

A Transformative Ending

For Waarghan

By TheSpiralledEye

Penelope learns the truth about Audrey and who she and her friends used to be and wonders if perhaps the same kind of magic can help her and Rose be together.

~

Morgan leaned against the balcony, looking down over her kingdom with a soft smile. Under her reign, Alador had been experiencing a golden age; living standards were up, magic was flourishing and their relations with neighbouring kingdoms had never been better. The land was experiencing an unheard of level of peace and prosperity, all thanks to her guiding hand. She had been working tirelessly these last few years, decades now, to make sure everything went smoothly. She introduced new laws and reforms slowly, as to not ruffle too many feathers and as things improved thanks to her choices, the time she had to take between major changes got shorter and shorter; her people trusted their magical queen now. While that didn't mean everything always went smoothly, it did mean less friction.

At least for some. Allowing people of the same gender to marry had been met with enthusiasm from the common people, but not the nobility. There had been outcry when Audrey and Briar finally married; how could two women or two men produce an heir? Noble lines would die out! There had even been whispers of assassination plots because of the choice, though Audrey and Briar soon put a stop to such ideas.

Morgan had hated to admit it; but they had a point. For the common people, there was no issue but nobility was built on bloodlines. She was yet to take a partner and honestly had no real inclination to do so. She was far too busy for all that. But with both Audrey and Rose in love with women...what was she to do? Who would take the throne when she was gone?

As an elf, she knew she had time of course. She had almost a hundred years left in her lifespan but to not have an heir at this stage was risky. A war of succession could unbalance everything she'd built. So she had worked tirelessly to fix the issue. It had taken almost two full years of experimenting with Stella but finally they managed it, a potion which allowed women to conceive a child with another of their gender. They were still working on

the same option for men, but without the underlying anatomy that was proving more complicated to say the least.

But at least the problem of an heir was solved.

“Morgan!” Audrey groaned, “You can twist realities and make it possible for me to get pregnant but you seriously can’t do anything for morning sickness except mint herb tea?”

The woman flopped down onto the couch, having let herself into Morgan’s room without knocking; a common occurrence. She was six months along, her belly round and impossible to hide even in the longer dresses made of loose fabric she had been forced to wear.

“I have more important things to worry about than your morning sickness, Audrey.” Morgan sighed with a soft smile.

“Well it wouldn’t be so bad if you weren’t working Briar to the bone.” Audrey pouted, “I miss my wife.”

“She’s only been gone three days.” Morgan laughed, ringing the bell to have a servant bring them some tea. “It’s just a simple drake, Briar could defeat it with her eyes closed and with Penelope helping her it will be a cake walk. I am sure they’ll both be back soon as your demoness can rub your feet.”

“Rubbing my feet won’t stop my stomach doing somersaults.”

“But it will stop you from contorting yourself trying to do it alone.” Morgan raised an eyebrow as Audrey tried in vain to reach her ankles.

She poked her tongue out at the queen and she returned the gesture, giggling. It was nice to be able to just be sisters when they were alone, not needing to worry about putting on airs for other nobles.

“Well, I didn’t come here just to complain.” Audrey sighed, “I came to warn you.”

“About what.”

“Penelope’s father has been in talks with Lord Bolten, about marrying Penelope to their son.”

“Oh dear.”

“Yeah, Rose overheard.’

“*Oh dear...*”

“Yeah.” Audrey pressed her lips into a thin smile. “Considering how long she normally spends crying I’d say we have about two minutes before-”

“*Morgaaaaaaaaaaaaan!*”

The two sisters shared looks.

“She’s early.” Morgan remarked dryly as the doors flew open and her youngest sister came storming in, face still red from tears.

“It’s not fair! Briar’s family got over it, why can’t Penelope’s? I’m a damn princess for God’s sake! You literally can’t marry further up!”

“Some people and taboos are just hard to crack.” Audrey smiled sympathetically, “Briar would have loved to be a mother but nobody was going to accept a demoness on the throne, not even now.”

A scuffle outside the doors made them all pause and in stumbled Briar, Penelope and Gretta, the latter of which was holding a silver tray of tea and looking mightily annoyed. Briar and Penelope were filthy with mud and Penelope’s face was pinched in irritation.

“Apologies for the lateness with the tea.,” Scowled Gretta, not sounding sorry at all, “But *somebody* ran into me at full pelt and I had to go and make a fresh pot when it spilt everywhere.”

She gave Rose a pointed look.

“Oopsie.” She cringed, “I just didn’t see you.”

"You never see anything." Gretta muttered, "Damn bimbo magic..."

"Don't complain to me about bimbos." Penelope said as she rolled her eyes and pointed to Briar. "Three times this one tripped over while fighting that damn drake! Three! I swear she was more in danger of injuring herself than being hit by the monster."

