

Wizard Prince to Warrior Princess - Part 4

For Waaaghan
By TheSpiralledEye

Time began to pass; weeks became months and without even realising it, a new normal began to take hold. It felt wrong, leaving the city without Stolas, even stranger with a sword on his hip and no grimoire but soon Ander grew accustomed to it. He and Briar were still a perfect pair in battle, even though they were both now frontline fighters. There was something comforting about heavy armour too that Ander had never appreciated. Normally, a hit or two had him down but now he could tank with the best of them. His new Elven reflexes made it so that was rarely even a concern though. Their first quest had been a simple one, taking care of a roaming band of trolls peasants in a nearby village were complaining about. When he had finally struck his sword through the heart of the final fiend Ander had grinned in victory. When he first found himself in this body he had felt so helpless and weak; now he was anything but.

Briar was finding her place as well; rapidly climbing the ranks of the Order of Honour with ease. So much ease in fact that she still worked down at the tavern some nights. Ander could sense a change in his love; there was a need for attention and affection there that had never existed before. Her mind was more easily distracted and her sex drive had gone through the roof and yet, it did not bother him. Ander trusted Briar implicitly, he knew she would never sleep with a stranger even if her new body wanted it on some level. If anything, this new fetish of hers benefited him; he was starting to expect a late night visit from her most nights; already wet and raring to go after a night of teasing touches from patrons. It was an odd relationship to be sure, the dynamic took them some time to get down but now that the dust had settled Ander found himself comfortable. They had never had so much sex before and he was certainly not going to complain. Oh, the things this body could feel! He had heard tales of multiple orgasms but now that he had experienced them the idea of going back to just one was unthinkable. He wasn't the only one either.

Once, Ander had caught Grange returning from the kitchens late one night, his maids outfit crinkled at the back as though he'd been lying down for some time. He was yet to ask who the lucky girl or guy was that had coaxed his new maid into bed but he was sure that is what had happened. Grange had never been so helpful or happy; as Gretta he seemed to gain a quiet sense of satisfaction from doing daily tasks and being generally helpful. He made it his mission to please Ander and to a lesser extent Morgan. Ander had never had a manservant, unlike most princes but he had to admit, he was getting used to Grange doing

all his busy work for him. It was nice to wake up and have his clothes laid out and armour polished, especially when Grange beamed at any thanks he passed on.

All in all Ander was starting to feel comfortable in this life and that concerned him. They were riding out to find and potentially slay a hag today. Being inherently magical creatures with access to all sorts of arcane focuses and spells he was hoping to find something to aid them in turning back. Yet neither Grange nor Briar had asked him about such things yet. Neither had Stolas when he'd gone to inform him; perhaps he was not the only one getting comfortable.

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Stolas had never liked magic; it was rare outside the nobility and even rarer still in Dwarves. Until he'd befriended Ander he'd never even really seen it used. While he could respect it, especially the spells his friends used in battle, it was never something he wanted for himself. It was too unpredictable, too unnatural; he much preferred the solid feeling of a battleaxe in his hand and a heavy shield at his side. Now though, even if he wanted to that wasn't an option; this waifish feminine form was hardly battle hardened. No matter how hard he tried in secret, he could barely lift his old weapons, let alone use them effectively. He knew if he dedicated himself, he could get this body fighting fit but he simply didn't have the time. If there was one thing Ander had hidden about magic, it was just how exhausting using it was.

After a full day training and assisting Morgan he was simply too tired to even think of doing exercises to bulk up again. That wasn't even the worst thing though; no the worst thing about magic...was that he was starting to like it. The first few days he had been so seethingly angry at her it had taken all of his self control not to blow up right in Morgan's face. But despite that he found her an excellent teacher. He was suspicious; that perhaps she was trying to teach him wrong in order to curb his powers but on the contrary, she was rushing him forward at a breakneck pace.

"Well done!" She beamed, clapping a little as he made a flower bloom seconds after the seed hit the soil, "Now, see if you can reverse it, it's not an easy trick but you can do it."

