

Happy Anniversary

Chapter 8

Exhaustion greeted Jordan as he roused himself from sleep. His entire body felt drained, sore all over, especially around his groin. The events of last night slowly seeped into his mind, and with it, he felt his crotch grow warm at the thought. He tried to dispel the thoughts, as the feeling of his arousal was causing him discomfort at this time; the effects of his love-making to Abigail the night before could still be felt, and it made him feel more sore than excited.

Slowly, he opened his eyes; the room was still dark, but he could tell it was the next morning, since the clock nearby showed the time as just after dawn. He pushed himself up from the bed, his hand sliding across....something sticky. He looked down, and realised there was a stain of what appeared to be...

"Oh, lord..." It was a stain of sex juices on the bed! It must have been from last night, but he never would have guessed it was so heated. With a sigh, he lifted himself up from the bed, resting for a moment before standing on his feet. Yet it felt weird: he felt off balance, like his proportions were off.

It took a second for him to realise something important, and when he did he panicked, swirling around...His wife was gone! Disappeared! He could have sworn she was on the bed with him. Quickly, he tried to calm down; maybe she was just somewhere else, maybe in the shower. But he heard no water running, and focusing, he heard no movement around the room.

Now he was getting worried, but before he could think more on it, he became distracted by a strange weight on his chest. Out of instinct, placed a hand on his torso to see what the weight was...He was surprised when he felt not a pressure on his body, but rather, something else he did not expect.

Breasts.

Large, full, and round. Perky and erect nipples, sensitive to the touch.

On his body.

"What...the..." Jordan was speechless. Why...HOW could he have breasts? Last time he checked, he was most certainly male, no curves to speak of. To wake up with a full set of womanly curves now was a shock to him! For some reason, they reminded him of...

With a start, he felt something again in his groin. Warmth, similar to what he had felt shortly before; however, this warmth felt different. Less of a straining of his manhood and more...unfocused, as if spread over another region. With trepidation, he lowered his hands away from his newly acquired bosom, carefully avoiding his semi-throbbing member, past his testicles to find...

...a dampness, warm and incredibly slick. He felt around for a time, when he let out a loud gasp and a moan. He must have brushed against something sensitive; checking again, he felt around for the

same place he had just hit, and sure enough, his touch sent a huge spike of pleasure throughout his form, causing his knees to shake with delight. His thoughts were confirmed: Along with his new pair of breasts, he was now also sporting female genitals.

In order to better gauge his changes, he moved to the bathroom, where he found a full-length mirror. Looking at himself now, he noticed just how different he was from last night. His hips were wider, for one, and the advent of his new breasts gave his form an hourglass shape. His face was still fox-like in form, but around his eyes was a dark-brown mask, like a ferret's...Like Abigail's.

In fact, his entire body had feminine features similar to what Abigail had. On his left breast, he noticed a small scratch above his nipple; a scar, Abigail had told him, she had received from a bully back in her school days. His hair was tinged with black streaks, the same shade as his wife's. Even his hips were reminiscent of Abby's. Aside from the glaringly obvious shaft-and-scrotum between his slender-yet-toned legs, his entire body could have belonged to his partner.

Hello?

Jordan started, whirling at the noise. Was that a voice? Where had it come from? He hadn't heard anyone enter, so what was...

Where...What happened...?

Again, he heard it. Like a whispering in his ear; someone was talking to him. He tried responding. "Umm...Wh-who's there?"

Jordan? Is that you?

He couldn't believe it..."Abby?"

Jordan? Where are you?

"Where am I? I'm in the hotel room, in the bathroom. I should ask you where YOU are!"

I'm....I'm.....IS THAT ME?!

Jordan covered his ears; her voice was so loud to him. Confused, he picked himself up, looking at the mirror again.

Oh my GOD. Wha....That's me!

"What do you mean, 'That's me'? That's ME! I'm...I'm a woman now!" He was getting agitated now; how could Abigail see what he'd become, let alone think she was looking at herself?

Unless...

"Honey....What can you see right now?"

I can see....a fox? No no, it's a vixen...but she has a ferret mask...and a very large...penis...

Jordan turned his head, facing a pile of white towels. "And now? What can you see now?"

Towels. Less interesting than that vixen, but.....Go back to the mirror. Her voice sounded worried, concerned now. Jordan complied, faced the mirror again.

Lift your hand up.

Jordan did so.

OH GOD. I'm...I'm...

I'm in YOU.

Jordan suddenly felt dizzy, unable to keep his balance. He reached out to steady himself on the counter, and soon, he lost feeling in his arms and legs. He started panicking as the numbness spread across his body, soon reaching his head; yet he still remained standing. As he closed his eyes, he temporarily lost focus on reality, feeling as though he were drifting through blackness. When he opened his eyes, he was still standing. He tried moving, only to find he was unable to.

"Wh...What the hell was that...?"

Jordan was stunned. He hadn't said anything...and yet he had felt his lips move, had felt his vocal cords vibrating to make sound. But he hadn't spoken. The words that were just uttered were not in his voice.

It was Abigail's voice.

