

Princess Problems (Princes to Princesses TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

When the brilliant young sorcerer Erick Exeor discovers a horrible cataclysm is coming, he realises the only way to prepare for it is to fill the realm with more powerful mages.

Unfortunately, the only way to do so quickly is to make them the old-fashioned way. And what mages could be more powerful than the children of four noble heirs to kingdoms? But with those heirs all being male, the four princes will soon find themselves transformed into princesses against their will, and with their new destinies as the future mothers of Erick's children. If they can accept that.

Princess Problems

Prologue: Future Portents

Erick Exeor consulted the omens for the twelfth time, just to be sure. The vision he had conjured remained the same. The auguries confirmed it also. The planar intonations were all in alignment. The voices from beyond wailed the same warning. The cracks between dimensions had altered subtly even in the hours that passed, and the fires of the hell gates had simmered incrementally hotter. He conducted over three dozen other checks in his sorcerer's tower, again and again consulting charts and arcane magic and artificer's equipment and ancient tomes still full with power summoned from the mighty Weave. And yet still the same result was given. The same terrible future looming on the distant horizon.

The end of the world itself. The apocalypse. The collapse of society in all its forms, and a dark and terrible era that would last at least ten thousand years of suffering for its few survivors.

It was the planar walls, the dimensional bindings that kept the different planes of existence separate. For time eternal these barriers had remained undamaged, but with the great battle against the Dread Harbinger, that terrible dark undead lich who attempted to seize control of the Kingdom of Anatalis, the magical detonation set off when Prince Aaron defeated him had wounded the barrier. In his final defeat, the Harbinger ensured that this world would die in his aftermath: for the Dark Abyss, worst of all planes, dungeons of demons and nameless things, was slowly eroded. In little more than thirty years it would split open entirely, and the endless teeming hordes of their evil filth would rampage across the world, felling all civilisations they came across.

Erick Exeor was the greatest sorcerer of his not just his generation, but of the last one hundred years. At just twenty four years old, he was a prodigy, capable of weaving complex high level spells with ease, and maintaining numerous wards all at once even as he concocted new magic that had never been tried before. When he was merely sixteen, he constructed his magnificent sorcerer's tower in the Badlands using little more than earth magic, and within its massive expanse he filled it with rooms and gardens and laboratories and libraries galore. He had brought down dragons, had saved continents, and gained the respect of kings and queens.

And even he knew that the task of repairing a planar barrier was well beyond his abilities. He would need fellow mages. And not just ordinary ones either, but well-trained ones with powerful innate magic that could nearly match his own skill. The task ahead was impossible.

"Unless," he said to himself, as he consulted numerous histories on the Age of Mages, "I can *create* them. But how? No homonculi could possibly . . . they'd have to be real, living vessels . . . no, not vessels, genuine souls . . . oh God, they'd have to be born, wouldn't they? Trained here in the tower, from a young age, and raised with love and care to nurture their strength. But I can't just steal children, and besides, how could I know if they would have the talent? The only surefire way would be if they were of a sorcerer's blood, and the only sorcerer I know is . . . oh."

Erick gulped, realising what he was thinking. *He* would have to be the father. Yes, he would have to literally sire a new generation of mages to help him close the breach - a *lot* of them, in fact. The thought terrified him: the one arcane art he had never mastered was the mortal art of romance, let alone the sexual arts. Yes, he knew of them, but only as diagrams and stories and sketches. Just thinking about it made him nervous.

But the Dark Abyss would spell the end of everything if he did not try, so he would have to.

"But would that even be enough?" he groaned, rubbing his temples. "Even a sorcerer's children would not necessarily be mages . . . and even if they were, they would need the Old Magic, the magic of kings and noble lineages . . ."

It was *then* that it occurred to him. He moved across the room to open a book of just those kinds of lineages, tracing them to the modern day. His mind was fitting the pieces of the puzzle together. The blood of a great sorcerer such as himself would indeed help bring forth mages, but to truly ensure their greatness, it would be most potent when paired with the bloodline of a noble lineage, preferably a king, or heir to one. There was great power in the old bloodlines after all, it was just one of those things about magic.

"I would have to approach them," he said. "They owe me much. But would they be willing to take on the sacrifice? Royals can be a . . . self-interested bunch, and they won't be

able to see the distant future problems, or acknowledge them even if I show them. Let's see . . . Anatolis' king is too old, and so is the O'Braoin chief. The Shah of Shirpana is practically ancient, and the Minamoto Clan head is likewise venerable. No, for the best effect, they would have to be virile before the transformation, so that their virility would inverse itself as fertility."

He clasped the book shut, biting his lip in his usual habit and tapping his fingers on the leatherbound tome's exterior.

"It'll have to be the princes. The heirs. There is great power in an heir to a king or ruler. The daughters alone could not suffice. But how? How can I convince them? And can I even go through with it?"

He sagged back, an arcane-infused chair automatically sliding beneath him so he could crumple into it.

"The entire world is at stake, and I am the only one who can pull this off. And yet it's the one task I find that will actually challenge me in ways I never expected to be challenged. I hope that they will accept their duty, and understand what they must do. More than anything, I hope that I do not have to resort to extreme measures."

Part 1: Extreme Measures

"So, it's come to this," Sir Aaron Ardale said as he stared at the traitorous evil sorcerer's tower in the distance. "We have to take extreme measures."

The blonde-haired prince of Anatolis, heir to the kingdom, brandished his silversteel sword, a fitting match for his knightly and shining armour. He was a well-built, confident young man of just twenty five years old, and his eyes were a piercing ocean blue. As the self-appointed leader of the group of four princes, he stood stalwart and mighty like a mythic hero of ancient legend, his blue cape fluttering in the wind behind him, his crown of office fixed upon his head, though likely to be replaced by a royal helm at any moment.

"We, um, we don't have ta, ya know," said the thickly-accented Conn O'Braoin, Chieftain's Heir of the realm of Tovell, and only twenty years old. Next to the 6'2 height of the blonde-haired handsome princess of Anatolis, the Tovell heir was sadly lacking. He was a mere 5'6, and looked much like a human vegetable, with scrawny limbs and a deeply red face with its own bulbous nose. His hair was a frizzy shock of bright fiery red, and easily the most noticeable thing about him. He wore the traditional battleskirt and chain mail of his ancestors, but even where it had been strapped well against his form, he seemed

overwhelmed by it, as if the very nature of a battle-hardened Tovell berserker simply didn't suit him.

"I mean, a lot of this sorcerer stuff is beyond my own ken," he admitted, swallowing nervously as he fiddled with his battle axe.

"Ah, but just think of the delightful women, my friend," came a smooth, nearly serpentine voice. "If we slay this dread Erick Exeor and save the fathers and sisters he kidnapped from us, then we'll be the greatest heroes in the land. We princess shall be positively swimming in concubines, gorgeous supplicants from the far flung corners of the earth will come to bear our children, and it will be at our leisure to turn them away or accept them into our beds, as is our deserved pleasure in life."

Aaron Ardale rolled his eyes at the self-centred nature of these words, and Conn simply groaned: the thought of even dating a woman made him more anxious, let alone sleeping with one, or more! But the figure who had spoken simply sniggered.

"Well, if the stalwart prince is too goody-good for a harem, and the chieftain's son is too nervous, then I shall take the lion's share of glory, spoils, riches, and women. Oh, and nice spices too. My people do so love those."

His title and name, in full, was The Most August and Imperial Nawab of All Lands Shiparsa and Non-Shirparsa, Darayan Orodes. At just twenty three, he was a slender yet confident man, roughly 5'9 in height, with sharp olive-skinned features and black hair that was slicked back with scented oils. His eyes were dark, surrounded by carefully applied eyeshadow, and his beard was well-trimmed and pointed, his utter pride. His figure was utterly immaculate, even in battle dress. He wore a royal purple cape that reached to his ankles, and beneath it was a resplendent scaled armour that was studied with precious gems, rubies, and metals. His helmet was pointed, making him appear taller than Aaron, much to the latter's chagrin and Darayan's enjoyment. He held a spear, the chosen weapon of the Shirpasan people, in his left hand, and a multicoloured shield in the other.

"You would do best to think of women *after* we have saved your family, and ours as well," Aaron said, always playing the role of the righteous hero.

But Darayan simply scoffed. "Please, the celebration is the greatest part of victory. You non-Shirpasans are too uncultured to understand the glory that awaits me. Days of feasting, of being attended to by fine women. In my success, I can finally make a bid to replace my father as the true Shah of the realm, and bask in riches I have always deserved."

"Do not try to seize the wind," came the gruff voice of their fourth and final member, "it will only slip through your fingers. Let it instead point you in the right direction, and follow the path it sends you down, whatever its end."

Conn nodded, happy to hear some wisdom, as did Aaron. Darayan just looked to the fourth prince, the Kotaishi of the Minamoto Empire, Ryo Minamoto. He was an

intense-looking individual, with his silky black hair pulled back into a warrior's knot, and his thick brows furrowed into a soldier's focus. His armour was that of the samurai, and his scowling face-plate hung to the side, ready to be fixed into place. At twenty seven years old, he was the eldest of the group, and the most wise. Unlike the hedonistic Darayan, he had grown up being reminded of the burdens he would be saddled with as the future leader of the empire. Unlike Conn, he did not shirk from a warrior's duty. He was most aligned with Aaron, due to their shared values of honour and warriorhood, but unlike the blonde-haired knight, he had no ambitions of rescuing the one damsel to be his perfect bride, or to gain glory in histories and song through his deeds. He simply did his duty, as anyone should. This conviction was reflected in his lithe-yet-muscular build, and while he was roughly 5'8 in height, he seemed to tower with the presence of his personality. His body bore the many scars of training and battle alongside his father and uncles, and that too seemed to magnify his point: the scar across his left eye that nearly blinded him was most prominent.

Darayan clearly hadn't gotten this message though, as the haughty Nawab simply scoffed. "Oh, please Ryo, we've had enough of your delightful koans. If I want the wind, I'll simply find a way to seize it. I am Nawab, after all. You should follow my example, young Conn."

Conn just looked morose. "I'd rather just try ta focus on the task ahead, laddies. I nevah fought no sorcerer before, and I din' wanta start scrappin' among ourselves when my clan chief and sisters are holed up that tower."

He quaked a little in his boots, stopping only when Ryo put a hand on his shoulder.

"You have a warrior's focus, son."

"I'm only seven years younger than you."

"And still, you have it," Ryo said kindly.

"Agreed," Aaron said. "We'll make a warrior of you yet, even Darayan, who usually pays others to do his fighting."

"That's what the money is for!"

"Ugh," Aaron scoffed. "You make a mockery of your house."

But Darayan just chuckled. "Oh, don't worry, I am a hardened warrior as well, my friend. I just don't feel the need to be as desperate for glory as you are, oh-so-shining-knight, or as serious as Ryo here."

Ryo grunted.

"And besides," Darayan continued, "I'm not as hopeless as Conn here, at least. What use is he, other than distraction for the sorcerer's conjured flames?"

Conn gave a small 'eep!' only to be reassured by Aaron.

"You know why he is here," Aaron said, stepping up to his Shirparsan ally. "The same reason we are all here. Erick Exeor betrayed each of our houses after serving and aiding

them since he was merely a boy. He may be the most powerful sorcerer of this age, but he is clearly not the wisest, and power has gone to his head. To think he dare approach our families and ask that we be handed over to him in perpetuity, and *then*, after months of begging, to kidnap our fathers, our sisters, and demand we alone come to bargain with him!"

"Yes, yes, when you put it like that, blondie."

It was Conn who said aloud what they were all thinking of and trying to avoid speaking about. "How are we going ta even win, lads?"

"By making sure he will not win," Ryo said. "If he outlasts us, overpowers us, then we can still die as warriors, rather than succumb to this transformative experiment he alluded to when talking to our families."

"Well, that may suit for you," Darayan said, "but I think I'll settle for paying him whatever he wants so long as I don't get experimented on."

"And if he'll only accept us getting experimented on?" Aaron asked.

Darayan flashed a quick smile. "Women can attest I am good with a sword, Sir Aaron. Very good. The best around, in fact. My future harem will worship it." He hefted his weapon and grinned even wider. "But while women love my sword, men *tremble* at my spear."

Ryo nodded in respect. Conn even hefted his greataxe with more solemnity, despite its weight against his short, frail form.

"There's the warrior we need," the Minamoto samurai said. "Let's be moving. It is time we did battle against our great foe. For honour."

"For valour," Aaron Ardale said.

"For survival," Conn bleated.

"For a cask of the best wine in all the realms, and women aplenty too!" Darayan finished. He looked at the others' reactions. "What? *Someone* had to say something *actually* enjoyable around you prudes."

To his surprise, it was Ryo who offered a sly smirk. "Don't be so sure of your talents, Nawab Darayan Orodes. You may know the 'sword', but against the ancient Minamoto Empire, you Shirparsa types are but young pups. You have much to learn about taming women, especially the elegant specimens in my lands."

"Well, let's go fuck this Erick with a spear, and you can show me how to fuck a woman in an altogether more fun way."

"Just so long as we can get my Elene back," Aaron said.

"Oh, *this* again," the Nawab said. "You don't even know her!"

"It is a tradition in Anatolis. A knight rescuing a gorgeous young noblewoman whom even the birds sing to, it is fated."

“Oh, well, you can find girls like that everywhere in Shirparsa. They throw themselves at you if you are Nawab.”

“No, this is destiny. True love.”

“Let’s just get going!” Conn finally shouted.

The three turned to the short, weak man, a little astounded. No one had expected *him* to want to get a move on, especially since the other three were so secretly nervous.

“What? I just want this ta be over already! Any longer an’ I’ll lose ma head!”

Darayan cackled. “Well, when the pup’s pup says it, it can’t be denied. Let’s ready, brothers, and ride out to defeat this evil sorcerer! What horrid words of torture he weaves now, I dare not even think of.”

“Again, I’m very, very sorry about this, your Graces, my ladies. Or is it ‘your’ ladies? Four royal courts and so much confusion! Look, I didn’t mean for it to turn out this way. You see, the magic demands they give themselves over *willingly* and, well, this is all I could think of.”

The various bound and gagged members of the four royal courts, as well as some of their guests, did not seem to appreciate his words. Eloquence and grand speechifying had never been one of Erick’s talents, and it had taken a lot of time and energy and a little bit of wine to help him write the stereotypical ‘evil villainous speech’ that he’d sent out as fiery illusions across the continent, to each of the four princes. It went something like *‘Nyeh nyah ha! I am Erick Exeor the Malignant! Cower before me and my might, knaves. I now reveal my true colours, hidden beneath the surface these many years. I require four princes of the realm to submit willingly before me to save the lives of your family, blah blah yada yada so on and so forth.’* In truth, he didn’t even remember giving it: his performance was so bad that he mindwiped himself of that particular speech immediately afterwards.

“Again, I just really want to emphasise that I don’t *want* to do this, but it must be done. I know it sounds far-fetched, but the barriers of reality really are breaking down, and your royal sons are the key to bringing forth new mages into the world. I don’t like this any more than you do! Gods, you must think me so depraved! But I swear I’m not a villain!”

It was at that very moment that a wooden section of the wall on the far side of the immense chamber smashed to pieces, blown apart by the combined forces of the four princes as they pounced into action.

“Unhand them, villain!” cried Sir Aaron, unable to help himself from posing heroically for a moment. “You shall not have my family, or my Elene!”

Aaron’s gagged family looked at him hopefully, as did the raven-haired beauty tied to the pillar rather dramatically.

“Or my family, you swine!” cursed Ryo. His father nodded stoically, his face a statue.

“Or my fucking harem girls!” Darayan sneered. An older man bound on the floor raised an irritated eyebrow. “Oh, and my father the Shah too, I guess.”

“Um, we don’t have ta brawl,” Conn said, awkwardly as a finisher. His family of red-haired wildlings looks distinctly annoyed at this weak finisher. “Oh, sorry, Da.”

His ‘Da’ slammed his head against the red carpet of the chamber, further emphasising his embarrassment.

Each of the four hero princes arranged themselves around the sorcerer at a safe distance. He was very . . . different to what each of them had expected. While Erick had served each of their realms, he hadn’t actually crossed paths with the princes, being too busy creating new spells and arcane locks in his tower, or teleporting across the lands using his powerful sigils in order to deal with conflicts only his power could tackle. But each of them knew the legends of his wisdom, his intelligence, and his awe-inspiring presence. The last, it seemed, was more of an exaggeration, because each was surprised to find him to be an absurdly ordinary looking fellow. Erick Exero had short brown hair that was parted a little to the left, and grey-blue eyes that were fairly unnoteworthy. He had a close-cropped beard as was the fashion of sorcerers, though it lacked the thickness and length that would make him appear, well, *wizardly*. His red robe, on the other hand, was a lot more magnificent, complete with its golden thread and his fine shoes. But in some ways these only underscored his ordinariness, rather than enhancing his image. The fact that he was giving an awkward sort of grimace rather than some kind of villainous scowl was just another point against him as well. As far as horrific liches and wizards and spellcasters went, he was sadly lacking. Nevertheless, he did try to live up to his new traitorous reputation.

“Aha!” he cried, nearly stumbling over a corner of the carpet before managing to keep upright. “The, um, foolish heroes have come to foil my plot! Ah, but you have wandered into a trap, good sirs. Muhaha.”

Darayan was about to hurl his spear when he stopped. “Did he just say ‘Muhaha’?”

“It would appear so,” Aaron replied.

“It matters not, it is likely a feint,” Ryo said, his expression entirely serious. His bow was suddenly in his hands, drawn back with a silver-tipped arrow ready to be loosed.

“I agree,” Conn said. “‘Tis a trap. Even I can spot that.”

Erick’s eyes widened as he shifted to the side, stepping over the prone form of Elene. He whispered ‘sorry’ to her. “Uh, yes! A trap indeed, good princes! Well done for sniffing that out. Muhaha. I am evil. And in my evilness I pretend to be good. In fact, uh, this makes sense, I have been pretending to be good for so many years that my evilness only sounds un-evil because I have only been able to show that I am ungood and actually evil in my evil

way as of recent, and therefore I am not good at it! Being evil, I mean. Because I'm very bad."

There was a brief pause as the four princes - and everyone in the great chamber - tried to unpack *that* particular Anatolian knot.

"Oh, fuck this!" Darayan said. "Let's just spear him and save your families - and the Shah I suppose, and be done with it!"

"Agreed!" cried Ryo, who let loose the arrow.

The other two joined in, even if Conn was flailing about almost blindly with his axe, terrified of what was to come. Erick raised his hands in alarm, easily activating the wards that prevented the four from harming him. Still, he knew he had to make a show of it. He activated a time-slow spell in order to make it look like he was easily parrying their attacks, then several minor illusions so that he could give the appearance of being struck only occasionally, then his wounds to knit themselves back together.

"Muhahaha!" he cried, getting a little bit more into the act. "You think you can stop me! I am invincible!"

"What is he saying?" Conn cried. "He sounds like a wailin' banshee!"

"Oh, shoot," exclaimed Erick, ducking beneath a sword and using a gust spell to send Aaron flying into a nearby pillar. "They just hear me as a high-pitched mammal with the time-slow spell on. Time to activate the booming enchantment: *"FOR I CANNOT BE STOPPED, MORTALS! GIVE IN! IT IS THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE THE ONES YOU LOVE! I WILL NOT BRING YOU TO HARM, BUT I WILL REQUIRE YOU TO SUBMIT OF YOUR OWN FREE WILL!"*

"Never!" Aaron cried, launching back into battle. The silver-armoured knight knew that this was his moment: not only was Elene watching, but several bards of the royal court, and his own royal parents. His deeds would live in poetry and song, and he would win his one true lady, and - "NGH!!"

He was caught in a strange crystallising spell that left a diamond-like rock growing around his form. Immediately Ryo was at his side, hacking and slashing at the rock, while Darayan tried to intercept the sorcerer with thrusts of his spear. Unfortunately, the dashing Shirparsan was counting on Conn to help him out, and the nervous Torvell chieftain's son hesitated at the last moment, terrified of being caught in the flame spell Erick was using to divide the team. It gave the sorcerer the opening needed to cast an ice wall . . . with Darayan in the centre of it.

"By all the Gods, this d-didn't have to be so embarrassing, or freezing!" he exclaimed, trying and failing to free himself. Conn barely had a chance to try and rally before a set of vines grabbed his arms and legs, holding him uselessly in the air.

“AAAGHHH!!!” he cried out, and it was hardly a battlecry so much as a terrified squeal. Again, his chieftain father banged his head against the floor.

Ryo was about to free Aaron when a lightning spell came his way. He ducked to the side and flung out a kunai. Erick held it in midair using a gravitational enchantment, but another kunai headed his way, then another and another. He managed to dodge all of these, but even with the time-slow spell, one lightly grazed the side of his forehead, causing a permanent scar to form there. Blood trickled down, then instantly rehealed, but the scar remained.

