

## Linked by Conception (FtM, MtF Preg)

### By FoxFaceStories

*Ash and Leah are platonic friends who are also immature troublemakers, despite both being in their early twenties. But after they annoy Morgan the Witch, she teaches them a lesson they won't forget, by switching their genders for the night! Their story should have lasted just one night, but an unexpected conception links the pair, and soon parenthood is on the table, and not how they'd ever imagined it!*

### Linked by Conception

Ash and Leah were up to no good, as usual. The two had been best friends ever since elementary school, and now they were both twenty two years old and still up to shenanigans, a common occurrence for the pair. Despite the fact that they were both straight and of opposite genders, neither had ever really viewed the other through the lens of attraction. After all, they'd known each other for so long! Besides, Ash was hardly Leah's ideal man. He was Caucasian and had nice blue eyes, but he was short and slightly chubby, and had a laugh that sounded like a braying donkey. His black hair was often quite a mess, and he put no effort into it. His style was also limited to t-shirts with pop culture references on them; the man could *not* do smart casual. Leah, on the other hand, was quite the plain Jane. She was African-American, with chocolate brown skin and magnetic brown eyes, but her build possessed none of the curves that interested guys generally wanted in black women, much to her chagrin. Her butt was flat, and her breasts were modest, and she was often jealous of how other girls had been blessed by the 'boob fairy' far more than her.

But being young and adventurous, both still had high standards for the opposite sex, and dreamed of getting with someone out of their league. And because they were the best of friends, they convinced one another of this often, heading out to bars on a Friday night to commiserate over their latest dating woes and, once they'd had enough alcohol to ply their mischievous sides, to cause some trouble as well.

Tonight, they were hitting up the *LA Vibe*, the most popular bar in town. Here was where young people went to vibe, to dance, to drink and party, and to have a good time and meet one-night stands or even future girlfriends and boyfriends, if things went really well. Neither were planning to play *that* shellgame, however. Not tonight. Not after Ash had once again experienced a cruel rejection from a pretty white girl with wavy brunette hair, and Leah had been turned away by a cute Asian guy with a handsome jawline.

"Well, tonight's a total bust then," Ash declared, rubbing his hands together. "A lot of women just don't know what they're missing out on."

“Damn right they don’t,” Leah declared. “You would totally be an amazing boyfriend to any of the ungrateful bitches here.”

“And *you* would be the best chick ever to any one of these dudes, but they’re too much of a bunch of loser jocks and players to realise it.”

“Exactly!” Leah complained. “These fucking chodes. They don’t deserve me. You think we should teach them a lesson?”

Her best friend grinned from ear to ear. “Leah, my good friend, I thought you’d never ask. Let’s ruin their nights.”

“And make a bet on it. I bet I can fuck up more dudes’ nights than you can with your bitches.”

“You’re on! Time for some revenge of the nerds!”

“Bring it!” Leah said, her laughter turning to a series of snorts as it always did.

They separated across the bar and club area, and soon nights were being ruined by the troublemakers left and right. Ash deliberately acted awkwardly, stepping between hot girls and the men pursuing them and ruining the vibe with inane comments about his favourite media. Leah snorted and shrieked with laughter near some couples by the bar who were trying to have a nice outing, and then pretended to be on the verge of vomiting right on their drinks. Ash took drink orders intended for others, and then lied to several girls and claimed that their drinks had been spiked by the men who were courting them. Leah joined in for this deception, but went a step further and directly pointed at the men, warning security to take care of them, which led to a whole scene of arguing which would ultimately resolve in nothing once everyone realised the two accusers who were claiming to be back with a ‘third witness’ were never returning. But they saved the best for last: just as they were leaving, Leah ‘accidentally’ spilled her bright red drink all over the Asian man who had rejected her, and pretended it was a total accident. Ash had the same idea, except he aimed for the front and made no pretence of it being an accident.

“Reject this!” he yelled, spilling his beer down her flashy red dress so that it got her breasts all wet. “Wow, nice boobies! Shame about the dress, though!”

The two fled from the bar, laughing and giggling to themselves, giving juvenile high-fives for their troublemaking as they rounded a corner to dart down an alley.

At which point they both froze.

It was not of their volition. They had just . . . frozen. Their eyes could still move, and they were still breathing, but both were stuck to the same spot in a mid-running pose, Leah in her ill-fitting black party dress and Ash in a top that featured the cast of a *Star Trek* show as Muppets.

“Wh-what’s happening!?” Leah managed, speaking out the side of her mouth, for that was all she could do.

"I d-don't know," Ash stammered. "Is this, like, an epileptic f-fit or s-something?"

"It's magic, dum-dums," a woman said, her voice echoing down the alley. She was behind them, and she walked slowly around to face them from the front, her heels clacking on the pavement. To Ash's horror, he realised it was the beautiful and busty brunette he'd been rejected by. The one he'd just covered in beer. Somehow, her body was completely dry, and her dress looked brand new on her, cupping her large breasts up to bosomy perfection.

"Y-you!" Ash yelled.

"Yes, *me*," the woman said, flicking his nose mockingly. He couldn't even stop *that*. "You just fucked with the wrong woman, Ash."

"Y-you know my name?"

"You introduced yourself to me during your terrible flirting, asshole."

"Oh."

She placed her hands on her hips and smirked. "But I would know your name anyway, just like I know Leah's here, because I'm a witch. A sorceress. Morgan Faye, you may call me, a mistress and master of the arcane arts, especially *transformative ones*."

"Magic isn't . . . real," Leah exclaimed.

"Please, Leah, don't be stupid. You're literally trapped in my magic right now."

"Why are you doing this, th-then?"

"Another stupid question. God, you two really are a matched pair, aren't you? Two peas in a pod who totally deserve one another. You rock up, make a terrible show of trying to flirt with people way out of your league, and then you blame the opposite sex for it and go and ruin everyone's fun. Well, I'm here to make some trouble for the troublemakers. You fucked with the wrong witch tonight, you two, and now I'm going to make your night *very memorable indeed*."

She flicked her fingers, and a coil of green magic unfurled from her fingertips. It surged towards the two, splitting in half and then encircling them. They gasped and groaned as a strange energy filled the pair of them, making Ash and Leah nauseous in their frozen states.

"Wh-what!?" Ash managed. "What is this!?"

