

SEX AND SORCERY

A TRANSITIONAL TALE

“In this modern tale of magic, a witch is performing a favor for her girlfriend, someone who has, since they were teenagers, not felt entirely comfortable with themselves. A lewd, but mostly romantic tale ensues.”

~

Leona was a witch. That was hardly a surprise, most black cats in this day and age were wizards or witches, or at the very least witch-adjacent. Her girlfriend Samantha, a white rabbit, was very much not a witch, but was still aware of magic thanks to Leona. Both grew up on the same block, and so they have known each other since they were children. They each helped each other out on numerous occasions, Samantha having more knowledge of technology while Leona might pop out a spell or two in case Samantha needed something done, like fixing a hole in a shirt or something along those lines. It had been this way for years, and that was unlikely to change anytime soon. Today was no different.

Samantha was staying over at Leona's house for the evening. She had quite the request for her, something that had been on her mind for a few years at least. You see, Samantha was a trans woman, assigned male at birth. She had only partly transitioned, being publicly out and yet never having had any sex reassignment or hormone replacement. She couldn't afford it, she was working a menial fast food job and only making the minimum wage. Her parents weren't going to be any help either, they also had very little money. Samantha was backed into a corner, until she realized she could just ask Leona if she had anything to help her with her predicament.

And so, Leona got to work. She dug through a bookshelf in her basement to find some sort of spell or potion that would properly change her girlfriend's sex. She eventually discovered a large book at the very top of her shelf, with a spine that was faded beyond recognition. Pulling it out, she took a look at the cover and read its title: 'THE BODY AND ALL OF THE WAYS YOU CAN ALTER IT,' published in 1985. It looked quite a bit like a cookbook, with small paragraphs detailing the history of each potion inside before going into their recipes. Leona flipped through the pages like a madwoman, scanning until she could safely say she found what she was looking for.

As she did so, she began to slowly walk back upstairs, toward the kitchen. That was where she kept her potion-brewing supplies, and she needed to be fully prepared. As she slowly made her way over, she caught a glimpse of Samantha pouring herself a glass of milk. And as it turned out, Samantha did not take long at all to notice her girlfriend arriving. She set her glass on the countertop, stuck the carton back in the fridge, and gave Leona a jovial smile.

“Hey, sweetie! How are things coming along?”

“Oh, they’re progressing, Sam.”

Leona continued to look through those pages as she leaned against a cupboard, her tail maneuvering to open up a drawer behind her. After a few minutes, she believed she had found what she was looking for. It was an incredibly old spell from what the text described, apparently developed as far back as the 16th century as a treatment for gender dysphoria. The ingredient list was somewhat lengthy, but that was unsurprising given how complicated magic could be. There were even variables for body proportions, if one was into that sort of thing.

“Hey, you buck-toothed cutie, come here.”

Samantha tilted her head and shrugged, before walking over to look over Leona’s shoulder. Her eyes were instantly drawn to some of the diagrams scattered across the pages demonstrating the potion in action. These diagrams showcased the changes in action; growth of breasts, change in genitals, development of a uterus, etc. She smiled at this, giving Leona a quick smooch.

“Thank you once again, Leona. This means so much to me that you would dig through your old books just to find something so specific for me. Do you know if this will work?”

“T-this recipe’s several centuries old...” Leona blushed, pulling the drawer behind her open and grabbing a mortar and pestle. She started to grow rather warm, and instantly began questioning her decision to wear the traditional witch’s garb over something more comfortable. There was no changing it now unfortunately, she wasn’t really wearing anything under there and, besides, she figured she would need the upgrade to her magical capabilities the robe and hat gave her. “If it’s in this old thing, it’s probably worth something, right?”

“That is fair enough, Leo.” Samantha drank the glass of milk, tugging at her shirt. “It’s a good thing that I prefer my clothes baggy, or I might not fit into my old outfits after today.” She laughed, before watching her girlfriend dig through her cabinets for supplies. “What sorts of ingredients do you need?”