“By the Gods, that was amazing!” Erick said, genuinely amazed and completely failing to hold up his villainous act.

“Not as amazing as this, you dishonourable fool!” the samurai called. He leapt forward, thrusting out with his sword. The other three had been disarmed and held so easily, but he remained, his expert skill keeping him in the fight. For several long seconds, he dodged and parried, battling against this sorcerer supreme with peerless skill. Erick was astonished; he had never fought such a like before. It only made him regret what he had to do next. He jumped back, and with a quick summoning of living shadow, sent out a wave of darkness to clutch the Kotaishi in place. Even then, the samurai nearly dodged it, but was not quite fast enough. It was a good finishing effect, for a villain, and the awkward sorcerer coughed a little before regaining the role.

“Well well, it seems you have failed in your quest to oust me, pathetic knaves!” he said. He gave another low chuckle. “And now I must present you with a villainous choice. Yes, most villainous. Let me twirl my moustache for a moment.”

He did so, and it was almost so ridiculous that even the overly-valorous Aaron might have seen through it, were it not for what he did next. It was the part Erick was regretting most.

“Submit to me and my power voluntarily, to live in my tower and be subject to my magical spells, or your entire families shall be annihilated! The choice is yours, heroes!”

Portals opened, screeching the most baleful noises imaginable. No one had any idea that it was actually just a goblin marching band played backwards, and they didn’t need to know, because it sounded genuinely horrifying as it was.

“GIVE IN TO MY POWER! SUBMIT AND YOUR LOVED ONES WILL BE LET FREE! THIS I VOW!!!”

There was a long pause as each of the captured princes looked to one another, then to their families, then to their own caught forms. Darayan decided struggling against his ice wall was more worth it, and Aaron tried to pull his way free of the encasing crystal. Conn just looked terrified, and ready to give in.

But it was Ryo who was the first to admit defeat.

“If you have even a shred of honour, you will do as you say. Swear you will let them live as they were, and I will submit.”

“I swear it!” Erick said. “I really will. You must believe me.”

“Then . . . I submit to you. I come voluntarily to stay under your power.”

“I do as well!” Conn cried. “Just don’t be killing me! Or ma kin!”

“I would never,” Erick said, before realising what he was admitting. “Um, *SO LONG AS YOU SUBMIT!*”

Aaron looked to Elene. Her tender eyes were so beautiful, and he realised that this sacrifice, perhaps, was what he would be remembered for. Besides, all the great manly heroes in the stories escaped from imprisonment to be with their one true love. In fact, it could be the subject of their first actual conversation.

“I submit to your power too,” he said. “Foul villain. I shall escape eventually.”

“Yes, very good,” Erick said idly. “And you, Darayan.”

“I want my harem to stay. That’s my condition.”

The other three princes groaned.

“Oh, stop it! I can’t be a Nawab without my damned harem, sorcerer. Just a few girls.”

Erick thought quickly. “I promise you shall have a harem,” he said, with great ambiguity.

Darayan sighed. He was, despite his flamboyance and foppish qualities, quite a good judge of people, and he was already judging that more was going on here than he thought. Ryo was intimating the same, though with less of a calculating streak.

“Very well, I voluntarily come here to your tower, and submit in contract to your power,” the Nawab said. “Now please get me out of this ice block before my fucking balls fall off!”

Erick’s heart leapt for joy. He’d actually managed it! He clapped his hands, and immediately a number of ready-made portals opened up in the room, each to four different realms. They could see, in fact, that they led to their very courtrooms.

“Very well!” the sorcerer exclaimed. “The deal is done! Each of you may say a quick goodbye to your prince, but they are now magically bound to here. I’m so very, very sorry, but you must be quick. The future is at stake. This is all for a good reason. You must say goodbye quickly.

The four princes were let go, and each moved to their family and allies, each giving vows to return and save not only themselves, but the world from this menace. Aaron Ardale gave the vow to his father, but looked in the beautiful Elene’s direction, and declared his victory would be in her honour.

Conn O'Braoin vowed to become a true warrior, something he'd always lacked, and return to find a woman to wed . . . not that he felt confident on that matter. His father clasped him on the back, as did his sisters. They didn't exactly seem hopeful, though.

The Most August and Imperial Nawab of All Lands Shirparsa and Non-Shirparsa, Darayan Orides, was very clear to his father that if any great party was held during his absence, that he would *not* have the Shah deified upon his death, but in fact have him buried in one of those *lesser* tombs. He spent most of his time kissing each of the gorgeous young women of his harem, whispering to each that they should take a vow of chastity while he was gone.

Ryo and his father exchanged words of poetry before simply bowing. Sometimes body language conveyed more than any simple words.

And then the captives were sent back to their homes, and the portals closed, and each of the princes was left in the presence of the sorcerer, a spell binding them so that they were unable to hurt him, or even attack him, nor leave the tower and its surrounding gardens without his permission. Each man - well, not Conn - itched to fight again, but Erick's demeanour had already changed to one of agitation and nervousness.

"I know I'm repeating myself," he said, "but I'm really, really sorry about this next part. I'll give you the tour in a moment, and before that explain exactly what's going on and why I need you. But first, I'm going to have to cast a spell on you."

"What kind of spell?" Aaron demanded.

"Well, this is the awkward bit. It's a transformation spell."

"A *WHAT!?*"

But it was too late. Erick was already infusing his staff with the power of change, and in moments a green energy was billowing from it and out across the four of them.

"I promise, it will all make sense!" he shouted as they began to cough and splutter. "But there'll be, well, a bit of an adjustment!"

Part 2: A Bit of Adjusting

Darayan looked ready to spit blood. "You want to do *WHAT* with us!?"

Erick tugged his collar a little awkwardly. It suddenly felt very hot inside his Room of Projection.

"Um, like I said. I need to make mages with you. In the form of babies. With you as the mothers, of course."

He had just shown the four princes the various forms of evidence of this coming cataclysm, of the great planar barrier coming down, of the coming threat of the Dark Abyss that needed to be sealed with the help of numerous seasoned mages. He had prepared and provided everything, including snacks on the side and some nice drinks befitting their cultures, and even given his long-awaited speech explaining the situation in full so that they would understand the sheer importance of what he was doing.

But all they could focus on, alas, was the fact that the necessary - and *only* - possible solution required them to become women, and to breed and become pregnant with as many babies as possible. Not that Erick could blame them for that: their ruling father's reactions had been just as tempestuous.

"This is an outrage," Sir Aaron spat, curling his lip. "You cannot perform this abomination on us! I am a knife of the realm! I am destined for great things, and you would turn me into a - into a *damned* broodmare!?"

It was the closest to swearing the man had ever come, always meticulous with his shining appearance and desire to be as gentlemanly and manly as possible. Thankfully, Conn was there. He may have been an anxious boy, but the Torvell clan were infamous for their swearing.

"Nay, this is right focked! Please, you cannae do this ta us! I don' want ta have nay pussy or fockin' tits! I certainly don't want ta end up fockin' pregnant with a wee child! Please, there's got ta be another way!"

Erick shook his head. "I'm afraid there isn't."

"I'll kill you," Darayan sneered. "This is the ultimate insult! There is no way on earth that I will become a lowly woman, especially a broodmare that is a member of the harem! You promised I would at least have one myself!"

Erick blushed. "Um, I was sort of honest there. You see, in a way, you'll be part of one."

Darayan paused, his expression one of horror and rage. "You - you would me, the Most August and Imperial Nawab of All Lands Shirparsa and Non-Shirparsa . . . reduced to a *godsdamned harem girl!*? I don't care what you've been smoking, you'll return me right now to my lands. I will heap the most gorgeous - well, second-most gorgeous - girls upon you if only you free me!"

"And the rest of us," Aaron reminded.

"Whatever. If I can afford it."

But Erick just shook his head sadly. "I mean what I say, I must use the most magic-rich possibilities to produce the greatest mages. The best way to do so is the formerly-male heirs to kingdoms - your own fathers were too old. Don't worry, there'll be some side benefits! You'll live in the lap of luxury. I'll provide everything you can ask for in

terms of comfort, and your own cultural wants, and even weapons to practice and hone your skills when you're not, well, quite far along. With child, I mean."

"Oh, I am *well* aware!" Darayan snapped. Aaron just glared silently, like a knight undertaking a sacred vow.

"And you will live long lives! Longer lives than any, in fact! The magic will reduce you a little in age - except you, Conn - so that you are all twenty years old, and in prime fertility. You'll be healthy always, free of disease and discomfort and -"

"Freedom," Ryo interrupted. Erick frowned. It was the first time the samurai had spoken since the evidence for the coming cataclysm had been shown. Even when the others had tried every trick in the book to attack the sorcerer, only for the magic affecting them to prevent them from doing so, he had simply stood back and observed their failed attempts until they had given up and finally followed Erick to this room. He had been silently contemplative, taking in everything the supposedly dreaded sorcerer - who seemed more socially nervous than evil - was showing them. He had knowledge of the mystical arts himself, even if he wasn't a practising arcane user, and he was adding up all the information in his head.

"Yes," Erick admitted sadly. "I came to your families, hoping that a deal could be arranged. I only organised that ridiculous hostage crisis when they rebuffed me. I had always wasted months and months, and time was of the essence. *Is* of the essence."

Conn gulped. "I don't - don't want ta end up a fockin' woman, though! I struggle enough just trying ta be a man!"

"And I am a knight of the realm," Aaron said, standing tall and proud in his princely garb, now out of his armour. "I aim to win the hand of a fair maiden, not become one!"

"Fucking women is my specialty and my reward for my bloodline," Darayan said. "I will not suffer the humiliation of that position being reversed! Isn't that right, Ryo?"

But Ryo simply grit his teeth, took a deep breath, then sighed.

"I will go along with this, great sorcerer. I will become a woman, if I must, and I will bear your children. So long as it is truly the way to save the world."

"It is," said Erick. "Th-thank you."

The others were aghast at this.

"What ta?"

"The hell is wrong with you, man? He doesn't speak for me!"

"This is an affront to honour, Ryo!"

But Ryo turned to Aaron and shook his head sadly. "No, good friend, it is not any kind of affront to honour, at least not to the honour of my culture. The greatest sacrifice one can make is to follow one's destiny for the greater good of one's people, even if the path is not that which one desires to tread. I have trained to be a warrior. A leader. Nothing pains me

more than the notion of becoming a woman, a bearer of children. It is not my way, my friends. But I cannot deny the evidence shown to me as my father did. I *must* do this, because the alternative is disaster for us all. If my duty calls for me to bear children to save this world, then I shall do my duty.”

The other three were momentarily shocked.

“Well, I vote *he* takes the fall for this, and the rest of us-”

“It must be all of us,” Ryo said. “This is the sacrifice we make.”

“But - but my cock! I don’t want to -”

Ryo’s expression became one of anger. “Want. *WANT!?* Want is nothing! A mountain may wish to flow like the river, but it can only be what it is.”

“What the fuck does that mean?”

“It means we must accept the challenge Erick has put before us,” he said. “All of us.”

Erick took that moment to clasp his hands together and seize the opportunity.

“Well, I know it’s all very hard. Very hard. And I really am very apologetic. Ryo speaks the truth, you *are* making an amazing sacrifice, but what you achieve will ring out through the ages. I ask much of you, but you truly will be remembered as the princes who saved our world.”

“The princesses,” Conn said miserably, scratching his arm.

“How long until the transformation begins?” Aaron said, trying to come to terms with what Ryo had just said.

Erick swallowed. “I’ve cast the spell already, and the changes should begin soon. They will take twenty four hours to finish.”

”By the Gods, this is insane. I will not stand for this!” Darayn exclaimed. “What will we even look like?”

“The spell, by its very nature, will make you into the very kind of woman you admire most. That is to say, the kind of woman you find most sexually attractive. It is part of the process that inverts your virility to fertility.”

“F-fuck,” said Darayan. “Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck fuck.”

Despite the anxiousness of the situation, the others couldn’t help but giggle, even Ryo. Erick looked to each of them, trying to understand what was funny.

“Am I missing something?”

“Missing something!?” Darayan cried. “I’m a fucking pervert, you magical moron? Do you have idiot idea of the kind of woman I’m going to become!? Someone get me to my quarters. I *do not* want anyone seeing me while I change. I *will* figure a way out of this.”

“Of course,” Erick said. “The former thing, I mean. Let me show you to each of your rooms. There is a lot to adjust to.”

Each of them suddenly groaned as a series of pressures came over them. A sort of compression that reduced their shoulders in size, their height too - except for the already short Conn.

“UUghhnn,” Aaron groaned. “Wh-what was that?”

“The start,” Ryo said, looking at his arms, which suddenly had noticeably less muscle on them. “I think we better get to our rooms. Now.”

The changes began in the following hours. Aaron’s room was in the traditional Anatolis fashion, a large bedchamber with trailing curtains, gorgeous tapestries and paintings, and displays of swords, weaponry, and the like. He would normally be astounded by the recreation - and by the even more magnificent view from the balcony, which was easily over twelve stories in incredible height, overlooking luscious gardens and fields that terminated into the badlands after a couple of thousand feet. Unfortunately, he couldn’t focus on this wonder, not even the books of epic poetry and romance that populated the shelves on the wall, many of which he had thought lost in ancient wars. No, he could appreciate none of that.

Instead, he was focused on the impossible-to-ignore fact that he was growing breasts.

“By the Gods, this is too much. This wasn’t in any of the damn songs. What would Elene even think?”

He furrowed his brow, trying not to cry. An honourable knight only cried at the moment of his death, or a confession of true love, not when he was becoming a damn woman! This wasn’t how he imagined his life would go.

It had only been six hours since the spell had been cast, and his body had already changed far too quickly. His body hair was gone, except for above his manhood, but even there it was changed, becoming finer and taking on a triangular shape. Meanwhile, the hair on his head had become longer, and was now reaching down to his chin. It was blonde still, but now possessed a silken, feminine quality that was undeniable. It was getting in his eyes constantly, reminding him constantly of his transformation. The same could be said of his lips, which were just that little but softer and fuller, and his jaw, which had a gentler curve that was subtly changing by the hour.

And that wasn’t all: his abs were melting away, and his impressive shoulders were shrinking down also. His legs were reshaping, and his feet were too small for his shoes, which somehow embarrassed him even more than his shrinking hands. His manhood had

not yet shrunk, but his rear was subtly expanded, and had lost its firm tautness. He was proud of that tautness.

But it was the breasts which disturbed him the most. Anatólis had many representations of gorgeous women, many images of the goddess of fertility and lust and romance. He had always coveted the notion of feeling a dame's perfect breasts, but he had saved himself, knowing that he would rescue his maiden. But now his nipples had swollen, and were growing larger, taking on a more pinkish quality. His pectoral muscles were converting to a pair of supple breasts: already they had a slight wobble to them. It scared him what they would eventually look like. He had never liked a giant chest on a woman, but neither did he like them small, either.

"What in the Seven Hells is my ideal woman?" he groaned, trying to distract himself with another book of tales about heroes. "What am I going to end up like?"

Conn knew *exactly* what he was going to end up like, and it filled him with a mix of dread and secret excitement. Ever since he had been young and first seen warriors of the MacNill clan fight, those red-haired women fighters flush with fit muscle and a berserker's rage, he had secretly harboured a desire for them, despite knowing his meek stature and coward's heart would not gain him one for a bride, no matter his status.

Now, however, he was not growing shorter but *taller*. Already he had grown a full inch in height, and his shoulders had widened subtly. His hips had spread also - the MacNill clan women had such lovely, fertile hips - and his thighs had widened. His hair was growing out, and already formed a mane to his neck, curlier and redder and frizzier than ever. Even his small amount of freckles had broken out over his softer face. In the corner of the impossible wooden-lodge room that mimicked that of his people's style, a mirror revealed to him his changes. He was looking cute, but more than that, he was looking powerful.

"F-fockin' hells," he marvelled, his voice cracking slightly. "If my Da saw me now, he'd go bloody spare, but what would he think of these muscles?"

He flexed, and while they weren't enormous biceps, he certainly *actually had* muscle, for once. And despite the fact that he had managed already to grow a pair of not-tiny breasts - enough for a small handful each - he was miraculously fitting into his clothing better than ever, filling it out with good health.

"I better not be comin' ta like this. No way. I don't care if ma cock is wee tiny, I'm not planning ta lose it!"

"I'm going to lose it," Darayan said, standing naked in the circle of mirrors that showed off every spare inch of his form. "I swear I am going to lose it if I have one. More. Change!"

He didn't know it yet, but his bodily changes were already further along than the other princes. His olive skin had darkened just a little - he loved the sun-darkened skin of the eastern desert women - and his height had reduced by two inches until he was merely 5'7. His hair was long, by the Gods he loved long-haired women! It was already at his shoulders, shifting with each movement, and looking utterly shining and gorgeous. His face was feminising rapidly, with the kind of luscious lips he associated with the best cock-suckers in the realm, and as such he *very much* did not appreciate having them on him.

"Even my voice is starting to sound like a damn nubile woman!" he complained, hearing the incessant softness of it. "And the less said of my ass and these tits the better!"

Indeed, his breasts had grown prodigiously, so rapidly that he was afraid that his centre of gravity would change. Already they filled his palms, and the only positive that the hedonistic Nawab could take away from this was that his hands had become very slender and small within the first hour of change, and so his breasts were possibly not too big yet.

"Except that I can damn fucking *feel* them still growing!" he whined. "And the same of my ass as well! And these hips! Ridiculous!"

It was like he was becoming a parody of a woman.

"By the Gods, why do I have to fucking love women who are so damn horny and sensitive?"

He went to the cupboard of the exquisitely decorated Shirparshan room, with its numerous comfortable loofah and poofs and creature comforts, and grabbed a strong wine.

"I'm going to get fucking drunk and masturbate like crazy." Might as well send my magnificent cock off with a bang. Ha!"

Ryo sat on the floor, incense burning before him. The room was sparse, the rice paper walls done in exquisite Minamoto style. The rendering of the tiger - his family's warrior symbol - was painted in the style of his favourite artist. Perhaps Erick Exeor, this strange would-be father of Ryo's children, did indeed have good taste. Something to consider later: for now he simply crossed his legs and continued to meditate. Beneath his robes and masculine yukata, his body was changing. It discomfited him, but that was what meditation was for. He centred himself, and thought of the changing of the seasons. They were each different in form, but the soul of the earth remained. He hoped the same would be true of him. Ryo focused on his perfect woman, the ideal specimen for a man of the Minamoto clan to marry. More than the

others, he knew exactly the womanly attributes that his body and essence would be adopting. It was in his nature to know himself.

His ideal wife would be slender, graceful, and beautiful, a fragile flower that nevertheless carried the seeds of future maternal will. She would have hidden strengths, a creature of silk with secret steel. Her hair would be long, her hips healthy for rearing children, but not too wide. Like a swan, she would have a natural calm to her, and her breasts would be small but receptive to a man's touch. Her eyes would carry mystery and wisdom.

"Mhm, that is the woman I am becoming," he finally said to himself. "My sacrifice."

Indeed, his body was already part way there, but unlike the others, he did not examine his lengthening hair or softer skin, not even his paler complexion or slender belly. He simply meditated. Looking and feeling would not change anything, after all.

The bell rang for dinner, and magical instructions and directions were voiced from various articles of furniture and the like to direct them downstairs to the dining hall. Each came reluctantly: Ryo first (dignified, his head tall), then Conn (who was deeply hungry and quite red-cheeked), followed by Aaron (trying to maintain a manly swagger and failing) and then finally Darayan (who was bent over in a full robe, just his soft face sticking out).

The four arrived one by one, and there was the expected amount of embarrassment as they took in each other's forms - except for Darayan, who was covered up.

"Conn!" Aaron remarked, "you're actually looking *more* manly, in a sort of way."

"Don't be reminding me, please," Conn begged. "I feel much more powerful, but at the same time I'm losin' the only bit of manliness I had! Da would be ashamed!"

"Not as ashamed as I am," Aaron said in his quasi-feminine voice. "Look at me! I can't even fit in my garb anymore. I've lost an inch of height or two, and my hair is getting so long and bouncy! I'm growing breasts."

"We all are," Ryo said, taking a seat. "We are all in this together."

Darayan said nothing. He just focused on hiding beneath his cloak.

"Oh for the Gods' sakes," Aaron said, "we're all before each other, looking womanly and full of shame. The least you could do, Darayan, is to show yourself as well."

"Boil me under the sun and leave my bones to the desert. I'd rather that fate than share my body. I *will* reverse this."

Ryo grunted. "It will be okay, brother."

"No, it *won't*. I don't want anyone to -"

Suddenly his cloak was pulled from his body. Darayan yelped as his changed body was revealed, wearing just a shirt and rich purple pants beneath. Everyone gasped, and not

just at his body, which he immediately tried to cover: Conn was the one who had removed it. He seemed equally as shocked.

“I’m sorry!” he exclaimed. “I have no idea why I just did that! I’m sorry, lad! I just had a sudden impulse - I’ve never felt that way before!”

