

A New Kind of Dance (M&F Merging)

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Commission for Terra854

Scarlet is a ballerina preparing for her performance in a month. She is nervous, anxious, plain-looking, and accidentally acquires an injury before training. Her caring boyfriend Anthony wishes to help her, and so it is that Scarlet suggests they dance together. Little does he realise that her ancient lineage will make this a dance like no other . . .

A New Kind of Dance

“You can do this, Scarlet. You can do this. You *can* do this.”

Scarlet took a deep breath, trying to centre herself. She stared directly into the mirror, her dark eyes fixing upon those of her reflections, as if facing off against an enemy.

“*You* can do this, Scarlet. Tonight is the night”

It worked, if only for a moment. For a sliver of a second, a more confident version of herself was in the mirror, her long brunette hair shining brightly with abandon, just as it would upon the performance stage. But then the image vanished, and she was left only with herself. With her anxiety. Still, she rose on her slender feet, wearing her tight-fitting practice clothing, and she ascended to the stage. She imagined the waiting audience, silent with anticipation, as she took up the stairs. They would see a slim, flat-chested young woman with pale face and long limbs, and perhaps they would judge that. But then they would see her move, and *that* would grab their attention. When she danced, and could forget the audience that was watching and judging her, that was when Scarlet thrived. She felt like she could dance upon the head of a pin, pirouette upon its head, and raise upon her toes and leap across the stage like a comet across the stars.

So long as she could forget the audience. It was as if their very gazes reminded her of her dissatisfaction with her body. It was almost a stereotype that ballerinas were slim, petite, borderline fae figures, but she'd never loved her thin, boyish hips or wooden board of a chest. And while long legs were wonderful for dancing, and her arms were wonderfully coordinated, her instructors had always told her that she'd never quite succeeded in achieving the proper expression, the detached whimsy of ballet, the calm oneness with the stage. It made her feel that even her face was wrong.

But here, now, without the audience present, she could simply *be*. She rose onto her toes effortlessly, her practice shoes lacking the sparkle they would have on opening night,

but there in her imagination all the same. She raised her hands, moving them like water, flowing in great arcs above her head and joining together, before falling again as she contorted her body backwards in perfect motion. She adopted the perfect poise of one about to spring into action, and held it. And held. And held, to the point where most ordinary dancers would have toppled over.

And then, as if the orchestra were present and their instruments blaring, she jumped into the air, bounding across the stage in large, languid leaps that did not look humanly possible. She could feel the energy of the dance within her, the power of the opera, the trained figures of the other dancers twirling in their locations around her, and she the centre of attention, as she would be that very night.

Attention.

She leaped once more, only this time she leapt too far, and careened over. She gasped as her ankle twisted, and she rolled to avert any real damage to it. She came to rest in a very ungraceful heap on stage left, and pulled herself carefully to a sitting position to examine her foot. She sucked in a breath as she examined it. It was fine, little more than a bruise, but the great bruise was to her ego.

Swearing in a very ungraceful, un-ballerina-like nature, Scarlet hobbled back off stage and to the change room. There was no one else in the theatre; they would come later for full practice together. She'd just wanted an early start so she could impress and be more confident. Now, she'd made an anxiety-inducing situation worse. She looked again to the mirror.

"Stupid, stupid," she muttered, chuckling a little darkly, "it's not like the performance is right now. I still have a couple of hours before it all starts."

Still, it was a dark joke that after desperately pursuing a lead role for so long, she was now beset with fears over it. Her phone buzzed, and she checked the message, only to roll her eyes in response. It was Mother.

Still nervous hun? Can always use ur gift? Anthony won't mind im sure hell like it once its dun. Only temporary after all!!!

Scarlet sighed. Her mother was always pushing her to use the magic of her Family Talent. It went back thousands of years, so it was said. Hell, even in the last ten years, Scarlet had seen how her mother had changed thanks to employing the magic, and it certainly made her life easier. It was a little weird to Scarlet though, and she'd never used it herself. It made her nervous. What if her boyfriend didn't like it? Once the merge was over, would he just run away? She couldn't help but wish Anthony were here . . .

"Hey honey, thought I'd drop in and see how you are."

Scarlet turned, anxieties melting away in the moment. Her boyfriend Anthony was there, her tall blonde beanpole of a boyfriend, with those mesmerising blue eyes that

reminded her of the vibrant ocean. She lost herself in those eyes now, and leapt up into his arms, despite the pain in her foot.

“Anthony! I’m so glad you came by!”

“Of course I did,” he said in his easy voice, “I had to come to encourage you to go out and break a leg on your first night of full rehearsal.”

Scarlet groaned. “Oh God, you have no idea how appropriate that is. I tried to get in some early practice and, well . . .”

She turned her ankle for him to see, and Jonathan instantly fussed over her. She loved that about him; his quiet confidence and practised ease, and the way he always cared for her and soothed her.

“My goodness, Scar, how’d you do this? That’s not a fun looking bruise, though at least you’ll still be able to perform with it. Are you okay? Will you still be able to perform tonight?”

She waved off that concern. “Fine, I was just stupid. I was doing so well, Anthony, you wouldn’t believe it. I felt like I could knock out the whole performance myself, even without backup dancers. And then I had some stupid thought about everyone’s eyes being on me, and that same damned stress came over me, like I was being judged. So I tripped, and here I am. I don’t feel ready for tonight.”

“You will be. You’ll be amazing, I know you will.”

Anthony gave an easy smile, and helped her back into her chair. He sat on a box beside her. He too had a thin figure. He was not the strongest man, not by far, and it was often joked by the other dancers who saw him that he had the figure of a ballerina himself . . . a *female* ballerina, given how muscular the men often were. But one thing Scarlet always admired about him was the way he didn’t care about such jibes. Anthony knew the kind of person he was and didn’t care what other people thought, and he had a devil-may-care attitude that also attracted her quite a bit, and could even be a bit of a turn on.

She realised that she was getting lost in those beautiful blue eyes again, and that he’d said something.

“Sorry, you were being too gentlemanly and sexy,” she said, grinning, “I missed all of that.”

“Well, that’s the best excuse I’ve ever heard for not listening. I said, ‘Are you going to be able to even dance tonight?’ Because with that foot . . .”