“Oh, just simple stuff. A bit of Venus fly trap here...” Leona retrieved a small vial, full of ground-up stems of the titular plant. She shook some into the mortar before sprinkling in some lemongrass. “It sounds disgusting, but once I enchant it, it’ll be edible in no time flat. I wouldn’t give you something that would make you gag on purpose, right?” Leona spoke coyly, almost in a teasing manner. After adding some mint leaves, she laughed some more. “Oh, I’m teasing, of course I wouldn’t.”

She read through the directions some more, giving and taking ingredients with each line. The amount of detail was admittedly a bit overwhelming, but she had to keep at it. She was doing this for Samantha, not for herself.

“Say, Sam,” Leona asked, holding a cantaloupe in one hand and starting up a juicer with the other. “What size breasts do you want?”

“...I-I beg your pardon?”

“Your tits, Sam. There’s a variable for tit size.” Leona poked at Samantha’s chest, which was padded to provide the illusion of breasts where there weren’t any. “Sure, I got some decent knockers myself, C-cups easy, and that’s... *this* much juice.” She placed a finger below the line for C-cups, drawing Samantha’s attention to the wording. “If you want bigger, that’ll be more juice.”

“...hmm, that’s... a tricky question. I... I think I like the slim, petite look, but... well...” Samantha held a hand to her chest, sighing. “I don’t want to be flat, then I’d look young... too young...” She ran her fingers through the hair on top of her head, taking a moment to think. She glanced at Leona’s chest, then at her own, then back at Leona’s. “...I’ll go average... B-cup should work.”

Leona nodded, squeezing out a bit of the melon’s juices into a cup. She was extremely careful with her measurements, like a machine in a factory going about its daily processes. When she

was done, she poured the rest of the juice into a separate, taller glass for later. Leona checked the cabinets for some heavy cream. She shook her head and sighed; even to her, this combination sounded rancid.

“And... hips, thighs, ass? Gotta love a good ass, you know?”

“Y-you know how I like them,” Samantha chuckled, “round and curvy but not too fat... I think that’s how I’d like it.”

Samantha absent-mindedly twitched her nose as she watched Leona proceed with her work, occasionally looking down at herself. She certainly looked like a girl, she was dressed in a skirt and such, and her voice was unmistakably feminine after years of practice, but she didn’t quite... feel right. It was those last few bits really, that junk dangling between her legs. She didn’t feel comfortable with it hanging around, it just felt like it didn’t belong to her. Samantha could only hope that this recipe Leona was trying would be as successful as she suggested.

“Aight, Sam. I think that oughtta be it.” Leona grabbed the last of the items on her ingredient list. “So, honey bun. I got an idea for us in case this works...” She wrapped an arm around Samantha, her tail wrapping around the rabbit’s leg. “Why don’t you go ahead and get back to the bedroom, maybe... get undressed, see if it works or not? I shouldn’t be too long...~” Leona purred seductively, landing a kiss perfectly on the incredibly blushy rabbit’s lips.

“Y-yes, of course... t-thank you again...”

Samantha walked over to their bedroom, giving Leona plenty of time to finish her work. She measured out the last of her supplies, before beginning to work the mortar and pestle. The solid components needed to be ground into a fine dust so they could easily dissolve in the liquid half. Once that was done, she poured it into the cup, before mixing that with a spoon and then finally pouring it into a slightly larger cooking pot, putting it on top of the stove and turning the heat on. This was where the physical work ended, and the sorcery began.

Leona put on some gloves she found in her drawer before reaching into a pocket on her robe, pulling out a small stick made of birch wood. This was a wand, a tool for centralizing magic power into one concentrated area. Unlike most stories of wizards and magicians, this wand was less waved around like crazy and more held down onto one spot while an enchantment was

made. Leona held the tip of the wand in the gross mixture and hummed softly, using her other hand to grab the book and find the necessary enchantment. It could be a chant, or it could very well be something else.

“Okay, let me see... ah, there we go.”