Darayn scrambled for the cloak, but Sir Aaron was quick. He snagged it with ease, moving with less power but no less swiftness, and hurled it up over an artistic display jutting high on the nearest wall, where it stuck.

“You absolute fuckers!” Darayan cried. He shook and jumped with anger, and it was then that the group saw how advanced their haughty friend was in his changes.

“By the Black Mountain,” Conn gasped. “Darayan, ya got tits!”

“I am *well fucking aware!*”

Indeed, his form was obviously more womanly than the rest. His breasts were equal to Conn’s, putting him on the upper scale among the princes, but his hips had already widened considerably, and try as he might to hide it, his rear was clearly becoming quite rotund. The fact that he had the longest hair of the group, and that his lips were the fullest, only added to his femininity. And it was quite a . . . appealing femininity.

Aaron laughed. “I must say, Darayn, you’re looking very much like a nubile supplicant yourself these days.”

“Oh, laugh it up, Mr Shining Knight! Do you think you won’t end up looking like a fair maiden, or is a busty tavern wench more your style? Oh, but I overheard you on the trip here: you love a lass with a good singing voice and with, and I quote, ‘a delicate softness’. That will be fun to go through!”

“At least I won’t have an ass that would make a mule blush!”

“You take that back!”

“It is pretty on the big side, ya ken?” Conn said.

“Oh, so I suppose the young fearful warrior is all high and mighty now that he’s *gained* height, you lucky whoreson.”

Conn angered. “You take that back, laddie! I may not be able ta slice up the sorcerer, but I can take some battlin’ ta you! I won’t hear no one mocking my fockin’ mammy, ya hear?”

Aaron and Darayan exchanged a look.

“Conn, you seem a bit more . . . confident,” Aaron said carefully.

The young man blushed across his cute new freckles. “Aye. I suppose I am. It’s . . . overwhelming. I’m sorry, Darayan.”

“Don’t be. If I were growing muscles, at least I could take some consolation prize. I knew I should have been more attracted to strong women. Or been more into men, ha!”

Ryo sighed. “We can only bear out our fate, my friends.”

“Well, you appear to be more slender too,” Aaron ventured. “So everyone is, well, growing breasts, then?”

“Aye.”

“Mine are hard to miss.”

“Hai,” Ryo said, but he smirked a little at Darayan. “But I am not into ample women.”

“Lucky you.”

“Are we starting to fit in?”

All four turned to see Erick Exeor entering the room from the far door. He was in a fine dark red outfit with gold trim, befitting a sorcerer, but he looked more casual than before, missing his long robe. Instead, he was putting on his best smile.

“I’m sorry to be late. I was continually looking for alternate solutions to our problem - I haven’t stopped, you know. Sadly, nothing yet.”

“And we are the casualties,” Aaron set with a grimace, his slightly-softener jaw setting.

“Indeed. I am very-”

“Sorry, we are well aware,” cut in Darayan. “But given the circumstances aren’t changing, and we’ll all be losing our fucking penises soon unless we can escape you, then apologies don’t mean a damn thing. *Wine* would. And some good feasting.”

Erick beamed. He was on much more sure-footed ground here.

“Now *that* I can arrange!” he declared. He clicked his fingers, and dishes suddenly phased into existence all along the table, gathered not just from the four realms of the princes, but his own invented foods from his culinary experiments, as well as fish and platters and wines and fruits from the far distant corners of the earth. The four princes gaped at it.

“There are advantages to living with a sorcerer,” Erick said. “Please, eat up. Your body will need the food: the transformation takes a bit out of you.”

“Oh, it’s takin’ a very important piece alright,” Conn said miserably.

“I know, I’m - well, you know. But the magic is working, and your bodies will be your own ideals in attractiveness.”

It was Darayan’s turn to be miserable. “What a great fucking thing. If this food isn’t the best thing I’ve ever tasted, then I swear . . .”

But it was. It truly was. The appetites of each transforming prince surged, and they found themselves gulping and drinking and consuming numerous dishes, even as they tried to ignore the alien feel of their slightly wobbling breasts and wider hips. It was a subtle set of changes, but each could feel them gaining a little more speed. Darayan drank a great deal just to ignore what was happening to him. Aaron tried hurling a sword one last time at Erick, only to fail completely as his body couldn’t make the motion. Conn ate more than anyone, fuel for his future muscle. Ryo ate dutifully, aware of his responsibility. None of them said

much to Erick, and that was fine by him. He was alright with taking the insults as they came, and the complaints too. He deserved all of them, though Darayan constantly throwing steak knives in his direction was a bit much. Thankfully, as dinner went on, a few genuine questions came his way, mostly from Ryo and occasionally from Conn. It gave him a chance to explain further the threat that faced them, and how natural-born mages of great power would be the only thing to stop it.

“N-n-not gettin’ knocked up,” a very tipsy Darayan managed to stutter.

Conn agreed. “I don’ like any kind of responsibility. I don’ want ta have a babe on my tit!”

Aaron was silent, contemplative. He was trying not to think about it all. Ryo on the other hand was engaged with Erick in dialogue, and it was helpful.

“So we are at least free to wander the tower.”

“Yes. I have barred all but a few experiment rooms to you, for your safety of course. You are protected here, and you may wander through the gardens and fields and balconies and libraries and so on at your leisure. I have prepared training rooms for each of you as well, and numerous hobbies to pursue - an entire room for calligraphy, for instance.”

Ryo nodded sagely. “Better with a meditation stone and a stream outside.”

“Ah, I shall get that ready in no time. And speaking of time, you will be able to wander freely eventually, once we all trust each other a little more.”

“Fuck off!” Darayan cried.

“Yeah,” grunted Aaron. “Though I wouldn’t put it in such a vulgar way.

“I would!” added Conn.

“Well, time will have to tell,” Erick said. “This is the situation. I must save the world, and you must help me. I will not take advantage of you, however. You will be changed, but I am not a vulgar individual. You will only fall pregnant when you are ready. But I hope you understand the stakes by then. But it is getting late. I must bid goodnight to each of you. You will each wake further changed, perhaps almost entirely changed. I hope you are not too unhappy with the final results.”

And with that, he turned and left, hoping that he had made his mission statement clear. The others were quiet afterwards, and one by one they drifted away. Darayan simply looked at his already noticeable chest and sighed in an even higher voice.

“The final results may be somewhat exaggerated,” he muttered. “I’ll take some more wine just to cope.”

Part 3: New Bodies

Each of the four future princesses had fitful dreams and restless sleeps. Their bodies were changing, limbs altering, tissue forming, fat expanding in places it had never expanded before. It was undeniable that they were heading towards womanhood: their manhoods had begun to shrink, even Sir Aaron's own very impressive member and Darayan's frequently used one.

Even Ryo, who was trying to do his duty, could not calm his mind and sleep particularly well: he was overcome by the constant sensation of tissue forming in his breasts, of his rear becoming just that little bit more prodigious. He had, in his stoicism, given a little white lie to the group. He liked his women slender, but he had not told the full truth either: a woman with a quite noticeable rear had always been a subject of hidden lust for him, the perfect kind of *rondure* behind to hold onto as a woman rode him or he took her from behind. He had fought in wars, after all. He knew a woman's touch, and the kind of touch he enjoyed best. And so it was that he was struggling to sleep on his back in his usual way as it continually expanded, as his hips gently widened, as his hair continually got in the way. He relaxed his mind by thinking of the others, and how he might help them do their duty. That feeling was given a sort of tenderness that his hard self had not previously felt, though he didn't have the mental strength to examine that.

Conn was fitful too, though for different reasons. For one, his bust was enlarging at an alarming rate, two freckled globes that were equal in size now to his sister's, who did not have massive bosoms but neither were entirely small. The constant sensation of new muscle growing in was leaving him toned, and the continually expanding frizz of his hair was an annoyance. His body was bursting with energy that it took a long time to go to sleep: the experience of being stretched taller will also do that. His occasionally grunted or moaned in annoyance and anxiousness, and his voice was alien to him: huskier, yet more feminine. A small shiver of excitement followed whenever he took in his changes, as if he were a caterpillar about to emerge from a cocoon as a beautiful - and muscular - butterfly. It wasn't the kind of emotion he was used to.

Aaron couldn't stop waking up. He was a dreamer - in all senses of the word - and so when he dreamed of rescuing maidens from towers, only to *become* the maiden in the tower by taking her place, it was enough to make him wake. The song of birds outside his window kept lulling him back to sleep, at least. He had never been one for such things; it was something he associated with beautiful princesses. If he were less tired, he would have made the connection of what was happening to him. As it was, he could only try to ignore how his features were softening, his hair growing down past his shoulders, his legs silken soft, while the rest of him shrunk. He slept on his stomach, but at a certain point in the night

his tender breasts were too sensitive, and he curled up in an almost delicately fetal position, dreaming of all sorts of cute animals.

Darayan slept better than the rest of them, despite his utter hatred of what was happening to him. Part of this was because his bed was in the classic Shirparna style, and therefore the most ridiculously luscious and comfortable setting imaginable, but the much larger part was that he had gotten rather strategically and hedonistically drunk. It helped him ignore just how much more exaggerated his changes were than the rest. He had tried reconfiguring his mind and imagining his ideal sexual creature as a buff, tough woman like Conn was evidently becoming. But always his dirty mind insisted on returning back to a gorgeous, nubile harem girl with large, head-sized breasts, perfect breeding hips, and an ass you could sink your fingers into. Or your teeth, if you were particularly naughty. She would have slightly darker skin than him, and her lips would be full, perfect for sucking on his cock. He moaned in his sleep, utterly aroused by a dream encounter with this woman as she performed just such an act on him, completely unaware that as he fondled her massive breasts that his too were swelling to match those proportions. It was, at least, a good dream.

As each of the women-to-be slept, Erick was having his own nervous sleep. He was still caught in the tangle of what he had done, horrified by his own actions but also by their necessity. Originally, months back, he had considered mindwiping them, or giving them false memories, or putting them under the effect of a love or lust potion. All these options struck him as irredeemably evil. He *had* to be just once they were changed. Their families would soon believe them to be unreachable: one final illusion was necessary to preserve their safety from a five-way war. But they *would* get to choose when, if ever, they decided to bear his children. The fate of the world rested upon it, but he found that he simply couldn't go that far.

"I can keep them here for a few months," he said to himself wearily in his lonely sorcerer's bed, surrounded by tomes of wisdom to help him through dark times. "But after that, I must let them go free. I'm sorry," he whispered, to the world, to his now-gone mentor, to the people he had helped save in previous ventures, "but I cannot go any further. It is now up to them. We shall see how they changed in the morning, and if they are ready."

Erick was nervously pacing the dining hall the following morning. He had slept fitfully, and had drunk a lullaby potion of his own making, using a time lock bubble to 'catch up' on his missing sleep. But even emerging from that, he still felt tired. He set about organising the

breakfast food in a buffet style, transmuting the substances by activating a series of wards he'd organised far in advance.

"Perhaps being able to sample one another's foods will give some distraction from the changes," he said idly to himself. "Who knows? Perhaps they might even like their new bodies?"

"*I HATE EVERYTHING!*" came a whiny voice, echoing down the corridor as a very altered individual descended the stairs.

Erick winced as Darayan Orodos stepped into view, supported by Conn. Both individuals had been greatly changed. In fact, they appeared as if they were nearly 'complete', judging from how female they now appeared.

"Get your big hands off me!" Darayan groaned, clutching his head.

Conn just smiled awkwardly, holding his - or her? - fellow prince up. It was obvious even to Erick Exeor that Darayan was in the throes not just of a magical transformation, but a truly awesome hangover as well.

"Ughhhh," he moaned. "It's all gone to m-my head. I never get this bad of a hangover!"

"It's because you're much smaller now, laddie," Conn said. Darayan just glared as he managed to stumble to a table.

"Don't even talk to me, *muscles!* Though I can see we're both completing the bloody breast department too. For God's sakes, I need new clothing - but not the kind of clothing I'd like a body like this to normally wear!"

"I can arrange that," Erick said, as the other two arrived. "I can also fix that headache of yours."

With a flourish of his fingers a light incantation removed it, and Darayan sighed pleurably. It was not a very . . . decent sound. In fact, it made Erick feel a slight stirring between his legs.

Katoishi Ryo Minamoto held his head high as he descended the stairs. Despite looking much more woman than man, he still bore himself with a quiet and stoic grace. The valorous, romantic Sir Aaron Ardale, on the other hand, was moving *very* differently. If Conn O'Braoin was suddenly a lot more confident and swaggering in his - or her - movements, then Aaron was the complete opposite. He practically hid behind Ryo, stepping gingerly and with a sheepish look on his elegant face, as if with his reduced size he was trying to escape notice entirely and become completely invisible.

"Welcome, my princesses," Erick said. "My princes, I mean! Pardon, I'm getting ahead of myself! Please come take a seat. I've kept the long table in place because I know some of you will be hesitant to-"

Aaron and Ryo took seats at the far end, right near Conn and Darayan.

“-sit anywhere near me,” Erick finished weakly. “But as you can see, the exterior walls of the room are full of food from your different realms. As we shall be getting to know one another ever more deeply in coming days, weeks, months . . . er, years, then perhaps this is an opportunity to share in our various cultures - including my own southern origins at the all behind me - and mingle with different-”

Each of the transforming men got up and went straight to their respective cultural corners and began filling their plates. Their newly reduced stomachs howled in hunger: the change had indeed taken a lot out of them.

“Try the coffee as well, if you didn’t sleep well!” Erick called across the room. “It has an enchantment that will make you-”

But Aaron cut him off: “We don’t want any more enchantments, thank you very much, sorcerer.”

Erick sat back down, feeling like it was all going terribly. He knew it would, but it still hurt. He could only imagine how *they* felt. Certainly, they seemed to be fighting their bodies: with the exception of Ryo, they were all bending over a little to hide their breast development, though it emphasised some of the delightful derrieres that were now filling their pants a bit too tightly. Again, he felt that twinge of arousal in his pants. It said a lot about the world that there were numerous spells to enhance virility and increase lust and arousal, but none to reduce it. He had to settle for the age-old cure of simply thinking cold thoughts and keeping his member hidden beneath the table.

As the sorcerer presided over the events, seeming less like an evil overlord and more like an awkward boy at the dance trying to find a date, the four princes converged back at their tables. None of them could ignore the appearances of their bodies, but they were doing their best to hide them. Unfortunately, it led to the increasingly meek-looking Aaron to trip over his slack pants and collide into Conn, who in the struggle to arrest his fellow prince’s fall ended up ripped his own shirt apart at the underarms and across the back.

“Damn!” he exclaimed. “You’re getting too wee for your clothes ta fit over ya, and I’m getting too big ta fit into them!”

“It’s not my fault! I’m meant to be several inches over six damn feet in height, pardon my vulgar language!”

“It *is* becoming hard to avoid getting sauce on my yukata,” Ryo said, indicating the stains.

“Well, I’m happy with my bag,” Darayan said, having secured another cloak to hide himself in, even if it was more form fitting than the last.

“You literally keep tripping over just like me!” Aaron replied.

“Tripping is part of Shirparsan culture!”

“Since when, laddie?”

“Since I as the Nawab decreed it mere seconds ago, that’s when!”

Erick watched this with a bit of amusement, but when the argument continued to boil, he stood and clapped his hands - a thaumaturgy incantation made it a booming thunderclap that gained the attention of the four princes.

“I apologise, this is my fault,” he said. “I have been neglectful in my duties as your host-”

“Kidnapper,” Aaron corrected.

“-so allow me to cast a new spell. Your clothing will now match your forms appropriately! It will continue to change until your transformation is finished, and in this way match your ideal woman.”

Ryo nodded. “Hm.”

Conn nodded too.

But Aaron and Darayan looked across at each other, alarm on their faces.

“Wait!” the haughty Nawab called out, “when you say ‘match my ideal woman’, do you mean -”

But it was too late: Erick was already casting the spell, and the thrumming of its energy drowned out what Darayan was saying. The others started to see the implications of this too, but the shy, introverted sorcerer clearly hadn’t, because he sent out a flash of golden light that enveloped the form of each changing man, and suddenly their clothes began to change. Erick was very happy with himself as the magic began its work. Perhaps it would even endear him a little to the group and-

“You idiot!” cried Daraya as his clothing shrunk - *a lot*. “Oh by the Gods, no!”

“Um, I mebbe changin’ more than I thought!” Conn exclaimed, looking at the way his armour was shrinking to bare his soft yet muscular shoulders.

Aaron looked almost to be hyperventilating, voice cracking even higher. “Please not a dress, please not a dress, please not a - it’s a dress.”

Ryo simply sighed in the merest exasperation, before accepting as his clothing altered, even changing colour.

They had all shot to their feet in a hurry, and this only gave a greater impression of how much they had changed, and how little changes there were to go. It also allowed everyone in the room to see everyone else in the room, quite fully. There was quite a bit to see.

Aaron had ended up in a gorgeous and modest light blue dress that swept all the way to his feet. It cinched tighter at the waist courtesy of an elegant white bow, before sweeping a little wider and revealing the gentle curve of his hips. His shoulders left partially bare, and the costume dipped to reveal a nice cleavage. Despite his claims of loving modesty, it was clear that Aaron at least must have liked an ample bosom (Erick, who had read of numerous

attempts to size women up across dozens of ancient civilisations, had often referred to the Ysmyldr system of measurement as a topic of side-interest. In it, Aaron would be a solid B-cup, and a great example of a pair at that). Furthermore, the future princesses' blonde hair easily fell to the small of his back, but was now pulled up in an elaborate and gorgeous series of braids befitting a royal. His slender neck had a golden necklace around it, with a shining white diamond in its centre. Even his feet were now in a pair of heels.

"You look like a genuine royal princess, lad!" Conn marvelled.

Aaron's cheeks - paler than they had been before - blushed red. He'd always liked a woman with a good rosy blush, and now he was paying for it.

"By the Gods, now I *feel* like one. I've only got my manhood left and a few other changes, my voice included, and I'll be completely on the other side!"

Indeed, his waist was just a little too thick, his legs and arms too much as well, and his voice was husky, his jaw just a bit too square. But the gorgeous damsel in the most classical model was there for all to imagine, his eyes an even brighter ocean blue, as if radiating demure innocence.

"And look at you, Conn!" he marvelled, voice cracking.

Conn's body was far from Aaron's. The former weak-looking chieftain's son was now a strong, stalwart looking female - at least female-to-be. He was noticeably taller - perhaps 5'8 now - and his limbs were obviously toned and fit. His costume had changed the least of the group - the Torvell tribe had female warriors in similar garb - but the sizing had altered so that his brown leather and pelt top now bared his shoulders more fully, and sunk a little lower to reveal his chest. His kilt was a little shorter and styled a little more softly, the material now mimicking that of a green dress material between the leather strips. In fact, his top also had soft green sides, making his costume appear more ceremonial. All in all, it revealed a body that was tall, tough, and yet still quite female: Conn now had a bust that was a size larger than Aaron's already, with a smattering of adorable freckles across his visible cleavage. His thighs were powerful and soft, and his hair was wild, a great frizzy mane that was tied into the loosest possible ponytail, so that it sprung out like a crimson bush beyond him. Like Aaron, his face was not quite right, now the shape of his body, and his rear was flatter than he felt it was going to be. His manhood had reduced in size but was still there, and his voice still had a boyish whine, albeit an excited one now.

"This is going to sound like I'm dumb and crazy as an actual berserker, but this ain't too bad, right laddies?"

The others, even Ryo, groaned.

"You got lucky," the samurai mourned.

“Indeed,” Aaron said, trying to walk in his dress. He was actually having to *lift* it a little, just like the noblewomen of the court. He approached Ryo, still not used to his own widened hips. “Are you okay, good friend?”

Ryo gave a wan smile as he indicated his form. “As you can see, Minamoto women are most . . . slender. We like them like delicate sakura blossoms, I am afraid.”

More than anyone, his voice had changed, becoming demure and soft, like a sweet birdsong that could be drowned out easily. It didn’t project nearly as much either. His clothing had changed from the manly yukata to the more traditionally feminine kimono. Not only that, the kimono was a cherry blossom pale pink. Ryo’s form was indeed now very slender, with subtle curves to indicate his increasing womanhood, but in a more ethereal, willowy way. While he was obviously de-aging back to twenty, his soft and dainty features nevertheless had that notion of silk hiding steel: they were refined and pretty, but also possessing a kind of maternal wisdom. But as he turned, the others could see that one feature was a little more developed than the rest.

“Well now!” Darayan laughed, pointing. “It seems our Ryo isn’t quite the stoic we took him for. Looks like he appreciates some ‘rear padding’ as much as I do!”

Ryo sighed, barely showing any sign of embarrassment, though he felt it inwardly. “That is indeed so. Even the strongest warrior can have his secret vices. He must master them.” There was a pause, and then the samurai gave an unexpected guffaw. “And you seem to have *many* vices, my friend. Many quite *ample* vices that are also *very much* on display.”