Magic was so much more versatile compared to his battle axe, he could heal and hurt, and so many other things. He was so caught up in learning what he could that it took him several days to realise he'd not even attempted to look for a cure to his predicament. Even though in the first weeks he'd been so dedicated. Shame swirled in his gut thinking about his friends,

his prince; they were all counting on him and he was slacking off in his duties and half the time couldn't even bring himself to feel bad about it.

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Morgan watched as her new sister rode through the forest with Gretta and Briar. They were all laughing together; they looked happy at least from what she could see in her crystal ball. She smiled watching them; it was important to her that they were all at the very least happy in some capacity. She had made a habit of keeping an eye on Audrey since the incident in the bath house, always shutting the spell down if she and Briar were having a private moment of course which was...often. Perhaps giving the woman an increased sex drive had been a mistake. Guilt, the same guilt that had been present for months now, churched in her stomach. The more she thought back on it, the more Morgan realised that perhaps her spell had been needlessly cruel. Yet she couldn't bring herself to feel bad about it. Ever since entering this new reality things had been as close to perfect as possible. With her father now bedridden permanently she had taken over as Crown Regent, Queen in all but name.

Stolas, who had even started going by Stella to avoid strange looks, was a godsend. She had known Stolas had a great mind, perfect for the complexities of magic, all he needed was the spark but even Morgan couldn't have known just how talented she was. In only a few months she had mastered spells that had taken Morgan years and was well on her way to becoming a full on Court Sorceress, in fact, it was what Morgan was training her for. As acting Queen she was constantly being bogged down with the needs of her kingdom and barely had the time to create anymore. She did not mind, it was her birthright after all, but it did mean somebody was going to have to take her place. Word of Stella, a Dark Elf, being in such a high position in a mostly human and Elven kingdom had reached far as well and the Kingdom of Avice, the Dark Elves home, had even reached out with talks of trade now that Alador was seemingly more tolerant. It was a side effect Morgan could never have predicted and if things went ahead their kingdom could be even richer than before. Perhaps she should have transformed more of the castle staff into other races if this was the result. She had to admit, a part of her was tempted, but the spell was so complicated and the potion so time consuming she knew it would be a lost cause, especially now that she had so much more work to do. It was probably for the best, Stella seemed happy enough now but she really didn't want to deal with any more angry Dwarves turned Elves.

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“Uh, Stella! Little help here?”

“Gretta? Wha-oh not again.”

“Yeah.”

“Which one is which?”

“Audrey is my skirt, Briar’s my...bra.”

“Fuckn’ hell.”

Stella sighed and helped Gretta undress; ever since they started going out in search of powerful magical items Briar and Audrey had a habit of getting themselves transformed. Wild magic had always been a threat but from what Stella could theorise, the fact that they had undergone such a large, seemingly permanent transformation made them all slightly more susceptible to being changed again, temporarily. It was becoming almost comically common for one of them to return with the others in tow needing some sort of magical healing. Stella’s personal favourite was the time Audrey returned back lugging a great painting of Gretta, only able to carry the heavy frame thanks to the fact that she had doubled in size. Carefully, Stella placed the articles of clothing out on her work desk and looked them over while Gretta redressed herself. She placed a hand to the skirt and immediately was hit with a wave of emotions; humiliation, a lingering arousal, indignant anger at the realisation Stella could feel the former. Definitely Audrey.

“Alright, what was it this time? Another hag?”

“Wyvern.” Gretta replied, “They were doing really well but I...I thought I could help and tried picking up the daggers again but I got underfoot and they both shielded me from a blast and well...here we are.”

“I suppose I can forgive them then. I’ll need Morgan’s help, Wyvern magic is a bit beyond me to reverse.”

Stella placed two fingers to her temple and reached out telepathically, locating Morgan’s mind down in her office.

‘They’re back, Audrey and Briar are clothes.’

'Again?' Came the exasperated voice of Morgan, 'On my way, if I had known this would have been such a common occurrence I'd have put extra stabilising agents in that damn potion.'