“It’s not the foot that’s the problem, it’s my shyness. It’s the confidence issue.” Scarlet looked into his eyes, and it took everything not to get teary eyed. “I’ll sort it out. I have to.”

“Then at least let me be there tonight for you.”

“You said you had work tonight, Anthony, and that it was important.”

“I cancelled it. You didn’t think I’d miss your debut performance, did you?”

Anthony held her close, and together they sat in appreciable silence. Scarlet still had that tenseness inside her core, and it wasn't going away. Being around Anthony helped reduce it, but it was still there, waiting. Suddenly, his firm hand shifted, and he placed it upon her pale, slender fingers.

"Hey, it'll be fine tonight. I'll be in the front row, cheering my heart out."

"I wish I could have you even closer," she said, smiling a little. "I wish you could be up there dancing with me."

She felt that same pulse she always felt when she said things like that, when he was near to her, and she could feel his confidence and lack of stress. The need to use her magic Talent was strong, and it took effort to ignore it, particularly since she could sense how useful such an employment of it would be. But he'd hate it, wouldn't he? Mother always said none of them did, that it was wonderful. Besides, it was temporary. But it was hard to imagine . . .

"You know I have two left feet, Scar. Still, I'd like that. It's a marvellous thing, to watch you perform. I can only imagine what it's like to actually be up there, feeling it with every motion."

She grinned, and pressed her body against his for comfort. "It *is* marvellous," she replied. "It's like a full body firework, sometimes. I can't really describe it."

"I wish I had that."

The feeling intensified, and her phone buzzed again. She checked it again.

Best of luck tonight hun. Even if u don't use the magic, u will do well i no it!

"Mum," she explained, blushing a little as she put the phone away. "She's always bothering me about doing something to improve my performance."

"What, like an extra dance move or something?"

She smiled shyly, feeling her arcane powers pushing her to follow her Mother's advice. She ignored them, despite the strange hunger it gave her.

"Something like that, yeah. She used to, um, dance herself, sort of. She has some good suggestions on ways to improve my confidence in my dance, and how to sort *this* out."

She gestured to her foot, which was already swelling.

"Well, your Mom is pretty smart, right? Would what she is saying work?"

Scarlet stared into those beautiful blue eyes. "Well, yes it would, I just don't know if it's the best idea. I mean, it might not be the right thing to do."

"Well, you know, you could *try* it."

Scarlet grinned sheepishly. "It's just . . . it would require you to sort of dance with me."

Anthony pointed at his toes. "Two left feet, remember?"

"That wouldn't matter, in this scenario," she said, leaning forward. It was getting really hard to ignore that urge. His confidence, that perfect nose, those beautiful eyes . . .

"Well, in this hypothetical, where I can dance . . ."

“Oh please, everyone can dance. We could go up one stage now and at least give it a whirl. Just to be a little silly. Why not?”

“Well, your busted ankle, for one.”

“Oh, it’s barely a bruise. It just made me nervous, is all. I looked stupid collapsing like that. I’m too damn nervous to be at the centre stage of it all. I wish I didn’t have all this anxiety.”

Anthony placed her foot back down, and pulled himself closer. He kissed her on the lips, deeply, and she felt that spark of flame inside her, the pull of her mother’s magical line, the Family Talent wanting to be used. Such was the nature of magic.

“I wish I could help you with that, Scarlet. I would if I could. I like being close to you.”

Close to you, she thought. She had a way to make this wonderful man so much closer to her than she could ever imagine. Her heart beat faster and faster. The draw was there, compounded by her hurt foot, her anxiety about her performance. As she turned to look in the mirror, she caught her ordinary-looking face. That too was something she could fix, if only she took up his offer. She returned his kiss.

“I like being close to you too,” she said, holding him close. “I sometimes wish that you could be even closer.”

Anthony raised his eyebrows. She noticed that his groin was stiffening in his pants, his trousers tightening. She too was beginning to feel a little turned on, not just by him but by the thought of using her Talent. Her Mother wasn’t wrong. Her unique lineage could fix her confidence, fix her looks, fix her foot, fix her performance. And it would bring her boyfriend even closer, closer than he could ever imagine.

The need grew, and her nipples stiffened and her crotch moistened at the mere thought of giving in to it. She wrapped a hand around his waist.

“I wish you could dance with me,” she said, her voice becoming just that little more sultry.

“I do too,” he said, kissing her cheek, and staring lovingly. “I really do. But like I said, much as I would want to, I’d dance even worse than you, and you’ve got an injured foot.”

Another look in the mirror, another dissatisfaction with herself. Her mother had not sent another message, she didn’t have to. It was enough to simply imagine how much better her life could be if she stopped running from who she was. From the fact that she was a magic user, and that she had the special power to make her life what she wanted it to be. To survive, and thrive, and allow others to temporarily experience her magic.

“Do you trust me, if I say I know a way to get you to dance with me, and to help me be wonderful on stage?”

“Of course I do, Scarlet. You know I trust you. You’re the woman I want to be with.”

Just the words *be with* excited her instincts. She leaned in closer.

"Okay. Then kiss me. I want you to be mine."

"Now?"

Her hand slithered over his trousers, teasing his hardness.

"Right now. Come dance with me."

He needed no further encouragement. Anthony pulled her closer, and the two embraced. He ravished her with kisses, upon her lips and against her soft neck. She in turn felt at his body, running a finger over his subtle but still present muscles, and raising her slender fingers to run them through his smooth blonde hair. She kissed him again, and their tongues danced together in each other's mouths. He tasted wonderful, and she felt as if she could devour him right there in the change room. He stood, raising her gently so that she could stand on her good foot, her other leg raised in a classically feminine fashion, and with the poise of a ballerina. His arms encircled her tiny waist, and she admired his height and his loving confidence. She stood on her tippy toes expertly and kissed him again. She was becoming quite wet between her legs, her pussy readying for action. She moaned softly as he traced his fingers up the hollow of her back.

"Please," she managed, "I want you inside me."

Anthony smiled, and moved his fingers south to begin removing her tight-pitting yoga pants. Instantly, she seized his hand, so fast she surprised herself.

"No. No, please. We should take our clothes off. Both of us."

Anthony looked around. "Here? Are you sure?"

But she had made the decision to go ahead, to follow her instinctive drive. And she wasn't backing down now.