There was a general titter as the attention refocused on Darayan, whose clothing was, by far, the most revealing of the entire group. His purple shirt and resplendent trousers had become a two-piece outfit that revealed his smooth belly and luscious legs. His ample chest, already easily the most ample of the group, was contained within a thin purple crop top that showed a delectable amount of cleavage, which trembled with every movement of his body. His skirt was sheer, revealing a set of underwear that contained a very small package. Around his lower face a transparent purple veil affixed itself, and numerous jangling pieces of jewellery around his ankles, wrists, and neck. A vibrant amethyst sat in the middle of his already-impressive cleavage, emphasising it greatly. His hips were wonderful, perfect for sensual dancing, and for childbearing. And while his rear wasn’t equal to Ryo’s, it was a marvellous rotund backside, with much of his cheeks displayed beneath the transparent skirt. His feet were completely bare, gorgeous slender things. His face was easily the most seductive of any of them, and far more womanly already. His long nose was no longer beak-like, but beautifully refined. His lips were full, just as he liked them.

Darayan’s immense embarrassment was obvious to everyone. Erick gulped at the end of the table. All the women were beautiful, and his cock was only growing stiffer, but

while Aaron appeared to be becoming the most beautiful, and Ryo the most maternal, and Conn the most hearty and passionate, Darayan was the one whose sexuality was most obviously naked (literally, in fact). The sorcerer dropped his cup, and it spilled on the table for a moment before righting itself.

“By the Gods,” he whispered, taking Darayan and the others in.

Aaron, not noticing this, simply grinned. “That is quite the impressive chest you have there, Darayan.”

“Oh, shut it!”

“And it’s not even finished, right? Still growing? They must be quite heavy!”

“You’re just *jealous!*” he said, thrusting out his own chest a little, emphasising its size. “I mean, that was a joke. I - I didn’t mean it that way.”

But he had. For a mere moment, he’d felt strangely smug about having a bigger set of tits than his rival, and one much more openly displayed. Proudly so, in fact. He immediately put that thought back in the can, and instead looked over at Erick.

“You nincompoop! Look at me!”

With every gesture of anger, his tits wobbled, as did his barely clad ass. Again, Erick felt quite turned on, and tried to bottle that feeling unsuccessfully.

“S-sorry! I thought, since you needed clothes, and these suited your forms . . . there’s only a couple of hours left of change anyway!”

“Might as well speed it up, lad,” Conn said, looking at the insanity of it all.

“Yeah, why make us wait? This is just slow torture!” Aaron added.

Ryo nodded. “It would be quicker to get it over and done with.”

“I suppose I could speed up the spell. Finish it quickly.”

“NO!”

The cry was unanimous, the fear of losing their manhood returning immediately once the offer was given. Erick couldn’t help himself. He felt terrible about it, but he simply had to laugh.

“I get it, I would feel the same in your places. Um, try to enjoy the next few hours doing what you want. The tower is free to you, and the outside as well, up to the border of my fields and gardens. Your manhoods will be, well, gone soon. All the best. And while I know you never volunteered for this, I thank you. If you wish to see me I shall be at the top of the tower, but I understand if you need your time. Enjoy the rest of your breakfast. Lunch will be served here automatically, and I will leave you all to it.”

The last of the changes came not with a bang, but with a whimper. Daraya headed outside, choosing to relax in the shade and sun with some drinks. Despite his distaste for his new outfit, he couldn't bring himself to get out of it, for whatever reason. So instead he simply amused himself by masturbating a few final times, until his cock melted away completely and became a vagina. His breasts swelled yet bigger, then bigger again. True to his desires, he now had a pair of head-sized balloons attached to his chest, and his hips and rear had also grown so that his hourglass figure positively oozed sexuality. His pants became panties, his top became even skimpier, and he now looked every part the incredibly buxom, voluptuous, and sensual harem slave girl.

"Well, this is terribly awful," the new woman whined in a voice that was like intoxicating honey. "Ah well. More wine to cope, and maybe I'll play around with my new tunnel and compare notes. At least my tits are sensitive!"

While Darayan was moaning like a whore in heat, Sir Aaron simply strolled through the sweet, rose-filled gardens, taking in their scents, which were from his own lands. His changes were finishing up, and smelling the roses, as it were, was the only way to stop himself from screaming. His hair extended, his limbs finally became dainty and cute, and his frame reduced yet again, leaving him at a mere 5'3 in height, nearly a full foot lost from his original height. He hummed to himself in a soft voice as his penis withdrew into his body and his undergarments accounted for the change. He wasn't a hummer by nature, but murmuring a soft melody seemed to strangely distress him a little as the last inevitable change occurred.

"And now I am the damsel," he said as his changes finalised, an emptiness now noticeable between his soft thighs. "My song will be sung a lot sweeter now."

As if to draw attention to his new appearance and role, a blue sparrow landed on his shoulder and began to chirp.

Ryo was trying to practise his swordplay. While he accepted his new role, or at least was trying to, the fact of the matter was that he still yearned inwardly to maintain his martial skills. And yet, his handle upon the sword was all wrong, and his slender arms could not even pull the bow back far enough to loose an arrow properly. In the training yard, with its delicate bonsai trees and sakura blossoms, Ryo felt the last changes sweep over his body. They came slowly yet surely, like the morning tide. His breasts swelled gently until they were small yet obvious, and his hips widened further. His hair was long, falling to his tailbone, and his ass was . . . a fact of minor embarrassment. His voice cracked one last time, and now it lacked power completely: it was a voice that was thin and high and utterly submissive.

"I - I do not even feel at home with the blade, anymore," he said. *She* said. The new woman dropped the katana to the ground. It just . . . didn't feel right to hold it. It made her nervous.

Lastly, Conn leaped and bounded through the small forest that Erick had erected west of the tower. It was just like the mist-ridden lands of his people, but where such lands had inspired fear in him, now he was filled with wonder. His changes had finished over an hour ago, but he still had yet to fully explore them. Instead, he was *experiencing* them, moving with practised ease, tossing axes through the air to embed in the trunks of trees exactly where he aimed them. His large breasts bounced heavily, his armour securing them in place. His wild hair shifted and waved about, filling with leaves and sticks. He was beautiful. *She* was beautiful, and totally wild. More than any of the others, the new Conn was coming to revel in her fate. She was tall - for a woman, she was fit, she was courageous. And it was only after the last of her energy was expended and she laid against the tree, that she realised she was damn horny too.

“Well, might as well a feel of these big titties,” she said in the husky voice of a gorgeous warrior woman. “Not like I’m about ta be a man again, so might as well enjoy these goods - oohhh!!”

And they were quite enjoyable indeed.

All four princes were now princesses, though some mental changes seemed to still be occurring in the background. Each remained by themselves, taking in this new reality, but slowly they all moved back to the main living space, that grand area where they could lounge, talk, snack, drink, and indulge in the curious pull each was experiencing to see how the others were faring.

Erick Exeor was waiting for them.

Part 4: Meet the Princesses

The four princesses walked in silently - except for Darayan who swore wonderfully inventive invectives the whole time - into the living space, each from a separate entrance. Erick was there, nervously awaiting them, but it was clear that they were just as nervous. Each of them beheld each other’s changed forms, from the buxom fitness of Conn to the maternal grace of Ryo, from the sweet beauty of Aaron to the temptingly sexual sight of Darayan. Erick beheld them all, willing his body not to show an erection. He knew his duty, and had approached it solemnly, but now that he was presented with his future ‘magemakers’, he was realising for the first time that he was ending up with the most gorgeous women in the land, all noble princesses of great beauty and temptation.

“Well, my Gods,” he simply said as they looked one another over, folding their arms over or under their breasts, cocking their hips to the side so naturally. “You all look so - so -”

“Ridiculous,” Darayan said.

“Weak,” Aaron replied.

“Submissive,” Ryo said, flatly.

“Amazing,” Conn said, beholding his form. “What?” he said to the others. “I look like a right healthy lass, don’t I?”

“Conn is right!” Erick exclaimed, still astounded. “Please, I know you never wanted this, and obviously your clothing is not what you expected either. But believe me when I say that each of you has turned out just . . . entrancing.”

His words had an unusual effect on each of the new women: they all blushed slightly, Aaron most of all. It felt strangely . . . nice to be recognised by the sorcerer, and in such glowing terms.

“Whatever,” Darayan said, pushing past the little warm glow in her belly. “What happens now, hmm? Are you just going to seize and fuck us?”

“By the Gods, no!” Erick exclaimed. “As I have said before, I would never force the part of childbearing upon you. No, you will have as much time as possible to get used to your new lives and identities. But, given that you are now women, it would be, well, appropriate for you to have female names now, would it not?”

Aaron was about to protest, when suddenly she felt a little lightheaded. He clutched part of the couch beside her, swaying just a little. The others were a bit faint too, and Conn groaned loudly, accidentally breaking a wicker chair she was leaning against. All of them could feel another mental change, but unlike the others, this one seemed to be triggered directly by Erick’s words, and was coming on *fast*.

“Heavens,” he said, stepping forward. “Are you all okay? Aaron, are you alright?”

The blonde beauty in her blue dress swayed, almost falling. Erick caught her, and a shiver of joy ran through her. There was something so gentlemanly that she recognised: she would have done the same thing as a man, but now as a woman being aided, it felt altogether so . . . chivalric. She pulled away quickly.

“Don’t touch me!” she said. “I’m still a woman down deep! I mean, a woman. Darn! I’m even th-thinking of myself as a woman now and *can you please get your handsome hand off of mine?*”

Erick pulled his away, making sure Aaron was steady on his - her - feet.

“Are you alright?” he asked again.

The elegant woman ran her hands through her long blonde tresses. “I - I think I’m fine. I just . . . by the Gods, my mind is all female now. I’m thinking of myself as a woman and I can’t help it, even though I know I’m a man.”

“Same,” Conn said, and the others confirmed it, though Darayan’s confirmation was more of a high-pitched whine.

“And - and my name,” Aaron said. She suddenly clutched Erick by the shoulders. She was trying not to admire how much bigger they appeared in relation to her. There was surprisingly firm muscle there. “What did you do? Did you cast a spell?”

“N-no! I did nothing, I swear! I was just suggesting that you might want to consider a new name now that your forms have -”

“*Well, we godsdamn have ones now, don't we!?*” Darayan uttered, breasts jostling in her meagre top. “Not only am I also thinking of myself as a woman, but my name is now Darya! That's a woman's name!”

“And I'm *Aria*,” the former Aaron stressed. She released Erick, running her hands down her dress to fix it up. “It's strangely appropriate given my sing song voice, by the Gods.”

“Caitlin for me,” the former Conn said. She seemed to turn it over in her head before smirking. “I like it. A good strong woman's name.”

Ryo swallowed, keeping his emotions at bay expertly. “Rumiko, now. It is considered a name of great beauty in my country, reserved for noblewomen. Now it seems I *am* a noblewoman in full.”

“I promise I cast no spell,” Erick said. “Mental changes are always finicky. The transformation spell had no fixed mental state change, but there is always chaos in the mix. I wanted you to at least be able to identify as women, in order to ease the transition, but other changes - including your new names - are likely just a result of your own ideal woman intermingling with the magic.”

This brought no great ease to the four princes, who now had beautiful names to match their beautiful forms. From the small and voluptuous olive-skinned form of Darya to the toned and fit warrior woman aesthetic of Caitlin, they were now finding themselves trapped as the very ladies they once fancied. It made Aria rethink her own humming as of late - she'd always prized loving maidens with fair hair and demeanours, who could sing a tune that could gather birds. And Rumiko was starting to realise that the desire to maintain order was now being paired with her ideal woman having a strong sense of maternal care. It was part of the reason she approached Darya and placed a caring hand at the woman's bare back.

“We have time to get used to this, you say?” she asked.

“Of course,” Erick said. “The entire tower - barring the laboratories - is open to you. I hope that, in time, you will come to me to do your duty. I promise I will do mine. I will take no pleasure in it.”

“Oh, *please*,” Dayra said, placing her hands on her fertile hips, “who wouldn't find pleasure in taking this sumptuous body to bed?”

She'd said the words aloud before even realising what she was saying, or that she was thrusting her impressive chest out. Caitlin cackled, slapping her bare thigh.

"Agreed, laddie! No offence, but you've got quite the harem here! That'll make any man excited, even me old cowardly self. So if you don' mind, I think I'm gonna go practice with ma axe and try not to think about all of it. It's all much too soon for me!"

"Me as well," Aria said, blushing as she withdrew from Erick.

"I shall meditate," Rumiko said.

"I'm going to da- I mean, drink," Darya said. "Don't you dare come watch me, sorcerer."

"Watch you what?"

"Nothing! Go away! You've done enough damage already leaving me as this gorgeous harem girl! Try not to enjoy the sight as I walk away."

And yet, for all of Erick's continual failures to get the new women on his side, and his own embarrassment at once again sticking his foot in it, he couldn't help but feel Darya was giving him a slightly intentional show as she swayed her seductive, mostly bare hips during her retreat. Rumiko too looked back a little at him as she sauntered away, and Aria hummed a delightfully sweet tune. Caitlin stretched in full view before leaving, and too was a sight to see, her bodice nearly buckling as it tried to hold in her impressive chest (likely an E-cup on the ancient scale).

It made Erick hope that maybe, just maybe, they were beginning to feel a desire to move forward with the plane. Thank God his rudimentary illusion spell had hid his erection the whole time.

"I didn't expect them all to become quite so . . . striking," he said. His mind was using much dirtier adjectives, however.

Over the next two weeks, each of the princesses were forced to become acclimated to their new forms, their new names, and their increasingly feminine natures. It was quite a thing, to go from future patriarchal rulers of the realms to immensely pretty noblewomen destined to become pregnant and bear not just one, but numerous children for their new sorcerer overlord. As such, they tried for several days to find ways to undo their changes, or at least deal with the mental ones. Nothing worked though: their brains were thoroughly convinced that they were now fully female, and it just felt more natural to go along with it anyway.

The next step of minor protest, since the major ones and the attempted escapes all failed, was simply to dress in less feminine - and less revealing - outfits. This too was a failure though: upon returning to their rooms, each woman found that their entire closet had

altered to match what they were wearing. Princess Aria Ardale had numerous gorgeous dresses ranging from the fanciful to the wintry to the colourful spring style to the elegant ball gown. Chiefdaughter Caitlin O'Braoin had dresses too, albeit in forest greens that matched her eyes and contrasted her red hair, as well as leather outfits belonging to a female warrior. She got over this more quickly than the others, perhaps because she had the greatest variety. Banbishn Dayra Oodes had, predictably, the greatest struggle. It was almost impossible to find *anything* that would cover her whole form. In fact, most of her lower garments consisted of little more than transparent harem pants over underwear, or miniature skirted adorned with numerous beads, trinkets, gems, and tassels. She had literally nothing to cover her perfect slim belly, and all her tops were effectively little more than bright-coloured brassieres that lifted and showed off her immensely full chest. Rumiko had the most covering with her elegant kimonos, but even these were in very feminine styles, and still clung to her form to reveal its willowy shape. Her ample rear was also neatly displayed, a fact that Erick tried very hard to forget about as he lay in bed at night, and often had to 'sort out' for himself.

And yet, for all their initial fury at their new clothing lines ("Can I not just have something that doesn't show off my tits *and* my ass *and* my midriff!?" Darya whined), it was impossible to deny their pull. For Aria, it just felt 'right' to be in a pretty and impractical dress, to look as cute and innocent as possible. Caitlin, naturally, felt like she was finally a warrior in spirit, and if that meant being like the women clansmen, so be it! Rumiko found herself experiencing a kind of tranquility even her most successful meditations had not secured when readying herself for the day, applying her makeup and doing her hair and slipping on her kimonos. And Darya . . . Darya kept walking the other way when she saw Erick in view, because the tingle of excitement that followed when showing her body off to him was *not* something she wished to entertain. She did dream about it, though. A lot. And when she woke, she had to pleasure herself too. A lot.

As this transition happened, their sorcerer tried a hands off approach. Erick largely left them to their own devices, buffing some of the wards in case they tried to run, but otherwise just making himself present and walking through his enormous tower and its many levels and exteriors, and chatting with the girls as he came across them. To his surprise, they were more willing to spend time around him now, though these interactions were often brief and a little awkward for both sides. He had never interacted a great deal with women, and now he was coming up against the struggle that all men had in the presence of gorgeous lasses: it was getting very difficult for him to maintain eye contact.

"Hey, kidnapper, my eyes are up here!" Darya snapped more than once, though Caitlin just seemed to laugh heartily when she noticed him staring at her prodigious freckled bosom: "They may be big, Erick, but there's muscle there too, aye, so watch out!"

It was Rumiko and Aria that he had the longest conversations with. Darya had a habit of fleeing more quickly than any others - not an unwelcome side given how she dressed - but occasionally he managed to catch her and compliment her the latest outfit, or her latest inventive attempt to escape. Gods it was hard not to stare at those breasts, though! They heaved! Caitlin's did as well, but she at least seemed to enjoy making him squirm a little. It made him wonder if she would be the first to make the decision to bear his child, but every time he tried to broach the subject, she suddenly became the anxious Conn again, and found some excuse to walk away.

"They just need time," he reminded himself. "I still have decades before the cataclysm . . . but every week wasted is another towards destruction. But I can't rush them. They're dealing with enough already."

Indeed, as the days passed, and the princesses resigned themselves to their new outfits and feminine personas, more adaptations had to follow suit as well. The tower only had five people in it, and while they were being increasingly social after the awkwardness of their transformations, they were also trying to carve out their own niches in their respective spaces, and figure out what to actually *do* in their spare time, now that their previous hobbies were no longer accessible.

This was perhaps most obvious with Aria, who could no longer wear plate armour and practice combat. Even her attempts with the sword were now clumsy due to her bodily weakness, and with each passing day the idea of violence was anathema to her, a fact that made her pale cheeks blush. Her other favourite hobby had been hunting, but in this she had cursed herself with her ideal woman too: such a delicate creature could not stand to destroy an innocent animal life. Her attempt to take a horse near the border of the Badlands and hunt for rabbits and elk among the forest there was a foul failure: she ended up helping save an adorable bunny which had its leg caught beneath a root, and a powerful elk that she would have loved to hunt instead approached to lick her face.

"I actually giggled!" she complained to the others at the dinner table. They had all moved to the middle - still a distance from Erick, but closer than before - and made it a space for conversing on what they were going through. "It was utterly humiliating!"

"Sounds adorable, lass" Caitlin said, downing an ale with ease. "Ya ended up bein' the kind o'lass that'll rather stroke a deer's fur than wear it!"

Aria shivered at the thought of wearing an animal's skin. "Gods, even the thought disgusts me! How far will these changes go? Am I going to lose my entire former self?"

"I doubt it," Rumiko said, brow furrowed. "The sorcerer," he looked to Erick, who nodded, "has already told us that our core essence will remain, but we will be softened. Made more womanly. We will not lose our souls, friends, don't worry. But we will be changed

by the experience, much like the frozen winter river will crack and melt and pour with renewed vigour when summer comes.”

“Ugh, don’t speak to me of summer,” Darya said, drinking some wine. She was always getting a little tipsy at the table. “Ever since Erick showed me the sun room, I’ve been addicted to going there and just . . . lounging. Listening to the music from his self-playing instruments. And . . . reading! It is unjustly feminine!”

Indeed. Erick had even come to join her occasionally, though he thankfully did not disrobe much, just losing his shirt. Still, in those times, Dayra couldn’t help but give soft, sensual moans as she adjusted her position in her sun chair, lying back and shifting her arms above her head so that her big, full, olive-coloured breasts pushed together for him to see. She’d never admit it, but being *seen* and *appreciated* and *lusted after* was something she increasingly relished. It also gave her a chance to simply complain and complain and complain to Erick, never looking at him, but certain that he was looking at her nearly-bare body. He took each complaint, heard her out patiently, and in those gaps between her whinings, he asked her about her culture, and what she liked most about it. It gave her a chance to talk about the superiority of Shirparsa, the greater beauty of its women (“isn’t that obvious, looking at me?”), and the great sand treks she had made with her father around the scorching realm. When the conversation petered out, he wished her well, and left her alone, and she found herself missing him, just a bit. To make up for that absence, she took a book from the shelves, annoyed that she had to perform the feminine act of reading herself, and yet becoming increasingly drawn to the saucily romantic tales within. And when she was entirely sure Erick was nowhere near, she would get the instruments to play their music again, a bit more up tempo, and start to use her delectable body to dance.

“Ha! Reading!” Caitlin exclaimed at the table, shovelling food into her mouth. “With all the energy of this new lass body I can’t imagine having ta sit around doin’ that! I’ve been training, girls!”

