh. Crap. So this feeling between my legs is my di - damn!”

The elf seemed offended by the language. “Like I said, it was foolish to look.”

“Oh God!” Alex proclaimed, “this sucks! I don’t want to be a girl! I mean, I’ve imagined it before - it’s pretty hot. But still!”

“Well, you’re lucky you only looked a short while,” Karuth said. “For it is only temporary, instead of permanent.”

“How long?” Sapphire asked. Her eyes were a darker grey than they had been earlier than that morning. She’d always loved Alex’s dark eyes, but she didn’t want to lose her baby blue ones!

“Seven days,” Karuth answered. “Your changes will complete shortly before then, but after the seventh day you will change back. There are some conditions, not that *dragons* know anything of reading the fine print.”

Alex smouldered with anger. “Hey! Just because I’m failing English doesn’t mean I don’t know how to read!”

“The language is Sylvan, you fool.”

“Yeah, well it’s *your* stupid artefact that’s making me grow a damn pussy between my legs!”

The elf’s eyes widened, features twisting in fury.

“Well, I’ve given you all the information you are *deserving of*, then. Best of luck with your seven days, *mortal dragons*. Farewell, Old Arthur.”

Another *WOOSH*, and the elf was gone. Old Arthur’s silhouetted face in the tree hollow looked sympathetically at the pair.

‘That could have gone better,’ the fragment of King Arthur’s wisdom said. *‘Still, at least we know the result, and it should not impair too greatly upon your duties. An imp has escaped from the Twilight Prison, and needs catching. We don’t know his location yet, but I will tell you when you are needed.’*

Sapphire and Alex looked at one another.

“Are you serious?” Alex said. “You want us to continue being dragons, even while this is happening?”

‘You are protectors of both realms. It is your duty.’

Sapphire sighed. “He’s right, Alex. Besides, we could have had more answered, but *you* had to annoy the elf.”

“Yeah,” he said, scratching the back of his head sheepishly. “My bad.”

“No, what’s going to be *bad* is seeing you wear my body in a couple of days.” She sighed again. “It’s going to be a loooong week.”

The changes continued over the next two days. Alex felt increasingly humiliated as his body became lithe and thin like Sapphire’s, with her feminine curves increasingly coming into being as well. He’d certainly noticed that his ass was more rounded and bouncy - he’d underestimated how feminine his girlfriend’s behind truly was until it was on his body. His hair was now nearly shoulder length, and was a dark blonde, with only a few little reverse skunk stripes of blackness remaining, all of them thin. His hips were most certainly widening - they now looked positively womanly, and this was only amplified by his slimming waistline. Alex wasn’t a huge bulky guy, but Sapphire was definitely quite slim, and as such the change was incredibly noticeable to him. This was exacerbated by his feminine face, which was now entirely Caucasian and increasingly like that of a woman’s. His eyes were a dark grey/blue colour, and his cheeks were more rounded - not fat, simply contouring to the classical heart-shaped beauty of Sapphire’s face. Even his voice was sounding increasingly like hers; high and sweet and yet with a confident edge to it, a far cry from his slightly raspy, relaxed vibe.

But the two biggest changes were the ones he didn’t want to think about. Well, *three*, if you counted the fact that his chest came as a *pair*. Over the two days, his breasts had bloomed, growing from a modest A-cup to a bountiful B-cup, and still a little achey with future growth. They felt huge upon his form, despite being an average bust size, and the knowledge that they still had a full cup size to go daunted him. Already they felt surprisingly heavy, and they bounced and bobbed when he moved. It had taken a great deal of convincing from Sapphire that he had to accept a bra, but once she’d helped him fix one on, it gave him the support of relief and modesty.

There was no providing any relief for the change between his legs, however. Over the two days that followed - making it Day Four from the first contact with the Mirror of Turning - his manhood had shrunk down and down. Already it was small, almost a nub, and his balls were also shrinking. He didn’t even want to think about what would be happening next.

Sapphire too found her changes strange. She was looking more and more like Alex, her figure much more manly, her skin taking on an Asian hue, her jaw becoming more square. She cried when her breasts fully vanished - her nipples were still a little swollen, but otherwise she now had a completely masculine chest, including some fairly nice pectoral muscles. In fact, she was more muscled all over now, which was a small compensation at

least for her woes. She had always been fit, much more than most women, but at the end of the day she couldn't change her naturally slim figure and propensity towards litness, so her strength even in dragon form was more agile, swift, dextrous. Now, it was pure strength, fuelled by testosterone, and she was surprised how much her new hormones made her feel aggressive and even competitive at times, particularly when it came to her studies.

Of course, even as her rear flattened, and some body hair developed, she was most shocked to feel the beginnings of a very male penis develop on her body. She didn't want to touch it, didn't even want to think about it, but soon she was having to *pee* through it. She'd even stood while going to the toilet, just to see what it was like, and despite being an alien experience it was oddly liberating.

"Still don't want it," she said to herself, especially since one feature she certainly liked about Alex was that he was quite well endowed. "And I'm not looking forward to having the same length as I am receiving," she noted.