"*This* is my speciality: transformation magic. Time for you to see how the other side you idealise so much lives. I'm going to make you into the kind of fantasy specimen you would date, only *you'll* be the one experiencing existence as the opposite sex tonight. Oh, and since you're clearly such a matched pair when it comes to ruining everyone's night, I'm going to make it so you're irresistible to one another. Good luck getting through the night without fucking one another. Maybe you'll even be mature enough to even realise you're perfect for one another once you turn back, and that way you won't be out ruining *my* night ever again, *fuckers*."

She walked away, her heels clip-clopping on the pavement, leaving the platonic pair to finally collapse into the alley, the freezing spell finally dissipated. But a new magic was spreading, one that had the pair grunting and groaning as it surged through their bodies.

“Wh-what’s happening n-now!?” Leah cried.

“You heard her! We need to run, before we change! If we can get away, maybe we won’t ch-change!”

They started moving, fleeing in the opposite direction to Morgan Faye, the one who was a real life witch. But they didn’t get far. Leah stumbled first. Her insides were on fire, and as she doubled over her shoulders began to widen, her limbs stretching outwards.

“Oh G-God! It’s happening! I’m ch-changing!”

Her muscles bulged, her biceps expanding from her previously scrawny form. She leaned against the alley wall, trying to stay on two feet, but her long curly black hair was pulling back up inside her head, and her jaw was literally creaking audibly as it reshaped into a manly square jawline.

“Leah! You’re changing! I’m sorry, I’m getting out of here!”

“Don’t leave me, you dick!”

But *dick* was not the best word choice, because Ash stumbled over in response to his groin suddenly pulling back up inside of his body. It yanked up between his thighs like it was the world’s worst reverse wedgie, and his eyes nearly rolled into the back of his head from the incredible discomfort.

“F-fuck! My b-balls! My DICK! NO!”

But it was too late. With an audible *plop plop plop*, his penis and two testicles were forced back up inside of him, a new passage opening up to replace them. He held his crotch in disbelief, his voice now a high feminine whine, but the changes did not stop there. Just as Leah’s curly hair was shrinking in length, his dark straight locks were growing, extending down his shoulders until they reached the bottom of his shoulders. He screamed, clutching his hair and pulling it in front of his face in pure disbelief, but that only allowed him to see his hands shrink and become dainty, his chewed nails becoming long and perfectly cut.

“No, no! Leah, help me!”

But Leah was shaking, unable to control her muscles as they grew and grew and grew. Her shoulders expanded yet again, and her ribcage with it. Her scrawny waist became thick with muscle, her flat stomach growing visible ab muscles against the fabric of her dress, which was starting to tear.

“S-shit! I’m growing something between my legs! I think - ohhhhh - I think it’s a f-fucking dick, dude!”

“Good! B-because I’ve already g-got a damn *pussy!*” Ash whined, his voice getting higher yet again. His face was starting to bubble and shift, and the same was true of Leah.

The former was getting increasingly feminine, with full kissable lips and gorgeous cheekbones, while the latter was becoming rugged and manly, with facial hair and everything. The two moaned and groaned, whined and screamed, unable to contain themselves as the changes hit them. Leah's dress ripped apart despite her attempts to hold it together. Her new dick was sliding out of her legs like a goddamn *javelin*, long and dark and meaty, and she could barely believe the size of it. She was rapidly going from a scrawny, shapeless African-American woman to a built black guy, and her height was reflecting that, making her burst out of her dress.

The reverse was happening to Ash. Morgan's magic was giving him the ultimate emasculation. His hips widened, stretching his jeans, but his waist pulled in, giving him an hourglass figure. His chest pushed forwards, and he tried to push it back, only to be confronted by some very sensitive nipples that were stiff and distended. They pushed up his shirt, exposing his now-trim midriff, all his chubbiness now having slid around his form to give him a juicy ass and increasingly large tits.

"T-too big!" he cried, voice now sultry and feminine. "I don't w-want tits! Take them back, please!"

Her words were against the change, but her voice made her sound like she was in mid-orgasm. In truth, the changes came with pleasure for both of them, which only made the experience all the more horrifying. They continued to change, male to female and female to male, and no one came to their rescue. Soon Leah was a six-foot-three titan of a man with gym-built muscle and a massive dong that hung below the hem of her tattered dress, while Ash was an amazingly curvaceous ten-out-of-ten hottie with breedable hips, a bouncy ass, and tits that were bigger than ripe cantaloupes, far bigger than even Morgan's awesome D-cups. Big enough to pull down the collar of his shirt to reveal a canyon of cleavage taking up his view, which literally made viewing his feet while standing up impossible.

They slowly stood as the last physical changes finished, Leah barely covered in torn clothing and Ash lost in his now baggy items, except where they were far too tight around the hips and his new and ample bustline. They looked over themselves and each other, not knowing what to say to the other.

"Is - is it over?" Ash finally ventured, still not used to his soprano voice.

"Don't tempt fate, moron!" Leah snapped, her own voice a baritone brass that would have *done things* for her regular female self.

And indeed, the newly female Ash *had* tempted fate, because the magic flowed over their bodies, giving them new outfits that suited their changed bodies. The buxom raven-haired beauty was suddenly wearing a tight black cocktail dress, one that pushed her boobs right up while still exposing much of her back, and with a hem so short that it barely managed to cover her peachy rear. She even had high heels, though they didn't manage to

make her much taller than five-foot-eight at best. Meanwhile, Leah was shocked to suddenly be wearing a stylish button shirt with a blue-line flower pattern across it, as well as nice slacks that had enough stretch to dance in.

“What the fuck!?” Leah cried, checking herself over. “I’m dressed like a dude now, too! Jesus, I’m huge!”

“And I’m tiny!” Ash cried. “This dress is showing off way too much! These tits are massive, fuck!”

The magic then moved up into their minds. Both friends clutched their heads, groaning once again as their synapses fired off, their brain activity a series of fireworks as the final mental changes set in. Neural connections were shifted, severed, and reformed in new configurations, and when it passed, both recognised something horrible.

They were both now incredibly, utterly, unbelievably *hot* for one another.

“Uh, Leah?” Ash said, *her* nipples already hardening at the sight of her handsome friend. “D-do you feel a bit d-different all of a sudden?”

Leah gulped. *He* usually had a calmer mood than *his* friend. Despite calling Ash an asshole and a jerk from time to time, the former female was usually less prone to snapping. But now, it was a struggle not to.

“Of course I feel different, moron! Look at me! I’ve got a dick! I’ve turned into a friggin’ athlete and . . . woah.”

He was staring at Ash, and finding it *very* hard not to look at her luscious tits, her cleavage piled up impressively. His gaze swept over her hourglass figure, her lovely legs, and her supermodel-beautiful face.

