

The elf held the dun-colored robe forward. The nude female humanoid lizard crouching across from him gazed at it curiously.

“Put this on,” the elf said.

He threw the robe. It landed at the lizard’s taloned feet. She poked it. When nothing happened she looked up in confusion at the elf.

“Wear it,” the elf said. “Cover your body. Get dressed! Garb yourself Sun and moon, put it on, Evers!”

But the lizard was no longer interested at the garment at her feet. She focused now on the elf instead and his feverishly handsome face. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth and she began to drool as her gaze lowered until it rested on his crotch. Noticing this, the elf moved behind his desk, breaking the lizard’s line of sight. She winded and crawled towards him, tail raised high.

“Evers,” the elf said. “Concentrate on my voice, not my body. Listen. I know you’re in there. You have to—”

The elf took a step back once the lizard round the desk’s corner. She propped her clawed hands on the desk and pulled herself up so that she stood. Her hips swayed and her naked breasts bounced as she sauntered towards the elf.

“Evers—” the elf began. “Evers, don’t take one more step. I am not interested in your advances. You are my employee and—”

The lizard ignored his words. Just before she could touch him, he disdainfully shook his head and waved his hand. An invisible force lifted the female and sent her careening over the desk. She landed on all fours, shot the elf a hurt glance, and retreated to the left corner of the office.

The elf sighed and fell into his seat. He scooted the chair forward and leaned his across the desk, before looking across the room to the lustful lizard. For the moment she had forgotten him and turned to herself to satisfy her carnal cravings. When she began to fondle her breasts, the elf looked away. Even though he could no longer see her, he could hear her sibilant gasps of pleasure.

He rubbed his eyes. He couldn't believe that the creature masturbating in the corner was his employee, Evers. The young male human had been as arrogant as he had been brilliant, so of course the elf had thought he could handle the decursing room. Given what Evers had become, apparently not. Still, something was different about the curse inflicted on Evers. The elf had seen many of his employees afflicted by the objects of the decursing room, but never anything like this. The average curse did petty things: grew warts, discolored the skin, or gave the affected a week of bad luck. Stronger ones had stricken employees blind, blighted them with boggarts, or turned them into something else, small animals being the most common. Certainly nothing the elf had ever seen had transformed an employee from a male human to a lust-stricken lizard lady, take their dignity and their mind as well. That was the thing that bothered the elf the most. A quick mental foray into the lizard's mind only revealed thoughts of sex and breeding and none of the previous intelligence as before. And all of this had been done by a mere mirror!

The elf got to his feet and glanced to the lizard in the corner. She lay on the floor, eyes glazed over after a recent bout of self-pleasuring. She didn't even notice as he stepped past her, opening the door, and quietly closing it behind him. After exiting he glanced down the hall and listened. The place was silent, for everyone else was gone. He tended to stay late due to the nature of his role in his business and that he didn't need to

sleep nearly as often or as much as humans. He had actually been surprised to feel a discharge of magical energy when Evers had been cursed at a time when he had thought all others had departed.

Now the elf took the same path through the corridor he had not traversed too long ago: down the hall, to the left, and stopping at the second door to the right, the entrance to the decursing room. He took a step towards the door and then hesitated. Why was he here? It had not been mere impulse because long-lived elves weren't privy to those sorts of whims. No, it was fear that brought him here. Whatever had cursed Evers had been powerful indeed. Something ancient, something imbued with old magic that was not quite understood. Something from another age, maybe even another world. Though he had seen the shattered mirror, the elf was not certain its power had been completely broken. He feared it still had the means to afflict others and he had to make sure that was not the case.

He opened the door and entered. The decursing room was nearly empty, bare of all the objects Evers had managed to disenchant. All that remained was a desk, a portable hole under the desk, and a mirror covered by a cloth in the corner. The elf focused on the mirror. From here he could detect nothing malign about it. Had the mirror truly been the source of the curse? Or was it a diversion, a ploy? Was there something he was missing here? He couldn't truly know the cause. He had just assumed it had been the mere because that's where he had found Evers. But then why was the mirror the only object present still? And why was it repaired?