Stella chuckled; perhaps there was some truth to that old saying that time heals all wounds. After months of working with Morgan he found his sharp edges had smoothed. She went from resenting her, to tolerating her to almost...liking her. She was a good teacher and from what she could see, a good ruler too. When she walked in Stella could tell it had been a busy day; with the king basically on his deathbed both sisters were dealing with the very real fact that it would only be a matter of weeks until Morgan was queen.

"Right, let's see what we have." Morgan sighed.

"Wyvern magic." Stella answered, "Too strong for me."

"Not for long." Morgan's lips flickered into a brief smile. "But I can fix this up for now."

She focused on the shape of the humanoid spirits inside the clothes and with the help of her magic, gently coaxed them out. The clothes shimmered into silver light before growing and stretching back into their proper shape until a very embarrassed and irritated Audrey sat before them on the table. Briar gave a sheepish giggle and shrug as Stella glared at her before she was forced to look away as the demoness stretched and pushed her chest out. Why she insisted on wearing such...revealing robes when not in direct combat baffled him, the old Briar basically had to be coaxed out of her armour. Audrey too looked stiff and sore but otherwise well. Morgan reached out to put a hand on her shoulder but the younger princess shrugged her off with a quiet single word thanks.

Stella winced; watching Morgan's face falter for a moment before slipping back into that calm and authoritative visage of a queen. It was odd, sometimes, the sisters seemed closer than ever; talking constantly and spending Morgan's rare few free moments together discussing who knows what. Then, seemingly at random Audrey would shut her out, acting positively icy toward her older sister. Ever since she started spending her days in quiet study, Stella had realised she was quite good at reading people; especially her friends. She couldn't help but feel that Audrey was forcing herself to be angry with Morgan because she felt like she should be. Not because she was actually still holding a grudge.

"We should go visit father." Morgan suggested to her sister and Audrey hesitated.

Gretta, Briar and Stella all exchanged looks; Briar gave the other two a subtle nod of the head and they quietly walked away to give the sisters some space. Their father was a touchy subject now and none of them felt right intruding.

“I know Rose has barely left his side, we should go spend some time with her as well.” Audrey replied coolly, “How is her schooling going? That is your job to monitor while I’m away isn’t it?”

The barb was a small one but Stella could tell it cut Morgan deeply; she was so busy at the moment and the Dark Elf knew for a fact that Rose and her tutoring had fallen by the wayside.

“I can take Rose for a walk.” Briar offered, “Or maybe Stella could help her study?”

She gave the Demoness a sharp look; she may be magical and more inclined to pursue academic pursuits but she was no teacher.

“That would be great.” Morgan said gratefully, “We could use some time alone with your father, if you could bring Rose here, Stella?”

Stella’s defences crumbled, she could hear the stress in Morgan’s voice, she couldn’t stand adding to her plate. It was almost funny, a few months ago she probably would have revelled in the Crown Princess suffering, now she would do anything to alleviate it.

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Audrey sank into the steamy water with a sigh; Morgan had organised for her sister and Briar to visit the bath houses again. This time under the implicit instructions that they were not to be disturbed. It was a godsend, having that sort of authority, Audrey couldn’t believe she had never thought to use her power that way back when she was still Ander. They sat together, side by side and Audrey giggled, feeling Briar’s tail stroke up and down her leg suggestively.

“We shouldn’t push our luck.” She giggled but Briar just moved closer.

“But it’s been ages.” She pouted, “You know how horny I get now, literally.”

The demoness ran a finger over her curved horns and winked.

“Morgan told them to stay away but I wouldn't count on them not eavesdropping.” Audrey mumbled, trying very hard to ignore the aching between her legs. It was so hard to resist; having that voluptuous body pressed up against her so close. She wanted nothing more than to run her fingers along those curves and listen to Briar gasp and moan. But the memory of what happened last time managed to help her hold back.

“We should get out before we do something foolish.” Audrey moaned as Briar kissed at her neck and whined as she finally pulled away and began to dry herself off.