"I want you, *all* of you," she replied, and she wasn't lying. She did want *all* of him. She began undoing the button on his shirt, and she could tell her neediness, her horniness, was turning him on. She flung the shirt away and pressed her body against his naked torso. She kissed his stomach and pecs, and nibbled at his wider shoulders. She was filled with such need that it overwhelmed her, and he returned her passion, massaging her slim chest and causing jolts of pleasure through her body as he teased her erect nipples. He was hard against her, his manhood yearning to be free, and so she began to unbuckle his trousers, her eyes still on his as he kissed her once more. He was so sexy in her eyes. She loved his passion and calmness in equal measure. He gripped the bottom of her top and pulled it over her head. She helped, having hurled the buckle aside, and soon she was wearing just her pants and a bra, her petite ballerina's body on display.

"God, you're beautiful," he said, drawing her close. It gave her a change to unzip his trousers and free his large member, pulling his pants down even as he groped her thin, athletic ass. She giggled, and together they helped strip him of his trousers and underwear,

leaving him completely undressed. His penis was visibly throbbing, hungry to enter her, and she found herself wanting it.

“I can see someone’s happy to see me,” she said with a smirk.

Anthony smiled, his eyes filled with lust. “Oh, you have no idea, but I’ll show you.”

“No, I’ll show *you*. Are you still sure you want to be up there and dance with me? Because there is a way, if you follow my lead?”

He raised an eyebrow, curious. “Yes, I do want to be there with you. I want to dance with you,” he said.

He pressed against her, lifting her weight as he pinned her against the wall, dominating her in a way that only turned her on further. His breath was hot on her body, his flesh warm and inviting. He had a delightfully masculine smell, and combined with being pressed against the wall, she felt wonderfully submissive. Though deep down, she couldn’t wait to turn the tables, and finally unleash her hereditary power.

His fingers played at the straps of her bra, and she could feel him become impatient.

“Here, let me help you, big guy.”

He was taller than he was athletic and muscular, but at this moment, she couldn’t care less. She helped him undo the strap of her A-cup bra, and he flung it away dramatically, leaving her bare chest to the open air. He placed lovingly with her thin chest, and despite its flatness, he caressed her in all the right places, feeling the sensitive skin beneath her nipples before gliding over her areola. Finally, he lowered his head and she clung to him. His tongue flicked over her left nipple, then her right, and she moaned in a high voice at his ministrations, gasping as he began to suck at them, causing them to swell yet further in erotic ecstasy.

“Ohh . . . oh f-fuck that feels t-too good. Don’t make me c-cum yet! I want you in me!”

“Mhmm, that’s what I want you to say,” he replied, all cool and suave. It made her heart flutter. He placed his thumbs beneath the fabric of her pants, and with a gentle push began to slide them down. She shimmied her thin hips, enjoying the feeling of being disrobed by her man. Her core was radiating with need to take him inside of her, deeper than he could ever imagine. To make him hers, utterly. She stepped out of her pants as they slid past her ankles. She was beginning to drip slightly down her thighs, unbelievably turned on. She was hornier than she’d ever been in her life, and Scarlet realised it was no coincidence that this level of horniness was present at the moment of deciding to finally use her talent.

“Where?” he breathed, holding her nakedness, a hand around the slight swell of her hip, the other around her back.

She breathed deeply, and wished her own breast would swell with such inhalation. Perhaps it would, in coming minutes.

“On the couch,” she managed, kissing at his cheek, pressing her warmth against his. “I want you in me.”

He lifted her, and while his strength was not great, she was light. She curled in his arms, feeling wonderfully submissive. Like a predator acting as prey, and the real prey not knowing it. Though she doubted any prey had it quite so good. He placed her down on the large red couch at the side of the change room, and stared deeply into her dark eyes.

“I’ll just get the condom,” he said, and made to move. She grabbed at his hand, pulling with strength she didn’t know she had to prevent him from leaving.

“Don’t, I’m on birth control,” she lied. It wouldn’t matter soon. He would understand, and if her mother was right, they would both rejoice.

“Are you sure?”

She nodded, and gave him her most lustful face, pouting with her thin lips and going doe-eyed with want.

“Please,” she said, her voice dripping with a nymphomaniac’s need, “I want to *feel* you, Anthony.”

He couldn’t resist her, and she could tell. He pressed his body against her, and they began to make love on the couch, her beneath him. He kissed her deeply, fondling at her sensitive breasts and feeling at her behind. She parted her legs, enfolding them around him as he lined up the tip of his erect penis. She placed her hands around his shoulders, practically shivering as the head of his hard cock pressed against her lower lips. She giggled in pleasure, but her sweet laughter was cut in half as he began pressing into her, sliding deeper. Instead, she gasped.

“Ohhhh . . . ahhhh . . . mhhmm, that’s it, baby! Fill me! I want you to be part of me!”

Anthony was clearly just as turned on; he began to slowly slide in and out of her, his hard cock penetrating her deepest depths. Her insides parted for him, her vaginal muscles clinging wetly to his member and drawing every possible pleasure from it. They soon fell into a rhythm; her moaning sweetly and him grunting in a low voice as he sped up. He was big, bigger than she’d ever felt him; it felt like he could bump into her cervix, but thankfully he fell just shy, instead stimulating her G-spot and causing her to begin crying out even louder.

“Oh f-fuck! Oh fuck! Oh fucking fuck this feels good!”

“You feel amazing. Better than usual!”

“So - ooohhhhhh - so do you!”

Indeed, they were both driven wild, the eroticism of their act heightened by the fact that they were fucking in the change room of her ballet studio, one in which other performers would be arriving soon. There was a taboo to it, a sexual transgression of ordinary boundaries that made them ever more enthusiastic, and it was obvious from the way Anthony held her hips while they fucked, how he sucked her nipples and let her rake her

claw-like fingernails down his back. But there was something beyond the taboo that the boyfriend could not have recognised; the first activation of her magic. Like a mutant from one of his favourite movies, she was siphoning power and drawing it into herself and him, readying for the change to come. It had the effect of electrifying the act of sex, and they both relished in it. She cried out as he pounded her, his large penis entering so deeply it made her gasp in shock. He in turn grunted ever more loudly, feeling his balls practically throb with contents, his sperm ready at any moment to gush from him into his girlfriend. She felt slick against his hard cock, and her petite body turned him on, particularly as she held him against her hips.