Their dragon forms were also changing. Neither had dared to adopt it - for one, they took their duties seriously, and there was no wisdom in changing into a flying scaled serpent when not on a mission. Even Alex, for all his brashness, barely went into dragon form on a whim (except when crossing the English Channel, and that was mainly because he was terrible at booking seats across). But they each had an awareness of their other forms, a connection to the mystical. And they both felt that mystical connection shift, like a radio tuning to a new waveform.

"Better not be some emerald dragon now," Sapphire said to him as they ate together.

"And I better not be some ribbon-looking sapphire dragon," Alex mumbled. He lost some sauce out of his hotdog and it dripped down his shirt, landing in his cleavage. Sapphire giggled in her new raspy way.

"Dammit," he said. "Everything about having boobs is terrible!"

"Oh please, we both know you've been feeling them up like an absolute pervert."

His paler cheeks blushed a little bit. "Yeah, okay, but I'm still a dude on the inside, right, so it only makes sense? Plus, they are kinda fun."

"I'm glad you feel that way, since you have a whole 'nother cup size to go."

"Well, how are you appreciating my dick, *Alex*?"

Now it was Sapphire's turn to blush. There was a weird calmness to being called her boyfriend's name, like her body was recognising that now that she looked more like him, she should be called so as well.

"It's . . . different."

"Got any morning boners yet?"

She shoved him lightly, nearly knocking him over.

"Hey! What the hell!? That was my boob! Your boob! Whatever!"

“Sorry!” she said, realising eyes were upon her. “I didn’t realise my own strength.”

“I’ll say,” he said, rubbing his breasts in an unlady-like fashion.

“You okay there, Sapphire? He hurting you?”

It was one of Saph’s friends - Monica. She came over, looking aggressively at the real Sapphire. She’d never really liked Alex. Not knowing he was a dragon protector, she just assumed he was always lazy and unworthy of her BFF.

“No, no! It’s okay! I was riling him up and kicked him in the leg.”

“I didn’t mean to push her like that, Monica, I swear - wait, you think I’m Alex?”

Monica folded her arms. “Who the hell do you think I should think you are? You’re Alex, the lazy slob with the disgusting apartment, and someone *you* can do better than, Saph.”

Alex blanched. “Um, okay. Uh, thanks Monica. But it really was, like, a joke dude. You should calm down.”

Monica gave him a funny look, then shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t know why I bother! We still on for netball later?”

“Um, sure?”

“Good. Best of luck with study - this better have been an accident, Alex!”

She glared at Sapphire as she left, leaving the two utterly confused.

“Oh my God,” Sapphire said, her voice even lower than before, “she didn’t even realise who we really were.”

Alex’s increasingly blue eyes widened. “But that makes no sense - we’re not fully changed! We’re still unrecognisable as each other. No offence, but you still don’t look much like me, even if you look like a guy.”

“And you’re a long way off having my eyes and hair, that’s for sure. Even your jaw is still too manly.”

“And yet . . .”

“She acted like we were just the person we were becoming.”

They both shuddered.

“Three more days,” Alex said, adjusting his bra for the umpteenth time.

“Three more days,” Sapphire replied, trying to ignore the strange feelings she was having for Alex’s changing form.

The changes continued, their bodies feminising and masculinising respectively. What’s more, they both realised that the world’s recognition was changing with them: to all eyes and ears, hearts and minds, Alex was already Sapphire, and she already him. It got to the point where

they actually had to switch apartments, much to their terror, and even briefly adopt elements of each other's lives. Alex was forced to play netball with Monica, and hear her tirades over why 'she' should not be with 'Alex.' It meant he had to wear the sports costume and everything, complete with the midriff baring top and skirt. It meant allowing the real Sapphire to apply makeup to his face, and help him with his clothes. And it also meant having to be her at university, attend her boring business studies lectures, and take as much notes as he could.

Sapphire, similarly, now had to work at Mario's Pizza. It was not exactly the work she was used to, given that she made money as a university tutor, something she had managed to get her boyfriend excused from due to 'health reasons' - he was not up to the task. Surprisingly, she found the atmosphere of the pizza place quite relaxing, her coworkers quite amusing, even if she did have to pretend at having a head injury to explain her forgetting some of their in-jokes. She was shocked at how much guys talked about women - rating their looks, discussing how hot they were, what they'd like to do to get into their pants, etc - and while she was initially greatly angered by this, she was embarrassed to be thinking along the same lines a little when they pointed out an attractive woman.

Alex was having a similarly terrifying revelation when Monica pointed out a hunky looking man at the beach. Despite still technically having the merest nub of a penis, Alex had somehow been convinced to go to the swim centre with Monica, as Sapphire often did. And while he certainly wasn't going to be wearing a bloody bikini any time soon, he was wearing a feminine one-piece bathing suit that exposed his now-womanly thighs and overall slim shape, as well as pulled tight against the shape of his now fully developed bust line.

As awkward as he felt there, as awkward as he felt adopting Sapphire Parker's entire role in life, he found himself oddly entranced by many of the men his own age around the pool. At first he thought it was just jealousy of their muscular forms, but soon he realised it was more than that. He couldn't stop staring at their muscles, their abs, their square jawlines, their forearms! Why was he obsessed with checking out their forearms? It made the changing *thing* between his thighs throb a little. Already, a pair of vertical lips were developing around his withering manhood, and they were becoming strangely wet and aroused at the sight.

"Oh shit," he said to himself when he realised.