The Demoness hefted herself out of the bath, sitting suggestively at the water's edge while droplets ran down her body. A last ditch effort to tempt the princess into more of their amorous activities. Audrey was forced to turn her back and take several deep breaths while Briar giggled; the tease. The princess reached forward to grab her clothes only to pause...those were not her clothes.

“Briar, were these here when we came in?”

“Hm? No, hey, where are my robes?”

In place of Audrey's training leathers and Briar's Order of Honour robes were two entirely different outfits. The first an elaborate and incredibly expensive looking gown.

It was made of emerald purple velvet that cascaded down in soft folds as she held it up. The fabric was soft to the touch, with a deep lustre that caught the light and shimmered almost like water. The bodice was fitted and tailored, with delicate embroidery that created a pattern of leaves and vines that seemed to grow and spread across the fabric. The sleeves were long and flowing, with a slight bell shape at the cuffs, also adorned with the same intricate embroidery. The skirt of the gown was voluminous, with layers of fabric that created a rich, fullness, and a small train that flowed elegantly behind it. A note was pinned to the front of the bodice.

‘For my dear sister, so that all can appreciate your feminine figure.’ - M

Audrey was going to kill her. Morgan expected her to walk back to the palace wearing this? This was the sort of gown one wore for a formal ball! Not even a princess would wear such a thing when walking through the streets among the commoners. Already Audrey could imagine their stares and she groaned.

“I don’t know.” Briar giggled, “I think your sister has pretty good taste actually.”

She held up her own clothing and Audrey felt her face turn from pink to beet red. The dress, if one could even call it that, was made of enough fabric to cover maybe one quarter of a person, less on a woman of Briar’s ample figure. It was made of a matching purple fabric but while Audrey’s was lush and thick, Briar’s dress was made of the lightest, thinnest cotton. Barely more than a bodice and skirt with two rings of fluffy fabric to be worn just below the shoulders to hint at the idea of sleeves. The skirt itself was so short Audrey was surprised it even covered Briar’s ass entirely when she slipped it on.

“Oh look, there is even a little hole for my tail!”

On que, her thin ropey tail slid out from between two layers of ruffles on the skirt and flicked back and forth, almost like that of an excited dog.

“Well I’m glad you’re happy at least.” Audrey sighed, glancing around in the hopes that her training leathers would reappear to no avail.

Having no choice Audrey spent the next few minutes getting herself into the elaborate outfit. There was even a pair of gilded silver shoes to wear with it. The fancy metal clinked against the tiled floor of the bathhouse, ensuring that no matter how quietly she tried to move that people would hear her coming.

“You look so amazing.” Briar sighed dreamily as they stepped out into the street, Audrey just blushed, already heads were beginning to turn as they walked down the steps.

Peasants whispered in awe as she passed and then gasped at the scandal that was Briar’s outfit. The Demoness didn’t seem to mind though, in fact she looked like she was rather enjoying the attention. Audrey did have to admit, it felt nice to be all dressed up like this. Fine clothing for men was usually so plain, at least in comparison to the finery women wore in the nobility. It may have been a little flashy for her liking but she had to admit, she did feel beautiful. She took a note from Morgan and held her head high, shifting her face from

demure embarrassment to one of the utmost confidence and superiority. Almost instantly she could feel a change in the crowd as they parted for the pair. She had an aura about her, something regal that had people bowing in genuine awe rather than just out of obligation.

The only thing that threatened to break her facade was Briar. Her hips were swaying seductively, her tail swishing against the ground. Her ample breasts were on full display and it was all Audrey could do to hold in a smirk as she watched eyes drift from her regalia to Briars. Men's eyes practically fell out of their skull and women looked on filled with jealousy. Some men called out, trying to get her attention but Briar ignored them, filling Audrey with a strange sense of pride; Briar was hers, even if the world at large couldn't know it, she would always be hers.

They made their way past the crowds and into the castle proper and Audrey wasted no time grabbing her love and sneaking them around a corner into an abandoned alcove. She shoved her against the wall firmly, kissing the Demoness with all the passion and love she possessed. Briar melted against her, curling her tail around Audrey's ankle beneath her long skirt.