Somehow, control of his...THEIR body, had switched to her. She was now in control of their shared form. That must have been what had caused his blackout moments before; switching control must have caused him to lose consciousness. Now he was looking through their eyes, seeing her resting on the sink, trying to regain their balance.

It was a strange sensation for him, looking out through his eyes, yet they were not HIS eyes, but the eyes of his wife. And yet, they were both his AND her eyes, together; the feeling of sharing the same sight astonished him. For years, he had felt as though he and his beloved had shared the same vision; now, it had become literal! Stranger still, he was aware of everything she was seeing, and, to an extent, everything she was feeling, but he himself had no direct input. He was an observer, a spectator inside his own body.

Another sensation became apparent to him: Images, feelings, ideas, all flooding into his conscious mind. Each one a strange flash of colour and light, disappearing as soon as they appeared; not a single image he could make out was familiar to him, they all seemed to be random, as if someone's imagination was spawning them, before returning to the aether. Suddenly, though, he caught a glimpse of an image that was all-too familiar indeed:

It was him. He was seeing a...photo? No, the shot wasn't static. It felt...paused, like a video waiting to be played. Doing his best to grasp onto the image, he willed it to continue, like trying to press the "play" button. Soon, the picture moved forward; the image of him moved towards whatever was filming him and began...

A feeling of heat and excitement spiked in his mind as he watched "himself", felt the Jordan on the video, begin to hungrily kiss and grasp at an unseen figure. He began to hear sounds now, panting and loud smacking of lips touching, of tongues sliding across flesh. He also felt, outside his cosy consciousness, a great heat radiating from his shared body, a heat that Abigail was now becoming increasingly flustered and panicked by. With a start, Jordan willed the playback to stop, lest he end up causing something...messy to occur.

Abigail was tightly grasping the sink now, staring down past her bosom, which she could swear was almost doubled in size from what she remembered. She looked down at the intruder between her legs, the slowly emerging and throbbing penis that was shooting all these powerful urges through her body. She did her best to resist against the testosterone-induced lust, willing her new member into flaccidity; with some perseverance, she managed to calm herself down. Why had she suddenly felt so horny, and now of all times? She should have been panicking, or at least, in a state of confusion; **arousal** was not something she wanted to feel right now, not until she had a bearing on what was happening.

What **had** caused her to grow hot, though? She had been standing there, inspecting her new form, trying to figure out what had transpired, when she suddenly had an image of her husband preparing to...make love to her, so it had appeared.

No. It wasn't just that.

It was a memory. The night before, after they had drunk that strange liquid in their room, she remembered feeling uncontrollably horny. Bits and pieces of their savage mating were returning to her, unbidden, causing her to shake and lose integrity in her knees as the lust returned to her in greater force.

Inside her mind, Jordan, too, was feeling the effects of her recollection, now figuring out that the image he saw earlier was a memory. **Abigail's** memory of their love-making last night. In an attempt to reach out to her, he tried to communicate, **think** words at her. *Abby...Abby...listen...*

Abigail stiffened, shocked at hearing her lover's voice but not seeing him anywhere. "J...Jordan...? Where...I can't see you..?"

It's okay, sweetie. I'm here, don't panic.

"Wh—" Unbidden, Abigail felt tears welling in her eyes. "What's happening to me? To...us? What's..." The tears came then, causing Abby to fall to her knees, terrified. "Wh-why did this h-h-happen...?"

Jordan felt the fear and confusion from his wife; having her emotions wash over his mind like this was causing him to feel similarly. If he had a body to use, he would have cried with her; as it was, he could only sit in emptiness and let the terror his wife felt seep into him. With a great deal of effort, he tried to push the alien thoughts from himself, attempting to calm both his mind and his partner's; he hated seeing her sad on a normal day, but feeling her sorrow...It was too much for him to bear, being unable to hold her now.

Hun...Honey...Listen, please, just listen. I know....I know you're scared. I am, too. Honestly, I'm very scared...I don't know why this happened...but it'll be okay...

Abby calmed herself down enough to respond, rubbing away the tears streaming down her cheeks. "H-how...You c-can't p-promise that, baby..."

*Maybe not...But I can promise you that you're not alone. I promise you, Abby. We'll get this sorted, and we **will** be okay.* Sincerity radiated from his consciousness as he told her this. *I love you, baby. Okay?*

Abigail shivered as she felt the last of her tears fall, moved by her husband's assurance. "O—Okay, honey...I love you, too."

A loud banging startled them. In the silence of their joint concern, they had forgotten where they were, and so the noise had caused them to jump. Abigail felt her heart explode at the sound, terrified; Jordan, through her, felt the palpitations of her fear, silently willing her to be calm. *From one nightmare to another*, he thought drily.

"Oh, gods...Oh, gods, what...What can I do...? I-I-I can't let someone see m-me like...THIS!" Abby was panicking, breathing heavily, on the verge of hyperventilating now. With an enormous assertion of willpower, she forced herself to calm herself, slow her breathing, and think carefully. After she had sufficiently calmed down, she grabbed a towel from nearby, wrapping it around her body to hide her prominent masculinity.