"Hot, right?" Monica said, noticing his look. "Why not ditch Alex for *that* hottie?"

"No way, I'd never ditch Saph - I mean Alex!"

"But you can't deny that he looks good, right?"

"N-no. I can't. Damn it. But not as hot as Alex."

"Please, he's not *that* good looking."

"Yes he is!" Alex snapped. "He's a total, uh, dreamboat!"

He visualised his own body in his mind, his real manly body, and that's when the strangest feeling of all hit him: his nipples stiffened at the thought of that body looming over his new feminine one, and he almost let out a sensual moan.

He gasped in shock.

He'd just been attracted to the thought of Sapphire . . . as himself.

It was a massive relief when Old Arthur finally gave them their mission. The mischievous imp known as Oratis had been spotted clambering up Big Ben by several pixies, likely looking to mess with the clockwork and cause havoc, as imps tended to. By this point, it was the sixth day of the Mirror of Turning's changes, and to their despair, Alex and Sapphire's changes were mostly done. There were minor points of fine tuning to go - a little longer hair for Alex, a bit more curve to Sapphire's eyes, a tiny little height irregularity on its way to being sorted, etc. But for the most part, they were now each other, including in the most important way; between their legs.

Alex wasn't a fan of the fact that he was now the very unproud owner of a pussy, particularly since it was his girlfriend's. Sapphire, likewise, found having a large member between her legs not only embarrassing but unwieldy, especially since it continued to move about and stiffen in the morning. By this point, both were eagerly looking forward to taking on dragon form again just to escape the wrongness of their new human forms.

Which is not to say they hadn't had a little private fun with their new parts, not that either would admit it to the other. But certainly Alex had moaned in feminine delight as he teased at his new vaginal lips, and Sapphire had learned first hand how pleasurable and powerful it was to stroke a large cock as its owner, and ejaculate forcefully.

Neither would they admit what they had masturbated to. For Alex, it was increasingly impossible to escape thoughts of Sapphire in his body. It was wrong, he knew it. It was disgusting, puerile, and yet so deeply arousing to think of his former body ploughing into his new feminine one. And for Sapphire, each time she saw her body on Alex, she became surprisingly turned on, her new member hardening at the sight of the cute blonde features and slim figure that used to be hers. She did her best to hide it, as did Alex, but it was becoming difficult to be around their body swapped counterpart, even though a deeper, more primal part of them yearned to.

The creatures of the park seemed to sense this odd tension, as they were quite silent this time, observing the pair with fascination. Thankfully, Old Arthur kept them distracted.

'Once the imp is captured, you can bring him back here. He's not a bad individual, just chaotic by nature, but he will cause nuisance and may expose the mystical realm to the humans.'

"It's Big Ben though," Alex said, "not exactly easy for dragons to hide from cameras."

"Especially when we have *different* dragon forms," Sapphire alluded.

'I have a solution to that. Morghust, please.'

A slight summer elf approached and threw golden dust over them.

'This will render your draconic dorms invisible to all for twelve hours. More than enough time to sort Oratis out.'

Alex and Sapphire exchanged an awkward glance. He found it difficult not to notice her cool, casual demeanour and muscular body, and she was having difficulty not staring at a chest and hips and should have been hers.

Alex coughed. "Well, time to go dragon then."

"Try to not make me look bad," she said.

"Hey, I've been doing a great job as you. I've even kept your flat clean . . . mainly."

She sighed. "Better than my latest test results at least. Come on hot stuff, let's go."

"Hot stuff? I'll take it I guess!"

Magic encircled them as they focused on summoning their draconic forms. Wings expanded from their shoulders even as their forms enlarged, scales spreading over their skin. Power radiated outwards, providing the usual spectacle to the fae creatures of the park as long tails extended from their rears and talons from their hands and feet. Their clothes dissipated magically, leaving their serpentine bodies bare as they grew and grew in size. But not everything was as it was meant to be: Alex found his form becoming far sleeker and more flexible than usual, while Sapphire's own body became thicker and muscular. Alex gasped as his tail became much more whipcord-like, while his girlfriend's was shorter and conveyed more direct power. Their colouring had reversed much like their bodies: Alex was now a beautiful, sleek blue sapphire-coloured dragon, while Sapphire now had emerald-green scales that glowed slightly. They twisted and shifted about, feeling strange in their bodies.

"Okay, this is also very weird," Alex said, twisting his serpentine body around on itself. "I feel so . . . flexible."

"And I don't. God, it's just like our regular bodies," Sapphire added.

"Yeah, only more so. At least I don't have to deal with your breasts."

"You mean the ones you can't stop touching?"

'If we have more important matters to focus upon . . . '

They both turned to Old Arthur, feeling a little sheepish.

“Sorry,” they said in unison. They spent a few moments getting more accustomed to their bodies. Despite now being dragons once more, they still felt very much as if they still belonged to the opposite sex. Alex could feel the dexterous, slim nature of Sapphire inherent in his sparkling blue dragon body, and Sapphire could likewise feel the more masculine power and obstinance in her new form. Still, the princess of flight was the same, even if both had slightly altered centres of gravity from what they were used to.

“Here we go then,” Alex declared, “catch and imp, bring him back, then chill for one more day until this is all over!”