All she would have to do for this one was to concentrate on the mixture, potentially pray to the stars above for a greater success rate. That was simple enough, she figured, and so she began. Leona stood at the pot, and she stared, and she breathed. She held the wand still, helping the magic to concentrate inside. Then, she began her prayer.

“O, stars above, I wish for your aid. Grant me the favor of my ancestors to lead me on the path to victory, lest I be smited by my own hubris...”

As she said this, she noticed the mixture begin to cloud and turn a faint blue. Relieved that what she was doing appeared to be working, she kept at it. Leona continued to stand still, and she continued to concentrate. The brewing of potions was a tedious process, not to mention risky without gloves, yet there was nothing more satisfying than seeing one’s work come to fruition after several minutes of staring at a pot. The liquid came to a simmering boil above the fire, and a cloud of steam began to form above. This steam was initially blue as well, but things changed quickly.

As time passed, the cloud became more and more red in tint, starting at purple before becoming a full crimson. This carried over to the liquid below, bubbles growing bigger and the heat growing higher. This was why the gloves were necessary, tales of amateur witches burning themselves trying to boil potions were incredibly common when Leona was a kitten. Indeed, the bubbles grew so high that they managed to touch the fingertips of the glove at one point, yet she persevered. A crackling sound emerged from the cloud of steam, which was more of a miniature cloud at this point than anything. The cloud emitted small sparks, like lightning striking the shimmering sea of red. As they hit the liquid, the color began to change again, growing lighter, more... pink. This, the book said, was the climax.

The pink spread throughout the pot, lightening the red mixture. The solid materials were no longer visible beneath the bubbling and the clouding, making the whole mixture seem all the more edible. Leona could taste a bit of the mintiness in the air, which reassured her about all this

would taste. She hummed, and with a deep breath, she stared intensely at the pot, her eyes glowing and the wand shooting out a bolt. There was a puff of smoke, and then, black.

Once Leona was back to consciousness, she found herself standing where she was, in a daze. Looking at the pot, the cloud was gone, leaving nothing but that pink liquid. Leona was relieved, to say the least, that her efforts bore fruit. She drank some of that cantaloupe juice from earlier, hoping to gauge Samantha's reaction to the taste. It was about what Leona expected, thankfully, and so she turned off the heat and allowed the liquid in the pot to cool.

"It's gonna be a few more minutes, Sam," Leona shouted, "just gotta wait for it to cool!"

"Okay, sweetie!"

Leona waited for the mixture to stop bubbling, which it did after, again, a few more minutes. She poured stuff into an ornate cup, the liquid thick enough to take its sweet time running down and into it. When it was out, the vessel was filled almost to the brim, meaning Leona would have to be extremely careful moving it. She casted a quick cooling spell, and she was done. The book suggested adding cinnamon for an added aphrodisiac quality, but she couldn't bring herself to add any. If there was any sex, it was going to come without any coercion.

Leona took off her gloves and carefully held the cup with both hands, walking at a snail's pace to the bedroom and praying not to spill it. There, she saw Samantha, finally getting to undressing herself. She seemed almost reluctant with how slowly she went about it, but she went about it nevertheless. The shirt came first, followed by the padded bra underneath it. Samantha held one hand to her chest while the other undid her skirt, leaving her in nothing but her undergarments. Soon, those came off too, leaving her with nothing but her soft, white fur to cover herself. She noticed Leona soon after, smiling faintly.

"It must be ready, then... would you mind setting that down for a minute? I'd like to just... prepare myself."

Nodding, Leona set the cup on the nightstand. She took her hat off, and then considered removing the robes as well. If Sam was nude, why couldn't she be? Leona turned around and gestured for her girlfriend to walk over to her, which she did. The pair worked together to undo the robe, unfastening a few knots and buttons until the cumbersome thing could finally come

loose. With one single movement, Samantha pulled the black robe right off of her girlfriend to reveal a curvy, yet undeniably cute figure underneath. Samantha stood behind Leona, wrapping her slender arms around her waist.

“...if I decide I don’t like this, I can change back, right?”