They thrust, and thrust, and bucked and bucked, and for Scarlet, it felt more like she was being mounted, like an animal. That primal lust only turned her even further on. She could feel the power welling within her, and her body writhed, needing him. Needing his flesh. Needing to be one.

“Ohhhh ohhhh God! I want you! I want you in me! I want you to be part of me!” she wailed, and with that, the first mighty orgasm rolled through her. Anthony too felt overwhelmed, his body still in heat while she climaxed beneath him. He felt a similar churning of energy, like nothing else he had ever felt before, and it only increased. He thrust again, but something was strange. It was like his penis was not just inside of her, but increasingly *part* of Scarlet. There was both a numbness and a heightened sensation, as if his dick no longer felt as much, but was instead hooked into the thousands and millions of pleasurable nerves that ran through her love tunnel. Her thrust again, but there was less movement.

“Oh my God, this feels amazing!” he spluttered. “What’s - what’s happening to me?”

Scarlet smiled, her body still in the throes of ecstasy. She pulled his face down to hers, still bucking her hips, and kissed him.

“We’re becoming *one*, baby. Can’t you feel it?”

He could. Oh God, he could, and she could tell. It was something beyond words, beyond description. He shifted, and to his surprise, his leg was stuck against hers, their flesh intermingling. It felt wonderful, like his skin was covered in sensitivity, pooling into hers, bringing them closer than they ever could have been otherwise.

“I don’t - oohh f-fuck - I don’t understand! Am I high?”

Scarlet giggled, her body shivering as her power radiated outwards, extending into her lover’s form. She could feel her nerves reaching out, intertwining with his, connecting, melding, and drawing him in. She was a magic-user capable of performing living mergers. A human witch able to combine their best traits with those of another, and discarding all that was unneeded or unwanted. Not just bodily, but the mind as well. She so loved his mind, and even as their hips joined, her vagina closing over to consume his penis within her and enfold

his legs within hers, she could feel his wonderful confidence and calmness, his effortless swagger. The qualities that could be hers, for a time.

No. The merging was never so selfish. It could be theirs temporarily, together..

She raked her fingers over his back, and felt the skin ripple slightly. He gasped at the strange sensation of his supple flesh, but somehow it turned him on all the more.

“What - answer me Scarlet. Fuck, this feels so good, like nothing I’ve felt. What’s - aahh - what’s happening?”

She realised she hadn’t answered his question, she was too focused on feeling his penis intertwine with her pussy, and his hips glide into her thighs, flesh connecting.

“We’re - mmhmm - we’re m-merging, darling.”

“Merging?”

She nodded, barely capable of words. Mother was right; it was beyond any feeling of sex, more mindblowing than any orgasm. The intermingling of two nervous systems, both in mid-coitus, both lit up like a Christmas tree with joy.

“M-merging. Into one. A new person, made of you and m-me. It’s not permanent, don’t worry.”

For just a moment, Anthony seemed to snap out of the pleasure. His face was shocked. “H-how? We’re dying?”

She soothed him, caressing his back and teasing his balls with her slender fingers.

“No darling, we’re - ahhh - both becoming one. We’ll be together. You and me. Not d-dying, but - mmhmm - turning into something *more*. You’re going to love it. We both are. And you’ll turn back, I promise. But for now, just feel.”

She focused the energies of her instinctive power, and directed it towards their hips, where they were joined. With a gleeful surge of that energy, she drew him further into her. With a squeal from her and a cry from him, his hips literally *sank* into hers. They gasped as one, feeling their reproductive systems collide and melt and mix and reform. Like siamese twins, they now shared a single body, four legs - two feminine, two masculine - spouting from a single pelvis.

“Holy shit! Oh holy shit!” Anthony stammered, “Oh God that’s weird, weird and amazing. I’ve got a vagina. Holy crap I can feel your vagina.”

“*Our* vagina,” she said, pulling him down. She kissed him, wrapping her arms against him, and drawing on that energy again. She wanted more of him. No, she wanted all of him. He was embracing the change, too turned on to stop, and far too late in the process to consider it anyway. It filled her with glee, and she could feel his own lust making the both of them wet through their shared female passage. His penis was still inside her, beginning to be consumed, but with one final pump his body tensed spectacularly, and he grabbed her arms forcefully, shaking. He was warm, so warm, and all the more as he orgasmed. The two

shuddered, bucking their shared hips as his penis shot wads of cum into their pussy, vast amounts of semen. It was far more than he had ever shot out during sex, and it continued for what felt like almost a minute, as if his balls were being emptied for good. Which, in fact, they were.

For both of them, there was an overload of pleasure; a feedback loop that cycled through their increasingly shared body. Scarlet and Anthony both felt the pleasure of cumming as a man, and both felt the unbearable tingling joy of the female orgasm in response, and each sensation from one part heightened the other, which in turn rose its partner, resulting in an ever-escalating series of climaxes. Scarlet's power surged, and she gripped her partner's shoulders. Her hands sunk into his skin, into his flesh, into his *bone*. His own hands did the same, becoming stuck like putting in her hips, and drawing them ever closer. With a single buck, the last of his balls - already located within their shared pelvis - were spent, and they shrank into nothingness, their essence spreading throughout their body in the same manner as his penis. Soon, a feminine set of hips remained, and his own ass was dissolving into them as he sank in further.

"Oooohhohhhhh aahhhh Mmhhmm! This feels soooo good! I can't wait to have all of you!" Scarlet screamed, shaking as she sunk her arms deeper into him. Anthony, for his part, could only agree, despite the weirdness.

"This is s-so wrong!" he stuttered, "but it feels s-so r-right! God, I want to be part of you Scarlet! I want to dance with you! Give us a body that will dance!"

"We're going to be a beautiful ballerina, Anthony, we're going to be perfect. The best parts of me and the best parts of you. We're going to dance together up there! This is how we do it!"

"We c-can. I want that. I want to make you bustier, curvier. I can feel it."

Indeed, he could. His flesh was melting into her, and he could feel where it was being redirected. His legs melted into hers, thighs meeting, and her formally twiggy legs became shapely and curvy as they absorbed his essence.