"It's not my fault, I was distracted with thoughts of my poor, pregnant wife, home all alone." Briar cooed, hugging Audrey close despite being covered in muck.

"If it were up to me I'd make those traits a little less...strong." Morgan sighed, "But they wont let me."

"I like being this way, yeah okay I am a little airheaded, but this is sooooo much more fun and free." Briar sighed, "Right Rose."

"Yeah...." The Princess agreed, "I just wish Penny and I could get married too."

"Right now I just want to settle down and relax, do you think you could call one of the castle bards up to play? Some music would be fabulous." Penelope asked, always eager for music when she got home after days of hearing nothing but bird song.

The group was all gathered and Gretta sidled up to Morgan, still looking pissed off.

"Can't you do something? Teach them some sort of lesson the way you used to?" She begged, "Rose hasn't even thought to apologise for knocking me over."

"It's not out of malice-"

"I know, it slipped her mind, that's my point. Everything slips her mind unless it's to do with Penelope."

She had a point; her days of randomly transforming people were something Morgan had hoped were over. But this was partly her fault in the first place. Gretta was right and deep down she knew at least part of both Briar and her sister would enjoy themselves if she gave them a little 'punishment'.

“Briar, you got Audrey’s dress all muddy.” Morgan pointed out. “And Rose, your wailing is giving Penelope a headache, I can tell.”

Penelope winced and smiled a little, seemingly embarrassed to admit Morgan was right.

“You both need a timeout and Penelope deserves to slip into something more comfortable. Audrey needs a new dress as well.”

She clicked her fingers, focusing a not insubstantial amount of magic into the air. Neither Rose or Briar had a chance to say anything before they were transforming, unravelling and flattening out into two beautiful noble gowns. Rose a delicate pink one with trim and embodied flowers to match her name; while Briar became a deep, emerald green etched with thorns.

“There.” Morgan smiled, “You two can get dressed and enjoy this tea with Gretta, I have had quite enough of these sorts of talks for one day. I will be in my study.”

~

Penelope took a deep drink from her teacup and sighed as she relaxed back into the plush chair. It felt so good to be back in civilization again. She loved being a paladin and defending the realm, truly, but the mud and muck always got to her a bit. It was nice after three days of hard work to sit back and relax a little. Especially in such a lovely soft dress. She could only imagine what Rose was feeling.

She made sure to grind her butt into the cushions a little harder than normal and play with the fabric of her skirt. She pinched it between her thumb and forefinger, rubbing it back and forth and admiring the soft texture and wondering how it might feel to be in her partner’s place.

“I can’t blame Rose for getting upset really.” Audrey said after a moment, “it was hard when Briar and I had to hide. You two can at least be together but I know it’s not comfortable with your family bearing down on you.”

“I never got on with them, to tell you the truth.” Penelope admitted, “Part of why I joined the order and became a paladin in the first place was to get out of that damn house. My mother and father are as traditional as they come; they love that their daughter has a close connection with royalty of course but marriage to another woman...it’s too much.”

“At least they haven’t tried to forbid you from seeing Rose.” Gretta pointed out.

“Yet, they certainly tried to ban me from dating her but there isn’t much they can do to stop me anyway, I am an adult. Marriage though, that’s something my father needs to officially recognise to be legitimate.”

“Even if Morgan gave you her blessing as queen?” Gretta questioned and Audrey nodded.

“Morgan may be queen but she still has to keep the other nobles happy, if she does something that would greatly upset a family as big and influential as Penelope’s the other houses are sure to get nervous as well. Instability is a real danger when you’re queen, especially a queen without an heir.”

“You’ll sort that last problem soon enough though.” Gretta smiled, giving Audrey’s belly a rub.

“That doesn’t solve our problem though.” Penelope sighed, “I just wish I wasn’t from such a big, important family. Then it wouldn’t matter.”

“You could always look into magic.” Gretta suggested, “I was flat as a board once upon a time until Morgan gave me these.”

She clutched her large breasts in her hands and waggled her eyebrows.

“Best tits in the palace, or so they say.”

Audrey elbowed Gretta harshly and hissed.

“Don’t go putting ideas like that in her head.” She scolded before turning back to Penelope. “Magic like that isn’t always a quick fix. It can cause a lot of heartache if you act rashly.”

“What do you mean?”

Gretta and Audrey shared looks.

“The truth is, we weren't always like this.” Audrey admitted, “When Gretta says she was flat as a board, she meant it, she literally didn't have any breasts because...she was a man.”

Penelope spat out her tea in a most unlady like manner. If her mother had seen she may have actually fainted out of shock and shame.

“Wait, what?”