“Sounds like a plan, for once,” Sapphire teased. “Maybe more of me is rubbing off on you than you suspect.”

Alex laughed, blew a gust of cold into the air, then took to the air himself.

“And maybe you’ll get some of my hot-headedness!” he joked.

Sapphire sighed, and took to the air after him, following him over the city. No one else could see the mighty dragons passing overhead thanks to the golden dust, and so they enjoyed twirling about openly rather than hiding in the clouds or around the edges of buildings as they usually did. Sapphire was surprised at how *beautiful* Alex was in her draconic body. He was taking to it quickly, flitting through the air like an elegant ribbon, his long body spiralling. Was this how he saw her? No wonder he liked to initiate when they were in dragon form; she was seeing the appeal. More than that, she could *smell* the appeal. She grinned slightly as she realised that as much as he was hiding it, Alex was feeling just as aroused as her.

“Hmm, better not think about that *too* much,” she mused to herself.

Oddly, her internal thoughts were in a masculine voice.

They arrived at Big Ben at midday. It was easy to know, usually: it was a clock face after all. Except that the clock’s face stated it was late afternoon. Already, a crowd of humans were gathering far below the Tower of London to see the malfunctioning clockwork, and no doubt maintenance workers were being called to scurry up and fix it.

“We don’t have much time,” Sapphire said, “the imp is no doubt behind this.”

“And if ordinary humans see it, or *capture* it . . .”

“Things will get mighty awkward for the mystical realm. C’mon. Let’s go find him!”

The two dragons circled the air, able to see each other but invisible to all others. Alex revelled in the freedom of his new body. He missed the power of his old one, but there was something wonderfully appealing about Sapphire’s dragon body. It was like a race car - no! It was like a skateboard! - able to race and alter direction easily, and perform all sorts of

tricks in the air. He used it to 'swim' in the air around the tower rapidly, while Sapphire hovered overhead. He could smell her musk, powerful and masculine. It was making his female dragon's body feel certain things. Things he didn't really want to think about too deeply. It was *his* body, after all!

Thankfully, he didn't have to think about it for a moment, because suddenly he spotted the little infernal creature clambering up the side of the tower and waving its arms about. It had bright orange skin, great green eyes, and four rather long arms. It was about the size of a ten year old child, but it moved *fast*. And it was laughing.

"Oh, I'd forgotten how much I detest imps," Sapphire said. "They're almost as messy as you."

"Please, I'm *much* messier," Alex laughed. "Now let's get him!"

They dove down together, trying to form the usual paired flight plan they always naturally adopted. The imp hadn't seen them coming, and for a moment it looked like their job might be easy.

Until they collided into one another.

They had unwittingly adopted their usual positions in their pattern, rather than their new ones, and their intersecting flight paths meant they suddenly pressed into one another.

"Hey, watch it!"

"Don't touch me there!"

"WATCH OUT!"

The imp screeched as they barrelled towards it, still going far too quickly. It scrambled up the tower, and the two barely managed to disentangle in time, their tails whipping against the structure of the tower and breaking a minor part of the structure.

"Whoops!" Sapphire said in a panic.

"Now who's messy?"

"Shut up and help me catch that imp!"

They shot up around the edge of the tower, chasing the scrambling creature as it moved easily along the tower's surface, uncaring and unafraid of the immense fall below.

"WEEE HEEE!" it laughed, as it wheeled and spiralled and even danced its way up the tower. "Looks like I've got some dragon friends to play with now! Let's all have fun together!"

"Get back here!" Alex called, dodging the various bricks thrown by the creature, "you're going to expose the mystical realm to the humans and get us all hunted!"

"Sounds like FUN!!!" the creature yelled with a grin. "Where are my helicopterers!? I want to have the photographography of me taken! Is that what they call it? PICK ME PICK ME FOR A PHOTO!"

Alex sighed, Sapphire gritted her sharp teeth.

“I really, really hate imps.”

“That’s specist!”

“He’s flinging bricks at me, Alex!”

One hit her on the chest, causing a minor bruise at best.

“Well, dodge them like I am!”

“I don’t have my usual dexterity, excuse me!”

Alex laughed, spiralling around the thrown debris and closing in on the imp. Sapphire pulled back, and decided to use her fire breath. It felt more powerful but less focused than her cold breath, but it scared the imp enough to force it to scurry around the side of the tower that Alex was closing in on.

“Keep it up!” Alex called. “Let’s use each other’s talents!”

It was an act of understanding: of inhabiting one another not just in body but in mind. Usually, Sapphire’s skillset was in obfuscation and logical thinking, while he was more of a blunt instrument used to its utmost. Now, the roles were reversed.

“CAN’T CATCH ME!!” the imp declared. In the distance, a helicopter was rising, one that clearly belonged to the media. The creature stopped to pose a moment before continuing on. It would only be a minute or so until it was within range to take proper photos and catch the little gremlin-like fae in its lens.

Sapphire continued to adopt Alex’s draconic strengths. She beat her wings powerful, gusting the imp back, before using another blast of her breath to scare him back down, providing little avenue of escape but down. Alex, in turn, used Sapphire’s draconic body to chase the critter, beating its own agility, and using the cold breath he now possessed to make surfaces in its path slippery. It was a combined effort, and they felt once more in sync. It added an exhilaration that excited him, and she as well, and they were both aware of each other’s presence even more strongly, silently appreciating their partner.