“Oh, shit. Yeah, okay. I see what you mean.”

Ash took a step forward, though she’d meant to take a step *back*. It was as if her body was on autopilot. “I - I can’t control myself!” she announced. “What the frick is going on?”

“I’m the same,” Leah said, the new handsome man grabbing the woman’s hand and then linking his arm in hers. “Shit, we’re holding each other like dates!”

“I’m not your date!” Ash snapped. “I’m not meant to have boobs! Witch! Get back here! Get the hell back here and reverse this, or else!”

But Morgan did not reappear, and the two were walking out of the alley and around the corner back to the club. Ash was utterly humiliated as his ass swayed hypnotically from side to side, his breasts bouncing in his tight cocktail dress with every sexy step. Leah found it hard not to look at her figure, and Ash was the same; Leah’s arm was so muscular, his grip so protective.

“Shit, we made a huge mistake,” Leah said. “I’m - I’m feeling things about you, Ash.”

“Don’t say that! Don’t fucking say that! We’ll figure this out, Leo. We’ll figure this out.”

“What did you just call me?”

“Leo! I mean, I said you’re Leo. Oh shit, I can’t say your name!”

The attractive couple continued into the club, and various men looked Ash’s way, and various women looked *Leo’s* way. It was clear that they were damn fine looking, and because the woman of the pair was showing off so many of her curves, she had men almost salivating at the sight of her.

“This can’t be happening,” she said. “This can’t be happening. I’m going to kill that witch bitch, I swear.”

“Don’t be an idiot, moron,” Leo said, still taking his friend to the bar without even meaning to. “You’ll just make things even worse. At least the guy I threw a beer on wasn’t a secret witch!”

“How could I know she was? Magic’s not supposed to be real. Fuck, these tits are heavy.”

She tried to cup them, but this just got more attention, and soon Leo was finding it hard not to stare. The bartender took the new male’s order, and he got a beer, chugging it down with ease. To Ash’s embarrassment, the beautiful raven-haired bombshell got a girly Sex on the Beach, and found herself sipping on a pink straw and enjoying the sweet taste.

“This is a nightmare,” she said. “*God, you’re so muscly. So tall. So hot.*”

Leo blinked. “What the hell did you just say?”

“It wasn’t me!” the woman protested, before taking another sip. “That fucking curse is making me say weird horny shit, *like how much I want to dance up against you so you can really see how much my big sensitive tits bounce.*”

Well, that was more than enough for Leo. He was already getting hard in his pants, his colossal cock an utterly alien feature of his new biology. He grabbed his ‘date’s’ hand again and tugged her to the dance floor, and soon they were dancing closely, unable to keep their hands off of one another. Ash was fuming; she couldn’t stop being so damned turned on by her masculinised friend, and it made her new pussy feel damp, hot, and needy. Her body was on autopilot, or at least it was every time she resisted her new compulsions. As they continued to dance they both realised that if they at least tried to fulfil their roles and dance, they still had a measure of control.

“This sucks ass!” Ash whined, her arms now around the taller Leo’s neck as he held her. Her big breasts rubbed against his chest, making her nipples even stiffer with arousal.

“I know! I’ve got a big gross cock and it’s really hard for you! Fuck me, you’re beautiful.”

“That witch will pay!”

“Let’s just focus on getting out of this and out of here!”

But once again, poor words were chosen, because after another round of drinks, the frisky new forced-to-be-couple were moving straight to the exit and calling a taxi. Ash was finding it increasingly hard to resist her body's lusts, and her thoughts were being invaded by the horribly wrong yet utterly sexy image of being fucked by her best friend's huge new cock. They couldn't keep their hands off of one another on the taxi ride back to his place, even to the point where the driver asked them to calm down.

"I don't want to be kissing you," Leo protested. "But your lips taste so good! I have to!"

"M-me too! It's not me doing this, *it's my busty, sexy body!*"

The pair locked lips, feeling each other all over. Ash even rubbed Leo's crotch, stroking his hardness and making him exhale from the sheer tension his body was suddenly feeling. It was horror: he knew this was his friend, he knew that this was a *woman*, but the curse was making her insatiably attractive to him, and not even suddenly having a big hairy cock was enough to stop it.

"Go on, get out!" the driver told them once they had paid, and they were quick to heed him; the compulsions were only getting stronger, and both of them *needed* to be in private together. They made out in front of Leo's door, his hands squeezing her pert ass while she felt his muscles, and then they practically fell into the apartment once the door was unlocked.

"I can't control myself," Leo said. "I'm sorry. I need to fuck you. I need to fuck you *with my big, hard, cock.*"

"*I need it in my dripping wet pussy,*" Ash moaned in turn. "No, I'm not meaning to say that. Fuck that witch! *But fuck my heavenly body first. I want to feel you cum inside me, big boy.*"

Before either of them knew it, they were in Leo's bedroom. They ripped one another's clothes off, him helping her lift her dress over her head. Her large breasts wobbled for what seemed like an entire minute, and Leo could not stop looking at them.

"Holy shit, those are the best tits I've ever seen."

"I'm not m-meant to have them. Ohhh, they're s-so sensitive. *Feel them! Play with them!*"

He undid the clasp of her bra, releasing them entirely. He too removed his shirt while she pulled at his buckle and removed his belt. The pair were naked in moments, fascinated by one another's bodies, the handsome African-American and busty Caucasian beauty unable to avoid their temptation.

"Are we really doing this?" Leo managed.

"N-no! Screw this! *But screw me first. I'm so fucking wet. I need a big man to make me a real woman, Leo. I need YOU.*"

*"I can do that,"* he replied automatically. *"I want to suck on your big, juicy tits."*

Despite their resistance, neither could fight the fires that raged within their bodies because of Morgan's curse. Leo began licking and sucking on her nipples, squeezing Ash's enormous head-sized tits together and then lowering his hands to stroke her flanks and grope her peachy ass.

"Ahhhh," she moaned. "That f-feels soooo good! Mhmmm! But we have to s-stop! *We have to stop fooling around so you can fuck me raw!*"

"I know what you're t-trying to say," Leo stammered, his muscular body dominating this woman, an experience he'd never imagined. His cock rubbed against her lower belly, but he could feel her wetness so close. "You're saying we need to *fuck like our lives depend on it. Make the curse come true by making this a night we'll never forget!*"

*"Yes! I mean, no! Just get inside me already! I want your big c-cock!"*

She got her wish, even if it was a wish compelled upon her. She spread her legs, her hand reaching out to grab her friend's massive penis. She couldn't believe everything that was happening, and happening so quickly. Even after several hours drinking and on the dance floor, not to mention the ride home, poor Ash had barely had time to absorb the fact that she was now female, and now she was holding onto a muscular man's big, hard prick and guiding it towards her pussy.