"Remind me to thank Morgan for these." Audrey whispered between kisses, "After we've taken them off."

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It had been an exhausting day.

Between training with Briar, gossiping with Gretta and checking in on Stella's magic she barely had the time to visit her father or Rose. It had been the same for a while and the princess realised it had been over a week since she'd even thought about finding a cure. Despite her exhaustion she could not sleep. Audrey laid on her bed, still fully dressed and deep in thought. She didn't know how to feel. She hadn't known for quite a while now. When had she stopped being Ander? When had she started thinking of herself as a 'she'? And when did she stop looking for a cure? She couldn't put a finger on any one moment but it seemed all her companions were going through the same thing. Stella had to be dragged out of Morgan's tower, which was rapidly becoming more hers than the Crown Princess'. Gretta loved nothing more than to sip tea and gossip while she dusted, having even taken up embroidery and found she much preferred the needle to her daggers. Briar had even managed to attain her original position within her Order at a rapid fire pace and seemed at peace with her new demonic blood. All that really left...was Morgan.

They had slowly become closer over the past few months; a sisterly bond perhaps. Yet as close as they were, their relationship was not particularly warm. Audrey still had not

forgiven her for the potion. Perhaps if it had only been her, she would have, but not only had Morgan changed her life, but her friends as well and that was a line she could not uncross. Still, she took solace in knowing her friends were at least happy.

One thing had not changed though; when she was troubled there was one person who could help clear the mental fog. Grabbing her cloak she whispered for Gretta to check the servant tunnels. With the help of her maid, Audrey made her way through the winding paths and out one of the castle side doors. Gretta gave her a hopeful smile and closed the door behind her. Audrey felt a warm feeling bloom in her chest; Gretta would wait there by that door all night, even if she didn't return till the early hours of the morning. She may have changed a lot since becoming human but assassin or not, she was still fiercely loyal and would do anything to help her princess.

Audrey wound through the backstreets until she made her way to the Order of Honour's temple. She knew which window led to Briar's room and easily picked up a stone and threw it. She felt a sense of pride swell inside her chest watching as the stone perfectly arched through the air to clink against the glass. As a weak wizard, she would never have been able to throw a pebble that high. The stone clinked against glass and within a moment, his love appeared and opened it up with a smile. She gave a wave, their signal to wait and a few minutes later, the door at the back of the temple opened and Briar stepped out. A quick glance in either direction to ensure they were alone and the Demoness was kissing her. Audrey sighed, wrapping her arms around the curvaceous body and giving herself a moment to forget all else and simply *be*. The moment was over all too soon as Briar pulled away.

"Midnight rendezvous?" She teased, "I was just thinking about you..."

Audrey laughed fondly; of course that's where Briar's mind went.

"Actually, could we just talk?"

Within seconds the Demoness was serious.

"Of course."

They walked through the backstreets, hoods over their heads in the gloom to ensure nobody could recognise them until they reached the edge of the town and sat by one of the wells.

"Are you happy, Briar, being a Demoness?"

She pouted, pressing a red finger to her lips and hummed in thought before smiling and nodding enthusiastically.

“You know, I am! It sucked climbing the ranks again but I got there and I have these now.” She wiggled her chest a little, “I’m hot, I have my Order and most importantly, I still have you.”

She placed a quick peck on Audrey’s cheek before pulling back and replacing those lips with her soft palm.

“Are you happy, Audrey.?” She whispered, her eyes filled with concern.

“...Yes.” She admitted, “But that’s just the problem, I shouldn’t be happy. I should be furious, I should hate Morgan and be spending every waking hour trying to find some magical artefact or spell to turn us back but...I don’t want to.”

Briar wrapped her in a warm hug; Audrey felt her eyes sting and the words started coming faster.