"Mmhhhm . . . I can feel it too," Scarlet replied. She focused her mind on the merge, on the person she would become. A new being, better in every way. His stomach pressed against hers, and the skin joined there too, drawing him in. Their organs pressed together, fusing with one another, and with a flutter in his chest Anthony realised that in this mad new form of love, deeper in feeling than any sexual act, that he could feel what it was like to possess a womb. Scarlet grinned; she could feel his thoughts now, and he hers. His ankle sank into hers, and even the light bruise on her foot dissipated, healing thanks to his fitter flesh.

"Ahhhh, that's b-better," she said.

"H-happy to help," he replied. "Fuck, this feels so weird."

“But so good.”

“Yes, s-so good. How am I okay with this?”

She smiled, remembering what her mother had taught her. “It’s the merge, my love. Our essences are connecting. I want this, and you can feel that want. It’s your want now too. Just as I can feel your hesitation. But you must let it go; join me. Let’s become a beautiful ballerina, just for tonight.”

Still his hesitation was there, and she could feel it preventing the merge from completing. His chest was against hers, and she wanted to feel him pool his flesh into her, allowing her bust line to blossom further, allowing her body to develop curves. Allowing *their* body to become an Amazonian beauty. But first she needed to reassure him. To guide him to the merge’s completion, and their ultimate union of pleasure.

“Don’t be scared, Anthony,” she said, holding him. “This is my first merge. I’ve chosen you, because I love you. I want you to be part of me. I want me to be part of you. Let’s share this, even just for the performance.”

“It’s just . . . so m-much,” he grunted.

“I know, my love,” she purred, voice sensual. She stroked his cheek, and hoped she could have his high cheekbones upon her own face soon. “But it will be alright. You’re going to love it. Please, *won’t you have a new kind of dance with me?*”

And perhaps it was those words that finally convinced him to give in to her completely. He shifted, the two of them rolling off the couch. They reached out their arms, their control shifting between them, as they landed on the rugged floor softly. What followed was a cacophony of passionate moans, a writhing spectacle of flesh as they pooled together. His legs sank fully into hers, just as hers pulled upwards to him. They both marvelled as their limbs reformed and became sculpted and ever more shapely. Her ankles were no longer bony but perfectly smooth and feminine, her feet dainty and lacking the skin tag and marks that made her irritated. Sinuous muscle strengthened them even further, and to their shared delight their new thighs were strong and supple, and tastefully thick. They were the kind of legs that men went wild for, and longer than they had been; a gift from Anthony’s own stature.

“Our legs, we have the same legs!” he exclaimed.

“We do, and they’re *perfect*. Can’t you feel how good they’ll be for dancing?”

She kicked the legs against the rug, and they both looked to one another in shock, feeling the strange, alien, yet alluring sensation of sharing a set of limbs.

Other changes were occurring: as they continued to kiss and delight in their merging bodies, Scarlet pressed her arms further into his body. They disappeared up to her elbow, just as his were melting into her ribcage. They could feel one another’s nerves, and it was electrifying. More than that. They could feel fat and tissue shifting around, relocating as they

become one. Anthony sank yet further down, and they both cried out as his torso pulled into hers, and hers into his. Flesh sank and remoulded, and even as his pecs dissolved, his rib cage disintegrating into hers, they could both feel their breasts swelling. For by this point, though they were on her chest, they could both feel it intimately. Scarlet gasped in relief, giggling as she often did when overwhelmed, as her small tits began to swell in size, slowly but surely. With every melding of their two selves, she was driven to new heights of glee, and it brought ever further swelling to her bosom.

Anthony himself relished in it also. His fear was dissipating as much as his body. His arms were gone, collapsing into his lover's body and reforming to connect with hers. He had no true limbs of his own left, and instead his head was forcefully pressed against hers. Their lips met, and they kissed one another deeply.

"I love you! I want to be part of you!"

"You will be, Anthony! We're going to be together! We can separate and do this again any time you want! I can't wait to dance with you."

"J-just - ahhh - don't inherit my two left feet."

"I'll - mmhmm - be a good enough dancer for both of us. Aahhh fuck! I think we're near the end! Are you ready?"

He shook his head, even as his body drew further and further closer. From an outsider's perspective, they would simply look like a man's shoulders and head pressing into a woman's changing torso, a set of arms growing out from her shoulders at awkward angles, as if he was collapsing into her. Thankfully, there were no observers. This moment was all them.

To his surprise, Anthony felt the last of his rear dissipating, leaving the flat stomach and perfect venus mound of his lover behind. Instead, his form melted into her, inflating her ass and rounding it out. They could both feel it enlarge, the extra tissue expanding across their widened hips. She cooed in a minor orgasm as she felt her derriere become more exaggerated, and from Anthony's perspective it was wonderful as well. A set of white underwear grew in around to fit their wider hips, and she thanked her two selves for combining and creating their wide, almost baby making shape. They slid up her firm yet thick thighs lusciously, and hugged her rounded butt in a manner that was not only comfortable, but made her want to wiggle her rear 'assets' for others to see.

"My, I'm so m-much more confident. I can't wait for people to see this body d-dance."

"It's like every part I g-give, I'm making your body the p-perfect shape," he stammered, his hot breath coming quickly upon her neck. She purred, turned on by his words and their implication, but he was wrong about one thing. She wriggled their joined hips, feeling the way the additional fat allowed her ass to wobble and flatten slightly against the surface beneath it. Her cheeks had doubled in size, becoming a rounded bubble-but that

would make any man swerve his head to appreciate it. It would make their wider hips all the more appreciated, allowing their new ass to *bounce* with each swinging step.

“Do you f-feel that, Anthony?”

He did. Their new *rondure* rear was all the more sensitive, and it sent shivers of pleasure through both of them.

“I - ohhhh - oh, I do!”

The merge continued, quickening with his cry. The merging individuals felt their breasts as they continued to blossom and bloom. They were solid C-cups, but the extra tissue from Anthony was being compressed and compounded. They rose, overflowing her palms, and she sat up awkwardly, not quite used to her new body yet, and pressed her back against the couch. With every breath, her bosom expanded, jutting forward until they were large DD-cup breasts, if not full-blown E-cups! They seemed massive on their form, and heavy, and delightful. Scarlet had never known a ballerina to be so utterly busty, and yet it felt right, like she could put on a show in such a different way now, and draw an eye from the males in the audience too. The thought did not embarrass her; such was her new grown confidence. Anthony himself was excited.