Audrey took a deep breath and began to explain; how once upon a time she was Morgan's half brother and the heir to the throne, Briar herself had been from a noble elven family before that was ripped away and replaced with a commoner background and a bimbo personality to go with her new demoness body and even Stella, refined, Drow Stella, was once a Dwarf man of all things! Penelope could hardly believe it at all; she knew Audrey was not the type to make such stories up though.

“B-but why don't I remember any of this? I would have been what, ten or eleven when all this was going down over ten years ago but as far as I can tell, you've always been this way.”

“The most powerful spells can warp reality itself.” Gretta mentioned, looking slightly guilty now that she remembered all the trouble they went through back then. “That's why I suggested it, but Audrey's right. That sort of magic is dangerous. Even Morgan feels bad about just how far she went, even if it all worked out in the end.”

Penelope looked down at her tea in thought; reality altering magic. Could that be the solution to their problems? She ran a hand over her skirt, stroking along Rose's form comfortingly. All she wanted was to be with the person she loved most in the world; even if they were both women.

She had begged her family to understand; thanks to Morgan's magic she could even birth an heir in the future if that was what they were worried about. Not that it was necessary; she had several brothers. All of whom her father loved more, she wasn't even sure why they were so against her marrying Rose, other than old fashioned bigotry.

“Are you alright?” Audrey asked.

“Sorry, just spaced out for a minute.” Penelope drank up the rest of her tea, “I think perhaps I should go and find Morgan and get Rose turned back.”

Audrey smirked.

“You’re too kind, Briar is staying this way for a good few hours yet.”

~

The castle halls were silent; everybody had long gone to bed and now only a few lone guards roamed the halls for security. They didn't stand a chance against Penelope's training though she easily snuck past them. It felt odd, being on a mission without her armour. Even if it was just a self inflicted mission. Stella's Tower, ironically, was one of the least guarded areas of the castle. With her magic it seemed pointless to station regular knights.

She made her way up the stairs carefully, checking for magical runes or traps at every turn. If she could just learn a little about this reality bending magic maybe she could finally marry Rose. Yes, it would be hard adjusting to a life without her noble birth but that would be worth it.

Finally she reached the top and pushed open the door, finding the room abandoned. Several desks were coated in books, potions and other strange items she didn't recognise. Where to even start? She rifled through the books, looking for a title that seemed even vaguely in line with what she needed. Half of them were written in runes though, which she had never studied. She was about to start on a new shelf when she froze in place; she could hear footsteps.

Hastily she blew out the candle she was holding, shrouding the room in darkness just as the silhouette of Stella entered from another room.

“I don't know who you are but I am very busy.” She sighed, “I'll deal with you later, for now, go work or something and no spilling the beans.”

“Wha-”

Penelope didn't even get to finish her sentence before she was whipped up into a whirlwind of magic. Her vision blanked out with swirling colours and when they cleared, she found herself standing in a dark corner of the abandoned castle kitchen. Great, now she was going to have to walk all the way back to the other side of the tower and climb all those stairs again!

Oh well, there was no point in trying again tonight, Stella seemed pretty pissed off and something told Penelope she wasn't going to be open to her explanation. She'd go and apologise tomorrow. She made her way up to Rose's rooms; she was far too tired to walk to her family's estate and frankly after her last adventure she was looking forward to the plush blankets of the princess' bed.

She yawned, opening the door and itching at her clothes, eager to be rid of them. The amount of frills was frankly-wait...frills? For the first time she looked down at herself and noticed her clothing had completely changed; now a simple black and white dress and matching apron; the uniform of the castle maids.

It wasn't just her outfit that had changed either it was her body! Her skin was slightly darker, her hair up in a tight bun held in place with wooden pins and her chest was showing off far more cleavage than usual.

"Huh?"

She looked to her right, where Rose usually kept her mirror and was met with a stone wall. It was then that she realised in her tiredness, she hadn't walked into Rose's room at all but the adjoining servants quarters. It was funny, she felt odd, more tired than she should have. The servant's quarters were still comfortable; with a small bed and nice blankets. It was the princess' maid quarters after all. Too tired to care she flopped down onto the bed and was asleep before she could think.

~

"Morgan?"

"Yes, Stella?"

"I think I may have done something...bad."

"What do you mean?"

"Well somebody broke into my tower last night, I was tired from working all night and cursed them. I meant to change them into a maid and go and release them later but..."

"You don't know which maid they are."

“...yes. And one more thing ... I may have used a little too much magic in my haste, I think I made the compulsions a little too strong.”

“Stella...”

“I know. I know. But we are sensitive to these things, I’m sure we’ll know who it is when we see them. I just need you to keep an eye out.”

“Honestly Stella, I’ll find some way to punish you for this that doesn’t involve magic. I am beginning to wish it didn’t exist for all the trouble it causes us.”

~

Penelope woke to a soft hand on her cheek and she smiled, rolling over and rubbing at her eyes to see Rose smiling down at her.