It was true, Caitlin was often active throughout the day. She donned her dresses when banqueting or relaxing, but most often her warrior leathers and warrior skirt in order to practice the techniques her father had taught her, but she had never come close to mastering as Conn. She mastered them now, and more than once invited Erick to “come see your work, lad.” Erick appreciated this. He’d had no idea that a woman so active, so strong, and possessing such a warrior’s will could be so attractive, but the side of this redheaded Torvell lass was something else. With each passing day, she grew more confident in her skills, drawing upon the teachings of her clan successfully. He even raised golems of wood, stone, and steel for her to fight and parry and train against. She excelled in this, working up a light sweat that was arousing to see on her when she finished.

“Pass me a towel, sorcerer!” she would exclaim as she finished for the day, and she would dab her breasts, her arms, and her forehead in front of him. Then, with barely a thought as to the show she was putting on, she would move to the warm waterfall Erick had engineered on the far side of the training ground and openly disrobe her freckled form, and bathe naked in the waters. Erick tried not to make a show of watching. But he did watch. And he got the distinct sense that this newly brash and fit woman was okay with it.

She told her own perspective to the group at the table after the first two weeks.

“I couldn’t help maself, I’ve actually been going a wee bit nekkid in front of him after trainin’, and he stands stock still like I’m the first woman he ever saw! It’s like the shoe is on the other foot now - I’m the confident lass dealing with the awkward lad, and I won’t be denying that it’s hilarious!”

Darya couldn’t help but giggle. Aria blushed - Gods, she was doing that a lot now - at the sheer thought of being so openly naked.

“It’s - it’s just not proper!” she exclaimed.

“Gee, try to be stuck with my new life, then,” Darya said with a sarcastic drawl, indicating her permanently skimpy harem outfit. “I literally *can’t* wear more than this. Stupid mental changes.”

“Yes, but that’s, erm, cultural! And you’re not totally exposing yourself.”

“Well, lass,” Caitlin said, “you’ve got to be fair with us now. You have been . . . singing to him.”

The blush went bright red. “N-not *to* him!” she insisted. “Just . . . *around* him. I can’t help it! And besides, all the sweet birds flock around me when I do it now. It’s like something a damsel in a tower would do, it’s utterly ridiculous.”

Darya put a bare arm around her affectionate rival. “Aww, but you *are* a damsel in a tower, literally! Isn’t that right, sorcerer?”

Erick was eating a chicken leg when the question came his way. He usually wasn’t included, and he wasn’t sure how to response. “Um, well, I suppose she - you - sort of are, Aria. Not that I intended you to end up so . . . stereotypical.”

Aria pouted.

“But it really is the loveliest song in the world! I really mean that.”

She continued to pout, but no force on earth could stop it from becoming a slight smile. It felt good to be complimented on something, especially a talent she was so good at now. And his eagerness, his sincerity . . . the others noted it as well.

“Well, if Aria has the loveliest song in the world, and Conn has the most impressive training regimen in the world, then what do I have?” Darya asked.

“Um, I don’t know if you know this, Darya, but I *have* seen you belly dancing by yourself a couple of times. It was . . . enthralling.”

She froze, eyes wide. A bit of hot sauce from her meal fell into her cleavage without her noticing. Even that got a chuckle from Rumiko.

"It seems I am not the only one with musical talent," she said in her softly amused voice. "Nor the only one that can now dance."

This was no secret. In the past two weeks, Rumiko's use of the katana and bow had continued to wane. Instead, she had taken up the shimasen, that stringed instrument of fine women, and found that suddenly she could play it thanks to the magic that had changed her. It was a beautiful instrument, capable of producing calm and refinement in the right context, and was a defining feature of a noblewoman's expected talents. It gave her a peace with her body to play it: unlike Darya and Caitlin, she had yet to experiment with her form and draw pleasures from it, but she was not repulsed by her new womanhood in the way Aria was currently. As such, she played her music silently, allowing Erick to walk by and listen, and even inviting him in for a tea ceremony.

"I have not often performed these," she said. "Traditionally, a male or female may undertake the ceremony, but it is usually considered the province of the woman. It would be . . . enlightening to have you present while I make us the tea, and we can talk about topics of diplomacy, philosophy, and the arts."

It was a series of topics that the academic Erick was more than happy to discuss, and so he found himself enlightened by the presence of the former samurai-turned-noble geisha type. And they did talk, increasingly for hours over those first two weeks, and as the days passed Rumiko found herself more comfortable with projecting a maternal warmth and tender patience, even crafting delicious food for them both to try. She did so placidly, but despite her natural stoicism she found herself laughing at Erick's attempts to use chopsticks, and some of his amusing interpretations of her people's ancient plays.

"You can dance?" Darya said, astonished and a little annoyed that the attention had shifted from her. "I don't believe it."

Rumiko placed her chopsticks down and presented her most level face.

"I will have you know that as Ryo I was among the most renowned and passionate dancers."

It was too much. They all shared a laugh, even Rumiko in her gentle way. The ludicrous nature of their shared situation was too much. Erick joined in, and for once felt welcome into the group's dynamic. Perhaps it was that which made Rumiko finally make her decision. Perhaps it was because she was still Ryo deep down, and knew her duty. Her sacrifice. Perhaps it was simply the fact that she was finding it too difficult not to notice the softness in Erick's eyes, the weight of his own duty which was crushing him down. And his features, which should have looked so ordinary, but were now in her eyes strikingly handsome.

"It is getting late," she said, standing up and bowing to her friends and then more deeply to her host. "We should be off to bed."

"Agreed," Darya said.

"I am getting tired," Aria said. "And Darya will need help, as usual."

"Aye, it's been a long day of exercise, lassies!"

Erick stood also. "Thank you, ladies. I shall be getting to bed also."

"And I shall join you in your bed," Rumiko said.

"What," Darya said flatly.

"Yeah, what!?" Caitlin added.

Darya just bit her lip, shocked as well. They all looked to Erick, who was equally astonished, perhaps even more so.

"R-Rumiko, did you just say-"

"I will join you in your bed, and we shall make a child together," she said, standing and moving to his side with elegant grace. She placed her arm out for him to take, and he did so cautiously. There was no trap though: the shorter woman looked up into his eyes with an expression that was equal parts willing and dutiful.

"It is time I made my sacrifice for the world. Come."

The other three were gobsmacked. And despite their utter reluctance to go as far as Rumiko was heading, each felt their own strange sense of jealousy.

Caitlin instantly wished she had been the daring one to go first.

Darya was feeling aroused as all hell, and needed to excuse herself immediately.

And Aria felt something like a passing sadness. A wish that the sorcerer had been a gallant knight and approached her first. It wasn't her job, after all. *She* was now the damsel.

"Gross!" Darya said, heading out.

"Outrageous," Caitlin added.

"Unromantic," Aria said.

None of them believed a word of what they were saying.

Part 5: Bedding

Erick was overcome with nervousness. He was many things - a sorcerer supreme, a brilliant historian and academician, master of chess and other games, and so forth - but he had exceedingly little experience with women. In fact, he'd never actually lost his virginity; it was a common stereotype about sorcerers that proved sadly true in his case, and he couldn't stop thinking about it as he walked to his chambers, Rumiko walking dutifully beside him, holding his arm so gently.

“Um, this is going to be embarrassing to admit, Rumiko,” he said. “Especially since I was the one who put you in this position to, well, uh . . .”

“Have sex with you? Make love to you?”

He gulped. “Yeah, that. Well, I have something to confess. I’m - oh by the Gods, this is embarrassing to admit, particularly since the entire plan is predicated on this, but, well, you see-”

“You are still a virgin,” Rumiko said calmly, a delicate smile upon her features.

Erick halted at the doorway. It seemed, in that moment, like a dreadful threshold.

“H-how did you know?”

She smiled sweetly, just a little. “I don’t mean any great offence, Erick, but it is *deeply* obvious.”

He blushed. “I had no idea. Um . . . I’m very embarrassed.”

Rumiko watched the sorcerer for a moment, seeing him in a new light. She had gone from seeing him as a worthy adversary, to a powerful captor, to an individual who was forced to take a necessary action in service to a greater good. And yet, while she recognised his handsomeness, and had for several days, she saw now the truth of him.

He was a complete dork. A well-meaning, kind-hearted, cute dork. It lit up every new compulsion within her: a desire to be a caretaker, a maternal presence that could help guide him to manhood, just as she had been guided to manhood by that gorgeous geisha back in her own land. In many ways, the warriors of the Minamoto Clan were the backbone of the empire’s strength. But the samurai were nothing without the elegant women who provided them with their meals, entertained them with music and poetry, and gave them an avenue to be vulnerable.

And warmed their beds for them.

“Come,” she said, taking his hand. “Don’t be nervous. I have been on your side before. I will teach you the arts of lovemaking, as I was taught.”

She pulled him away from his chamber, and brought him down the corridor to her own. Hiding behind a pillar, unseen, was Darya, listening, still shocked and utterly aroused. Caitlin was hiding behind a separate pillar, but far less subtle: she was grinning at the thought of what was happening. Only Aria was in her room, trying to read poetry and chivalric adventures and failing miserably.

“I - um, we don’t have to do this tonight,” Erick said as they reached Rumiko’s chambers.

“We must do our duty,” she said plainly. “I have not sacrificed my manhood for nothing. Now, it is time you used *yours*.”

And with that, she pulled him into a kiss, pressing her slender body against his. She was a couple of inches shorter than him, the perfect height difference in her culture, and she

felt that keenly as she kissed him for a long time. After a moment, he began kissing her back, and not without a gentle approach.

“A little less teeth,” she said as she pulled back. “But that was . . . good. Truly.”

She slid the rice paper door shut, and indicated for him to approach the centre of the room. Carefully, she prepared a soothing tea as he made himself comfortable, and lit some candles as she turned down the lamp. The room was filled with a sweet scent that was strangely arousing to the sorcerer.

“That’s - wow, that’s nice.”

“You provided the proper ingredients.”

“I’ve never smelt them before.”

“Well, tonight you shall accomplish *two* new things.”

“I’m very nervous,” he said, grinning sheepishly.

But Rumiko passed him a tea and bid him drink, and when he was done she took it from him, placed it away, and then came around behind him.

“So am I,” she admitted.

“Really?”

“Very. But . . . I am also excited. It is difficult to believe, but I am. Let me take your robe.”

She gently removed his clothing, acting with all the gorgeous grace of a trained geisha. Rumiko gently folded it and placed it to the side. Then she removed her own kimono before him, revealing her naked body. Erick gave a slight gasp: her form was beautiful. Her breasts were small, yet perfectly shaped, and while she was quite slender, her hips had a nice width to them. As she moved, her generous rear was also revealed to him, full and plush and just waiting for him to sink his fingers into.

“Does this please you?” she asked.

“It - wow, it, uh, very much does, Rumiko,” he managed to say. His member became a little bit erect, but in his nervousness it was not fully so, even as her serene face approached his.

“Come lie with me,” she said, and she drew him down to the futon. It was quite comfortable. “It is okay to be nervous. I am too. Let us just feel one another for time.”

They did so. Erick cautiously cupped her breasts, rubbing her nipples. His hands slid over her form, touching her rear gently. Rumiko cooed - she hadn’t realised how sensitive her ass was. Having a man’s hands on them was delightful: it was making her womanhood become moist with desire.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned, “you can be firmer, if you wish.”

He was so, and it made him a little more confident. They were both on their sides, and slowly they began to experiment. The pair kissed, and Rumiko found she was an

excellent kisser: patient and demure, letting Erick slip his tongue inside her. She was becoming quite turned on, her nipples firm and blossoming with pleasure as he rubbed them. Erick grew more determined: he sucked on her nipples as well. As she revelled in this joy, Rumiko stroked and rubbed his cock, making it firmer and firmer. Soon it was a raging erection, and Erick could barely contain his lust.

“Rumiko, forgive me for saying this, but you are so, so beautiful. So enticing.”

She moaned quietly, demurely, and stroked his back. “Thank you. I - I feel it. Now let us do our duty. It is time you - you entered me.”

Erick was struck by a sudden desire. He nearly didn't voice it, but Rumiko caught his eye, and nodded for him to speak: “Could - could I take you from behind? It's just that . . .”

But Rumiko was already moving. She knew where her most attractive sexual feature now was. It also offered some comfort to her: Erick could take her, and she do her duty, but as this was her first time as a woman she could face away from him. Take it one step at a time. Perhaps in later sessions she would be on her back, legs spread wide in the female fashion, but this would allow her to 'dip her toes.' She crossed her arms and lay her head on them, and rested on her knees so that her generous rear was higher in the air.

“Let us do our duty,” she repeated, full of arousal. “Please.”

“Thank you, Rumiko,” Erick said. He gripped her fine rear, admiring how his fingers sunk into the flesh and produced a moan of pleasure from her, and then he guided his penis into her entrance. Rumiko gasped, as did he, but she was too stoic to fall into a parade of moaning and squealing. Instead, Erick began to thrust, taking her from behind, and the two grunted in short gasps of escaping bliss. Rumiko had never felt anything like it before: to be filled, to be penetrated. And yet she felt she was doing the right thing: letting her body calm her master, allowing her form to be the vessel of his future child. She was doing good, wifely work, and that pleased her maternal side.

Erick, for his part, couldn't believe what he was doing. He was actually having sex with a woman, possibly getting her pregnant, and he was enjoying it. What he had thought of as a sacred duty now felt a lot more sensuous. He thrust in further, the pressure in his manhood growing. He was so close to bursting, and could sense that Rumiko was nearly there too. Another thrust, then another. Finally, it became all too much for the pair of them. Rumiko finally lost her stoic resolve, and moaned loudly.

“Oohhhhh! Ohhhhh!!”

Her body shuddered in orgasm, and it was a strange new orgasm, the likes of which she had never felt. It rippled across her, sweeping through her body like a wave, followed by another, and then another. She cried out from each, while Erick simply grunted in approval. He ejaculated deep inside of her, his warm seed entering her waiting womb.

In the aftermath, following their disentanglement, Rumiko laid coiled around her master. He really did feel like her master now. Not in a dominating sense, but in the sense that she was playing the role of the submissive noblewoman's wife, and he the lord of the house. She massaged him gently.

"That was nice," she said.

"By the Gods, it was. It wasn't too much for you?"

"I can bear the strangeness. I think I could bear it again. Tonight, in fact."

Erick rolled over to face her, a little astonished.

"You - you can?"

"Yes, my lord. And perhaps . . . we can face each other, this time."

They made love three times that night, and once more in the morning. Rumiko did not find herself addicted to sex, not in the same way that was currently torturing Darya. But she did find it very pleasing, and the sensation of calming and benefitting her lord brought her a deep satisfaction, as did the notion of bearing his child in that moment of orgasm. Afterwards, once the post-coital bliss had faded, her stoic facade masked her nervousness once more, but it did not have the great hidden anxiety it once held. Now, she felt as if she had turned a corner on her new destiny.

The others could barely believe it, particularly when she joined him in his bed the following night, and again in hers two nights after that.

"I can't believe you had sex with him!" Darya complained, gesticulating wildly in a way that was extremely suggestive. She seemed to move like a belly dancer even when not intending to. "You should be disgusted with yourself!"

"It - I thought we were all going to hold off," Aria said, sniffing a flower. She had a habit of collecting flowers recently. They seemed so very pretty, and were making her own room so much sweeter. "We could still escape, or something." Of course, a *damsel in distress* escaping herself was all wrong. None of the stories had that!

"I had to do my duty," Rumiko said, though she couldn't suppress a small smile. "And it was . . . most lovely."

"WHAT!?"

Thankfully, Erick wasn't there to hear the idle gossip of what followed, but Rumiko did her best to enlighten the group, in her modest and terse fashion, as to how it felt to be the woman during sexual intercourse. As much as the rest of them tried to hide their interest, they quickly fell into questioning every part of it, even Darya. *Especially* Darya. By the time they parted for the day, the Nawab decided to stay around Rumiko, prodding and poking her

with questions and disguising them as jokes. Caitlin and Aria stayed together: the pair's journeys had been the reverse of one another, and this gave them a friendly bond. It was to Aria that Caitlin announced her own decision.

"Fock it, I say. I'm bleedin' well jus' gonna go up to him tonight and get it done with. I'm sick of not having me nethers seen to, if you know what I'm sayin'!"

Aria didn't even have the heart to argue against that logic. In truth, she was simply curious as to how it would turn out.

Whereas Rumiko had been compassionate, patient, and caring, Caitlin was a force of nature. Erick was awoken in the middle of the night by her literally *kicking* the door of its hinges, and even though a well-placed ward quickly repaired it, she was already in the room in her full warrior's garb. For a moment, he assumed she was making an ill-advised assassination attempt against him - quite a surprise, given how much she enjoyed her new body - because she took her greataxe from her back and held it high, before roaring in a powerful womanly voice. She could do him no harm, so what was she thinking? But instead, she smashed the axe into the ground, where it embedded deeply into the wood.

"I claim you by the rights of my clan!" she exclaimed.

"You - you what?"

But there was no time for further cultural investigation, because Caitlin began removing her bodice and freeing her wonderful pale breasts with their cute freckles. She grinned madly, her face full of those same adorable freckles, and in that moment Erick understood what kind of 'claiming' this was. And it made him *excited*.

"So, uh, how shall I do this? Did you want to drink tea like with Rumiko, or-"

"Tea? Tea!? What do ya take me for, laddie? I'm gonna fock your brains out yer ears, that's how I'm gonna do it."

"Oh, well. Wow."

She grinned, and it was a grin full of zest and energy. She unbuckled her belt and removed her battle kilt, so that in mere moments she stood before him naked, her boots the only thing still on her figure. She ran her hands through her wild mass of red hair, looking like a wild woman of the forests. A deeply attractive one at that.

"Come on, then!" she exclaimed. "I ain't got all day. I've fockin' itchin' for a good time, and I barely had one as a man, so I might as well enjoy being the *dominant* partner in bed, if you know what I mean. You up for it, lad?"

Erick Exeor was the most powerful sorcerer of his age, perhaps any age. With just a flick of his wrist, he could summon powerful magic that could bat this woman aside with

ease. And yet, taking in this ginger goddess, he felt like he was totally under her thumb and within her power.

It was an exhilarating feeling.

“I’m definitely up for it, my lady.”

“Ack, I’m no lady. But I do feel like a woman right now, hmm?”

She climbed up on top of him, and to Caitlin’s own surprise she didn’t feel nervous at all. If she were still Conn she would have been nervous, but instead she felt nothing but a strong desire to make this man suck on her tits while she rode him - hard. Already Erick was unbuttoning his top, but she was sure to help him in a much quicker way: she used her strength to rip the buttons apart completely. Erick was so turned on by this that he cancelled the protective spell that would restitch his clothing. His cock strained in his pants, and Caitlin soon ripped that free too, her large bosom dangling in his face.

“Hurry up and squeeze ‘em, Erick, I’m focking dripping here!”

He did so, admiring their size. Like with Rumiko’s ass, his finger sank into the flesh, making Caitlin purr with delight. She gasped as he traced his thumb over her big pink nipple, and that was enough to really get her going. She grabbed his cock, eased herself over him, and inserted his somewhat impressive length inside her.

And the rest came naturally.

“Ohhhh, you’re b-big one! Gods, that feels fockin’ amazing!”

She gripped his shoulders, leaning forward to kiss his cheeks on either side, before giving him a big kiss straight on the lips. Slowly she raised her hips, then lowered them, beginning to bounce on his cock. She was in control, she could feel it. It was all her, and this little lordling was her subject in the bedroom.

“By the black m-mountain,” Erick said. “You’re - Gods - you’re s-so tight!”

“And s-so wet!” she announced, rocking her hips so that his manhood slipped even further into her. She raised herself so that he was nearly entirely out before taking his full length back in. “I w-wish I’d d-done this s-sooner! Ta laddie, for giving me this body! It’s f-fockin’ amazing! I want you to cum inside me, y’hear? I’ll have all the wee babies you want. Make me big with your children. S-so long as I get to f-fuck you like this as m-much as I want! OHhhhhh!!”

Erick grinned. He was already much improved in the arts of sex thanks to Rumiko, but now Caitlin was teaching him an entirely new way: how to be submissive to an athletic warrior woman who wanted it wild in the bed. He sucked on her nipples, licking them with his tongue as she dangled them before him. She grabbed his hands forcefully and placed them on her hips so that they could buck in time even more lustily.

“These are the hips that are gonna birth your wee babies!” she cried. “Make me your big, strong, pregnant concubine already, Erick! I don’ want Rumi to be the only lass carrying your kids, y’hear? Knock me up, already! I’m - Oh Gods, s-so close!”

“M-me too! I’m going to cum!” he cried. “I’m going t-t-to cum! I can’t s-stop!”

“Good!”

He came, incredibly hard at that. His balls pulsed as they squirted wad after wad of his warm issue up into this ginger beauty. Her red hair fell over him as she wailed in pleasure, lost in her own orgasms. She’d never felt like this before, but unlike Ryo-turned-Rumiko, she didn’t have much male experience to draw from. As far as she was concerned though, she didn’t want it. This body was damn perfect, and if making babies was this much fun, why try to hold off on it?