The elf stepped forward and could still trace no hint of magic within the mirror. He reached a hand and pulled at the cloth. It fell away to the floor, revealing the

reflective surface beneath. The elf glanced at the glass and then took a step back. Staring back at him was not his own reflection, but Evers! Evers, not as she was now, but Evers as he had been before.

“Evers?” the elf whispered.

Evers pressed his against the surface of the mirror on the other side of the reflection. He opened his mouth to speak but a single word in a distant, distorted voice:

“Help.”

The elf furrowed his brow. Even now he could not detect any eldritch energy. Though it was true magic could be made subtle and untraceable, magic that could transplant a man’s soul and transform his body was something powerful indeed and not easily masked. Why then could he not detect anything? The only answer was that the mirror’s magic was something unknown to him or worse above his capabilities.

“I’m sorry,” the elf said. “But I don’t think there’s anything I can do for you now.”

The elf loathed admitting that. He hated even more the thought of having to go to a rival or competitor for aid, but he would do so if it would help Evers.

“I will get you help soon enough,” the elf promised. “But—”

“Soon!” Evers cried in panic. “I need help now!”

The elf took a step back. “I’m sorry.”

“No, wait! Don’t leave!”

Evers reached an arm out. To the elf’s surprise the hand went through the mirror and into *his* side.

“Yes!” Evers crowed. “Finally! Pull me through! Hurry!”

The elf eyed the hand. It wriggled and reached out to him. It was most certainly real as far as she could tell. Perhaps he could help Evers after all. He stepped forward, grasped Evers' hand and began to pull.

“Yessss,” a voice hissed that was not Evers'. “That's it.”

The elf shifted his gaze from the hoard and towards the mirror. Evers was gone, replaced by a female lizard humanoid. She looked similar to the one in the elf's office, but there were definite differences. She was taller, bustier, and had blue sigils inscribed across her red-scaled body along her stomach, shoulders, and snout. The elf let go of the hand and watched as the now taloned extremity returned inside the other side to where it belonged.

“You—“ the elf stared before realizing he had no idea who or what he was really talking to. She brought a hand to one of her breasts and squeezed it teasingly as he thought of an appropriate response to her presence.

He reacted a moment later in the same manner to her as he had with the other lizard by unleashing a wave of force towards the mirror. The mirror merely cracked despite the tremendous pressure applied against it. The cracks immediately began to repair before the elf's very eyes. It was then that he truly knew he was unprepared and out of place.

The lizardwoman laughed as he bolted towards the closed door. He forced it ajar and entered the hallway—or he would have if it were still there. Instead there were rows upon rows of mirrors, a mirror maze compromised of hundreds of reflective surfaces of all shapes and sizes. He could see the female in every mirror staring at him. Despite what

lay before him, the elf felt hope amongst the fear for he could see an exit amongst the mirror. Far, but still reachable. A simple flight spell would suffice.

He muttered said spell only to have it fizzle before the final words even left his lips. He grimaced and tried a simple cantrip, but even this did not function. Bereft of magic, he did what came as second nature to a mage: he ran.

As he hastily sprinted between two rows of mirrors, the lizard imitated him and his stride, keeping up with him with ease. When he reached the end of the row he stared at her, his incorrect reflection. She stared back at him with black, pupiless eyes that filled his heart with fear. He turned away and so did she. He wondered if this is how it had been for Evers. This thought precipitated another one: was Evers ever in the mirror or had he truly lost his mind? Was the lizard lady in the mirror his final fate?

The elf shook his head and headed right. Here the mirrors were small and they hung at various heights, some low, some high, and some inbetween. He nearly stumbled about halfway through. He looked down at his red-scaled taloned feet in annoyance. Why, they had torn his sandals apart! He kicked them off and continued his run, taking a left this time when he reached the end.