“I feel so lazy, I am glad I don’t have the crown looming over me. I accepted that I would be king because that’s what everybody always told me but now that I don’t have to...I don’t want to! I want to keep adventuring and protecting the realm with you at my side. I like having Gretta as a girl friend and maid. I am stronger than I have ever been in this body but I feel like I should miss being a man.”

“It seems to me you are getting caught up in what you feel like you should be feeling, not what you actually are. If that makes sense.” Briar blushed as she struggled to find the words. “Why are you worrying so much about it? If you’re happy, why not just be happy?”

“Because I should be furious! I am furious, sometimes anyway, she changed all our lives. She made you a Demoness! She made Stolas and Grange into a Dark Elf and a human maid!”

“So?”

“So? So!? How can you be so relaxed about this? Don’t you remember how upset we all were when this first happened?”

Briar cupped Audrey's face in both her palms now, pressing their foreheads together. Audrey took deep breaths, letting her frustration melt away slowly until Briar spoke again.

"That was months ago, love." She whispered, "I found my peace, I think Stella and Gretta have too; have you tired actually talking to them like you have me?"

"Well...no." She admitted, "I think perhaps you should. It's been a while since we all just hung out together, no magic lessons, no quests, just the four of us having fun and talking."

"You're right. Tomorrow I'll call us all together and we can make a decision about how to handle...this, going forward."

"Good idea." Briar smiled before lowering her gaze slightly, "But it's an awfully long walk back up the castle all by yourself, princess. Perhaps I should accompany you?"

Audrey grinned, kissing her briefly on the lips.

"Sounds like a plan."

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It felt odd, sitting around the wooden table in her bedroom with her four closest friends again. The last time they'd done this, they were all totally different people; how had she let so much time pass without getting them all together again?

"I guess I wanted to check in," Audrey started, taking a sip of the wine Gretta had so graciously poured out, "Stella, how are you going with finding a cure in Morgan's magic tomes?"

The Dark Elf blushed deeply and averted her gaze.

"Well...I haven't really looked much these last few...weeks." She admitted after a moment, "Sorry, I know I should be trying harder but I am really enjoying learning all these new spells and it can be quite draining."

“There’s more though, isn’t there?” Gretta added and Stolas shot her a sharp look. “I hear things, the word on the servant’s lips is that you’re going to be named Court Sorceress when Morgan takes the throne.”

Audrey gaped.

“Really?”

Stella’s blush deepened but her lips ticked up into a smile and nodded.

“And you’re okay with that?” Audrey asked seriously and again, Stella nodded.

“I’m sorry,” tears shone in her eyes, “I know you want us all to change back but the idea of being a boring old Dwarf warrior again after learning so much is...hard.”

“Gretta, how do you feel about staying this way?” Audrey turned to the curly haired human who demurred.

“I like it, I get to be helpful but without having to fight. It was all I was good at before but now I can do so much, did you see the new handkerchiefs I embroidered for you? I never would have done that before and nobody is going to judge a woman for liking to sew.”

Audrey gave her a grateful look, indeed she had seen the handkerchiefs; the needlework was delicate and precise. Clearly they had been made with effort and love; he’d never realised his friend had such a hidden creative side. It was nice to see him so open and happy about it, rather than skulking in the shadows. She already knew how Briar felt, so that just left her.

Audrey thought about her life before compared to now. She had been a weak wizard, resigned to take the throne because that had been what was expected of her. Now she may not have magic, but she was strong; she could spend her whole life adventuring if she so chose, defending the realm and returning home when needed without ever having to worry about politics again. She could even stay officially single and loving Briar because she did not need to produce heirs. All her friends were happy, Morgan was happy and most importantly; the better fit for the throne. It was a bitter pill to swallow, admitting somebody else was better suited for the job you had been raised for your whole life but now that she was finally ready to do so, a weight lifted from her shoulders.

“It’s decided then.” She took a deep drink and slammed the metal goblet back down on the table. “This is our new life, no more running.”

Briar squealed with excitement, almost tackling Audrey off her seat with the force of her hug. Stella and Gretta laughed, the latter already serving out another round of drinks. Audrey felt light; surrounded by the people she loved. Well, all but a certain sister. Coming to terms with her new life was just the first step, now she had to do something even more difficult, forgive.