“Wakey wakey.” She giggled, “I thought it was the maids job to wake the princess, not the other way around.”

“Sorry milady.” She mumbled, “I had such an odd dream last night...”

Wait, something wasn’t right. Rose wasn’t just playing.

“Could you get me the blue dress, the one with the silver trim for today?” Rose asked sweetly, “Then maybe after breakfast, once the castle is a bit emptier and we don’t need to worry about being overheard...you can take it off me.”

She was treating her like her actual maid, she wasn’t even questioning why she was asleep in the maid’s quarters. That...wasn’t right was it? Penelope racked her brain and felt something shift; she could remember it now, her life as a humble commoner maid who fell in love with the princess. Their scandalous cross class love affair a secret to all but them and a few close friends. But she also remembered being a paladin from a noble family.

She had two sets of memories in her head; it was so surreal. She opened her mouth to try and ask Rose what was going on, but nothing came out. The princess giggled.

“Come on, stop acting like a fish and let’s get dressed. Well, I’ll get dressed, you fell asleep in your clothes again silly.”

Rose reached over and cupped her face gently.

“I keep telling you not to push yourself so hard. Feel free to leave a few chores undone if you need to. I want you well rested and healthy.” She said softly, giving Penelope a quick peck on the cheek.

“Of course, milady.”

Rose giggled again and a girlish smile crossed her face.

“Aw, I love it when you get all formal with me.”

With sleep finally wiped away from her foggy mind Penelope remembered last night; sneaking into Stella’s tower. The magic! The sorceress must have done more than she intended. Once more she opened her mouth, reaching out to stop Rose from leaving so she could explain. But the words wouldn’t come.

“Don’t spill the beans now.”

That’s what the Drow had said last night; magic was keeping her from saying anything. How was she supposed to explain to Rose that this was all wrong, she was supposed to be a paladin! Not a maid! But no matter how hard she tried, her tongue refused to cooperate. She had no choice but to get up and start helping Penelope dress. A job that, admittedly, wasn’t unpleasant.

Rose, of course, had a lovely body. One that Penelope was intimately familiar with. Since she hadn’t changed it was actually comforting in a way, helping her into the dress and seeing those familiar curves. She was certainly the most curvaceous of the royal sisters, that was for sure. It seemed that along with the memories of this life, she also had all the skills because Penelope had no trouble lacing up the delicate bodice and tying all the ribbons needed to keep the dress in place.

“Those fingers never fail to impress.” Rose sighed, “so dexterous.”

“I’d offer to give you a show but I just got you into this dress, you need to wear it for at least an hour before I take it off again.” Penelope flirted.

“I can always lift the skirt...”

“And ruin all my good ironing? No way.”

The two of them laughed and Penelope felt light; at least she still had her love.

“I have to go entertain the noble ladies of the court this morning anyway.” Rose sighed, “Embroidery circle. I’ll see you at dinner?”

“Of course.”

That worked well, she could go to Stella and get this all fixed. Hopefully she would remember who she was supposed to be, if she didn’t Penelope had no idea what she was going to do. Perhaps she could write it down? It was worth a shot. She curtsied to her princess as she left with one of the ladies in waiting before turning to head toward Stella’s tower.

The sound of heavy shoes on the floor made her turn and she saw Briar walking down the stairs toward the training yard, resplendent in her paladin’s armour. The demoness turned and waved, giving her a friendly, but not close smile. In this world she had never been Briar’s apprentice, she’d never grown close with her. She was a passing friend, but not a mentor. She thought for a moment, trying to tap into the memories more. In this reality her teacher had been...

“There you are!”

Gretta came storming down the hall.

“The princess just passed me on the way to the gardens so you should be well on your way to the kitchen by now,”

“But, I have to go see Stella.”

“Stella?” Gretta scrunched her nose up in confusion, “What does a maid need with the castle sorceress?”

Penelope tried to tell her, but the magic stopped it.

“Look, I won’t pry dearie, but you do have a lot of work to do.” Gretta said warmly, far more warmly than she had ever spoken to Penelope before. “I can’t give you special treatment dearie, people will whisper and you know how I hear everything that goes on here. It’s hard enough keeping your relationship with Rose a secret.”

“Of course.” Penelope sighed.

She intended to sneak off the moment she could but then as she descended into the kitchens she saw the sheer amount of work that needed doing. Maids rushed back and forth; washing, mending and cooking. Penelope had never realised just how much work went on behind the scenes in the castle while she was out training. She felt a small amount of guilt eat away at her as she remembered laughing when maids complained about being tired.

Tell them to spend a day defending the city, then they could complain about tiredness; that’s what she’d thought. Now watching them all diligently and thanklessly working she felt her cheeks turn red with shame. She couldn’t sneak off and leave Gretta and the others do all this. Especially when she had all the knowledge needed.