The imp raced and raced, but it was running out of wiggle room.

“CAN’T CATCH ME! I’M GONNA BE FAME-US! CAN’T CATCH ME-AAHH!!!”

With a quick shot of an ice breath, the imp slipped as it redirected from Sapphire’s flames. Alex roared with success, diving down to catch the troublesome imp in his claws and holding him steady. Some of the exterior of the tower blackened a little, but she beat her wings quickly to prevent any actual fire spreading to the building itself. It was an act of close care, and she realised in that moment that Alex was a lot more judicious and capable of strategy than she had ever assumed, able to roar flame without causing infernos.

“Let’s get out of here!” her partner roared, and she was jolted from that additional appreciation for her partner by more immediate circumstances.

“Yes, let’s go!”

The two of them quickly darted from the tower, which now had more than the desired amount of damage upon it, though nothing serious. Still, a team of maintenance workers and repairmen would be quite happy to get some fat paychecks soon.

“That went really well,” Sapphire said, still a little surprised.

“It did! I feel super weird saying this, Saph, but your dragon body is actually amazing. You’re like a living skateboard.”

“I’ll take it,” she said with a chuckle. “And yours is all power! I’d never appreciated just how well you control this body, and how much restraint you show.”

He shrugged in midair before continuing. “You know me, I’m a modest type.”

“Oh, sure. *Real* modest. You just reek of it.”

“And you reek of . . . well, you smell of . . .”

Alex went quiet, as did she.

“So, you two, huh?”

Alex avoided her gaze, looking more like a demure female than he would have guessed. “Yeah. It’s weird. I know it’s my body, but I’m feeling . . . things.”

“Me too. It’s all this damn testosterone I’m getting flooded in.”

“Let’s drop of this imp and be done with it.”

“OHHHH, IS THIS DRAMA!?” the creature asked, grinning.

“SHUT IT!” they both said.

They dropped the imp back to Old Arthur, who was most appreciative. The imp was pushed back into the mystical realm, entirely unapologetic and demanding a photo be taken of it, and the officials of the Summer Court took charge of him.

“*What will you do now?*” Old Arthur asked them when they had finished up.

The two looked at one another, uncertain.

“We could . . . go for a flight?” Alex suggested.

Sapphire nodded. “I’d like that, actually. Appreciate this body one last time before we begin to change back the day after next.”

They bid goodbye to the park, taking to the air a second time that day. The golden dust still had a long timer on it for them, and while the mystery of the Big Ben malfunction continued to grab the attention of the city, they flew over the Thames together, simply revelling in their new forms and talking together.

“You know, it’s actually be interesting getting to know your body,” Sapphire said.

“Oh, is that what they call it these days?”

“You know what I mean! Like, your *life*, Alex. I never realised how hard you work at *Mario’s*, or how easy it is to make a mess since your flat is so tiny.”

“Um, thanks, I guess?”

She laughed as she shifted up beside him, appreciating his feminine scent. “I’m trying to say that as much as I always loved you, I feel like this experience has gotten me to know you better.”

“Yeah,” he replied, “I guess that’s kinda true, huh? I certainly won’t be complaining about how long it takes you to get ready now, what with all the makeup and how long it takes to get clothes ready for a girl and all that.”

“Please, you’re always later than me.”

He briefly adopted a human-like full-arm shrug in the air. “Yeah, but that’s ‘cause I’m all super casual and cool and that. You actually have to put in effort as a girl. I’ve even actually studying for the first time ever, to keep your grades up! It’s a big burden, and I guess I never appreciated it. Also, this is not to mention that your boobs wobble all the time, though that’s also pretty ace at the same time.”

“Yeah, boobs are pretty ace. They look good on you.”

They rocketed upwards, soaring over the clouds before diving back together, naturally adopting their respective positions more easily now.

“Was that a reference to this super weird mutual attraction we’ve got?”

Sapphire would have blushed were she not a dragon. Instead, she sniffed the air, and became further intoxicated by his lovely scent.

“Yeah, sorry. It’s hard to ignore. You’ve got such a strong scent. I’ve not felt like this before.”

Alex also sniffed the air, his eyes locked on the magnetic form of his body swapped lover. “Yeah, me either.”

It was the magic of the Mirror of Turning, though as they had annoyed Karuth, neither knew all of its rules. But one of them was that the bodyswapped individuals would experience a strong connection to one another. If they were already in a relationship, such a connection could take the form of increasing lust, which was exactly what the two dragon protectors felt at that very moment. As they soared, they drew closer and closer, flying around one another, not even realising they were replicating a dragon’s mid-air mating ritual. The feelings of tension rose and rose, until finally Alex couldn’t bear it any longer.

“Lets - let’s just land, okay?”

“GOOD IDEA!” shouted Sapphire, a little *too* enthusiastically.

They descended down to an empty paddock far beyond the city, outside of the reach of anyone, though they were still invisible to mortal eyes anyway. As they drew closer to the

ground, their bodies became closer and closer, circling sensually, suggestively. They reached out their scaled limbs, and for a moment, they *touched*.

It was like being jolted with the most exciting electrical energy they'd ever felt, and they both immediately collided yet again.

"SHIT SHIT SHIT!"