*"Ohhhh, shit!"* she cried, and then it entered her, parting her wet walls and sliding into her depths. The woman's eyes went wide, as did Leo's, who could barely believe what he was doing either. He inserted himself all the way in, feeling the tightness of the woman's cunt.

*"You're so fucking hot, Ash!"*

*"You're f-fucking me! You're fucking me and I love it! Start thrusting, please! Ohhh!"*

He was ramming his cock into her and there was nothing either of them could do about it. The pleasure was all too real, and as much as Ash tried to fight it, it wasn't just her compulsions urging her on, but a genuine passion as a result of the curse. She couldn't help but find Leo's male form irresistible, and so she parted her legs, wrapping them around his strong waist, and then timed her own gyrations so that he could enter ever more deeply into her. Both knew how wrong this was, that they were fucking their platonic gender-flipped friend, but they were so lost in pleasure that all willpower was drained. Ash was forced into the role of moaning and crying out in her high, sweet voice, all while Leo played with her huge tits and continued to thrust ever more powerfully into her.

Finally, it was all too much.

"Oh God, oh God, we have to stop!" Leo grunted. "I'm about to c-cum! I can f-feel it! Ohhh, it's so strange, but I can feel it in my balls!"

*"We can't!"* Ash replied. *"We can't control our bodies! I need your cum so, so bad!"*

“I’m - ahh - I’m cumming!”

“*Do it! Fill me with your cum!*”

He did. Leo erupted inside of her, causing Ash to tremble as the first series of female orgasms rocked through her body. Leo roared, overwhelmed by the strength and dominant sensation of the singular male orgasm. He poured stream after stream of hot seed into her, and Ash smiled widely, body shuddering from the unbridled ecstasy.

It was only a few minutes later that what they’d just done crashed over the pair. He pulled himself out of her, eliciting a quiet moan from Ash, and then he lay down next to her. The two couldn’t stop themselves from holding one another in that lovely post-coital haze.

“What are we d-doing?” Ash whimpered.

“I think . . . we’re spooning,” Leo said.

“Great. Just fucking great. And you’re playing with these big boobs. *Mhmm, like you should.* Ugh, that was the curse.”

“This is your fault,” Leo said.

“I know that! But how was I supposed to know she was a witch?”

Leo grunted. “Did you . . . was it good, at least? Me in you, I mean?”

She blushed, and was grateful that he was pressed up against her back, because she clearly had enjoyed it, despite her humiliation.

“Let’s not talk about it. We just need to separate ourselves and - what are you doing?”

“What?”

“You’re fingering my ass, Leo. Are you fucking serious?”

“I’m not - oh, I’m hard again. Sorry, you just feel so nice against me!”

Ash groaned, and was ready to chew out her formerly female friend, but suddenly the urges rose within her again, as did the compulsions to play her new role.

“*Well, that’s a good thing, because we’ve only got one night, honey, and I want to try all sorts of positions.*”

She left his embrace. Leo turned onto his back automatically, while Ash bent over, her large breasts hanging naked from her chest. Her eyes went wide when she realised what she was about to do.

“No fucking way, I’m not sucking your - mmph!”

She began giving him a blowjob, and Leo could do nothing to stop it. Instead he found himself fondling her ass and rubbing her pussy as she bent over him. Soon his semi-erection was fully hard, and he was ready to blow his load. Ash was looking his way, eyes still wide, pleading for him to stop her, but he simply couldn’t, and he couldn’t fight it anymore; having a new cock just made it too sensitive!

“I’m sorry! I need to *cum right down your throat, baby! Make sure to swallow!*”

He came, and Ash had just a moment of horrific realisation as the large dick throbbed in her lips, and suddenly her mouth was filled with warm cum. She wanted to spit it out, but it was simply too damn delicious, and instead the curse made her swallow it all before licking his penis clean.

“Fuck!” she declared in the aftermath. “I just sucked your cock! This is the worst!”

Leo nodded, a little overwhelmed. “S-sorry. I wasn’t trying to get you to do that. I just . . . woah. That felt crazy. Now I get why guys like blowjobs.”

“Well, I don’t understand what girls get out of it, because that was terrible. *Even if I just love sucking your cock and drinking your tasty seed, babe.*”

She winced, as did Leo. The latter checked his watch, and found that it was only 11pm. They had been planning to stay up well past midnight, but now the virile male realised what a trap they’d stumbled into, because it meant a lot more sex to come. When Ash returned from the bathroom, having heavily rinsed her mouth out, Leo stared at her large, bouncing breasts and perfect face and body. She was sexually perfect for him thanks to the curse, all because of their gender swap.

“A-Ash,” he intoned slowly. “I think it’s going to be a long night.”

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They had sex four more times that night before they finally collapsed into sleep, still holding one another. Both were utterly shellshocked, not just by the circumstances of what had happened, but by the fact that their bodies had enjoyed it so much.

It made it all the more galling when they woke up the next morning still clutching one another . . . only their bodies were back to how they had been.

“Gah!” the pair exclaimed at the same time, having both woken due to a disturbance in the room. Ash and Leah were naked, and had never seen or felt each other like this.

“Oh my God, was that real?” Leah said.

“I - It can’t have been. Maybe we had sex. We - we must have been having a shared hallucination though. About changing sex or whatever.”

But then someone coughed, and they realised what the disturbance was. Morgan Faye was standing in the doorway with an amused smirk on her face. She was wearing a stylish green crop top and black skirt, and green light flickered in her right palm.

“Please, don’t delude yourselves, or I’ll change you back right now! I can tell you that you were *definitely* gender-swapped last night, and you two had a *lot* of sex. I hope you enjoyed it, just as I hope you were utterly humiliated by it, because it should teach you a lesson about trying to ruin the good times of others around you, especially a witch like me.”

Ash was hurriedly checking his body, ensuring that everything was in the right place.

“Yes, you’ve got your penis back,” Morgan sighed. “Just like Leah here got her tiny little tits back. Happy?”

Leah felt her hair. It was longer again, in the same loose afro style the dark-skinned woman had worn for a long time. “You - you did that to us! You forced us to have sex!”