She got to work peeling and chopping carrots; breakfast had only just been served and yet they already had to start on lunch for the various castle royals and nobles. Gretta giggled and whispered with other women as she washed dishes and Penelope felt herself falling into a strange rhythm. A quiet, gentle kind of satisfaction filled her as she slowly ticked jobs off her mental list. The satisfaction that came with a simple, yet fulfilling day’s work. She wondered if perhaps with this new life she might even find time to go to some of the local taverns to watch the musicians perform; something her paladin work often prevented.

She found working with Gretta lovely as well, in the quiet moments she indulged herself in new memories. Gretta taking her in as her personal apprentice and acting almost like a mother to her. Even now as they worked she would drop little affectations into her words; tough, but loving. Penelope had always considered Gretta a bit abrasive, her habit of gossiping also made it hard to trust her. But now that she was spending time with her one on one she was starting to see a new side of her. Yes, she loved to gossip but there was a line. She protected her friends’ secrets fiercely.

The work was so busy she barely had a moment to rest and before she knew it; dinner time had arrived. Serving the royal family at dinner was always Gretta and Penelope’s job. Officially it was because Gretta was now head maid of the castle and Penelope her apprentice but really that was just a guise so that they could all see one another on busy days and catch up.

Penelope's feet were aching as they carried the last of the trays to the dining room, her own stomach growling. As keen as she was to see Rose, part of her couldn't wait for the meal to be over so that she could eat herself.

~

Morgan had a headache. Her day had started off rough with Stella's news and she found herself eyeing every maid she passed in the halls trying to see if her magic would pick up on anything unusual; so far nothing. She'd also received a letter that foreign dignitaries from Hellvetica, one of the northernmost kingdoms on the continent, would be visiting. Hellvetica and Alador had very little trade between them, since the distance was so great. But it was still necessary. Without their trade route Alador would have barely any access to the bounties of the ocean, being landlocked as they were.

She was really not in the mood to discuss trade agreements and taxes with a foreign queen but what choice did she have? The letter had arrived today which meant they were likely already on their way and she had only a week to prepare suitable food, accommodation and servants for them. Not to mention getting a new wardrobe tailored for her and her sisters in the style of Hellvetica itself. Fashion was incredibly important in their culture, Gods knew why. But dressing like them always seemed to make things go faster.

Her mind was buzzing when she finally sat down to dinner and the first sip of wine tasted like Heaven on her lips. Then, she looked up and saw the maid pouring out a goblet for Rose and she almost spat it out. Penelope!? For a second she felt magic buzzing in her mind, an alternate reality in which Penelope had always been Rose's maid and she'd had many headaches trying to cover up the scandal of a princess loving a commoner for the second time.

She pushed back against it, cementing the true reality in her mind with her own powers. She and Stella, who always joined them for dinner, shared a look. They both knew. Morgan took a deep drink from her goblet and sighed with a smile; she needed a break, she was going to enjoy her dinner first, let Penelope have her own and then, then she would fix this as she always had to. At the very least, Penelope didn't seem too unhappy with the arrangement, she and Rose were talking and laughing even as the former was forced to wait on the latter.

Still, she narrowed her eyes at Stella who hid sheepishly behind her own glass. They had been working so hard lately and the Drow had almost ruined it. The queen vowed to give her a piece of her mind, right after dinner.

~

Penelope was nervous as she ascended the tower. She had sensed tension at the dinner table; it was wafting off Stella and Morgan in waves and she wondered if maybe they knew about what had happened. She couldn't help but wring her hands in worry; if they didn't know, she might get stuck as a maid forever. While it wasn't the worst life, she could be with Rose even less than she could as a noble paladin. At least then they could be together in public. One princess falling in love with a commoner was hard enough; two was unthinkable.

As she approached the doorway to the top of the tower she heard voices echoing down; Morgan and Stella.

"I said I'm sorry." Stella sighed, "What's done is done and it's a simple fix."

"You cannot risk doing this, what if it had been an actual thief or a spy in your tower?" Morgan scolded. "Not to mention poor Penelope having to adapt to a whole new set of memories."

"I get it, alright?" Stella grumbled, "I've been pulling all night study sessions for weeks trying to get this plan in motion can you just-ah, I think we have company."

Rose peaked inside and smiled sheepishly.

"Hello, you, uh, wanted to see me?"

"Yes," Stella smiled apologetically, "I cursed you last night, a little more strongly than I intended. I'm sorry."

"Oh good I was worried you wouldn't remember like Rose." The knot in Penelope's stomach unravelled in relief.

Stella snapped her fingers and for a moment, everything was blurry. Her maids uniform disappeared and her regular at ease clothes reformed around her, her body changing back to normal as it went and she sighed in relief. The memories of her life as a maid slowly dissipated till they were nothing but foggy memories.

