

Mini-Story: Baking for Two (FtM, MtF, Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Jim was nervous about preparing for his bakery, so he sought out Tila the Wandering Witch to help improve his abilities. Unfortunately, things went a bit wrong when his wife read the scroll instead, and transferred the essence of husband and wife . . .

Baking for Two

Tila the Wandering Witch liked to check in with her clients from time to time. Unlike that rather horrid Morgan, a member of her coven she simply had to put up with, the much older yet still beautiful witch prided herself on making sure her concoctions, potions, and spell scrolls were exactly how the client wanted them to be.

“I wonder how Jim the Baker is going,” she said to herself as she pulled her horses to a stop upon the road of a lovely small town she had passed through several months before. Her carriage gained a lot of attention, what with its trinkets and all that, and so she handed out carrots to all the children to feed the horses.

“Don’t worry, the girls are friendly!” she said. “I just have to go see someone!”

She could already tell that her spell scroll had worked well; the bakery was indeed up and running, and it was named *Baking for Two*, and had for its mascot a pregnant woman in a baking apron holding up a tray of scones with a beaming smile on her face.

“How cute,” she said to herself. “Very cute indeed.”

Indeed, she had dared to hope this would be the outcome. Jim had been so nervous and lacking in confidence when he’d come to her months ago. He had been a thin, bespectacled man with a ruddy complexion, one who had finally quit his boring office job to pursue his dream of opening a small bakery in a regional town. Tila applauded him for his courage, but he requested something to help him develop his skills at baking, “so they can be equal to my darling wife’s. She’s more of a traditional sort, but I want to show initiative on this and be the man of the household, make some steps to support us both and the like.”

Well, how could she say no to that? She charged several hundred dollars for a spell scroll and asked him to pick it up two weeks later. His wife Daisy did it for him, a cute auburn-haired woman who was even more demure than him, and gave off the vibe of being a quiet and patient woman. Tila wished them the best, and promised to check up on them.

“Hello!” she called out as she entered the bakery in the present. “It’s me, Tila the Wandering Witch! Jim, I simply *love* what you’ve done with this place. The air smells of baked bread and the decor is - oh. I’m sorry, I thought this was *Jim’s* bakery.”

She was rather shocked at the appearance of a very tall, strapping man who had just closed the large oven. He had rust-coloured hair and a magnificent beard, and his body seemed barely contained by his uniform, all muscle. Tila wasn't usually one for attraction, but even she had to admit this was one impressive *hunk*.

The man turned and chuckled heartily, then strode forward and reached out a hand.

"Well, I'll be, it's good to see you again, Tila! Jane! Tila the Wandering Witch is here to see us!"

The Wandering Witch shook the man's hand, but was a little confused herself.

"Um, do I know you? Clearly, I must have served you at one point."

"Well, I looked a bit different back then," he said with a laugh. "As did my wife! Here she is. Do you recognise my Jane?"

A woman strode out from around the counter, waddling a little as she held her heavy pregnant belly. She looked just like the mascot, only more beautiful. Her fingers had berry juice on them, and it was clear she was just finishing up some taste testing.

"Those new berry pies are perfect, my love," she said, kissing him on the cheek after going up on her toes. "But the cheese-chicken pies need more chicken than cheese."

"Noted. Look, honey!"

The pregnant woman blushed and looked at Tila, her smile sheepish, as if embarrassed. It was only then that Tila realised she recognised the glasses, not to mention the dark hair with its slight curls.

"Jim!?" she marvelled.

"I - uh, have changed a bit, huh?"

Tila had no idea what to say. "I'm - I'm *sure* I gave you a spell scroll for increasing your baking skill, Jim! Er, Jane? I tethered it to your essence and everything!"

The married pair exchanged an amused glance, and 'Jane' took a moment to cup her belly and stroke its fertile roundness affectionately.

"Oh, don't worry, Tila, you did everything right. It was just that there was a . . . misunderstanding."

The large, handsome, auburn-haired man scratched the back of his head and let out a long exhalation that signalled there was a rather embarrassing story behind it. "Well, as you've probably surmised, I was Daisy before I became David."

"More like Goliath!" Tila giggled.

Jane joined in the giggling at this.

"*Anyway*, it turns out my wife - sorry, *husband* at the time - decided to purchase a spell scroll without quite telling me what it was. And what day was I picking up that spell scroll for you, honey?"

The pregnant woman blushed, cupping her belly a little more. "Valentine's Day."

Tila's jaw dropped. She hadn't been keeping track of the days at the time, clearly.

"And so you . . . ?"

"I opened it up and read it out loud as soon as I got home," David said. "I thought it would be some magical blessing or just a cute poem. But instead . . ."

"Your essences were swapped by the chaotic use of magic intended for another."

"We thought it was more of a clusterfuck at the time," Jane said. "But, well, as you can see, we've certainly adjusted!"

Tila regarded the woman, who looked at least five months along in her pregnancy. That would mean . . .

"Oh, you two didn't take long to get started then, did you?"

The pair chuckled, and Jane responded. "Well, as you can see, we both suit our new genders a bit better, don't you think? My handsome man is the baker instead of me, and I'm his taste tester, counter woman, and mother to his baby."

Tila regarded the pair of them. "Well, are you satisfied with your Wandering Witch service?"

"Very," they both answered at once.

Tila laughed. "In that case, my gender-swapped customers, I'd love to try one of those delicious Danishes behind the counter, thank you very much!"

Jane grinned at her husband. "Guess you'll have to make more, hubbie. Because I'm craving a few more too!"

The End