They untangled just in time to slow themselves, but they ended up rolling along the field in a haphazard landing, their large scaled bodies intertwined and connected as they turned head over draconic heels. They came to a stop after several seconds, the two of them panting, their snouts rubbing against one another.

They remained frozen for a few moments, Sapphire's dark eyes staring into Alex's sky blue, the sexual tension ratcheting up, their bodies pressed comfortably against one another.

And then they were all over each other.

"Oh God! Are we doing this!?" Sapphire asked as he nipped at her shoulder, stroked her scaled belly.

"W-we are!" Alex replied. "I c-can't help it. I need you!"

"M-me too! God, it's so wrong!"

"But so right! I know!"

"Let's - let's just not tell anybody, okay?"

Alex nodded as he encircled her with his powerful wings, smelling her wonderful scent. He could feel his dragon body become flushed with a wonderful heat, a primal need to be mated overcoming him. She too felt that same need, except it was to penetrate her lover - Sapphire's large dragon penis unsheathed from its reptilian internal sheath and emerged.

"H-holy shit," Alex stammered, seeing it, *needing* it. "We should stop."

Sapphire breathed heavily, little licks of flame emerging from her snout.

"But I don't want to."

And truthfully, neither did Alex. Both of them knew the innate wrongness of what they were doing - literally having sex with their own bodies - but the desire was too strong, and it was only boosted by their new appreciation and understanding of one another.

"Damn, I feel s-so wet!" Alex exclaimed.

"Mmhm," Sapphire groaned, feeling turned on by this information, her penis hardening, "that's a good thing. Trust me, it'll feel nice for this next part."

"N-next part?" Alex said nervously. He was normally so brash, but in this moment he felt utterly submissive to his partner. His tail raised up automatically as she manoeuvred behind him.

"*This* part," she said. And with that, she mounted him, pushing the thick tip of her large draconic member against his sensitive folds, and then sliding deep inside of him. Alex

groaned as she entered him. It was horror and beauty at once, a pleasure unlike any he had felt. She too felt empowered by this, and quickly began thrusting, savouring the feeling of her old body's passage.

"Mmhhmm, this f-feels g-good!" she roared.

"S-same! Holy shit, this f-feels amazing! D-don't stop!"

"No p-plan on that, babe!"

They both lost the capacity for words as she continued thrusting, her large dragon cock parting her former body perfectly. She knew exactly all the right ways to please her old form, and it drove Alex crazy with lust. He too began bucking his hips backwards, accepting the great weight of his over upon his scaled back as she thrust and thrust. He was surprised at his body's strength at holding his former body's weight, but was not irritated about it in the least; he was thankful he could take her weight, and her cock. The intensity of being invaded was magnificent, like a thousand nerves were firing off pleasure responses all at once.

They continued to thrust and buck, roaring and rumbling, the two dragon protectors lost in their feelings. Soon, it all became far too much. Sapphire roared as she felt her member stiffen, and Alex felt that stiffening inside of him. He rumbled approval as Sapphire orgasmed with intensity, and then a great warmth shot up inside him - his own body's seed flooding his new vaginal passage and entering his womb. He gasped, becoming rigid in response to the flood, a series of powerful orgasms rocking his core.

It was so intense that the two of them collapsed, a thunderous bolt from the sky reverting them back to their human forms, their clothing back on their bodies but barely clinging on, their hair mussed and messy from their activity. They held each other, panting in post-coital bliss, taking in what they'd just done.

"We j-just had sex," Sapphire said. "I actually fucked you."

"It felt good. Hot damn, that felt good, Saph. Super embarrassing, but damn it felt good."

Sapphire looked at her lover, admiring the way Alex laid back, unconsciously adopting a feminine pose, his breasts heaving with each breath. His perfect white midriff was showing. He looked utterly beautiful, and enticing, her blonde hair and blue eyes and everything else contributing to an almost innocently sexy appeal. His features were now fully 'finished', looking completely like her, and for some reason this only made him more appealing to her new male self.

In turn, Alex looked up at Sapphire in his old body. He'd always known he was handsome, his mixed Chinese-British features blending perfectly, but that had always been just another tool in his arsenal for looking cool and flirting with the ladies, and later on flirting with Sapphire. But now, his handsomeness held a different kind of effect; a spell that made him breath heavily. He still felt that moistness between his thighs, and now back in human

form his new breasts ached with the need to be touched, his nipples hardening with a desire to be sucked upon. The man looming over him was no longer his own body, but a body he *wanted* in an altogether different way.

“Are we - we’re not finished, are we?” Sapphire asked.

Alex smirked in Sapphire’s body. “No, we’re not done at all, sexy. What’s one more rodeo, huh?”

“What are you, some sort of cowboy?”

“Cowgirl, for now. Wouldn’t you like to see your body as a sexy cowgirl?”

“Usually? No. Right now? Come here and find out.”

They pressed their bodies against one another, kissing passionately, appreciating the feel of one another’s lips and forms. Alex moaned slightly as Sapphire felt his breasts through his shirt and bra cups, but it wasn’t enough.

“G-get this off me!”

They were on soft, perfect green grass, and somehow being out in the open made their actions all the more appealing. Alex had always wanted to have sex beneath the open sky, and Sapphire had resisted it. Now, just like everything, they were crossing boundaries and understanding the other’s point of view.