“Please, your bodies were aching for it. Besides, better that you have sex with each other than waste anybody else’s time with all your troublemaking. Like I said last night, you two are practically made for each other.”

She grinned deliciously while the pair sat up in bed. They were both still naked, and very much trying not to look at each other. Especially with the memories of how they’d looked and felt last night.

Ash growled. “You bi-”

Morgan held up a hand. “Think very carefully about how you want to continue that sentence, Ash. You might end up a big-titted, curvy girl with an arousal off the charts again. Better to be silent, accept your punishment, and move on. Right?”

Leah placed her hand on his shoulder and gave him a ‘don’t say a word, moron,’ look, one that she specialised in. The man folded his arms and pouted.

“Fine,” he said. “We were punished. Are you finished with us or are you going to do it again? Because I deserve to know, damn it.”

Leah mouthed, ‘dude, quit while you’re ahead,’ but he ignored her.

“Ha!” Morgan laughed. “I’m tempted to make you a woman again with that attitude, but no, that was just a one-night thing to teach you a lesson. Try to remember it, or I’ll be back. Then again . . . did you guys use condoms last night?”

They looked at each other.

“We - we didn’t,” Leah said. “We couldn’t stop ourselves. I couldn’t even think with that big dick taking up all the blood from my brain!”

“Is that important?” Ash said. “You better tell us if it’s friggin’ important!”

Morgan paused as if to say something . . . and then made a dismissive gesture. “Oh, I’m sure it’s nothing! You enjoy your lives now. And remember, don’t fuck with me or anyone else looking for a good time at a club! I’ll drop by if I’m needed again! Toodles!”

She disappeared in a puff of green smoke, leaving the pair sitting naked in bed together, and both of them now very, very awkward about that fact.

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Both friends needed a break. A palate cleanser from each other. It was simply too awkward to interact after the memories of how much they’d fucked while in the bodies of the opposite sex. Leah even found herself dreaming of what it had been like to be tall and muscular and

male, a massive stallion cock between her legs, filling up the dripping wet snatch of a beautiful raven-haired friend. Ash likewise found himself dreaming of what it was like to be a woman; those heaving breasts, that jiggling ass, the passionate cries she'd made as her lover had thrust deep into her hungry pussy.

Occasionally, they would message one another out of the blue, slowly re-establishing contact.

*'Hey, did you see the latest episode of Apocalypse last night?'* Leah sent.

*'Yeah, that twist was crazy as fuck.'*

*'We could talk about it in person? Been a while since we had a coffee together.'*

There was a long pause before Ash's reply.

*'Maybe in a week or two. Still too soon, Leah.'*

*'We've not seen each other for nearly a month, man.'*

*'Yeah, and I still remember what it was like. You don't understand. You went from being a woman to a man. You got all powerful. I got fucking emulated.'* There was a pause before he sent the next message. *'I meant emasculated. It's fucking humiliating.'*

Leah rolled her eyes, but part of her understood it. She'd felt so goddamn powerful as a man. So tall, so strong, and totally in control during sex, even if it had been all wrong. Now she was back to being a scrawny girl again. Hell, she was pretty sure that her pecs as a man had been larger than her current boobs. But men were men, and while Ash was a chubby dude who put little effort into his appearance, he was still a *man*. And guys had their crazy male pride. Losing a dick and then getting fucked by someone else's was still clearly a sensitive topic for him.

*'I understand. We'll talk soon. Keep in touch.'*

*'Obs. Ur still my best friend, Leah. Just need some time. And let's NOT go clubbing when we meet up, okay?'*

*'Haha, totally not!'*

*'Not a joke. Definitely not a joke.'*

*'Oh. OK. Don't worry, we won't.'*

Thankfully, as time passed, so too did Ash's shame over that night slowly began to ebb away. The memories didn't, alas - he was certain that he'd remember getting girl-fucked in vivid detail for the rest of his life, and the dreams made sure it stayed current in his mind, too - but he was getting more secure in his masculinity again. Hell, he was even starting to work out and try to diet to make himself feel more manly, putting a positive spin on that bizarre sexual experience. He had started to update his wardrobe as well after recognising how attractive Leah had been as Leo, and her smart outfit had been part of that appeal. He was spending less time playing videogames and more time out and about, first to clear his head and get away from the memories of his apartment which continually taunted him with

how arousing and sexual they were, and then simply because getting out and about actually felt nice. Sure, he still occasionally found himself masturbating to the experiences he'd had as a woman, and very occasionally looking at a handsome man in public and finding himself intrigued, but the tempting nature of that one night was slowly dimming away, and life was back on track.

But then the tiredness started to come. Ash was finally set to meet with Leah at their favourite coffee shop, but he was so damn tired that he had to cancel. It had come from nowhere, but he ended up sleeping half the day on the couch, and the other half ordering more groceries than usual to be delivered to his doorstep just so he could eat. He was famished, and that hunger continued over the next few days, while the tiredness came intermittently. His nipples throbbed occasionally, his chest sore, and he could only conclude that he'd caught some sort of strange bug that required him to rest and eat. It was definitely making him sick, because when Leah tried to organise another catch up the following week, he got out of bed that morning, took two steps, and then was immediately flooded with nausea. He ran to the toilet and made it just barely in time to throw up in the toilet bowl.

"Ughhh," he groaned, the feeling instantly subsiding. "What is wrong with me?"

He rubbed his nipples, which were puffier as of late, and tried not to think about that night again, and Leo's lips upon his tits.

But the sickness didn't go away, even when he finally found the time to catch up with Leah for coffee. They met outside the coffee place at their usual outside seating.

"Finally, it's been six weeks, man!" Leah exclaimed. She moved to give him a hug, and he did the same, only for the pair to pause.

"Too awkward?"

"Way too awkward," he answered. "Um, it's good to see you again. Been an age, huh?"

"Yeah, a whole frickin' age, Ash. You okay? You look kinda unwell."

Ash blushed. "Yeah, I'm still a bit sick."

"Yeah, you look a bit run down. Also, you're poking through your shirt."

Ash looked down and groaned. "Fuck, my nipples are all swollen lately. Reminds me of . . ."

He went silent, and Leah coughed. "We don't have to talk about it."

"At least you look good. I mean, good in a platonic way or whatever."

Leah beamed at this. "I know what you mean! And yeah, I feel great. Powerful! I've been working out lately, growing some girl muscles, check it!"

She flexed her biceps proudly. They were indeed bigger.

"I don't know, being a man just for a day, it was a weird ass experience, but it's given me the motivation to stop just being a lazy weed smoking gal and actually get out there."