“Yeah, I think so,” Leona said. “And if you want, you can get your junk changed temporarily. Like... I could give you a magic dick that only lasts a few hours but still cums like crazy. That could be wild; hell, I could do that to myself and use it on you- “

“I-I get the idea, Leo, thank you...”

“Whoops, sorry... got excited again.”

The pair laughed it off, before Samantha let go of the hug and walked over to the nightstand to grab the cup with the potion. She gave it a sniff, her tail twitching behind her. She sat down on the bed and took a deep sigh, patting next to her for Leona to sit down. The witch obliged, plopping her ass down and stretching herself out. She wrapped an arm around her girlfriend and watched as she swirled the cup in her hand.

“...alright.” Samantha sighed. “Here we go.”

Samantha tilted her head back and chugged the potion like a beer. She placed the cup back down on the nightstand once every last drop was in her system. She instantly felt a low, painful grumble and gripped her stomach. Samantha breathed in through her nose, out through her mouth, and leaned against Leona for support. Leona, in turn, rested her head on Samantha’s shoulder, doing her best to comfort the bunny.

As Samantha spread her legs open, she looked at that cock of hers, waiting for something to change. It was faint, but she definitely noticed something happening; shrinkage, it looked like. She held her flaccid member in her hand for scale, as it slowly but surely disappeared into her. The testicles beneath them joined in, quietly retreating into her body.

“O-oh... is that...”

Samantha released her hand and instead placed it upon her chest, where she could feel something growing. Small mounds began to grow out from her chest, expanding in size for each second that passed. This was already in conjunction with her continuously shrinking cock and hiding nuts, so all of this at once was a bit overwhelming for the bun. Along with all that, she noticed that her thighs seemed a bit... rounder? Not by much, but just a little bit around made a whole lot of difference.

“It’s working... oh Lord, it’s working...”

Samantha’s face grew as red as a cherry, she felt her growing breasts in her hands and gave them a gentle squeeze, lightly moaning as her fingers ran along her perked-up nipples. Her arousal was clear to see, and even as her cock disappeared into her, leaving nothing but the tip visible, it was clearly erect for those last few seconds. The balls seemed to stop at one point, leaving a crease in the middle of her crotch. This crease opened up, and the lips of a plump, virgin pussy developed from the surrounding area. What remained of her penis was now the clitoris for a new vagina, which continued to develop. The pain in her stomach began to fade, suggesting that whatever was going on inside there was almost done. Samantha figured that it was the formation of a new uterus, along with all of the other organs which made up the female reproductive system.

There was just a little bit more left. Samantha’s breasts slowed their growth just short of Leona’s size, making for an easy comparison. She was unable to see her eyelashes growing in and her features softening, giving her face an unmistakable femininity. On the plus side, Sam could reach down and give her cute rump a gentle squeeze, allowing her to confirm that it also got a bit bigger. Her other hand fingered her newly-developed pussy, gently stimulating her clit as she did so. To say Samantha was excited to try this new configuration was an understatement, and Leona could tell. She whispered into Samantha’s ear, speaking to her in a reassuring, yet unmistakably flirtatious tone of voice.

“It’s okay, I get it. Don’t blow it just yet, Sam, I want in on that action too.”

Sam let out a sigh, removed her hand and sat still for a second. She took a minute to think about what she wanted to do, something that could involve the both of them. Before she could, Leona pulled her into a hug and kissed her on the lips. Though caught off guard, Samantha happily reciprocated. The pair continued to hold each other in their arms, their kissing transitioning into

full-blown making out. Their tongues pressed against each other, lips locked firmly as they tilted and turned themselves for that perfect angle.

Leona eventually leaned back and adjusted herself, causing Samantha to do the same. The pair were now fully on the bed, facing each other. They broke the kiss for just a moment, hearts and eyes full of desire. The cat placed a hand on the rabbit's thigh, her voice coming out in a bit of a coo.

"So many options... hmmm, Sam. I think I got an idea for how you can get a hang of that new pussy of yours. Want me to show you?"