He felt a little off-balance as he ran through this portion of the maze, which consisted of two long mirrors that stretched to the end of their path. The issue of equilibrium was rectified thanks to the growth of a long tail beneath his robe that curled out so only a quarter of its length was visible.

When he was past the long mirrors, his path continued forward but not in the same manner. The mirrors no longer hung on two sides; rather, they were placed high in front of him so that he would have to crawl to get through them. This was easier said than

done, for his robes weren't the best garb for such an activity and also the fact that his lanky arms were out of proportion compared to his muscular, yet slender legs. While he crawled, his fingers lengthened into sharp claws and red scales overtook his pale skin. His arms also lost some of their fey grace in exchange for a leaner, more feminine build. After he completed his crawl, he got to his feet. Now standing on his digits, he noticed that his robe no longer fell nearly to his ankles as before, but slightly higher up. Had he grown taller? He shook his head. After he got through this portion of the maze, a trip to the seamstress would not be out of order.

The next part of the maze was also different. Though mirrors lined the sides like the ones before, many also littered the ground. He was forced to look to the ground to tread carefully, and thus it was nearly impossible to not look into the mirrors. This gave him ample view of the following lizardwoman from the ground up. The sight of her pussy and perky breasts from that vantage was arousing but he had to keep his concentration. He shook his head and growled whenever he was subjected to the sight. Every time he did so his cranium changed. At first his elegant elven ears retreated into his skull, then his long blonde hair dissolved into dust. Finally his cranium pushed forward into a reptilian snout, red scales covering his skin as sharp teeth grew within his muzzle. When he stepped over the last lying mirror, a long forked tongue lolled out of his mouth.

At the end was a single mirror that stood parallel with a fork in the path. He glanced both left and right, quickly determining that the left was the obvious path to the escape. He looked into the mirror and snarled at his reflection, which was no longer as false as before. She responded with a sly smile. Something about the expression aroused him even more than before. He turned away from her and ran left. His erect member

made it difficult to run properly and comfortably. Thankfully, this problem solved itself when his cock grew soft. He thought nothing of it when his penis went on to shrivel and wilt from there. His deflated testicles withdrew into a freshly formed slit first, followed closely behind by his miniscule manhood. He didn't notice when he became a *she* as her feminine lips puffed outward so that she now possessed puffy pussy between her legs. By this time she was nearing the end—she only had to crawl low as before to reach the exit. She shrugged narrowing shoulders when she saw that this crawling distance was longer than before. As she fell to her knees, her thighs thickened and her hips widened. Once she put her clawed hands forward, her slightly lifted rear swelled into a soft, supple shape. Soon afterwards she started her crawl. As she did so a portion of her upper chest pushed forward as well. They started as small mounds that were hardly noticeable. They continued to grow into full breasts as she inched her way forward. When she had to crawl very low to get past a set of very low hanging mirrors, they pressed into the floor. She hissed in a mixture of pleasure and pain, but that portion was short. Thankfully, they didn't get in the way for the rest of the way.

Finally she had reached the end. She got to her feet and approached the door on which a mirror hung, of course. She looked into it and wondered why her mirror peer was unclothed. It was not a huge concern. She threw open the door and stepped out to her escape.

Or so she thought. Just before she closed the door behind her, she looked back. She had just exited the decursing room. The mirror still leaned against the wall and it was covered. She blinked her black, pupiless eyes. Then she shifted her gaze to her body. She



could barely see past the tent in the top of her robe—courtesy of her large breasts—to the clawed below. Then it all came crashing down upon her.

She fell against the wall. It seemed the mirror maze had just been an illusion, just like Evers in the room. Still, the changes were all too real. She could feel the weight of her breasts on her chest and her crotch throbbed with a dull need. She had to...she had to return to her office, get away from the mirror. It would be safer there. She could concentrate in that refuge and figure out how to reverse this.