“Same a bit, except now I’m sick. I haven’t felt this weak since I was a girl.”

Their conversation shifted to other matters, TV shows and job searching (Leah had good work at the major bank in town, but Ash was between jobs), but the elephant remained in the room. Both occasionally alluded to That Night, but talking about it too directly was a big no-no. Still, when they both went to bed that night in their respective homes, it was hard not to think about the other. Leah couldn’t stop thinking about how Ash had looked that little bit more feminine, and about his sexy, puffy nipples. She lowered her hand to her pussy, indulging just this once. Ash, in turn, was slowly touching his penis, stirring it to hardness, as he imagined Leah’s gorgeous dark-skinned muscles.

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Something very wrong was happening. Ash *still* hadn’t found a job, and the reasons were clear: he kept on throwing up at random times, mostly in the morning, and his tiredness was crazy. He slept on his own couch watching movies most days, and to his embarrassment he required Leah to grab him the groceries several times, and to pay some of his bills. She herself was annoyed about this, and yet she felt a strange need to pay for Ash, to take care of him almost protectively. She told herself it was just because he needed the help and he was her oldest friend, but she was starting to suspect something else was going on. Her clit was swollen lately, needing more attention, and her body was getting stronger *fast*, almost unnaturally so. She was also taller, or at least she felt taller. She’d just started recording her height to make sure of it in the coming weeks.

Ash, however, was *definitely* changing. He had initially attributed his growing hair, his softening skin, his sensitive body, and even his extra-flaccid penis all to his sickness. But the more his body slowly changed, the more he knew that something much more worrying was going on. His hips were starting to get more snug in his jeans, and his chest looked puffy in all his shirts, just like how his nipples now looked like a woman’s nipples. His walking gait had changed to one foot in front of the other, and his chubby middle was thinning a bit more. No, that wasn’t quite right. It was thinning, yes, but it also had a slight tautness beneath it. It was like the fat was sliding away, down to his ass which had swelled recently, but there was still a very slight convex shape to his stomach. He attributed this to his over-eating, but his hunger was relentless, and he couldn’t exercise much because he was tired and his nipples chafed against his tops, far too sensitive.

By that time, three months had passed since That Night, but the changes were now unmistakable. He couldn’t even grow facial hair anymore, while Leah was having to shave her face almost daily before her once-a-week visits, just to avoid looking like a freak. Ash’s

stomach was bloating out, slowly but surely, and now it was hard to hide in his shirts. There was no flab to it, but flab was certainly piling up on his chest.

“This can’t be fucking happening!” he exclaimed in a cracking, squeaky voice when he opened up the door to Leah upon her latest visit.

“Wha - woah! You look different, Ash!”

“I know!” he cried, tears in his eyes. “Look at me! I’m turning into a fucking w-woman again! And you - you’re turning into a man! Can’t you see it?”

Leah swallowed. “No, I’m not. I’m just putting on more muscle and maybe some hormone pills I’ve been taking are-”

“You’re becoming a man! Look at us!”

Ash grabbed his friend by the hand and dragged her into the living room slamming the door. He began pulling off his top, an act that made Leah strangely aroused, her much longer clit throbbing, hardening, and even rising up like a true male erection.

“Look!” Ash declared, pointing at his chest. “I’m growing tits! These are real boobs. Don’t lie to me!”

Leah beheld them, trying not to lick her lips at the lovely sight of what had to be almost B-cups upon her friend’s chest. She also saw that his waist was thinner, though his stomach looked kind of . . . odd. Like there was a slight egg shape to it at the front.

“Okay, let’s not panic,” she said, but even as she spoke, her voice cracked and then lowered dramatically, causing the pair to go eyes-wide.

“Nevermind!” she continued in her new voice. “It’s time to panic! What do we do?”

Ash bit his lip. “We need to find that witch bitch Morgan. I told you we had to go hard on her! She needs to turn us back!”

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Unfortunately, reaching Morgan Faye the witch was a lot harder than they’d hoped. There was internet chatter, a few bits of gossip around town, but nothing concrete for them to look into. Instead, they put up posts asking for her, gave her description, falsely labelled her as a thief with contact details if she was seen, and so on. They regularly went out on walks, much easier now that Ash’s sickness was starting to subside, and even went to different clubs to try and find her. The two friends found it hard to be apart from each other now, and after just another two weeks, Leah suddenly felt a strong need to move in with Ash.

“It’ll save us on rent!” she declared. “Besides, we need to work together as much as possible, and I can take care of you more.”

Oddly, being told he would be ‘taken care of’ made Ash feel a little better, despite his male pride. His body was still becoming more womanly; his breasts were now C-cups, and

his hips were definitely womanly. His black hair was shiny and descending past his chin, and people were mistaking him for a woman in public too, much to his anger. The opposite was happening to Leah: she was getting much taller, growing an inch per week it seemed, and her muscles were swelling too. She could no longer deny that her clitoris was turning into a full-blown penis, especially now that she had to freaking *pee through it*.

“Being able to stand up to piss is not worth all of this,” she noted.

“Well, at least you aren’t growing tits and need to wear a bra to frickin’ support them!”

Ash shot back.

“Then go wear one!”

“Yours are too small!”

Leah felt a rush of jealousy. Her male best friend now had bigger boobs than she did, with cleavage and everything. “There’s new ones in your closet. I checked this morning. I thought you bought them.”

Ash sighed. “I didn’t. Fucking reality is changing or something. There’s skirts in there too. And clothes for *you*.”

That surprised Leah, but it was correct. Over the next two weeks, more and more reality changes settled in. Ash now had an entire female line of clothing, and Leah had a male equivalent. Photos appeared of the two of them together, and they were *kissing* in some of the images, and stylish decorations appeared, as if set by some set designer housewife. Their bodies were continuing to change - Leah was six feet by this point - but their clothing always adjusted for them. This was particularly necessary for Ash.

“Ugh, I’m so fucking bloated right now,” he complained. “My shirts aren’t fitting me right anymore.”

“Please, your shirts were big. You’re not that chubby.”

“I’m chubbier than I was, except my stomach is all hard! Look, just feel it!”

His shirt was riding up, which made wearing an actual dress tempting - the pull was growing there, and he suspected the magic would soon compel him. “Seriously, look! I’m bloated as hell. It doesn’t feel like fat at all, and I keep getting these weird feelings like there’s a tumour in me or something. Ugh! There’s another one!”