Caitlin leaned forward as her lover continued to ejaculate into her. His seed was supercharged, improved by a virility spell he’d placed on himself, just like her body was at its peak fertility. Erick had little worry about insemination: it was almost guaranteed within the first few days. In fact, he planned to run an arcane spell on Rumiko just to see if his seed had taken root. But for now, he just loved the feeling of suffocating in Caitlin’s pillowy breasts, their adorable freckles right in his vision.

“This has b-been amazing,” he said.

“You’re f-fockin’ telling me,” Caitlin said with a mad grin, kissing him passionately on the cheek as she pressed her perfect body against him. “I wonder who will be next?”

Erick sighed. “I don’t know if Aria *or* Darya will take the next step. Aria is still hesitant, wanting to be the royal knight again, and Darya hates everything about her knew existence.”

Caitlin giggled. Despite her fit, toned, and often wild nature, she had a pixie-like mischievousness to her laughter. She stroked Erick’s chest, lowering her hand to his cock and slowly massaging it, working it back into a full erection.

“Oh, I wouldn’t count on it, Erick. In fact, I’d be betting Darya is barely able to resist ya. Why don’t we get back to makin’ wee children, and she can think about *that*.”

They did so, and soon Erick was sat up on the bed, cupping Caitlin’s breasts as she bounced on his lap, leaning her face back to kiss him passionately while they both came together once again.

And just as Caitlin knew she would be, Dayra was out in the corridor, listening in and pleasuring herself, trying to hide her moans of bliss as she imagined what was happening inside that room.

She hated how much her damn seductive body wanted to be in there.

To her credit, Darya lasted a whole week longer. She assumed she was subtle about her body's extreme passions, but everyone barring Erick himself was aware that she was constantly trying to listen into the bedrooms where the lovemaking was happening. Her own sensual demeanour and borderline-nymphomaniac lust - the qualities she had once wanted in an ideal woman - were constantly pushing her to do all sorts of naughty things to her harem master, to please him like a nubile supplicant should for a mighty Shah. Still, denial had its own power, and she was able to take the obsessive love she constantly felt and use it as fuel for her disgust. It was a mighty act of double-consciousness that was bound to collapse though, and it cost a lot of mental energy, mental energy that Caitlin was having a lot of fun sapping with her many stories of sexual conquest.

"Can you please stop telling us all how good it feels to have your tits sucked at the *dinner table!*?" Darya insisted.

"Why, are ya getting jealous, my wee saucy olive-skinned lass? I dare say you'd enjoy the sucking even more than me, with those head-sized boulders of yours!"

Rumiko was placid but for a small smirk, and Aria just turned red - as usual - in response to such impropriety.

"Um, we don't have to discuss this at the dinner table though, Darya is right there," said Erick.

He was actually among them now, rather than sitting lonely at the edge. Rumiko had continually invited him to sit by her, and now Caitlin *insisted*, rather forcefully. He sat between them, involving himself in their talks and taking the occasional jest, though it was clear Aria found his presence a little discomfiting. He had no way of knowing it was because of the rising desire in her for him to hurry up and simply knock on her door. After all, if she couldn't be the shining knight any more, couldn't *someone* play the role for her?

"Thanks for letting me sit among you," Erick said. "I know this has not been the easiest experience. I have asked much of you. But I want to thank all of you for the sacrifices you have made, especially Caitlin and Rumiko. And, well, Rumiko has some news, don't you, my dear?"

Rumiko bowed slightly to her lord and stood. She placed her hands on her slim belly beneath her kimono, and gave a slight smile. "The sorcerer has confirmed it two days ago. I am with child."

"WHAT!?" Darya screeched.

"Congrats, lass! I think. Gods, I'm probably knocked up the duff as well. Black Mountain, what am I doin'? This is all crazy - but a good kind, mebbe! Still . . ."

"How do you feel about it?" Aria asked, earnestly wondering. No one else noticed, but her own hand had moved to her belly. In all the great stories, a woman simply *knew*.

She'd imagined that Elene would, if she'd managed to court that dark-haired beauty. Now, she wondered if it would be the case for her.

Rumiko softened a little, seeming to notice Aria's lack of certainty. She crossed around the table and placed a gentle hand upon the elegant princess' shoulder.

"I was, and am, quite nervous about it. I was ready to do my duty. In fact, I still find it hard to believe. But . . . I do feel something. I cannot explain it. And it is a *good* thing, I think. I did not expect this life, but I have adapted to it. I will adapt to this also. And this child . . . it will be very loved. It already is."

Without thinking, each of the women gave a stereotypical, "Awwww!"

It made Erick burst out laughing. "I'm sorry, I couldn't help myself! It was just very adorable to see you all do that!"

Darya threw a piece of food at him. Caitlin did too. Aria did not join in - it was too improper - but she did laugh heartily instead in her sweet song voice. Rumiko retook her seat and helped Erick clean the food off of his robes, even as his prestidigitation magic did so automatically.

"Well, I know not to laugh like that again at you," he said, a little abashed.

"What's the matter, laddie?" Caitlin taunted. "Never hung around with women much before?"

"No, to be honest. But I think I'm learning." And then, much to Darya's horror, he winked at her with a surprising confidence that made her pussy go warm and wet in moments.

The news that Rumiko was pregnant, and the continual knowledge (and eavesdropping) of Caitlin's own night time activities lit a fire under Darya. Try as the hedonistic former-Nawab tried, pleasuring her own womanhood could only get her so far. Yes, she loved the sensation of multiple orgasms, and the feeling of pinching her sensitive nipples, and of imagining that handsome Erick - well, he seemed handsome *now*, at least - fucking her was wonderful, it wasn't the real thing. Drinking copious wine was not enough to stem the thoughts, and arguably only increased them. The only true distraction was in having music played so she could dance her sensual motions, but even then found herself doing so in his presence before halting herself.

"You don't have to stop on my account!" Erick exclaimed. "Your dance looked very good. You've been practising."

"It *looks* like I'm a lust-filled harem dancer," she said, blushing. "I can't stop myself. This is all your fault!"

"I know, but to be fair, it's also *your* fantasy."

"And who wants to become their own fantasy? Bad enough these huge sensitive boobs just *want you to touch them all the time.*"

She paused, met his eyes, and fled from the room. It was not the first time she had simply stated something immensely sexual out loud in Erick's presence, or even among the other princesses. But something was different about this time: she could just imagine the erection Erick had, particularly after Caitlin had described how surprisingly impressive his cock was. It made her lick her lips. Gods, why did she love women who sucked cock so obsessively?

In the end, she had simply done what she did best to prepare herself for the task her body desperately wanted: she drank some wine, got herself tipsy, and banged on his door. She had even shooed off Rumiko with a look. Thank goodness it hadn't been Caitlin, though she was reasonably sure she could have fought her off, muscles and all, with how horny her Shirparsan body was.

Erick answered. "Hello Rumiko, I was wondering - Darya?"

She nodded submissively. "M-may I come in, m-master? Please?"

"Of course! Um, what's this about."

"You know damn well what this is about! Don't be stupid!" She halted, bowing. "Um, I'm so sorry, m-master. It's just - Gods, this is humiliating - I'm really, really fucking horny. I n-need you. Please."

She shut the door, moving past him, gesticulating madly. "It's infuriating! You have no idea! You make this ridiculous harem princess with these absurd proportions - these big head-sized tits that are soooo sensitive, and these wide, baby making hips! And my hourglass figure! And my ass! And this long hair! And I can't *not* show it all off! It feels so godsdamn wrong if I try to cover up this saucy, sensual body. I must show it to you. I've been fighting it for *weeks* now, living in the lap of luxury. *But now I want to be on your lap.* I mean, uh . . . I have to . . . I need you."

She frowned at how weakly her statement finished, but Erick approached her, placing his hands on her slim shoulders. "Hey, hey, calm down Darya, it's okay! We don't have to do this -"

"Idiot! I mean, master, I need this! I'm so sick of fighting it. Of hearing that stupid Caitlin brag about how wonderful it is, and of Rumiko being pregnant before I even got the chance to *suck on your big cock and lick your cum.*" Her eyes went wide. Worse, she realised how much she *wanted* that outcome.

"Fuck it," she said. "Put on some Shirparsan music."

"Are you sure? I don't think this is the time - Darya, I know you don't want to hear it, but I do care about you. I don't want you to mentally break. I want you to come to me willingly, and make the choice. You're a good person - haughty as hell, sure - but a good one."

She balled her fists, shaking so that her bosom trembled. "Look, just play the damn music already . . . please. I have to dance for you first. It's how it works. And you sit, and masturbate all you want. Make me excited. *That's the deal*, got it?"

He sat back down, astonished at how back and forth she was being. "Got it," he said, and snapped his fingers so that music played.

She began to dance, and it was a sensual display indeed. It felt freeing to the changed woman, as if she were finally playing the right role. She rocked her belly, letting her breasts nearly bounce out of her dark purple top. She shook her hips from side to side, emphasising her curves, and with each shake of her luscious, fertile form, she felt more at ease. She was, after all, engaging in a much loved activity, simply from the other side. But the good thing about Shirparsan culture was that pleasure was the highest form of pursuit, and both parties would benefit.

And she aimed to benefit. Gods, she did. If she couldn't enjoy a harem, then she'd damn well aim to enjoy being in one.

"You like this?" she asked, genuinely hoping he would.

Erick was silent, eyes wide.

"You don't enjoy me dancing for you?" she repeated, becoming concerned.

Erick seemed to snap out of it. "Yes! Yes, oh by the Gods, I do. I just . . . I was entranced, Darya."

He lowered his hand and began stroking himself, to show his approval. He would never think ill of Caitlin or Rumiko, but something about this performance was out of this world. This creature was such a vision of absolute raw sexuality that he couldn't resist her. Whereas Rumiko had led him to water, and Caitlin had taken charge, now for once *he* felt in control. This beauty was dancing for him, shaking her tits in his face, and clearly overwhelmed by desire, just awaiting her master's signal. He rubbed his cock one final time, pulling his pants down entirely and taking off his robe. Darya faltered in her dance for a moment before continuing. But her eyes were locked on that cock, and she was licking her lips.

"Come here, my beautiful harem woman," Erick said, making it sound like an order. "I - well, I want you on my cock. Your mouth first. Please."

"Ohhhh," she moaned, ending the dance and drawing nearer. "Don't s-say please. It's better when you *order*. Gods, I'm such a horny slut now."

"You aren't. You're *my* slut," he said, enjoying the dirty talk. "And I want your lips on my dick. I want you to suck me off before I knock you up."

She practically fell to her knees in front of him. At his direction, she pulled off her top, unleashing her massive tits which wobbled with every shift of her shoulders. She began rubbing her large nipples as she placed her lips on his penishead. It was too much for poor

Darya. All sense of shame fell away. She needed to please this man with her body. It was her job. Caitlin may be the defender, and Rumiko the carer, and Aria the romantic, but *she* was sex incarnate. Her body existed to please this man physically, and bear his children. The instinct was too strong, and she had no desire to fight it anymore.

For several minutes she sucked his cock, feeling his balls with her fingers, and making both of them moan. They switched positions quickly only when Erick quickly exclaimed: "Oh, Gods! I'm so c-close to cumming! We sh-should - we need to-"

"I'm on it!" she replied, removing his cock from her mouth. She climbed on top of him, facing him, and slid his cock into her waiting depths. She grinned widely, no longer caring about her male pride. The feeling of her huge tits rubbing against his bare chest was simply too good.

"I n-never want this feeling to end!" she cried. "But I w-want your cum, master! I want you to - OHHHHH!!!"

They didn't last thirty seconds. Darya kissed him passionately, pressing her full chest against his and squeezing him with her thighs as he erupted within her. She trapped every portion of his seed inside her, milking his cock with expert precision thanks to her lover's instincts. She moaned high and loud, wailing with each successive orgasm.

"Th-thank you m-master," she stammered in the aftermath, falling to the floor and quivering. "Th-thank you."

"You don't regret it?"

"Regret it? How dare you! I want more! Right n-now. Please, master?"

Erick only had to cast a virility spell, and he was more than ready.

Though that night, more than the other two women, Darya really tested him. She was insatiable, and had a long dry period to make up for. Already, she was feeling a surprisingly deep connection to the sorcerer. Yes, he was an absolute dork. But then again, wasn't she a fop before? And something about how cute he was only made it hotter when he became dominating towards her. They fell asleep on one another's arms, her purring into his ear. In the morning, she decided she would wake him up with a blowjob.

And then afterwards, she could instruct him on why Shirparsan culture was so obviously superior from the sex alone.

Three nights later, Aria was alone in her room, sulking as if she'd been actually captured by a dragon. Each of the other women had lain with Erick, and Caitlin had been confirmed to be pregnant as well. The warrior woman was ecstatic. After all, Torvell women could fight and defend the realm well into their final trimester, if the situation called for it, and she felt it was

only going to make her more aware of her own fighting prowess. Not to mention that she was proud to be so full of life, where before she had been a shy boy with little energy.

But Aria was left outside this circle. Even Darya had finally given in and admitted she'd had sex with Erick. Several times. In fact, more times than perhaps Rumiko and Caitlin put together. It was as if, now that her leash was off, there was no containing her boundless sexual desires. It ruffled Aria's feathers to see the previously most hesitant member of the group now embracing her female sexuality, to the point where she had let slip almost proudly that she had been "the first one of us to suck Erick's big delicious cock."

Of course, Aria knew that Darya still struggled with her new lack of inhibitions. The fact that she even gave a public belly dance to the simultaneously amused and bemused Erick while the girls watched on, shocked, and afterwards had to be comforted by them because of her massive embarrassment, was strong evidence of this. But like Rumiko and Caitlin before her, going along with her new desires simply felt more freeing, even if in Darya's case it meant becoming the most abjectly submissive of the entire group. She could hardly keep herself off Erick's lap, even during dinner, and enjoyed being fed by him and feeding him in turn. Even for the others it was pretty far gone.

"Don't you *dare* say a word," she said when Erick was gone. "I've become a godsdamn harem girl. This is how they act!"

Well, there was no judgement there, even from Aria. But it did mean that the classically-dressed princess in her numerous fine dresses spent her days a bit further apart from the group, even Caitlin whom she was closest to. She had put her old sword and shield and suit of armour on display in her room, and it seemed a fitting tribute to the man she used to be. Now, instead of practising fighting, she walked through the gardens collecting flowers and singing. It was something she had done as a man quite often - the people of Anatalis were romantic by nature - but never with such frequency or feminine sweetness. Birds flew around her shoulders and settled on her arms, and small woodland creatures gathered around the sweet princess, drawn to her now quite innocent nature. It made her big blue eyes go even bigger, petting the adorable animals and speaking to them, confiding in them.

"I just feel left out," she admitted to a pair of squirrels one morning. "I am now so *darn* feminine. I can't help it! I mean, I really do like this green dress of mine, even if it's quite similar to Caitlin's colours. But . . . is it wrong that part of me actually wants to play the counterpart to the role I trained for all my life? If I can't be a knight, then can't a knight sweep me off my feet?"

She had no way of knowing, but Erick was nearby, an invisibility spell placed upon him so he could walk in peace without fear of Caitlin launching from the bushes to fuck him in the wilds. The sorcerer had assumed that Aria had remained the most obstinate of the group, but hearing this, he realised that each of his princesses had their own approach, and

he had just figured out hers. He immediately went back to his sorcerer's tower, and got to work with his arcanums.

The next day, Aria was once more walking through the gardens, when suddenly something shocking occurred. The sweet birds that sang with her fled from her shoulders and arms, taking off into the sky. The deer and squirrels all ran also, and in moments she was all alone. It was then that she saw why: up in the sky, something was approaching, something large and winged and red in scales.

"A dragon," she whispered to herself.

Fear flooded her heart, but she still possessed her old soul, and so she was resolute. She ran from it with purpose, even as it descended silently, a terrifically large beast that warmed her very presence with the fire in its belly. She didn't have her sword - she'd assumed the tower was safe - but she broke off a thick stick after several tries with her weakened arms, and wielded it near the dragon's face as it landed with a great *thud!*

"Get back! This is the tower of the sorcerer Erick Exeor, greatest spellcaster in history! You would be wise to flee!"

The dragon simply snaked forward, its very steps quaking the earth around her. *That* was when a bit of her resolve fled. Her instincts were overwhelmed, her urge to fight mingling with her urge to be *rescued*. She couldn't help herself.

"Help! HEEEELLP!!" she cried.

It was at that point that a figure ran to her aid. He was clad in light armour, and carried a shortsword even as his other hand produced a beam of ice to push back the dragon. It was Erick, and the appearance of him in this manner shocked her.

"Get back from this fair maiden, foul beast!" he called. "Get back and be gone from this place! I will not let you have this damsel - I shall rescue her!"

The dragon roared, making a lunge for Erick. But he was under the influence of a reaction spell, and easily dodged it. He struck out with his sword, batting aside its head, before sending a great gust of wind to send the dragon flying back.

"Get behind me, Aria!" Erick cried. "I'll keep you safe!"

She did so automatically. For a brief moment she held his left shoulder, peering over it. Erick was not a big man, and his muscles were more dexterously lithe than overly-muscular, but in that moment he seemed to her like a titan. He weaved his magic with expert precision, and though his sword-work wasn't too impressive, she found herself actually shouting aloud what he could do to improve.

"Parry to the left! No, hold it out further! Yes, save me, knight!"

And he did. The dragon was overwhelmed by his magical might and steely determination to save his maiden. It gave one last feeble roar, then took to the skies forever. Erick cast his hand and sealed the sky over with an invisible ward, preventing it from coming back again. Then he turned to Aria.

“Are you okay, fair maiden?” he said, just as he had practised.

“I - I am,” she said, looking up at him with her wide blue eyes. “Now that you’re here, that is. You saved me. H-how did it get through, though?”

Erick gave a slightly sheepish grin. “Because I let it.”

“You - you let it?”

“I had to. It was the only way I could play this out right. I know now Aria that it is the great stories of heroism, triumph, magic and romance that you love. I was denying you this. Well, I had to make my defences weak, and summon an angry dragon with a predilection for abducting gorgeous princesses in order to make this a reality.”

“It was an illusion?”

That made Erick smile in truth. “No illusion? I just fought a real dragon for you, Ar - my *princess*. And I would do it again, without the sword, if you would have me.”

It was the boldest he’d ever been. Aria was caught between opposing thoughts. It was staged - but then some of the grandest epics were fictitious. It was acted out - but the danger had been real. He was no technical knight - but she had not been born and raised a princess. And, of course, the great epics were filled with such acts of complicated guile in order to prove one’s love to a princess. It was practically the oldest trope in the book.

And it was enough for her: she leapt into his arms, and to her utter joy, Erick could easily hold her up. He’d been working on getting fitter (the gods knew he needed to be in bed with just three princesses), but he didn’t let slip that a slight strength potion had been downed in anticipation for this moment. Instead, he carried her, arms under her shoulders and the crook of her legs in the classical rescue pose, and began walking her back to the tower. The whole time she had never pulled her lips from his - finally, it felt so right.

“And what now?” she asked sweetly, after pulling back. “Do you take your new princess to your bed and claim her?”

Erick chuckled. “I did with Darya! But each of you are so different and wonderfully unique. I see that so fully now. No, just taking you to bed would not be right with the stories. There has to be a royal wedding first, doesn’t there?”

Aria briefly lost her breath. Indeed, it made sense. But could she marry this man? It wasn’t a traditional marriage, after all! And she used to be a man - could she make that step? She decided she could: she had been feeling left out and behind the others, and now she was taking a step none of them had taken.

“A royal wedding after love at first sight,” she said, beaming. “Just like in all the best chivalric stories. Elene would be so jealous of me.”

“Everyone will be,” Erick assured her, and he realised that he truly meant it. This darling maiden truly was worth protecting, and putting up as the finest example of elegance in the land. He carried her into the halls of the tower, gazing lovingly into her eyes, and feeling more powerful than he ever had in his life. He’d changed just as much as the former princes had, and he felt it was a change for the better.

Part 6: Aftermaths

The royal wedding was had, and just as each of the women had her own unique requirements for being bedded in their new roles, so did Aria. It was not enough to have the other princesses present, even if they had become her very best friends, and therefore her ideal bridesmaids. No, since she was finally committed to bearing this cute, somewhat dorky, and yet wonderfully heroic and intelligent sorcerer, that meant all four were finally in it for good. There was no use hiding anymore, or being seen as kidnapped victims of experiments to the four kingdoms.

“I want my family in attendance, and for them all to know how happy I am, and how blessed Anatólis is by this marriage,” she said.

“Show off,” Darya replied. “The Anatólis girl just had to be the one with the big wedding! I guess I just couldn’t keep it in my pants. Ugh, I’m so jealous!”

“I think it’s mighty sweet, lass,” Caitlin replied. “Made me wish I’d asked for somethin’ similar, ya know? Torvell partnerships are declared with mighty fockin’ big partyin’ and drinkin’ till every attendee passes right out.”