"Thank you." She sighed.

"What were you thinking, sneaking around in my tower anyway?" Stella asked and Penelope blushed, eyes darting between the Drow and the queen.

“Well...Gretta mentioned your old lives, the ones where Audrey was a man and Briar was a noble like me.”

Morgan rubbed her temples and grit her teeth.

“I was thinking maybe if I learned about magic I could change a few things so that Rose and I could be together...”

It sounded so foolish, childish even, when she said it out loud. She shuffled awkwardly like a nervous child and looked at the floor, she could feel the commanding gaze of the two sorceresses on her.

“I’m sorry for what I did.” Stella said finally, “I was tired, I’ve been working on something big for a while now, well, Morgan and I have. Something that actually concerns you.”

Penelope blinked in confusion and raised her gaze back to the other women, surprised to find them both looking at her with sympathy.

“For months now we have been thinking about you, Rose and Gretta.” Morgan admitted, Audrey, Stella and I all have Elven lifespans but you two do not. I've been meaning to make Rose my full sister so she could have an Elven lifespan as well and of course Rose adores you, so I didn't want to see her heart break when you passed on of old age before her time. Gretta is also a good friend, it feels...unfair to lose her so long before everybody else.”

Penelope was immediately hit with her memories of the day, of Gretta’s rough exterior that protected a warm, almost motherly personality deep down. It did seem like a shame to lose her so early, and Penelope herself along with her.

“So you want to make Gretta an Elf or something?”

“My sister specifically.” Stella smiled softly, “We’ve been discussing it for a while, we are all basically family anyway; Briar is Audrey’s wife, I am Morgan’s right hand and basically part of the royal family anyway. It makes sense to elevate Gretta a little.”

“What we hadn’t figured out yet, is what to do with you.” Morgan admitted. “Reality warping magic causes a lot of trouble, I told myself I was done with it so I have decided this is the last time. I don’t want to cause more trouble than necessary for us all to be happy.”

“If we changed your life...well, you should say in how we do it.”

Penelope thought for a moment, if Rose became an Elf and suddenly aged much slower how would it feel. To grow old next to a young woman? Would Rose even still want her if she was in her prime while Penelope was an old maid?

“The truth is,” she admitted, “I didn’t even mind that I’d been taken away from my family when you made me a maid.”

Stella seemed shocked at that.

“I know you and your family don’t always get on-”

“Never get along.” Penelope corrected bitterly, “My parents are stubborn, they just want a little puppet to do whatever they want, besides they have all my arrogant, asshole brothers so losing me won’t ruin the house or anything.”

“You really want to go back to being a maid?” Morgan raised an eyebrow and Penelope shook her head.

“No, not really but if you both give me a new life, I won’t miss my family.”

The queen nodded and Stella seemed to think for a moment.

“The question is, how do we incorporate you into the little family we have...”

“I have an idea about that.”

All of them jumped as Gretta stepped out from behind the door, having apparently been eavesdropping.

“What have I told you about sneaking up on us like that?” Morgan sighed.

“But you make it so easy.” Gretta giggled, “Anyway, I have an idea. Why not make Penelope my daughter?”

Penelope’s jaw dropped.

“I’m going to be a Drow, she’d make a fabulous Drow as well.” Gretta continued, “And as the niece of the court sorceress, she would be more than ‘noble’ enough for Rose in the eyes of the people and nobility.”

Penelope thought for a moment, she had a point.

“I wouldn’t mind staying in the castle and working as a maid, so long as I am Rose’s personal one.” Penelope mentioned, “I like not having to go away for long stretches of time, but could I keep my original memories? That way if I ever need to defend her I can., I want to continue to work with Briar and maybe even Rose sometimes. I want to adventure like Briar and Audrey did before she fell pregnant.”

“I think we can manage that.” Morgan smiled. “We’ll gather everybody and make sure we are the only ones who remember the original reality. The potion has been brewing for a while. It will take a few hours for Stella and I to add the finer touches but after that we can start whenever you are ready.”

“Tomorrow morning?” Penelope suggested, excitement filling her.

“So soon?”

“Yes! I don’t care, I’d do it now if I could.”

Morgan just smiled fondly at Penelope and held out a hand to clasp her shoulder.

“Tomorrow then, I am looking forward to having you as my sister in law.”

Penelope’s heart felt like it was ready to burst. She never dreamed she would get to marry Rose, or have an extended life. It would take time to get used to being a Drow of course but she didn’t even mind becoming a commoner; Briar seemed happy enough after all. She practically skipped down the stairs to the maid’s quarters next to Rose’s room; not even caring that she technically wasn’t a maid anymore. She was tempted to wake the princess to

'celebrate' but thought better of it. She wanted to be well rested. Tomorrow her new life would begin and she could not wait.