It was like there was a little squirming about inside of him. It had been seventeen weeks since That Night, but he couldn’t ever recall feeling like this as a woman. He’d had a slim sexy stomach back then, but now his belly was becoming dome-like, expanding slowly but surely every week, all while his boobs remained extra sore and his hunger went wild.

Leah felt his stomach. She felt more okay doing this; the intimacy was something her body wanted, which worried her. A dread thought hit her when Ash winced again at another “odd little movement inside me.” His stomach was rounded, and he looked far more like a

woman now. Which meant that a certain impression was starting to become quite pronounced, and if she was right, would only get more pronounced.

“Ash, I think I know why this is happening, and why your belly is getting all big.”

“Really? What is it?”

“Well, Morgan asked if we used protection that night, right? And we didn't, did we?”

“We were too busy fucking. Ugh, my stupid brain is getting more girly and making me think about *how hot and sexy it was*. Ignore that. The curse is coming back too.”

Leah winced. The thought was arousing to her, too. But so was this new fact, and that worried her all the more. “Well, she told us it was ‘probably nothing.’ But I think she only said that because she thought it was unlikely that this would happen. But it has happened.”

“What's happened?” Ash said. He stroked his stomach idly, which looked so very maternal as an action.

Leah gulped. “The thing that happens when a guy fucks a girl and doesn't wear protection. The thing that takes nine months . . .”

At this, Ash's jaw gaped. “What!? No, I can't be. I can't be . . . *pregnant!?*”

He lowered his hand to his rounded stomach, his dainty fingers brushing over the taut skin. At that very moment, a little *thump* took place in his belly, causing him to squeak in shock. Leah sat down beside him, and without thinking, she put her larger arms around the smaller soon-to-be-woman, her hand on his, comforting him.

“Oh God,” Ash whimpered, leaning against his best friend and feeling more like a woman than he had in months. “I am, aren't I? I'm *pregnant!*”

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It was months later, and Ash was on all fours upon the bed, her massive belly hanging low, her breasts trembling with each movement. Leo was thrusting into her, his massive black cock sliding into her depths and causing her to cry out in ecstasy. Neither could stop this; their bodies were on autopilot once more, and their attraction to one another was yet again irresistible.

“*I love how swollen and pregnant you are,*” Leo said, the words coming out of his mouth thanks to the curse. “*It's so fucking sexy knowing you're mine.*”

“Ahhhh!” Ash whined, the pleasure overwhelming as her partner rammed his cock further inside her vagina, his big balls slapping against her skin. “It's y-your fault I'm like this! You got me p-pregnant that n-night! And *now I'm your sexy housewife. I'm gonna raise all the babies you want, babe!*”

Once more, Leo was reminded of the ring upon his finger. It had manifested there just a couple of weeks after their changes were fully complete again, his big dick

fully-functioning and already rising to the occasion to fill Ash's pussy. Sure enough, reality had changed once again. Now they weren't just partners once more, not just lovers, but actual *husband and wife*. For Ash, this was particularly galling; she was once more a submissive woman with more curves than ninety-nine-point-nine percent of the population, only now she was also knocked up *hard*. Her belly had really started growing fast after the revelation that she was expecting, and her breasts had also gone up a whole extra cup size too. Her ass had inflated further, and her beautiful looks from That Night had returned. She could scarcely believe that a chance conception had linked them like this, but it had, and reality had shifted to accommodate their new forms. She was now Ash, wife of Leo, and their very own marriage certificate said they'd been married for a whole year now, which meant that they hadn't waited long to start making babies.

The changes hadn't stopped there, of course, because all of Morgan's other conditions rose to the fore. Just like That Night, Leo found that he was unbelievably attracted to his best friend, and that he couldn't help but act like the protective, dominating partner. Ash, in turn, had done her best to resist her body's new callings, but her body acted automatically, applying sexy lipstick every day, and always dressing up in clothing that emphasised her pregnant bump, her head-sized boobs, and her dynamite maternity figure. She even walked sexy, talked sultry, and caressed her new husband in sensual ways without meaning to. In the end, it had been all too much, especially since the poor former male was experiencing what he'd never expected to go through: second trimester horniness.

The result was sex. A lot of sex, in a lot of positions. The pair had been linked by conception, and now the link was impossible to break. They fucked several times each day, at least twice in the morning before Leo went to work, and again in the evening when he returned (or more if Ash had been sleeping in that morning while her baby grew). She had continued to grow, her baby visibly moving against her belly and making her grunt and whine occasionally, and Leo continued to play the part of the sex-obsessed husband who put the bread on the table for his stay-at-home wife.

"I had a d-dream I wasn't a pregnant lady!" Ash moaned as her husband built up his thrusts. "I was b-back to being m-me again! Oooohhh, keep thrusting, you've hit a good s-spot. It was r-really nice. I wasn't your *big-breasted preggo w-wife!*"

"I don't get those dreams," Leo said, gripping her hips and bucking his hips into her. He was so close, he could feel it. The man leaned over and rubbed her belly, which made her moan. "But I dreamed about getting you knocked up again. *I can't wait to make a big family with you!*"

That only turned Ash on all the more, despite her screaming male pride. She whimpered in her sweet soprano tone, gasping as she was penetrated again and again and

again. It was unbelievable, how alien it still was to her to feel this, and yet at the same time how familiar it was becoming.

“Don’t s-say that stuff, Leo. It’s not f-fair. Just cum in me so I can orgasm like crazyyyy!”

*“Well, you two seem to have adjusted rather well!”*

The pair suddenly shifted their heads to the side in shock. Morgan Faye was standing in the doorway to their room, wearing a rather chic see-through top with a black bra underneath, and a pair of ripped jeans. She had an amused grin on her face, clearly surprised by the scene before her.

“You!” Leo said, still thrusting into his friend-turned-wife. “You’ve got to s-stop this!”

“Yeah, t-turn me b-back, bitch!” Ash gasped. Neither could stop fucking in front of her no matter how humiliating this once. “I’m seriously about to b-blow!”

“Oh, nonsense,” Morgan said, curling her hand in an amused gesture. “Now can you two just finish up and we can get to talking. Don’t be shy, I know what freaks in the sheets you two are!”

“Ahhhh - can’t you j-just turn this off!?” Ash begged, but there was no stopping it. Even with Morgan watching and making this act all the more shameful, her body craved her husband’s seed. Leo finally came, roaring with pleasure, and his hot seed flooded her tunnel, causing her body to explode into a series of orgasms. He had to hold her in place to stop her from collapsing on her belly, and it was only in the aftermath that she managed to roll onto her side. She clutched her breasts with her forearm, barely covering them, and placed her other hand over her crotch, trying not to be totally naked under Morgan’s view.