With cautious steps, she left the bathroom and headed to the door; she reached out, hesitating for a moment before turning the handle, slowly opening the door for the person on the other side.

"Bonjour~"

The mare from the receptionist's desk from below greeted them at the door, seemingly unperturbed at the sight of the now-hermaphroditic woman draped in a simple towel. Maybe she had seen it before in her line of work, or perhaps, as a woman she had no qualms with seeing the naked female form. In any event, the woman, Jeanne, was smiling politely as she let herself into the room, carrying a tray in her left hand.

"Ahhh, *mademoiselle*~ I trust you enjoyed your complimentary 'love potion', courtesy of our illustrious 'otel, no~?" The equine beamed at this, as if hiding some knowledge from the joint couple.

“Lo...-- Love potion..? Oh...that strange drink last night...” Abigail cut herself off at this, a significant puzzle piece slotting into place within her mind: she now recalled the events of the night prior. How she and Jordan had consumed that strange bottle of liquid left by the staff; they had both consumed its contents before they had voraciously made love to each other. She recalled now a feeling of intense heat, all over her body.

“What...What was that, last night? You know, right? My husband and I...We had this...this...This drink, some aphrodisiac, I think. And then...I woke up in my husband’s body...MY body.....Our body...” Abigail was doing her best to stay composed as she recounted last night’s events. “Tell me. What happened to us?”

Again, Jeanne was giving the ferret-fox her brightest smile, sincere and lacking in hostility, as she placed the tray she was holding onto the bedside dresser. She turned to face them directly before speaking.

“Well, *madame*, what you had ze night before is what we call a ‘love potion’~ It iz a blend of our own design, made to increase romantic and sexual feelings in those that share the drink~ The effect varies per person, but it guarantees a satisfactory night for any who drink it~” All the while that she explained, Jeanne’s face seemed to gradually grow redder, most likely as she envisioned the amorous acts that couples would engage in after consuming the ‘love potion’.

Abigail nodded as she slowly took in this new information. Jordan could feel the gears in her brain working overtime to comprehend this turn of events, and he knew that she was still dizzy from the entire ordeal. In her mind, he extended a ‘tendrill’ of calm to reassure her; he felt her appreciation from the wave of comfort.

“Okay...Love potion, aphrodisiac, whatever. I can believe that, no problem...” Abigail closed her eyes. “So.....Why am I...Why are we...” Hesitating, she opened her eyes...

...and let the towel drop to the floor, exposing their body to the equine staff member, to illustrate her point.

“Why did THIS happen?!”

“Ahhh~ Well, you see, *madame*, as an added bonus, ze ‘love potion’ has ze effect of...” Jeanne paused, mulling over the right words to choose. “‘Pulling’ ze couple closer together~ No, wait...AH, yes~ The best way to describe is...‘bonding’, yes~”

Abigail’s eyes went as wide as moons, and the surprise and shock she was feeling threatened to overwhelm her, Jordan could feel. “BONDING?! That...POISON caused my husband and I to.....Oh, gods....” She began to feel sad now, and Jordan knew exactly why; though Abigail was terrified to ask, he knew that it had to be said.

With a force of will, Jordan attempted to take some control over the couple’s shared body, focusing on the mouth and vocal area only. If Abby couldn’t ask, then he would for her, as painful and

horrifying a query it might have been. After a while he noticed feeling in their mouth: he was in control of speech now.

“Is...” He took a moment to adjust, careful not to take full control lest he and Abby black out as before. “Is this...permanent...?” He could feel his wife’s fear and sorrow as the words passed their lips; he extended wave upon wave of comforting thoughts to his wife as they waited for Jeanne’s response.

“Permanent? Oh, no, no, no, no, absolutely not, *monsieur*~! Ze effects of our love potion last for twenty-four hours, and once that time iz expired, you will both be separate in body~ See~? No need to fret, *oui*~?” Once more, she flashed a winning smile as she finished reassuring the fused couple.

An intense and profound feeling of relief and joy washed over the shared body of the married couple; they were not permanently fused! So long as they could survive a full day as one body, they would be able to hold each other once more. And, at the very least, it would be a new experience, having two minds inhabiting one body, as well as sharing more private sensations.

Jordan, still in control of their vocal cords, spoke up for them. “Thank you....Thank goodness we’re not stuck. I mean, no complaints at some points.” *HEY!* “But I think I’d prefer staying all-male. Besides, I can’t hold my wife like this.” *Charmer.*

“Oh, but *monsieur*, in ze meantime, we have many things to offer~” Jeanne pulled a card out from a pocket; it was white with several numbers on it, but no names. “If ze urge for companionship ever comes for you two, call any of zese numbers, and a ‘otel-approved...assistant, will be with you in minutes.” Jeanne gave them a sly and oddly seductive wink. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I ‘ave other work to attend to. *Au revoir*~”

With that, the mare gave a short curtsey and left the hybrid to ponder the card in their hand, taking in the implications of her message. When it was finally reached, a heat began to rise in their face and loins, and together they thought the same thing:

They were being willingly offered free sex!