~

Penelope had hoped for another tender wake up with a caress from Rose but instead she was shaken almost violently awake by Morgan.

"Wha?"

"No time, we have a problem." The queen bit her lip, "I received a message that the royal family of Hellvetica would be coming to visit soon but it must have been delayed. Scouts just reported them entering the city."

"...and you are waking me up because?"

Morgan's brow furrowed.

"Don't talk to your queen that way." She snapped, "Sorry, but I need Rose to stall them for a bit while I get everything organised."

"Again, not sure why you are waking me."

"You need to do your part, if you're going to marry a princess of the realm you'll need to be familiar with this sort of work anyway."

Penelope opened her mouth to once again what the hell Morgan was getting at but she never got the chance. All at once she was unravelling and thinning; skin turning to soft fabric in the Hellvetican style as she became a magnificent gown of gold and purple, embroidered with pearls and polished shells. So much for Morgan being 'done' with using transformation magic to solve her problems! Penelope wanted to snap that she could have at least asked but of course, she wasn't able to speak. Morgan scooped her up gently and pushed her way into Rose's room where the youngest princess was sitting in just her underclothes, seemingly waiting for her maid to wake and dress her.

"Morgan!" She cried looking slightly flustered at being half naked, "What are you doing in my maid's room and-oh! Wow that dress is beautiful!"

“It’s Helvetica style, you know how they are.” Morgan explained quickly, “I need you to entertain the royal couple and their entourage while I try and gather my trade notes. I wasn’t expecting them for at least a week and the last thing I want to do is ruin our chances at improving relations because I wasn’t ready.”

“Oh, but I was hoping to spend some time with Penelope.”

“Good news then, this is her. I didn’t have time to get a dress tailored.” Morgan explained sheepishly as Rose pulled Penelope’s new form over her head.

Penelope felt herself drape over Rose’s voluptuous form; her irritation at Morgan melted away as she settled against her lover’s warm skin. With all the stress of the last few days, she and Rose still hadn’t had any intimate time together. So being her dress, corset hugging tightly against her breasts as she laced the bodice and skirt flaring around her legs. It was as close as they had been in weeks.

“If you didn’t have a dress tailored, where did this come from?” Rose asked, her ditzy nature completely oblivious to the implication.

“It’s Penelope.” Morgan admitted, “It was the best idea I could come up with on the fly, now please, go distract them! Please!”

“Fine.” Rose mumbled, “but I hope you asked Penelope’s permission before doing this!”

“More or less.”

“My guess is less.”

“Rose I really don’t have time-”

“I’m going! Or should I say, *we’re* going.”

Penelope wished she could giggle; for a total bimbo Rose was surprisingly funny sometimes. Not quite witty, but she had a spark for comedy that was for sure. Still, Penelope had to admit she was worried when Rose greeted the royal couple from Helvetica alone; where

was Audrey? Probably too tired and pregnant to be of much help. Could Rose, her ditzzy, bimbo-ish Rose, really handle delicate social situations with this much weight all by herself?

She descended the stairs to the foyer where the king and queen were waiting, the heavy hem of Penelope's pearl encrusted hem clicking as she went. For a moment, there was peace, Rose opened her mouth to greet them but a cry came out instead. Penelope felt her hem tug and Rose tumbled forward, barely managing to keep herself on her feet as she stumbled down the last few stairs with a girlish giggle of relief.

The king and queen of Hellvetica did not look impressed; and Penelope felt cool dread wash over her. To her surprise though, Rose seemed utterly calm; she could feel her heart beating against her bodice and it was utterly calm.

"Goodness, you'll have to forgive me. Hellvetican fashion is so much more elaborate than I am used to. You must be truly skilled to wear such garb all the time, your majesty." Rose spoke masterfully, pulling up at Penelope's skirt in a curtsy. "I would very much appreciate any advice you have, for I am quite fond of this dress my sister had made for me and would like to order several more."

Penelope was stunned; that was...incredible! In just a few words she had humbled herself to visiting dignitaries and covered up for her mistake without trying to play it off. She had no idea Rose was capable of being so...canny.

The princess led their guests through the Rose garden, talking amicably all the while. Penelope relaxed for the first time in days and let herself get lost in the warmth of Rose's skin and curves. How she missed running her tongue along them. It wouldn't be long as they would be able to share a marriage bed and she just couldn't wait.

~

Eventually, Morgan appeared and Rose was dismissed, leaving her and Penelope a full afternoon to enjoy one another's company with Penelope still in dress form. Rose had fun, dancing and walking the streets knowing full well just how much she was teasing her lover the whole time. Briar enjoyed when she had minstrels play for them, one of the advantages to being a dress was that she could see from all angles, allowing her to watch them play with fascination.