“It will be a wonderful event worth celebrating,” Rumiko said. “I think I shall also have a small ceremony with some of my clan, a reasonable time afterwards. The commitment ceremony of my people is much more private, but I think it would only be right, given the child growing in my belly.”

“It would be wonderful,” Aria declared. “Don’t feel the need to avoid any ceremony at all on my behalf, ladies. I just - I need this. To make the transition. To *have* a knight, instead of being one.”

“Aww, just come here already!” Darya exclaimed, hugging her friend. “You Anatólis girls are such wonderful saps.”

“Says the woman who broke into tears when she found out she was pregnant.”

“It was a lot to take in, Caitlin! It still damn well is! I’m going to be a real *belly* dancer soon, if you know what I mean!”

The others all chuckled, though each secretly hoped they weren't showing *too* much when the wedding came. There was a lot to organise, after all, and even former men knew that the attention had to remain on the princess bride.

Thankfully, the lavish ceremony at the sorcerer's tower was fairly easy to organise: magic could provide a wonderful shortcut when it came to preparing meals, entertainment, decorations, ornamentations, etc, though Aria proved to be a bit of a fuss when it came to it, and Darya a bit of a sneaky sabotage who kept trying to get anything that was at all culturally Shirparsan onto the menu. Caitlin had put a stop to that, thankfully. Rumiko proved to be the perfect maid of honour for Aria, helping her stay the course and prepare herself.

"You are doing well, young one," she said, though they were technically the same age of twenty thanks to the youthful transformation. "You will not regret this. Nor this."

She indicated her belly. It was making Rumiko quite tired of late, and even Caitlin was flagging a little, but they were all present for Aria. That was enough to make the former knight confident, and no longer worried about seeing her former prized Elene again.

It took a great deal of politicking, diplomacy, good-faith gestures, and even some rather tense standoffs, but Erick was able to convince parties from each of the houses of the four affected realms to visit and see their former sons/brothers/princes, etcetera. Each family was astounded to find that not only were the women perfectly healthy, but happy in their new lives, and three-quarters of them pregnant to boot! The mages of each kingdom had a field day placing arcane wards, runes, spells, and deduction magics on each of the women over and over again, comparing notes, trying to prove that they were magically compelled. And yet, just as Erick knew they would, they confirmed that the only mental changes had come about from the princes themselves, and there was no evidence of mental deception, mind-altering, memory-instalment, and so forth at all.

This boggled the royal families, and much more smoothing over was still required. For a while, the princesses were immensely frustrated by their families and allies, simply because after having been dragged into this new life, it was now so difficult to defend them wanting to stay in it, and loving the idea of staying in it, in fact. In the end, it was smoothed over as possible as it could be: younger brothers were already too enthusiastic about being the first in line to the throne now, and clever monarchs were able to be calmed by the promise of enormous dowries and magical blessings on their houses in exchange for 'giving' their new daughters over - an offer they had once turned down when Erick first came to them.

It was an arrangement the new princesses were happy with, even if there was some embarrassment over their new roles. Darya in particular being stuck in harem girl clothing, sticking close to Erick, and being obviously quite lustful for him, made a surprising sight to her Shirparsan family. She couldn't help herself though, and could barely tone it down, and

so when some of her former harem girls saw her it became quite the tease-fest, though afterwards they gave her all sorts of tips and tricks to please Erick, and she quickly began taking secret notes. Caitlin, on the other hand, cared not for the comments of her clan: one arm wrestle with a former tough brother and soon any mocking of her was silenced, and instead she drank and partied with them - Erick had cast a spell that transmuted all alcohol she drank back into water, thus keeping her 'condition' a secret. Rumiko talked quietly and poetically with her father, whose own stubbornness was the stuff of legend. But he too came to see the necessity of what she was doing, and she confided to him of her condition. It turned out that even the most stoic of old samurai nobles could be moved to gentle tears when told they had a grandchild coming.

So the wedding went ahead, with the grand event serving as the foundation of treaties and agreements and dowries with four great houses. Aria was resplendent in her magnificent white dress with its long trail, and Rumiko and the others were attendant as the perfect bridesmaids, even if Caitlin couldn't stop grinning, and Darya kept trying to wink at Erick.

"Not the time," Rumiko warned her.

"Sorry - it's this damn body!" she whispered back. "I'll have to go take care of it before the reception."

"See that you do. And remind Caitlin not to go overboard and make it a Torvell party. Aria wants this a respectable wedding."

They each wore dresses fitting the more noble nature of the wedding: this was easy for Caitlin and Rumiko, but Darya's was still more revealing, with her prominent bust, thighs, and a slim part of her midriff displayed.

"I can't believe I'm covering up *this* much," she said. "By the Gods, this body needs to show off its curves. You can't even see parts of my ass!"

Thankfully, her complaining aside, it went smoothly as any wedding could be hoped to have gone. Aria was giddy as all hell standing before Erick, who wore a regal version of his usual sorcerer jacket and pants, with his robe a more ceremonial one with larger gold trim. He actually looked . . . dashing. She could *do* dashing. In fact, it made her all the more eager for the wedding night. For the consummation. To the surprise of the family, but not of her princess friends, the podium at the end of the grand chamber they were marrying in also had other attendants: her numerous woodland friends. Squirrels, deer, birds of many colours, and even a few elk were on her side. Caitlin was quite the fan. For Aria, it was like the land itself was happy to give her away to her new knight, so when the bishop her family had brought declared them man and wife after their vows, so kissed Erick lovingly and for a long time, parting only so that she could stare into his gorgeous eyes.

"My knight," she said to him.

“And my maiden.”

“Not for long,” she said, with an amused twinkle in her eye, and kissed him again.

Afterwards, there was the reception, with Caitlin drinking alongside her family ecstatically, sharing bawdy jokes back and forth, and Rumiko ensuring that every party was happy, and all troubles and rivalries and concerns smoothed over. Darya joined in on the dancing, and gave such a sumptuous display of a belly dance after initially being quite respectful with a dancing partner that Rumiko had to tear her off the dance floor before her own family did. It was a fine evening, and one in which the princesses finally felt their own places were secure. Sure, it would take time for their families to fully accept their fates, but it was indeed occurring slowly. In fact, some members were intermingling with partners of the opposite sex from other realms, so perhaps some other closer ties were being forged.

Aria was utterly enchanted by the whole experience. Yes, she was playing the opposite role to her original one, but it was still part of the same grand story of heroism and triumph and happily-ever-after, even if she had to technically ‘share’ Erick. Tonight though, she was not sharing: at the appointed hour they were clapped and cheered (a bit too enthusiastically by Caitlin and Darya) out of the chamber. Erick lifted his new wife into his arms and took her across the threshold into *his* chamber - that part was important - and then set her down onto the bed.

It was then that they made love. Erick had grown in such confidence since those early days that he felt no nervousness in that moment. He knew exactly how to treat this dainty, sweet princess, with all the slow tenderness and care and patience she needed. Where Rumiko had been a compassionate, almost maternal guide, and Caitlin a dominating force, and Darya a submissive supplicant, Aria was - more than the others - an equal partner in the bedroom. They kissed for a long time, holding one another, enjoying every kind of kiss, in fact. There were so many, and the princess of Anatolis knew them all, from both sides now.

It was after this that Erick recited a brief line a poetry from *The Eliria*: “Thou hast taken my hand, sweet maiden / I shall never let yours go, for you are mine / It is mine hand that shall pluck the rose for you / So that I may spare you the thorns in favour of sweetness.”

“Ohhh, that’s my favourite now!” she said a little giddily, bouncing a little on the bed with excitement. “This is all so very romantic, just as it should be, my Erick.”

“I would hope so, my gorgeous wife.”

“But I am not your wife yet. I - I would like you to make me yours now. Fully. My knight. My prince. My sorcerer.”

They kissed once more, and it was only then that Erick gently helped her slide from her dress, removing each button and parting each bow, and he too removed his clothing. By this point, the former prince was incredibly aroused, her womanhood slick and ready to

receive him. She wanted this moment to be traditional, so she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him so that she was on her back, legs spread wide, and his manhood at her entrance.

“Are you ready, my love?” he asked, not longer ‘umming’ and ‘ahhing’ as he once did.

“No,” she admitted. “But I was never ready for any of this. So make me love it, my prince.”

And with that, he entered her. Aria moaned in glorious ecstasy as he did. There was but the briefest of pain - the stories spoke of this, too - and then it was simply bliss. He was surprisingly big, but more than that it simply felt so proper to be taken. To be penetrated. To feel his hands upon her generous breasts. He sucked on her nipples, kissed her tender neck, and just like he knew she would appreciate, he started slow, thrusting in and out carefully, drawing her pleasure out patiently.

“Mmhmhm!” she moaned. “Y-yes! Ohhhhh, like that. Ahhhh, it’s s-so different from what I expected - b-but good too! S-so very good. I want to make your baby. P-please let me catch up. Let me give you a *royal child*, my husband.”

He grinned, loving that thought. He couldn’t believe that he already had three children on the way, but the prospect of making Aria pregnant was somehow most enticing of all. In many ways, she was *the* traditional princess, and in falling pregnant, he would give her the happy-ever-after she dreamed about.

“I will, sweet dove,” he said. “As many as you want. As many as we can.”

“O-o—ohhh! That s-sounds wonderful! It sounds! Ahhh, I’m s-so close!”

He went faster, thrusting with greater rapidity, though not with the same roughness as with Caitlin or Dayra, or the build up to speed with Rumiko. This was a more tender sex, and it too was something he appreciated about Aria. Only twenty seconds later they came together, both moaning, her voice a sweet song that seemed to carry its own little aria. She trembled, holding him, trapping him with her legs, milking him, keeping every part of his virile seed inside her.

And only then did they collapse. Unlike other times, there was no impatience to go again. They held one another for a long while, staring into each other’s eyes. It was only when Erick began to rub her sensitive breasts, teasing her pink nipples, that Aria licked her lips and cooed in a deeply musical manner.

“Again then, my husband,” she said. “I would have you again.”

As she would, and as the other princesses would, for many years to come.

Naturally, Caitlin and Darya wanted to hear all the details, but in Aria's mind what happened between a man and wife stayed between a man and wife, something Rumiko well understood, even if the Minamoto woman *did* enjoy the very occasional tease of which part of her body Erick enjoyed most. None of them had any doubt that Aria had gotten pregnant on her wedding night, even if Erick was adamant that even his magic would not be able to tell for a week or two. It was just too story perfect *not* to happen, and Aria was hopeful: already, Rumiko's belly had a slightly perceptible tautness to it, and the classical princess was realising that along with becoming a very sweet, musically-talented noblewoman, she was also finding the notion of babies *very* cute. She had seen one at her wedding just the previous night, and gushed over it to Darya, who was the *worst* person to share that with.

"Yeah, I guess the little critter is okay. Me? I just find the prospect of *being* knocked up incredibly arousing. Damn my Shirparsan lusts!"

In the end, the group's suspicions were born out when the first signs of faint nausea appeared two weeks later, the dainty princess having to run from the breakfast table (which was now a lot shorter and a lot more communal) in order to get to the privy in time. Caitlin just burst out laughing, and Rumiko had run after the poor woman, intent on holding her hair back.

"Nicely done, master!" Darya had teased. "Looks like you got the Anatis woman knocked up straight away! You all owe me five gold coins."

Erick, having grown more confident, reached over and squeezed Darya's left breast in a way that made her moan with sudden arousal.

"There we go, that works to drop the teasing," he said. Darya blushed, particularly when Caitlin started laughing again.

"It's a good thing I just love feeling owned by you," she said, biting her lip.

"Don't worry," Erick said. "Something tells me that Aria and Rumiko will be quite busy today, Darya. I'll have plenty of time for you to dance on my lap privately."

"So long as I get ta watch!" Caitlin laughed. "You still haven't had two of us at the same time yet, lad!"

That was a prospect that still made Erick nervous, and upon blushing red, the two women - who adored him completely - chuckled in good-nature. Caitlin mussed his hair lovingly, while Darya took the opportunity to press her buxom, supple body against his, and lower a hand to stroke his cock.

"But I bet you would like it, wouldn't you, master?"

"Um, well, uh..."

"There's our all powerful sorceress dork!" Caitlin declared.

Months passed, and each princess grew with their first child, though they knew it would certainly not be their last. Rumiko was ahead of the bunch: her kimono displayed her bump proudly, and she moved with a motherly grace already, serenely stroking her roundness and smirking slightly with each kick. While she still greatly enjoyed having Erick take her from behind, and to lap at her breasts, she increasingly took great pleasure in simply massaging him after a long day of magical research, taking care of his wants and needs, and letting him caress her belly and feel their kicking child.

“Your first little heir, my lord,” she said calmly. She was, in her own way, still quite stoic, but just like her ideal woman, she knew she was silk hiding steel. She would do anything to defend her child now.

Caitlin too swelled, and was delighted to find her bust even larger than before, rivalling Darya’s for a time. Torvell mothers were likewise extremely protective of their children: even at seven months of pregnancy she practised her axe work and self-defence, readying for a battle that would likely never come, just in case. Her libido had not gone away with pregnancy, and she rather enjoyed using her even larger size to ride Erick and make him hers. She hoped to have a strong-willed girl, just for an amusing bit of revenge on Erick. Headstrong girls were the fiercest and hardest to raise of all children, for a father.

“You jus’ wait till my milk comes in, lover!” she exclaimed one night while riding him. “Ya better take advantage of a mother’s milk before ya have to start sharin’, now!”

It was on that very night that Erick discovered a new fetish, one that never went away.

Darya, meanwhile, only became more sexy and sensual in her behaviour, and in Erick’s eyes. She truly became a ‘belly’ dancer just as she’d joked, stroking her fertile roundness against him whenever he got the opportunity, and play acting as the ultimate submissive harem woman baring as many of her master’s children as he required. She got off on it quite a bit, and even had a whole routine where she would lie down on a recliner and shift her pregnant weight to him, just as scantily clad as always, and begin eating grapes while moaning.

“I just need something else in my mouth, master. Will you please, please, please give me something more . . . tasty to wash these grapes down? My body exists to please you, master.”

She alone of the princesses had not actually ended up having a wedding, ceremony, or bonding tradition with the sorcerer. It was simply too enticing to simply be his royal concubine, subject of his lusts, servile to him. And, as much as it would have horrified her former male self, the idea of being permanently pregnant by this man made her orgasm extra hard during sex.

Unfortunately for Darya, she was outdone in the pregnancy game, as were they all, by Aria. It seemed fitting, much like a fairytale in fact, that Aria fell not just immediately pregnant, but with twins - a boy and a girl according to Erick's scrying spell. She was larger than the rest of them, her belly outlined in her gorgeous gowns and maternity dresses, and she was often on Erick's arm as they walked through the garden together. A boy and a girl - it was such a classic story from the great myths, and it excited the princess so much that she sometimes spent hours in the nearby forest by the Badlands edge, letting all manner of animals that lived there come and see her, practising her singing with the birds.

"I never imagined I would be a royal wife, instead of a royal husband," she told Erick as she got into bed with him, "but I am so very glad that my story ended up this way. For all of us."

And always, Erick would kiss her lovingly, stroke her belly, and tenderly caress her neck. "I am glad too, Aria. You have made me - all of you have made me - a man. I never realised until I got to know each of you that despite all my power, I was little more than a boy still. Together, I know, we can save this world. And perhaps," he kissed her neck again, and grasped her breast softly. "Have a little fun along the way."

The princess moaned. "Mhmm, my prince."

Epilogue: Happy Ever Afters

Fifteen years had passed. The crisis of the Abyss remained a problem, but thanks to the 'Princess Plan,' as Erick's harem called it, the coming disaster was looming less and less large every day. It would still take many visitations across the world to smooth over all the cracks - he knew from the beginning that his thirty year timeline could well come down to the minute - but his many gifted mage children were already working to help him strengthen the barriers between realities. He predicted that in just nine or so years, ten at the outset, the threat would be gone for good. The barriers were holding, and healing, and the threat of the Dark Abyss lessens with each new spell ward cast with his children at his side.

For all intents and purposes, the danger was over, though his children would still be needed for a number of years to come.

It was that happy knowledge in mind that accompanied the great sorcerer Erick Exeor as he returned victoriously to his immense wizard's tower, even larger now than it had been fifteen years ago. After all, there were a few nurseries now, and more spaces were

always being filled and added to cater to the demands, interests, hobbies, pursuits, and magical experimentation of his many girls and boys.

He moved quickly, several of his daughters and sons at his side. Amelia and Aleth, the eldest twins of his wife Aria, were foremost alongside him, both riding the high of their latest success in closing a realm breach. A number of others were present, including Shira and Sharpur, the children of his gorgeous Darya, just as haughty as their mother, and a grouping of warrior-mages with the fiery hair of Caitlin: Dunn, Cunan, and Hilde. Kira and Aoi kept to the back, their usual shy selves, though when it had come time to summon the necessary magic to close the rift, despite the psychic threats within, they had not faltered or hesitated. Each of his children had stepped up to the great challenge, and after nearly three months away with them, helping heal the cracks in reality, he was finally coming home.

"Looks like our younger siblings are happy to see you father!" Amelia pointed out, laughing. "They're coming like a horde, in fact!"

Erick turned his eyes from the balconies of the tower, only to see an outpouring of children from it. They ran to him eagerly, and after a moment's amusement and shock - little Lachlan was finally walking, it seemed! - he moved towards them and let them embrace him in a great swirling vortex of hugs, squeals, endless streams of strange factoids, and a few tantrums of "not being the first to see Daddy!"

"Oh, don't worry!" he said, chuckling. "I'm back for quite a while now, and I have time enough for all of you, my lovely sons and daughters. My how you've grown! Just three months and it felt like an eternity - uh, that means a very long time, Audrey - and you've all grown! Oh! Woah!!"

He tipped over, pushed to the side gently by the swarm of children. His elder mage teenagers helped peel away their younger siblings, but some of them just decided to join in. Instantly, there was an endless series of interrogations: who had he fought? Did Dunn help? What was Kira smiling about? I bet Shira and Sharpur never got their hands dirty, right? Have you seen Mom lately? She's sooooo big now! I can't believe it's twins again! Dad, is it all over? Does this mean I can't be a mage at all?"

He tried to answer as best as he could, but the one weakness Erick Exeor, supreme sorcerer and master of the mystical arts, would always possess was a weakness for his children and their wonderful curiosities. He answered as best as he could, but for each question several more arose, until he didn't even know who was answering what, even as his oldest teens helped deal with onslaught of it all.

It was only when a series of claps followed, then a whistle, then a loud stomp of something, that the children pulled back.

"That's enough for now, darlings!" Princess Aria called out from the balcony, overlooking the proceedings.

“Hurry up and come see your mothers!” Caitlin added. “We want ta see our wee lasses and lads returned from across the world, and smother ‘em with love!”

“Yes, and to start organise tonight’s celebratory feast,” Rumiko added sensibly.

“Did you bring me back spicy food?” Darya called to her children. “I’m craving spicy food!”

“Of course, mother,” her children responded. “Only the spiciest.”

“Good! Send your father up here. We . . . want to see him.”

Some of the older teens blocked the ears of their younger siblings: there was no mistaking the kind of tone that Darya was putting on. Nor could Erick hide his excitement at finally being able to see his gorgeous wives, partners, and - in Darya’s willing case - concubine again. Despite fifteen years having passed, none of them looked to be thirty five. Their aging, thanks to his magic, was greatly slowed, and so they still appeared to be in their early twenties. Motherhood had changed them, of course: Aria was currently six months along with twins, and had grown her blonde hair down to her ankles. She was a resplendent queenly woman now. Rumiko’s kimono was more royal, and her hair done up in a more elaborate style as well. Her slim breasts had grown a little from her pregnancies, but her hips were especially wide, matching her wonderful *rondure* backside. Caitlin . . . well, Caitlin had grown in the chest, but otherwise not changed much at all. In a way, she only looked more wild and free and happy with her position in life. Pregnancy hadn’t tamed her, only put her more in touch with nature as far as she was concerned. And then, finally, there was Darya. Despite having daughters in their teenage years, she still felt compelled to wear as little as ever, flouncing her gorgeous curves in her harem outfits just as much as always. Her figure was outrageously fertile looking, her breasts almost the size of her own head, and her hips a walking advertisement for bearing children. She, in contrast to the rest, now had a cute short hair look, the sides parallel to her chin before drawing back in short dark curtains. Erick loved it, and she knew he loved it.

“It’s so good to see all of you!” he proclaimed to his children, kissing each of them on the head. “I’ll just go see your mothers and how they’re going. No doubt they’re worried about me and their children too.”

One of the teens scoffed. It was Shira.

“Yeah, I’ve got a pretty decent idea of what Mom wants,” she said, rolling her eyes.

“Oh please sis,” her brother Sharpur said. “Of course she wants to see us. She loves us dearly. *Then* after she’s seen us, she’ll want to take Dad for a spin.”