Together they pulled off Alex’s top, then Sapphire’s own. Alex impressed his girlfriend-turned-boyfriend by undoing the clasp of his bra one handed.

“Damn,” she said, “I see why guys find that sexy now.”

“Impressed? I’ve been practicing.”

Her member stiffened, becoming a raging erection. “Let me show you how impressed I am.” She began kissing and feeling him, playing with her former breasts, squeezing them and rubbing her thumbs over the nipples in a way she knew her body responded to. It reduced Alex to adorable feminine moans, his body writhing even as he managed to pull down his pants, and she the same. He stared hungrily at her large cock, appreciating in a very different way than normal how impressive it was.

“Oh God, that’s big.”

“But you want it, don’t you?”

Alex whistled. “Shit, I really do. Just this one time!”

“That’s all I need to hear!”

He widened his legs and pulled Sapphire towards him. In moments, she was entering him again, and he was moaning without even trying to hold in his sweet soprano voice. Sapphire licked and sucked on Alex’s sensitive nipples, and the feelings only drove him higher into ecstasy. He wrapped his legs around his male body, gripping Sapphire with every ounce of strength his weakened feminine body possessed as she pounded him into submission. The feeling of a large male cock stretching his vaginal walls made him almost

salivate, and as the intensity of their rhythm increased, they both anticipated the moment that Sapphire would cum inside him again. Already her balls were tensing, her dick throbbing, but still she continued to thrust, savouring the feelings of dominance she now felt.

“I’m going to cum again!” she cried, still thrusting into him.

“D-do it Saph! I want it!” Alex exclaimed, fondling his own breasts to heighten his pleasure.

She thrust several more times until finally she came again, grunting in a manly low voice. Alex gave a high, musical cry as he felt once more the splattering of warm ejaculate into his tunnel, and into his womb.

They both collapsed against one another, smiling.

Sapphire and Alex spent their final day as each other simply enjoying the experience. They did, in fact, have sex a couple more times, only in human form this time, and in the comfort and privacy of Sapphire’s apartment. There was something intoxicating about experiencing sex from the other side, and they increasingly flirted with one another openly, commenting on the attractiveness of bodies that by all rights should have been their own.

But it was not just sex. The two spent their last day as each other, fulfilling the roles that the world remembered them as always filling. None of their friends, their parents, their teachers or anyone apart from the inhabitants of the mystical realm had ever noticed anything amiss about their changing lives. And if Alex was quite neater in his presentation and attendance now, and Sapphire consequently a bit later to lectures and messier in her habits, then the world seemed to just remember them that way.

Not that this was an excuse, in each other’s eyes, for them to not try to keep appearances up this last day. And so Sapphire enjoyed one last night working at Mario’s Pizza, enjoying the crude banter of the guys there, and Alex even took up tutoring at the university, stumbling his way through it more successfully than not.

And the two of them took to bed with one another again, enjoying each other’s bodies.

“You know, I’ll almost be sad to see it go,” Sapphire said. “There’s a wonderful rush to all this muscle and testosterone.”

“And having tits to play with is pretty fun. Also, you never told me how fun it is to have guys fall head over heels for you as you walk past teasing them.”

“Well, you were always more of a flirt than me, Alex.”

“True,” he said. “So, shall we enjoy ourselves one last time before we change back tomorrow?”

She grinned, reaching out to squeeze Alex's tits. "I thought you'd never ask, lover girl."

They spent one last night of passion in their body swapped bodies together.

"Shit, shit! Something is wrong! Alex, wake up you damn sleepyhead!"

Alex woke to the sound of a masculine voice he recognised as his own. He pulled himself up, and felt the distinct weight and wobble of breasts upon his chest.

"Oh. Oh damn! I'm still a girl! I'm still you!"

"And I'm still you!" Sapphire said. "We haven't changed back!"

Alex thought, his mind slowly waking. "Well, we looked into the mirror around midday or so, didn't we? Maybe we have to wait till then. It's seven days exactly, right?"

Sapphire nodded, calming down a little. "Yeah, yeah that makes sense. Wow, I can't believe you're the one that's thinking logically about this."

He chuckled. "I guess I'm just - ugh! Hang on a moment!"

He ran from the room, feeling a little woozy. It took a few moments in front of the toilet before he felt better.

"Are you alright?" Sapphire asked. "Is that a sign you're changing back?"

He ran his hands over his still-feminine body. "No, I don't think so. I think it all just sort of hit me. Let's just wait it out and get a bite to eat, huh? After that, I'm starving for some pizza."

They continued to wait, grabbing food and going for a walk together. Their bodies were showing no signs of changing, however, and after they passed the midday mark they were both feeling quite worried. And while Alex was initially confident, he was beginning to feel more emotional and freaked out than Sapphire.

"Shit, dammit! We need to talk to Old Arthur and get him to bring Karuth back! I don't want to stay stuck like this or something - we need to at least know we're changing back."

"Agreed. No offence Alex, but I want to be a girl again."

She said that, but part of her was actually a little bit sad at the prospect of leaving behind her new masculinity. Still, it had to be done. Of course it had to be.

"Let's go. If nothing else, we'll confirm that maybe the change takes seven days to go back, right?"