"..." Samantha blushed vividly. "P-please... if you would..."

Leona moved her hands up toward Samantha's breasts, giving them a small grope. This was enough to make the horny bunny moan, a fact which made her girlfriend giggle slightly. She continued to play with her breasts for a few minutes, fingers running around and across Sam's erect nipples and continuing to tease her. Leona, however, soon began moving her hands down her belly, down to her thighs and meeting her brand-new pussy. She bent herself down, meeting Sam's bunny cunny at face level.

"I'll show you how it's done first, aight?"

"O-oh... okay."

Leona stuck the tip of her tongue out in a cutesy manner, making Samantha chuckle. It wasn't long before she stuck more of it out and forced Sam to spread her legs further apart for a clearer target. Pushing her head forward, she began to lap at the folds of her girlfriend's pussy. Her tongue ran along the clit, then buried itself as deep as it could go as Leona continued to go at it. Sam's breathing was heavy, her mouth letting out numerous light noises indicating arousal. Before Samantha could so much as anticipate an orgasm, however, Leona stopped. She picked her head up and gave Samantha a toothy grin.

"See, you got that?"

“I-I-I...” Leona could hardly get her words out with how aroused she was. “Y-yes...”

“Alright, now scoot yerself up a bit so your head is on those pillows there. I’ll turn myself around, then once you get started I’ll pick up where I left off.”

Wordlessly, Samantha shifted herself back, her head elevated by a pillow. This put her at a bit of an angle, meaning she did not have to pick her head up in the slightest. With this, Leona turned herself around, leaving her ass-to-face with the rabbit. While she let herself get comfy, tail and ass raised up to give Sam a better angle, said rabbit stared at Leona’s pussy like it was the pearly gates into Heaven. She ached with need, and she could tell her girlfriend did to. And so, Samantha made her move.

Sam’s hands made their way to Leona’s plump ass and spread them ever-so-slightly, giving her more room for her tongue to meet the kitty’s snatch. She buried her tongue deep, her thoughts clouded with sheer lust and passion, as she continued to lick at her folds. Leona, both surprised and amazed by how quickly Samantha caught on, returned to eating her girlfriend out as well. Their tongues explored the cavernous depths happily and continued to do so for some time to come.

“O-oooh...” Leona moaned out. “G-god, you... you know your stuff...”

“T-thanks, you too...”

Both of their faces were effectively buried in each other’s pussies as they drove nearer and nearer to orgasm. Their pace accelerated, both ready to finish this round and move on to the second. Their moans grew louder, their pussies grew wetter, and they only continued to get hornier and hornier. The pair could only last so long however, and after a loud sigh, Samantha was the first to come to orgasm, Leona taking on the brunt of her orgasm. Though she wanted to lie back and relish in her orgasm, Samantha pressed on and continued to lick and let her tongue wander. With no words, Leona joined her, pulling out her tongue to let out more excited noises. Their faces were both stained with the other’s pussy juices and showed hints of exhaustion.

“...good shit, Sam... good shit...”

Leona turned herself around again and collapsed on the bed next to Samantha. She looked her in the eyes, her mind racing with romantic thoughts, and hugged her girlfriend tight, their breasts pressed together. They shared a deep, passionate kiss of both lips and tongues, simply enjoying each other's company. How long they hugged and kissed each other, not even they knew, but they didn't care how long it took. Sam was happy to have her proper sex, Leona was happy to have made Sam happy, and both were simply ecstatic that they had each other.

"T-thank you... thank you, for everything, Leo... this means so much to me... words cannot express..."

"...and thank you, too." Leona nuzzled Sam's neck and purred. "For everything."

The pair spent the rest of the night clothes-less, both comfortable enough in their own skin and fur to be so around each other now. They would sit in bed and watch the television, cuddling each other as they did so, occasionally getting up to get food or drinks. They didn't need to do anything else, as long as they had each other. Sam had Leo, and Leo had Sam, and that was how it was meant to be. So they say, that was how it would remain for the rest of their lives.