“That’s me, s-somehow. I’m becoming your breasts and your clothes! I can feel it!”

From Anthony’s essence, a bra formed from her swollen assets, a pure white colour that sparkled slowly into existence. It was for DD-cups, and her magnificent bust line was certainly capable of filling that. It fitted tightly but comfortably on her ‘girls’, pushing them up to form a canyon of pale cleavage, large breasts that rose and fell with every breath. And despite this, there was an excitement at possessing such a chest; for the part of her that had been Anthony, the thought of having breasts at all was a marvel. Of course, for the part that had been the original Scarlet, having breasts of any size was a wonderful blessing, particularly such large globes.

“The perfect outfit,” she said aloud, “something that will dazzle . . .”

“Yesss,” Anthony moaned, more of his essence siphoning away. His body was entering hers, his flesh ribboning out to increase the beauty and shapeliness of her form, but also to form the very costume that she wore. Her large breasts leaked milk over them both, and where it spread, it turned the new clothing a dazzling white that sparkled. They groaned together as the clothing expanded over her form. Scarlet never would have dreamed of wearing it as the original, but she could feel Anthony’s confidence and even his lack of care for what others thought. She knew she would look amazing in it. With a ripple of magical energy, it extended to cover her body as the final part of the merge, her body’s milk flowing magically to make it a pure white. It was a gorgeous dress, almost the classic ballerina’s look, accompanied by a bejewelled tiara, white gloves, and pale see-through stockings that ended in silvery dance shoes. She relished every moment in her new, curvier form as it

extended over her. It took several moments to fit onto her - particularly in two prominent places - but the material was like a second skin to her, revealing her gorgeous new body without giving away the prize. Scarlet felt it adjust over her figure, giggling as the magic ensured it was properly fitted. The stockings pulled into existence to cover her long legs, gorgeous gloves shimmered upwards nearly to her elbow, her thumb and forefinger encased within the white silk. Ballet shoes and a tiara seemed to shine into being like diamonds, and the magic made a quick adjustment to her hair, which was turning blonde. She had held off seeing the final product until she was done, as Anthony was still pulling into her, his body falling through the clothing as if he were sinking underwater, and it made the final stages of the merge all the more wonderful.

"You're going to be perfect," he said, staring into her eyes as much of what remained of him flowed inwards, leaving just his head and upper shoulders connected to her.

She grinned like a Cheshire cat, taking in his pleasure and making it her own. "Then it's not *my* perfect body. It's going to be *our* perfect body. You're going to love it."

"I'm not - nnggh! - ready. But I want it!" he declared. And it was true. She could feel his want, and it had become absolute. He still was unbelieving about what was happening, and in truth so was she, but their interconnected nervous systems meant they could feel that shared anxiety, and take solace in one another. And furthermore, they could take heart from their shared horniness and lust, and of course, their *love*. They were two incomplete people about to be completed, and it felt like it was meant to be.

"Then come with me, one last time!" she cried, and they did.

A powerful orgasm rolled through their shared body. They wailed, writhing in pleasure as his shoulders sank away, his arms became her arms. His lips pressed against hers and they kissed for the last time. Their eyes opened, gazing into one another as their mouths merged. Their tongues touched, becoming one, sinking every further together. She willingly pressed her face against his, and for just a split moment, she was hit with the utterly alien feeling of possessing two whole minds of thought in their entirety. Not just feelings, not just stray thoughts, but instead she possessed his mind as well as her own in their completeness, and it was overwhelming to behold. But then their heads and minds fused, drawing together faster than they each could have imagined.

Both Anthony and Scarlet were eclipsed, personalities mixing together, some aspects shrinking away and others becoming empowered. The new individual was filled with the woman's pose and grace, her femininity and love of performing, her sweet humour and her own magical prowess. But they were also endowed with Anthony's confidence, his suave character, his height and his kindness. Scarlet embraced these changes, and so did he. They could both feel themselves become one, truly *one*, a new person that did not destroy either of them but instead *ascended* them. It was too much to hold forever, but she could

certainly keep it that way as long as either of them were happy about it. Legends had it that some merged witches stayed like this with their partners for *years*. Now, Scarlet could believe it.

It was the greatest pleasure either had felt, and their new, singular body shivered in one final orgasm. It was not explosive, it was not dramatic. Instead it was like the roll of the wave upon the ocean; it passed through them, and swept them up together, joining them as if they were two droplets, back into the mighty swell together. Their individual hairs joined, elongating, so that his blondness overwhelmed the darkness of her hair, just as her roots extended his, so that their hair was perfectly styled, a platinum blonde. Eyes joined together, becoming perfectly blue, eyelashes extending, and wrinkles and blemishes fading away. The awkward chin Scarlet often disliked about herself reshaped and resculpted, taking on a more rounded, feminine shape. The new face that was developing bubbled and shifted, becoming more alluringly female, a classical beauty with fuller lips and a cuter nose, and prominent cheekbones that framed her lovely face.

Flesh reformed and re-knitted. The new individual gasped and moaned, writhing naked on the rug as the final physical aspects of the merger completed. Anthony's last thoughts as an individual combined with those of Scarlet, their memories becoming one, their histories and personalities and wants and likes and loves and hates intermingling. Some didn't make the cut. Many others did. Their compatibility was what mattered, and each gave themselves over to the change, accepting the loss of that which pulled them apart, and allowing the traits they shared and desired in each other to flourish like a new garden in fertile ground. Their neurons connected, and in their minds, even as they fitted together, it was as if they were dancing already, synapses soaring in symphony to the final stages of the merge. A more perfect union. Two beautiful blue eyes opened to behold them.

"Mmmhhh . . . yes, yes, yes! Give us - give *me* the body I need!"

The outfit fit well, but as Anthony dissipated into her, as they fully merged to become one, spirally together, more his body increased her lovely curviness. With a surprising tensing of her nipples, further milk flowed magically to extend the proportions of their dress. Her hips swelled outwards, going from thin as they had been to a womanly rondureness. Extra fat and flesh spread them wider, causing them to become a fine set of baby-makers that would sway and sashay with feminine ease. Already, new dance moves were racing through her mind on how to take advantage of them. They were connected to her strong thighs, and despite her sexy curves, it was obvious that her body was strong; she had a taut stomach with strong muscles that nevertheless rested behind a gentle layer of fat, leaving her with a ballerina's stomach: slim and fine, yet belying solid strength.