The former elf struggled to get to her feet. Now that she out of the maze and her mind focused, her body felt unfamiliar and alien. This was not her...this was not him...or was it?

She came to a halt and steadied herself against the wall. Something felt wrong. When she tried to press forward she immediately realized what it was. Her robes rubbed painfully against her stiff nipples. She had to take it off. She couldn't comfortably walk to her office to—

To do what again?

She removed her silken robes from her frame and threw them to the floor. She sighed in relief. Not only had her raiment been chafing her body, but it had also made her uncomfortably hot as well. She should have taken them off earlier. Why had she even been wearing it anyway? She looked down at the garment in confusion. What was it for anyways? What was the reason behind covering herself?

She looked down at her body, noticing for the first time the softly glowing blue sigils that adorned her scaled torso. Her gaze moved farther down until her eyes fell on her moist pussy. She pressed a claw into her sex and shivered in pleasure. As much as she

wanted to stop right then and there to pleasure herself, the question of why she was heading to the office in the first place flitted through her muddled mind. Perhaps it had something to do with her ever-increasing arousal? That had to be the answer. Someone at the office would help relieve some of sexual strain. Her sex began to drool at this thought.

It was not long before she reached the entrance to her office. She still recognized the door if nothing else about her surroundings. She whined in anticipation of what was beyond as she struggled to open the door. Her claws, slick with the juices of her pussy, certainly didn't make the task easier.

At last she forced the door opened and stumbled inside. She glanced about the room, still unsure what exactly she was looking for. She found her answer when she caught sight of another like herself crouched in the left corner of the office. It was her mirror peer! Not as tall as she nor were her breasts as large or her scales the same coloration, but they were similar enough.

The green-scaled lizardwoman had caught sight of her as well. She slowly got to her feet and examined the newcomer. The blue sigils seemed to frighten her. The red-scaled lizard stepped forward, causing Green to cringe as she drew close. Red smiled and put her slender arms on Green's shoulder. Slowly she pushed the still unsure Green down until Green was nearly lying on her back with Red straddling the sides of her hips while staying on top. Red wrapped her arms around Green's waist and drew her into a warm embrace. Green hesitantly returned the hug and murmured when their scales brushed together. Red lowered her head down and gently licked one of her peer's breasts before wrapping the flexible tongue around an erect nipple. Green hissed in pleasure and then

hesitantly reached a clawed hand towards one of Red's larger breasts. The other lizard nodded her head in approval. Green squeezed the breast then squealed in pleasure as Red unexpectedly penetrated her exposed sex with her tail. As much as Green wanted to return the favor, she just wasn't in the position too. Her tail thrashed against the floor as she shuddered from the bliss. She fought through the sexual excitement to dig her claws into her partner's pussy, causing Red to shiver.

They continued pleasuring each other in this position for a few moments longer. Afterwards, Red removed her tail and lowered herself until she was pressing into her lover's body. She pushed Green's claw away and moved lower still until their crotches were nearly touching. Then she spread her legs a little wider and angled herself so that when she moved into her final position they were grinding their clits together. The two lizards wrapped their tale around the other, bringing each other only closer. Green squeezed Red's supple ass while Red fondled Green's breasts. Their lovemaking only got the more complicated when they pushed their muzzles together and pushed their tongues into the other's mouth. They intertwined their tongues and matched gazes. Soon enough they were at the height of their pleasure and on the verge of an orgasm. With one final grind Red brought them both to sexual release.

The lizards moaned sibilantly and then Red rolled off of Green. The two lovers lay side by side, tails entwined as they basked in the afterglow. It was over...

Or was it? Red sat up and looked to Green with lust in her black eyes. Green glanced back with the same intentions. Before long, they were at it again and again and again and again.

Later they crawled behind the desk, moving the chair before curling up together. Exhausted from their lovemaking, they fell asleep in an affectionate embrace. When they would awake later that morning to the sound of the former elf's employees walking to their workrooms all would be the same within the room save for one new addition: a covered mirror leaning against the right wall.