“This just keeps getting worse,” she panted, but then she grunted as her huge belly shifted from the visible movement inside.

“Hello there, little one!” Morgan said with a wave. “Go on, get dressed, you two! I’ll see you out in the living room.”

She left Leo and Ash to quickly sort themselves out. Leo dressed quickly, then worked to help his wife, who was red in the cheeks as her gorgeous African-American husband cupped her belly so she could get her footing right. Despite not wanting to come across girly in front of her tormentor, she wound up in a purple maternity dress that cupped all the way around her belly, showing off its impressive expanse, and had a plunging neckline that showed off her breasts, which had started leaking colostrum as of late. Ash, on the other hand, was dressed in a smart work shirt and professional slacks.

“She better fucking turn me back,” Ash complained, rubbing her incredibly heavy stomach, which had been growing for nine whole months now. “Because I can’t take any more of this, I swear!”

“Don’t get too agitated, *babe*,” Leo said, rubbing her mound. “We don’t want you triggering labor.”

“Ugh, don’t remind me. What made her turn up now after nine frickin’ months?”

They stepped out into the living room to find that Morgan was glancing around the room with interest. She had a photoframe in her hand, and placed it back as they entered. It was the one that showed their wedding; the wedding they’d never actually experienced.

“Well, well, well, it seems you two have really gotten into it now, eh?” the beautiful brunette witch said.

Ash placed one hand on the small of her back for support and the other on her wide hip. “All thanks to you, you witch! You said this would only last the night, but several weeks after we saw you last, we started turning back and I started getting pregnant, as you can see!”

“I can indeed see that. Congratulations are in order, I suppose.”

“Don’t give me that!” she snapped, even as Leo tried to calm her with a hand on her shoulder. “This is your fault!”

“Not liking having to eat for two, I take it?”

At this, Ash turned rosy red in her lovely cheeks and looked away. Leo answered for her instead: “Um, that’s eating for three, actually. She’s pregnant with twins.”

Morgan paused for a moment, then broke out into laughter, clapping her hands. “Oh my, that’s *rich*! It seems I must have made you a little too virile, Leo, and you a little too fertile, Ash. Still, you seem to be enjoying the fruits of your labor with all that moaning.”

Leo frowned. “That’s the curse.”

“Ah, but you enjoy it, don’t you, Leo? No? Well, I doubt that. I think you do. Still, I’m not here to debate how much you troublemakers enjoy your new lives or don’t, I’m just here to tell you to stop putting out ads and online messages to find me. It’s really annoying.”

“More annoying than having frickin’ twins inside you!?” Ash growled. “They keep resting on some painful nerve, and they wake me up in the middle of the night! And soon I’ll have to give birth!”

“Yes, when are you due?”

Ash exhaled, and again Leo answered for her: “Nine days ago. She could literally break her water any second now.”

Morgan chuckled. “Well, I’ll be quick then. I’m just here to drop in and to get you to stop clogging up my feed with your inane posts. The spell I used on you was indeed temporary, but as with most spells, pregnancy will cause the magic to ‘lock.’ Effectively, you were linked by the conception of your baby - sorry, *babies*, plural - and that put you back in your current forms. You aren’t turning back, this is your life now, and you just have to get

used to it and enjoy all the orgasms your randy bodies give you, because you're like this for good. Anyway, ta-ta!"

She turned to leave. Ash and Leo regarded one another with shock. The former felt a tremor run through her belly, slightly painful, and winced. But Leo strode forward.

"Wait! You can't - you can't just leave us like this! It's not fair!"

"I'm a witch, darling. I don't *do* fair. Besides, I peeked my head into that nursery you've been painting before you came out here. I think you've got this whole thing under control. Now it's time for me to go . . ."

"Wait!" Ash managed. Her belly was feeling extra pressurised with all this news. Her two babies were moving about inside of her, reminding her of just how far the witch's curse had changed her into the very image of womanhood. "Please, you've - you've got to do something!"

"We're sorry!" Leo called. "But there must be some leniency you can give us. We're not that bad, surely, that we don't deserve something to help us out, especially poor Ash here."

He patted her enormous belly, so ripe with their full-term twins. Morgan sighed, then relented. "Well, I *guess* I did screw you two over a *little* more than I planned. How about this? I don't plan to have any kiddies myself - yuck on that birth stuff! - but I do like the idea of being a cool witch aunt. So instead of disappearing for good, I'll drop you a line now and again and be a helpful aunt when I feel like it . . . probably once your kids have passed the shitting and pissing stage, to be honest. Magical help from a magical auntie, that's the best I can give ya!"

"But - but -," Ash said, trying to ignore the rising pressure in her stomach.

"But nothing!" Morgan replied. "I can't undo the magic affecting you, and frankly I don't want to anyway! As I've said before, you two are perfect for one another, and having kids will finally get you to mature. But if that's too hard to accept, then I guess you'll just need to learn the lesson a few more times."

She waved her hands, and suddenly green magic poured from her fingers to stretch over the pair. They gasped in shock, moving to clutch one another, but the magic disappeared quickly.

"There you go," Morgan said with a smile. "From now on, you'll *never* be able to use contraceptives. You'll definitely start maturing once you realise what a big family you two lovebirds are going to make! All the better to enjoy my auntie status by having you give me a wonderful brood to come running with excitement when I choose to visit. Have fun making one large family, you two! I'll visit in four or five years and then we can maybe help out, just a little! Bye for now!"

A puff of magic green smoke erupted around her, and when it cleared she was gone, likely for good this time. For a long moment, neither Leo nor Ash said anything, both of them too shocked by how quickly Morgan's appearance had come and gone, and the fact that this was, apparently, to be their lives forever.

"Nghhh!"

Suddenly, a trickle of fluid erupted from between Ash's thighs and splashed loudly upon the wooden surface of the living room floor. Instantly, a tremor passed through her belly, causing her to seize up and clutch her rounded dome, the former male gritting her teeth from the pressurising pain.

"Ohhhhhh!" she gasped.

Leo gripped her arm protectively. "Babe, are you okay?"

"N-no, I'm not okay! I'm stuck as your preggo wife and – nnggh! My water just broke, *honey*. The babies are coming!"

The delivery day had finally come for the pair, and now after this visit from Morgan, they both knew it would not be the last time they were linked by conception.

Not the last by far.

**The End**