Erick blushed red. From Darya’s tantalising expression as she rested in a sensual manner against the balcony, he had a feeling her two eldest children were right on the money.

“By the Gods,” he murmured, shaking his head. “I still can’t believe this is my life.”

“Erick!” Aria declared. “We were so worried about you!”

The sorcerer’s very pregnant wife pressed herself against him first, and she had to lean over to hold him tight, so round was her expanse. Within her womb, her newest twins kicked delightfully, making Erick chuckle out of joy.

“Feisty, aren’t they?”

“You have no idea, my love. They miss their father’s presence. They can always tell. I’ve tried to soothe them with song, but they have been turning over furiously inside me.”

He kissed her lovingly on the lips, before lowering to kiss her belly through her impressive blue maternity gown.

“I have missed you all so dearly,” he said, taking her hand, and then Rumiko’s as she positioned herself beside him. “All of you, my loved ones.”

Rumiko gently took his hand on the other side and kissed it demurely.

“It is good to see you back, my lord,” she said in her quiet, tender way. “The younger children have missed you, Sakura especially.”

She indicated the adorable little girl currently suckling at her chest. Erick stroked the little one’s hair, amazed. “She is so perfect. They all are.”

“I hope we’re included in that, my handsome lad!” Caitlin bellowed. She grinned, seizing Erick in an impressive hug and lifting him off of his feet. For a moment he was out of breath, almost suffocating in the Torvell woman’s impressive chest. Then she let him down.

“I’ve been showing all the little ones how ta survive a proper scrap, but Darya’s been trying and failing ta keep herself busy. She won’t stop whining and whingeing about you not bein’ here!”

She practically *shoved* Erick over to Darya, who looked positively . . . prepared for his visit. Her perfume smelled divine, and her skin looked like it had been carefully oiled that morning, her dark makeup gorgeous upon her olive features. She fluttered her eyebrows as she shifted towards him, her hips rocking from side to side.

“It’s not my fault I need him so bad,” she said, grinning deliciously. “I get extra needy when I’m pregnant.”

She gestured to her slightly distended stomach, and Erick’s eyes went wide. She took his hand and placed it on the small bump.

“Really? Another?”

She nodded, grinning. “Another for you collection, my master. Another beautiful child to help save the world. And also, of course, get my tits nice and big and milky for you, just the way you like them.”

He had to struggle not to become too hard in his pants. His hand retreated, a little too fast, and her expression was confused.

“What? Did I come off too strong?”

“You always come off too strong, lassie!”

“Oh, shut up Caitlin. I spent a lot of time preparing my body this morning!”

“That is certainly true,” Aria said slyly. With her more classical princess behaviour and attire, she could occasionally be a bit catty with the more revealing and openly sexual Darya. “She made sure we were all very much aware of it, too.”

Erick tried not to chuckle, but the truth was they had all noticed him pull his hand away. He had not intended to get Darya pregnant. In fact, he had assumed that Aria’s twins would be the last of his children. Already, he had over fifty of them, and while he loved his many children and the incredibly intelligence and array of personalities they were developing, part of him still felt guilty for trapping his princesses in the lives they now held. Sure, their aging was slowed down, but they did indeed still age, and he didn’t want to trap them in pregnancy and nursing and child-rearing for their best years.

As if to emphasise his point, one of the tower servants - it had been necessary to begin hiring childcare staff for obvious reasons - handed Darya one of her other infants. Mirza was the child’s name, and he was roughly fifteen months old, and slowly weaning off his mother’s breast. Evidently, something had agitated him, and he wanted to nurse to calm down. Darya took him easily to her large left breast, removing it from her skimpy top and feeding him. She cooed, but her eyes flashed at Erick, confused and a little hurt.

“Is something the matter, my lord?” Rumiko asked, sensing tension in him. Her soft hand went over his shoulder, and he very nearly flinched.

“No. No, nothing but good news. It will still be some years before the rifts are fully closed and healed, and the mage children will be needed, including more than just the elders when we get to the final cracks, as the more we seal shut the more power flows through those not yet healed. But it will be done, and I foresee no stumbling blocks. We are, effectively, saved.”

“All thanks to you,” Aria said.

“All thanks to all of us, and our wonderful children. I am proud of them, and I know you are as their mothers.”

“But . . .” Rumiko said, waiting.

Erick gave a wan smile. “Let’s talk about it later, my beauties. For now, let us enjoy a fine feast for the night, and party and enjoy ourselves with our joyous family. The children who came with me will be hailed as heroes.”

Caitlin nudged Aria. “I bet Prince Danwell will like that, eg!?”

Aria rolled her eyes. "Of course my eldest daughter is being courted by the son of my former love interest! If only I knew fifteen years ago that I wouldn't be marrying Elene, but that our children would bond our families instead!"

They walked together back into the halls of the tower, and Erick gave orders for a celebratory feast to commence. He visited each of his children, hugging them and holding them and getting his by little non-damaging magical prank spells that others wished to show off. Others flew down, demonstrating their increasing control of magic, while more youngsters had only just managed their first light spell, and demanded their father award whoever had the brightest light in their hands.

"I'll let you try to be the judge of this diplomatic timebomb," Aria said, kissing him on the cheek softly as she began to waddle away. "But please, I hope all is well, my love."

"It is," he said, taking her hand. "Too much so. I'll talk more tonight."

She nodded, then continued onwards. He couldn't help but admire the gorgeous, dainty yet round form of his heavily pregnant wife. Even after all these years, the sight of each of his women full with child never ceased to amaze him, and he had been rather surprised at how arousing it was to know that he was knocking them up with child, and to hold their pregnant forms, stroking their round stomachs as foreplay before they manoeuvred into positions together. Even their maternal beauty, taking care of their many children, struck him as something awe-inspiring.

"But I cannot let it continue," he whispered to himself, before moving to organise the feast.

Erick's thoughts had not come out of nowhere. It had been something he had been thinking of for some years. He could not possibly know if his first-born children, or even if most of his children, would inherit his powerful magic. He could only hope for this outcome, knowing he had done all he could to maximise the odds. And after that initial transition period, each of them had been surprisingly happy. Yes, he was burdened by a duty to save the world, but he had four loving wives (well, three wives and a concubine), all of whom were happy to bear him children, even Darya.

Aria may have been the last to finally accept her new role, but once she did, she had committed fully to being the elegant, dainty, and musically-talented princess. Her love of nature abounded, and while she saw her duties as being to Erick and the rearing of her children first, she also developed quite the green thumb, helping expand the gorgeous gardens further into the Badlands. She was helped by her animal friends, and they too became regular features of the forests she helped cultivate and grow. When she wasn't

doing that, she worked on her music and songwriting and poetry, composing these with tender care. She was becoming quite well-regarded in Anapolis, and already some of her eldest daughters were taking after her.

Rumiko had been steadfast from the beginning, but the tension that had still mingled in her mind was fully gone. She had remained a devoted wife, but to Erick's surprise she had taken up the art of the shortsword and dagger again after she birthed her first child. In her mind, it was a mother's duty to have not just metaphorical, but *true* steel hidden beneath her silk. But her true joy, outside of her children and husband, came from her calligraphy and poetry, the latter of which she often exchanged with Aria, who looked up to her. She was the main overseer of the household while Erick was away or occupied, but on those rare occasions where she was not pregnant, she enjoyed riding horses across the landscape, soaking in the beauty of the world by herself, and coming home to paint these images carefully.

Caitlin had no patience for art or poetry, of course, but she certainly practised defence and swordplay against Rumiko. She had born many red-headed children for Erick, and she loved them all dearly, but she was also wild at heart now, and was grateful when Erick finally hired on more staff to help her. In many ways, she depended on her sisters to help her with motherhood, but now she had the full hang of it, and enjoyed fussing over her latest little heirs. She had remained the fittest of the group, her muscles still taut and impressive, and was responsible for keeping the children fit as well: racing them across the fields and teaching them how to fight.

And, of course, Darya had also done well to acclimate to her life. In fifteen years, she had somehow never managed to run out of creatively imaginative ways to have sex with Erick, or to be conveniently present when one of the other women were having sex with him and she wanted to join in (not that Aria was a fan of this, traditional as she was). Dancing and relaxing and engaging in the most hedonistic pursuits remained her forte, though she could not always indulge given how many fruits of the womb she had pushed into the world, courtesy of her 'master.' Still, she had told him more than once that she loved serving him, sucking him off or letting him take her roughly from behind. The truth was, while sunbaking and swimming and lounging about were her favourite hobbies, her duties to Erick were her highest calling: she had a body made for being bred, as she saw it, and her instincts never led her away from that purpose. It was little surprise that she was the most constantly pregnant of the group, and even annoyed when Aria got her twins more than she did.

And yet, for all that happiness, and the recognition that his women were indeed truly happy, Erick knew their time like that had to end. The path to save the world was clear, and he had massively underestimated how potent his seed was, as well as the lineages of his lovely princesses: every single one of his progeny had magical talent, and powerful talent at

that. The crisis was practically averted, and the need to produce more children for a cataclysm still fifteen years away was gone.

And while he should have been happy, something about that made him deeply sad.

The dinner was lovely, as it always was. These days the princesses worked to help organise the feasts, and his servants cooked them, with even some of the children helping along - it gave them a chance to practise their heating magics, among other kinds. And because they were celebrating the return of the ruler of the tower, as well as the small army of eleven to fifteen year olds that had helped him close the rifts, it was a big celebration indeed.

“Finally, real food!” one of them called. Erick didn’t catch who it was, but he made a mock show at the head of the table of being offended.

“What? I don’t make good food when travelling through the planes?”

“Not like this!”

“Well, thank your mother Rumiko. She really knows how to keep the pantry well-stocked.”

Rumiko bowed politely in her seat, and the group laughed. It was a hubbub of activity, but it helped put Erick’s mind at ease. It was good to be back, and it was very clear that his oldest children thought so, though they were currently bragging to their younger siblings how much better they had it (except for Sharpur and Shira, who were guzzling down grapes, filled with the same love of comfort as their pregnant mother). He didn’t talk much, instead taking in his family. His wives were close to him, arranged around the head of the table, and at certain points Aria took his hand, and Rumiko rubbed his thigh softly, both recognising that he was dealing with something under the surface. Even Darya looked a bit concerned, though she had to get up occasionally to deal with a scuffle between her kids and Caitlin’s over who was the better warrior when they were men.

“It was obviously me!” she declared haughtily, to which even Caitlin had to agree.

“But not now, lass!”

And so they continued to eat and talk and catch one another up on the various squabbles, delights, and developments in the tower, as well as Erick’s travels abroad the amazing feats of his magically talented children. Each of the princesses blushed in pride at the accomplishments of their eldest ones.

Erick was retiring to his room. He had chosen not to visit one of his princesses that night, despite not being tired and in fact rather being keen on the idea of having sex with them. It had been too long. He was about to get into his bed and ponder his troubled thoughts when there was a sudden knock on the door, followed by a flurry of knocks. He opened the door, and to his surprise there were all four of his dutiful wives outside the door, even Aria, who usually hated visiting his quarters with company (it just wasn't done, after all).

"My ladies," he said, a little taken aback. "Um, how can I help you?"

"Ach! So formal, lad! Open the door so we can come on in and see to whatever's going on in that big wizard brain of yours!"

He opened the door fully, and they made their way in, closing it again. Aria and Rumiko were examining him, and Caitlin to an extent. Even Darya was curious, though she was also sliding her hands over his shoulders from behind, purring sensually.

"Mhmm, tell us what's wrong, my gorgeous master," she said.

"Yes," Rumiko added, helping move him to the bed. "We would know what is bothering our lord."

"Especially since I don't want anything stressing our babies," Aria said, rubbing her stomach.

The sight of it all, the feel of it all, was making Erick incredibly hard. He tried to avoid making it obvious, but Darya was some kind of sexual psychic, and began lowering her hand.

"Is it that you've been missing me?" she said, licking her lips. "And the others, I guess. But obviously I'm the one you miss the most when it comes to the passions of the flesh."

"Please," Caitlin said. "You cannae be too good, if you don' dominate him the way I do. You want a nice lass ta shove you back in bed, right lad?"

But Erick just shook his head, giving a bitter chuckle. "No, no! It's not that, my ladies. Please, all of you, sit. And ignore the, uh, hardness. I have missed you in that way, I assure you. But it's also what I wanted to talk about most. Are you alright, Aria?"

"Yes!" she exclaimed, sitting down awkwardly as she cradled her bump. "Just t-trying to get myself comfortable. V-very full with children now. Ohhhhh."

She managed it, and the sight of her rubbing her belly only made Erick feel more aroused and more upset all at once. He stroked her stomach, fascinated and sad, and his expression only made the women more concerned.

"It's exactly this that's been troubling me," he admitted.

"What do you mean?" Darya said. "Wait, don't tell me you want more children? Master, you are so demanding - I promise I shall make more than Aria ever could!"

The others just rolled their eyes.

"You fear what you have done to us," Rumiko said, patting her husband's hand.

"How did you know?" he said, jaw dropped.

"Because I know you, we all do, in different ways, my love. And I know that while you love us dearly, you have always felt guilty for the actions you had to take to reach this happiness. You have told us at the feast that you suspect no more children are needed - in fact, that we have far more than necessary - to end the coming calamity."

Aria looked at Erick, rubbing her heavy dome and sighing. "You regret making me pregnant. All of us."

"Not in the way you think," he said. "Or at least, not in the way you *may* think. I don't regret a single one of our children. Not one. Ever. I never will."

"Of course you won't, laird," Caitlin said in a rare moment of non-boisterousness. "None of us would ever be goin' round sayin' that! We know you love our wee ones! You're a great da!"

He smirked, let her hug him with her muscular arms for a moment.

"Thanks, Caitlin. It's just that . . . I made you give up so much of your lives to help save the world, and it may well turn out that the last five, maybe even ten years of us, er, reproducing, was not necessary. That just the first five 'rounds' of children were enough from each of you. I just . . . I feel as if I have wasted some of your best years-

"I mean, we're all magically pretty young and completely amazing looking, me especially," Darya bragged, gesturing to her admittedly very fine form. It was very hard not to look at her expansive cleavage. She was still, proudly, the bustiest of the four, though Caitlin had overtaken her a couple of times when particularly engorged.

"Yes," Erick said, "and that's what gives me hope; that you can all find some modicum of freedom. Yes, I know we will continue to love one another and raise our children, but free from pregnancy, you will be able to -"

"Free from what now?" Caitlin said, crossing her arms. "I nevah signed onta that new deal!"

"Indeed," Rumiko said calmly. "I would much prefer the state of affairs continue . . . should you wish it, my lord."

Erick's eyes widened, and he was briefly speechless.

"But - but all those times of morning nausea, and being full with child, the lack of mobility! Not to mention the birthing bed - even my spells can only do so much with the discomfort and pain there, not to mention your hours of struggle. And having to constantly pay attention to so many children!"

"My love," Aria said, taking his hand and placing it on her taut dome of a belly, "I would have been the first to tell you if I wanted to stop having children. Well, maybe Caitlin

or Darya. I love this life. I never would have believed it when I was a man, but bringing life into the world is my purpose now. I adore it, and I would never want it to end.”

“Aye, me either!” Caitlin bellowed.

“Nor I,” Rumiko added.

“Me either. It’s very enjoyable,” Darya said, tracing her fingers over her stomach.

“Also, it’s really fucking hot. Why don’t we . . . why don’t we show him, girls? Aria?”

Aria blushed. “Just . . . just this once. For my husband. For our wonderful sorcerer. So you know how much we love this new life, and never want it to end, Erick.”

“Um, what are you talking about - Mhmp!!”

It was too late. Erick was immediately assaulted by a wave of caresses, kisses, and loving embraces. Aria held him, rubbing his hands over her belly and making him help her slide out of her maternity gown. From behind, Rumiko worked to undo his tunic, while Caitlin simply tore his pants to pieces, allowing his hard and long member to reveal itself. And by the Gods, he was hard, particularly at the sight of his pregnant wife, and the nearly naked Darya that was dancing in his view, emphasising her nascent pregnant belly, licking her lips in anticipation.

“By - by the Black Mountain,” he declared, “I didn’t realise you were all s-so - ahh, Gods! - so enthusiastic!”

Aria giggled as Caitlin helped her stroke his penis, making his balls throb and pulse with the need to enter one of his princesses. All of them, in fact.

“We have always been, ever since that first pregnancy,” Rumiko said. “Perhaps I was too . . . subtle.”

“Well I fucking wasn’t!” Darya proclaimed, “and I’m not subtle now, my master!”

With that, she shoved her incredibly full, milk-filled chest in his face and made him drink deep. At the same time, Rumiko lowered herself, beginning to lick and stroke his cock. Aria kissed him deeply, their tongues dancing in one another’s mouths, even as Caitlin rubbed his testicles and gripped his ass, dominating him while the other women were supplicant. It was all too much. He was in more heaven and ecstasy than he could imagine, and it only got better as the women worked as one to move him further into the centre of the bed, so they could surround him. Darya rubbed her belly against Aria’s, the pair giggling despite the latter’s embarrassment at being so untraditional and scandalous, and as this occurred Caitlin made herself naked, rubbing his cock between her pale freckled tits. Rumiko orchestrated each turn of events, and for that she was rewarded with being the first to be taken by him: Darya and Aria insisted, and Caitlin too.

“Make me pregnant again, my lord,” she said demurely, lying on her back, legs spread wide as the others cooed and rubbed his back. “I want to give you as many children as you desire.”

Aira shifted her pregnant wait, holding his penis and guiding it to the Minamoto woman's entrance. Soon he was fucking her, sliding in and out, and Rumiko was whimpering in abject pleasure, trying not to be too wanton in her display. Darya rubbed herself, moaning in ecstasy and continuing to dance in his view, while Aria kept on his hands on her belly, letting him caress it even as he thrust into Rumiko, eliciting gasps of ecstasy from her. Caitlin laughed, kissing his back and squeezing his ass. It was an orgy filled with passion, sex, bliss, and love. They each felt connected to one another, and most of all to their sorcerer.

"I'm - I'm about t-to cum!" he declared. "By the Gods I'm about to-"

"Please, make me full with your child," Rumiko said, her voice barely a whisper.

And that did it. He grunted loudly, overwhelmed by one of the best orgasms he'd ever had. His seed flooded Rumiko's womb, and finally she wailed, her high voice going above anyone else's in the room.

"Ohhhhhh, my I-lord! Yesssss! YES!!"

He felt against her, but the women were still upon him, and all of them wanting more.

"Use a spell, master," Darya said. "I demand it . . . please. I know I'm already pregnant but I want you inside me so fucking bad. I'll be twice as sexy! I'll make you cum twice as hard!"

But she had to wait her turn, because Caitlin was already taking charge, and an amused Aria doing her best to lug her pregnant belly so that he could already see it and rub it, fascinated by how sexy it made his elegant wife. She sung sweet praises as Caitlin rode him, and not long after he came in her too. Somehow each of them knew that the two fertile women in the room who weren't yet pregnant were on their way to that state now.

Afterwards, he fucked Darya, who sucked him off and then let him take her from behind. The other three women - including a recovered Rumiko - cheered him on, and Aria fed him from her breasts while he thrust, her sweet milk rejuvenating him and making him more excited. He came in her too, and she whined in her sensual voice.

"M-M-M-Master! YES! I LOVE YOU, MASTER!! SO F-FUCKING MUCH!!"

Finally, there was Aria. As usual with her, their lovemaking was slower, particularly due to her six-month twin pregnancy. He helped lay her on her side, and then lay behind her. He held her stomach, hands roaming up to her breasts, and Rumiko did the honours of aiding his cock to her entrance so that he could thrust into her slowly, yet surely. She whimpered and moaned, her pregnant hormones making her itching to be filled with his seed. And yet it was slower, and the other women withdrew a little, knowing that Aria liked more privacy in such matters. When Erick came, her sweet song voice rose in an aria to match her name. She held that note for a long time, and to Erick's ears it was the most amazing music he'd ever heard. Finally, she ended it, and they all collapsed together into his

bed. It was clear, by some unspoken agreement, that they would be spending the night there.

“You really do wish to stay like this,” Erick said, still marvelling at them all.

“Of course we do, you dumb fool of a wonderful, sexy master,” Darya said, rolling her eyes. “We get to stay young, luscious, and have the best sex of our lives.”

“And the most wonderful children,” Rumiko said, smiling softly.

“And the most wonderful house,” Caitlin added.

“And the most wonderful husband,” Aria finished, and they all nodded in agreement to that, a chorus of agreement in fact.

Erick kissed each of them tenderly, placing himself in the middle so each could snuggle up against him. It was unbelievable: the world was practically saved, and the sacrifices he’d made had led to happiness not just for him, but his princesses and children too.

“Talk about a happy ever after,” he marvelled.

Darya threw a pillow at him: it was much too schmaltzy. In the giggle fits and further pillow throws that followed, they each found a second wind too. Erick was very busy that night, and would be for a long while.

After all, his princesses wanted babies, babies, and more babies.

The End