Rose would rub the fabric between his fingers and Penelope wished she had some way of telling her how much it turned her on. But of course she had to simply endure and pray that when she got turned back there wouldn't be any evidence of her arousal for Morgan to see.

Finally, after an entire day of teasing, Rose made her way up to Stella's tower after being summoned where a very tired looking Morgan was seated along with Gretta and the court sorceress herself. Several glasses of ominous looking potion sat on a silver tray, waiting.

"Alright, Rose." Morgan smiled, "Now that our guests are safely in bed, it's time to get you up to speed."

The queen explained the plan and Penelope waited with bated breath (metaphorically) to see what Rose's reaction would be. The former paladin could feel her lover's heart beating faster and faster and to her excitement, Rose squealed and began to bounce on her toes.

"This is wonderful!" She cried, "I get to be an Elf *and* Penelope and I can finally get engaged?"

"You're fine with all the new changes."

"Absolutely!"

Morgan seemed relieved and with a snap of her fingers Penelope felt herself reforming back into a human, thankfully with her original clothes. Rose immediately flung her arms around her in excitement before realising she was now in nothing but her under clothes as Gretta handed her a simple frock to cover up.

"Sorry, I'm just so excited!" She squealed, "Can we drink now?"

"No time like the present." Gretta grinned, hands closing around her own glass.

She raised it to Stella.

"To you, *sister*."

The Drow stuck out her tongue and Gretta laughed, throwing back the potion in one fell swoop. Rose and Penelope each picked theirs up and grinned at one another.

"Bottoms up." Rose giggled before following Gretta's lead.

Penelope drank and had to fight the urge to gag; the potion tasted awful and burned all the way down like overspiced wine in winter. The heat settled in her belly though and soon turned to a pleasant warmth that spread throughout her extremities. As the warmth moved a strange tingling accompanied it and Penelope watched in fascination as her skin began to turn a dark purple hue to match Stella's. She looked up to see Rose smiling as her ears turned pointed and her features sharpened but unlike both her and Gretta, she looked very much the same.

Gretta was thinning out, becoming less plump in all but two very notable places as her skin turned dark and her ears pointed as well. Penelope could feel the same changes taking place in her as well as a new set of memories forming, of being raised by her single mother in the city and then moving to the palace when Stella became court sorceress.

Her long hair turned silky black and she groaned as her chest began to stretch. She blinked down in confusion as her cleavage began to grow to rival even that of Rose.

“Wha-”

“You’re my daughter now,” Gretta cackled, “Of course you got my body type.”

Penelope felt herself blush profusely as her bust continued to grow until she was even larger than her bimbo girlfriend and the tingling finally stopped. Her old memories settled into the back of her mind, there and solid but with a new set to accompany them.

“Wow, Penelope, you look beautiful.” Rose breathed in awe, laying a quick kiss to her lips which Penelope immediately deepened.

Rose then reached for her chest, seemingly not caring that they had company.

“And these are going to be so much fun to play with.”

“...I really didn’t need to hear that from my sister.” Morgan groaned and Penelope threw back her head and laughed.

The sound of footsteps in the hall had them all turning just in time to see Briar and Audrey burst in, well, Briar burst in, the very pregnant Audrey was still catching her breath.

“What...is...going on?” She panted, “I feel my memories changing, Morgan you promise-”

“I knew there was somebody I forgot to tell.” The queen muttered to herself.

Fortunately for her, Rose immediately stepped in and began to explain. Penelope met Briar’s eyes and then looked away, suddenly feeling guilty for having willingly left her mentor’s side without even discussing it.

“Sorry, after everything you’ve taught me I should have told you.” Penelope said quietly but to her surprise the Demoness simply placed an arm around her shoulders and gave them a squeeze.

“Hey, I know how hard it is to not be able to express just how much you love somebody. If this is what it takes for you to be happy, I am happy.” Briar smiled, “Besides, even though I work as a Paladin now, I still sometimes perform down at the tavern, you can join me!”

“...That actually sounds really fun.” Penelope said after a moment’s thought; she would have more free time now without training, perhaps she could learn an instrument herself!

She gave the demoness a hug; she just knew that from now on her life was going to be perfect.

~

It wasn’t often they all got to go out together but after spending several weeks adjusting to their new lives Penelope had decided they needed a break. She stood on the bartop, newly mastered lute in hand as she sang to the crowd while Briar served drinks. Hidden in a shadowy corner with cloaks and heavy make up was the royal family and Drow twins, enjoying a much needed night away from the palace.

She and Rose were now engaged; everything was perfect and Penelope had never been happier. She lapped up the attention of the crowd; many of whom were admitting her Drow body just as much as her music. It had taken some getting used to but one roll in the hay with Rose had thoroughly removed any sense of discomfort or regret from her mind. This body was incredible as was her new life. From across the room Morgan shot her a smile and Penelope winked. The kingdom was at peace and so was she.

