

## Switch

The morning cycle started on Ol'val, light shifting and filtering through the blinds, artificial or not it was still enough to wake the Ryn from his slumber. Six months ago he dreaded the sight of the day, knowing that it was just another series of pain and misery. He yawned, feeling the warmth beside him and smiled, happy to have woken to yet another morning next to his fiancée. His reassignment to Selen was taking a toll on him, but these brief forays back to the shadowport brought his spirits back up everytime.

With a sigh, he rolled over and found her still sleeping, white hair spilling off her like waves. Gently he worked an arm under her head and cradled her to his chest, resting his chin on the top of her head and breathing in the scent. They had no set plans for the day, and if he could convince her that leaving bed was a bad idea, well, all the better. He felt her shift, making a humming sound as she nestled her tanned face into his...wait, what?

He glanced at his hands in the light, noting the coat of hair seemed just a touch finer, his fingers a little slimmer than they should. A look down to where Zujenia was peacefully sleeping, a smile on her lovely lips, showed that he'd, in fact, pillowed her in a beautiful set of what were at the very least upper B cups.

"Wha--" he started, his voice sounding odd. Too high pitched. Zuj shifted against him, her face nuzzling against his bare chest, fingers working their way around to his back, one hand closing on the base of his tail while the other reached up for his neck. He saw her brow furrow, face scrunching cutely as she noted something was wrong. The neck too slender, the tail as well. Amber eyes fluttered awake.

"...okay, unless Diy grew a tail, something is wrong."

"You're tellin' me, luv," he squeaked out. She looked up at him, the panic evident on his whiskerless face.

"Your beard is gone," she stated, as if unsure where to start.

Kord shifted his legs, thighs rubbing against her own and nearly had a panic. "That ain't all, oh kark me. What tha hells, Zuj?"

She made a shushing noise, the hand at his tail stroking just above the base at his lower back, the one on his neck squeezing him reassuringly. "It's okay. We'll...see Doc later, or something. How do you feel?"

"A wee bit confused! Pretty sure I had all me bits when I fell asleep!"

"Yeah ya did," she murmured, just loud enough for him to hear as he saw the tiny smile on her lips. Even the momentary pride he felt at this reaction did little to belay his concerns.

"Zuj, luv, I gots no idea how this happened. I've never even bleedin' heard of this happnin'. I'd say call Atty, but I'd never hear tha end of it!"

"Shh, shh, it's okay, Bleu." She rubbed his back again, working herself up till she could press her forehead against his own. Doing so rubbed her chest against his new found one, causing the halfbreed to bite her lip, a playful look in her eye. For Kord, it simply created feelings of confusion, though it wasn't unpleasant. "I'm sure there is an explanation, but if you don't feel sick or anything, let's not panic, okay?"

"Right. Not panicking. I'm not. Uh, Zuj, hon, what are ya doin' down there?"

"Well," she began, chewing on her lip as she debated her words, amber eyes growing hooded. "Who knows how long this is going to last, right?"

"Right..."

"Be a waste if I didn't teach you a few things while you've got a better frame of reference, right?"

He considered her meaning, gray eyes going wide as he felt her hand stroke along his thigh. "I, uh, I suppose yer right? Thought I knew what I was doin' in that department already, though."

"Always room to learn more," she whispered into his ear, nipping at it before her hands became more aggressive.

He had to admit, she was right.