Her ass had also rounded out. Not to ridiculous portions, mind, but the extra mass from Anthony had distributed around to her behind, leaving her with an hourglass figure, and

a distinct swelling from her profile. She stood, with a little uncertainty, and examined herself in the mirror, shaking her hips to allow for her ass to wobble slightly. It did, but only just, and she smirked in pleasure at how it was clearly fit and firm and lovely to look out. A curvy ass yes, but still a ballerina's.

There were other changes too, and some still finalising. Her shoulders widened slightly, becoming a little more muscular, though still petite. Her hair lengthened, and lightened, becoming blonde just like Anthony's had been. From Scarlet, she kept her soft neck and feminine features, though she inherited his fine cheekbones, which shifted upwards slightly to give her a refined look. Her nose shrank a little, becoming a cute button nose that much better fitted her face. It was matched by a set of full, feminine lips that were alluring to look at, much better than the thin pairs both had had. Even her ears had changed, becoming less pronounced, more like Anthony's.

"I'm so changed," she said, and gasped a little. Her voice was proof of just that very statement. She had possessed a pretty voice, yes, but now it was positively *elegant*. It was a powerful soprano, a voice worthy of song, and she hummed a little before singing a few notes to test it. Even to her own ears, it sounded like sweet music.

"I'm perfect," she declared. The new woman still considered herself Scarlet, and her mother - she still considered Scarlet's mother to be her own - was right in that her magical ancestry felt a little stronger from the merge than her partner's. But nevertheless, she was reborn. She was new. She was Anthony and Scarlet both. Already she could feel the confidence surging through her as she examined herself in the mirror.

She was utterly gorgeous; the kind of woman who belonged in Hollywood films, who deserved to be on the cover of model magazines, who would be the number one crush of every man in the world were she to become famous, which she now could. She had become a curvy blonde beauty, with a large pair of breasts and curving hips, and a round bottom that drew the eye. And yet, despite these impressive curves, she possessed a gentle and patient beauty. Her face had the serene confidence of a dancer, and her physicality and muscularity were perfectly in tune with that purpose. Her arms were still slim, and her feet and lower legs dainty. Those same legs were long; a dancer's legs. Her neck was delicately feminine, and her eyes were almost naive in their wideness, the ocean blue of Anthony's eyes mixed with her own feminine gaze.

She smiled in the mirror, and it was a gorgeous smile, one that was perfectly at peace with the new person she had become. It filled her heart with joy, and that joy erupted in a further surge of magic that carried across her form. She could feel Anthony's suave coolness within her, pushing her to be daring, to be showy, to be utterly dazzling, and this had driven the changes.

“I’m - I’m,” she stuttered sweetly, viewing herself in the mirror. “I’m perfect. It’s true. I’m just how I was always meant to be. Oh, my love, we should do this more often.”

And she knew that this feeling of acceptance and joy came from both sides of her merger. All reluctance and potential guilt over her use of the magic was put aside as she gazed at the new ballerina in the mirror; she was truly who she was meant to be, and Anthony would have seen it. He did see it, really, as he was part of her now, as she was part of him.

The woman in the mirror was impossibly beautiful, with gorgeous womanly curves that nevertheless somehow enhanced her dancer’s grace rather than reduced it. Her hair was pulled back in easy plaits down her back, restrained by a pin so as not to ruin her motions, but two strands of hair on either side of her forehead dangled at the front, making her appear almost like a serene and beautiful princess in courtship. This look was enhanced by the sparkling tiara, which was encrusted with sparkling fake jewels that nevertheless appeared authentic upon her head. A single larger diamond-like jewel was positioned in the centre, raised upon filaments of silver, and making her appear utterly royal. Her blue eyes and full, pink lips added to this impression, but her gaze was almost demure and certainly humble, just like a dancer should be, however confident.

Her dress sparkled. It clung tightly to her, revealing her tight waist and wide hips. A transparent sheen of thin material ran from the hem of the bust up and over to her shoulders, with a frock white lace like a bride’s wedding dress running around her through. The cleavage from her large breasts could be seen through the material, tastefully half-concealed by the transparent material. Those same breasts were fitted tightly in the outfit. Nothing could stop them wobbling and jiggling lightly, but they were compressed enough to be ‘under control’, while still maintaining a strong allure. The gentle dip in the bust line further emphasised her impressive chest, and just below it, a silvery pattern of a hawk carrying a wreath sparkled. In fact, the entire dress shone, small stars and half-moons and diamonds sewed in silvery patterns upon its white surface. At her waist, just above her hips, the dress flared out in a dancer’s tutu, transparent white material teasing the dancer’s impressive hips and round behind. Her sensual thighs were half-bare, providing a tantalising view of her skin, and from mid-thigh her stockings extended, rimmed with further silver. As they descended, they became further whitened, ending in pale, diamond-studded dancer’s shoes.

All in all, the new and merged Scarlet presented a figure of unrivalled beauty, confidence, and possessing a ballerina’s elegance and grace. Her Mother had been right all along, but she was so glad - both parts of her - that she had used her merging magic now. To be one with Anthony, and he one with her, was bliss beyond compare, and both had combined to form a new person who would dance a new kind of dance, at least for a time. It was almost a loss to know they would have to separate again some time.

“It worked. The merge worked. I can feel what it’s like to be more than just one person, to have the traits of two, and be far more than I was. Oh, Anthony, thank you thank you thank you! We’re a new person, you and I, just look at us! And Scarlet, thank you thank you thank you! Together, we are one. Just look at us! We can finally dance together.”

She bounced expertly on her feet, and she grinned uncontrollably at how much more dextrous and in control she felt, even more than before. Her large boobs wobbled, and she smirked as she realised she was lucky to have a good bra as part of the merge, or it might distract rather ‘heavily’ from the performance, just as they weighed heavily on her now. But their shape was perfect; rounded and smooth and in that classic teardrop shape, forming a natural cleavage due to their size. She cupped them, astounded at how the flesh overfilled her palms even through the dress.