Alex nodded, feeling a little more reassured. For once, he let Sapphire take the lead as they travelled to the mystical park together.

It took several hours for Old Arthur to negotiate a meeting with Karuth the Unseelie Court elf on 'the other side' - the Feywild. In the meantime, the various creatures of the park were fascinated by their lack of change back, the various pixies in particular. They gushed rumours about them being stuck, all of which served to make the lovers more nervous. Finally, after much intense discussion, a portal *WHOUSED* open, and the pale elf stepped out once more. Immediately, he developed a shocked and disappointed look on his face.

"Well, well, well, I see the unfortunate event you were at risk of has finally happened."

Alex stepped forward to the elf, trying to contain his anxiety. The normally carefree young man was feeling emotionally all over the place.

"What's happened to us? Why haven't we changed back?"

"Hello Karuth," the elf said. "I bow in recognition of your position of power and prominence."

"Huh?"

Sapphire nudged him - lightly, this time - and bowed deeply in Alex's body. "Hello Karuth, we bow in recognition of your position of power and prominence."

Alex rolled his eyes, but did the same, trying to contain his internal annoyance.

"Much better," the elf said. "Well, had you listened to the conditions and not been rude last time, this situation could have been avoided, but alas, here we are."

"Are we stuck like this?" Sapphire asked.

"In a word, yes."

The two of them sagged. The weight of Sapphire's breasts on his body suddenly felt heavier to Alex as the revelation washed over him.

"But - but this isn't fair? Why? We didn't even see the mirror again?"

The elf rolled his eyes. "Because, my dear boy, you gave into the secondary effect of the mirror, which is lust between body swapped individuals."

"Because we had sex?" Sapphire said.

"In part. It would be more accurate to say that you are now stuck in each others' bodies because of what sex *results in*. May I be the first to offer my congratulations to you both on your expectant blessing."

It took a moment for them both to realise. It clicked for Sapphire first.

"Oh, oh! Oh no!"

"What, what is - oh shit! Oh damn! No no no no, no way! I've been knocked up?"

The elf sneered. "If that's a repulsive *human* way of referring to coming motherhood, then yes, you've been 'knocked up.' Unfortunately, becoming pregnant binds the spell, making it permanent."

"I won't turn back, like, after?"

This sneer was a little malicious. "Permanent is permanent. Good luck in your new lives, both of you. And next time, try not to be rude to the elf that holds all the answers."

There was another *WOOSH*, and the elf disappeared from view, leaving the two protectors standing beside one another, utterly shocked. Old Arthur regarded them with a great deal of sympathy, especially as Alex's hand lowered to his belly.

"Pregnant," he whispered to himself. "You got me pregnant, in your body. I'm pregnant, in *your body*."

Old Arthur coughed. '*I'll give you both some privacy*,' he said, his face disappearing from view. A small gesture of his features, and the gossiping pixies and other supernatural creatures fled from view as well.

The two sat down on a nearby rock.

"We're stuck as each other forever," Alex said, still unbelieving. "No turning back. No, there's got to be a way."

Sapphire placed a manly hand on her lover's shoulder. "I'm sorry, love. You know there isn't. We both know Unseelie magic can't be violated in its rules. It doesn't work that way."

"Shit. So I'm stuck as you. Stuck as a woman. I'm going to spend the rest of my life with boobs and a pussy and long blonde hair and different parents and friends. I'm going to be *pregnant* and carry a baby, while you go to work and change the direction of *my life*."

"I know. I'm sorry."

"Yeah," he said, deflated. "Me too. I played just as big a part in this. If not bigger."

Minutes passed in silence as they comforted one another.

"Well, one thing is for certain," Sapphire said to the shocked, apparently *pregnant* Alex.

"What's that?" he mumbled, a hand on his currently-flat stomach. "That my boobs will grow bigger? Cool, I guess, but totally not worth getting stuck in your body over, or having to be pregnant and giving birth to a little baby we made!"

"Oh, not that, though I'll help you through it as much as we can. On that note, I think it's time you finally moved in with me. Or technically, me with you."

"Yeah, you win on that one, I guess. Is that the certain thing?"

Sapphire couldn't help but grin a little. If they were stuck this way, then at the least they could preserve their teasing dynamic. After all, they had been getting good at being one another.

"Not exactly. It's just that . . . well, I'm sorry to say *Sapphire*, but there'll be no skateboarding for the next nine months, at a minimum."

Alex groaned. "Hot damn, that sucks!"

"But hey, at least we can always fly."

Alex gave a small smile. At least there was always that.

“And I guess we’ll still be together, right?”

“Always,” she said, holding him close.

And thankfully, as confusing as it all was, they were *very comfortable* with one another still. Alex could only hope that same comfort continued to grow as much as *she* was going to.

“Well, maybe our kid will also be a little half-dragon?” she said to herself, a smirk on her lips. “Maybe that would make it all worth it, right babe?”

Sapphire smiled, holding her closer.

“Right. Just another thing for us to protect.”

“Yeah. Yeah! That’s a good way to think of it. Another mission!”

It would prove the strangest one yet, but even though they were both nervous as hell and terrified too, they also felt a strange excitement at remaining in their bodies.

Though it would take many months for either to fully admit it, by which time Alex now thought of herself as Sapphire, and she was almost due.

With twins.

The End