“Now *this* I can get used to. I never liked how flat ballerinas were expected to be. We can come in all shapes and sizes, and I can come in them better than most.”

She giggled at her silly jokes, and the new Scarlet took some time to take some poses, viewing herself in the mirror as she raised her leg up against her shoulder, before spreading it outwards, extending it fully, and never losing her balance. Her poise was greater than ever; there was no anxiety to accompany it and bring it down.

Scarlet examined herself once more; her prominent bust, her wide nips, her rounded bubblecut. All courtesy of the union between herself and Anthony. A perfect body made from the two of them, with a much more confident personality combined with her artistic loves and graceful elegance.

“Elegance,” she whispered to herself, and once more she was shocked at the sweetness of her voice. She was used to it being both a little more husky as a woman, and deeper as a man. And yet this felt like a perfect union of them - not a literal halfway point, but a combination of their personalities; his dulcet tones rendered into her feminine repose.

“Elegance,” she repeated, and she couldn’t help but giggle. Her eyes glanced over to the floor, where her tights and top were located, along with her now far-too measly bra.

“I’ll have to find something a lot more . . . substantial, if we stay like this too long” she said, with a wry grin. She hefted her naked bosom, and breathed a little quicker in response to the sensitive feeling.

“But for now, there is the performance . . .”

She decided to commit that dance, feeling ready to take it on. Scarlet left the change room, and she giggled as she realised just how deeply appropriate that name was now.

Where before she had been embarrassed of the notion of bowing before a waiting audience, she now did so with pride and more than a little satisfaction at her new merged self. The waiting crowd was near-silent, though some commented on her beauty in hushed tones that she was still able to hear. It was clear that none had seen her like before, and that few women matched her beauty and elegance. She and her other dancers were arranged, ready to begin beneath the shining light, each holding their pose, ready. But she was the centrepiece, the main performer. The star.

The music began, and then she began the dance.

Her movements were gentle at first, subtle and small. She stretched her legs outwards, fluttered along on tiptoe steps, and rose and arranged her arms like a flower's petals; gently and with infinite patience. Her chest bounced with every step, but rather than distract from her performance, she could feel that it simply was another part of her show. Certainly, some gentleman would appreciate it more than other members of the audience, but it was a feature, not a bug. Two wonderful features, to be precise.

Her movements became more elaborate, and faster and faster she danced and twirled. She moved like a woman possessed, but always with the grace of a trained ballerina. She leapt and soared around the stage, leaping and twirling, her feet rapidly shifting so that it almost appeared as if she were literally dancing through the air, unaffected and unbound by gravity's cruel grasp. The audience gasped, their silence respectful and overtaken by the increasingly raised music of the swelling opening piece, but she was satisfied by their enjoyment nonetheless. Her hair swished gently, never losing its style, instead enhancing the effect of her movements, so that she was an ethereal, almost ghostly presence, dancing beyond the capability of any other. Her curves belied her new figure's strength, and she found herself capable of movements and leaps and agile bounds that the former Scarlet could never have attempted, or was simply too hesitant too. But she had Anthony's strength to lend to her own now, and it made her bold and fierce.

The music continued, and she twirled and danced among the other performers, leading their movements with far greater prowess than she ever had in practice. The audience were riveted, and even the other dancers struggled to match her grace, though all eyes were on her anyway. The performance continued, growing and growing in excitement and fury, and her energy matched its excitement.

It was only when the music finally reached its crescendo and halted that she ceased her dance, though not without finishing with a glorious leap across the stage, twirling magnificently like a goddess arrived from the stars. She finished, barely panting, and bowed to the audience, who erupted into cheers and clapping applause at her striking performance. She enjoyed their looks of admiration and utter awe. There was a brief pause as the other dancers bowed to take in their appreciation as well, but most of the praise was heaped upon

the mysterious new dancer who had captured their hearts and minds. She smiled sweetly, feeling the joy of two people within her, and soon the curtain fell.

The night had only just begun, and there were still many dances yet to come. And she knew she was going to knock them all out of the park.

The performers had never seen a standing ovation so long and grand. They were dazzled by the reception, and the company was already planning to extend their tour further, excited by the prospect of Scarlet's newfound popularity. The final act in particular had captured their imagination, and it was clear that their lead dancer was a stage force to be reckoned with, endowed with confidence, and not a little endowed in the chest as well.

It was following the performance now, over an hour after it ended. The various performers celebrated, drinking much-needed champagne and eating meals after their incredibly successful show. Scarlet moved from performer to performer, enjoying their accolades, and praising them in turn. A number even looked to her with a little jealousy, at both her talent and her body, but it was clear none had any cruel envy. It was a good thing that the magic ensured everyone around her thought that the new Scarlet was the one they'd known all along, or else she would have some explaining to do.

"That was amazing," one woman said, who Scarlet recognised as a friend and fellow dancer Emilia. "I've never seen dancing like that in my life. That was amazing Scarlet."

Scarlet grinned, unable to contain her amusement. "Thank you, you were wonderful too Emilia."

"But you were the star, dear!" their dance instructor announced, raising a glass. "In my twenty five years of coaching performances, I've never seen its equal! Well done!"

The others raised their glasses, and Scarlet could not help but bask a little in their praise, though even for Anthony's sentiments, it was a little overwhelming. Members of the gallery and public who had stuck around echoed similar sentiments.

"So beautiful, darling!"

"And you dance so well, and with such a gorgeous figure!"

"I'm very jealous - big boobs and an hourglass figure and you can still give a performance like the most delicate ballerina!"

"And such confidence on stage!"

Each comment further boosted her spirits. She had held off on using her magic for so long, for fear that her boyfriend would see her as a freak. But now this new Scarlet was glad it had gone so well, and that she and Anthony were one, for as long as they wanted. In fact, she was rather liking being this way, and she could feel that both her Scarlet and Anthony

halves felt the exact same way. She took a champagne, and sipped a little, looking on at the party with a beaming smile. The performance was done, and finished. She had no true reason now to stay in this form, and yet . . . she was starting to like this new kind of dance.

“I think we’ll stay like this a little longer,” she said, feeling totally at peace with herself and her new accomplishments. “Or perhaps even a lot longer.”

The End