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Audrey’s brow throbbed as she woke; perhaps she had enjoyed the wine just a little too much. Briar’s war body was pressed against hers, her forked tail wound around her bare right leg, tickling at her inner thigh. One glance at the door showed it was barred, thankfully; if anybody walked in right now and saw them in bed together that could be quite the sticky situation, not even Morgan’s silver tongue could talk them out of it.

Gently, she shook her lover awake and kissed her nose till she was giggling. There wasn’t much time left for Briar to sneak out and back to the Order’s temple so their goodbye was cut short. Once she was gone an equally hung over Gretta tumbled into the room and helped her get ready for the day. Audrey did her best to bury her nerves; the longer she put it off the harder it was going to be so with a deep breath, she dismissed Gretta and made her way alone to Morgan’s chambers. She knocked and entered, not surprised at all to find her sister already hard at work sitting at her desk scribbling away at some missive. After a tense moment of silence Morgan finally looked up and her eyes widened to see Audrey there.

“Audrey...what can I do for you so early?”

“I wanted to talk.”

Morgan put down the pen in an instant and motioned her over to the seat by her window. For a few moments the sisters sat in silence, watching their castle courtyard slowly come to life under the dawning sun.

“I wanted to tell you, my friends and I have been talking. We’ve decided to stop looking for a cure.”

Morgan didn't seem the least bit surprised they had been secretly working against her; nor did she seem upset about it.

"That's...good." She said carefully, "I am glad you have all found peace and happiness with your new lives. You are happy, aren't you Audrey?"

Morgan took her hand, looking deep into her eyes with a concerned look on her face. For the first time, Audrey realised that Morgan really did care. Yes the spell had been a foolish and selfish thing to do but she did genuinely want Audrey and all her friends to be happy and had taken no pleasure in watching them suffer. Not even Briar after the first few days. Audrey squeezed her sister's hand back.

"I am." She said in a hushed tone.

She hesitated for a moment before surging forward and wrapping Morgan in a tight hug.

"I forgive you." She whispered, burying her head in Morgan's shoulder, "I don't want to hang onto this anger anymore. I want us to be sisters. Not siblings. *Sisters.*"

Morgan returned the gesture, hugging Audrey tight; almost clinging to her for dear life.

"Thank you." Her voice was cracking, Audrey realised just how much that forgiveness meant to her sister and she felt a pang of guilt for withholding it for so long.

"I'll make it up to you somehow." Morgan continued, pulling away, "I'll be the best Queen, the greatest sister."

"I know." Audrey smiled. "And I appreciate you taking responsibility for what you did as well as taking the crown."

"I may be Queen but you are important too." Morgan grinned, "The brave warrior woman, defender of the realm!"

The sisters laughed; so loudly in fact that young Rose heard them down the hall and came to join. Audrey wasn't sure how it quite happened but somehow, they all ended up sitting on Morgan's bed, braiding one another's hair and talking about nothing. It was a small, meaningless moment in the grand scheme of things but somehow Audrey knew she would

always remember it as the dawn of her new life; the real moment where Ander left for good and a brave, happy, warrior princess took his place.

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Morgan stood at the top of the steps leading up to the throne, her heart pounding in her chest as she surveyed the sea of faces before her. She was wearing a flowing, deep green gown that flowed around her like the leaves of a tree, and a glittering crown atop her head that sparkled in the sunlight. It was a day of many emotions; sadness that her father had finally passed, gratitude that it had been peaceful and anticipation for what was about to happen. As she waited for the ceremony to begin, she caught sight of Audrey in the front row of the crowd, beaming up at her with pride and admiration. Morgan felt a wave of gratitude wash over her as she met her sister's gaze. She had longed for this day for so long but now it was finally here she was nervous. Knowing her sister was there for her if she needed was a great boon. Little Rose gave her a tiny wave, her eyes wide with jealousy at her gown. She had lost her father but at least she still had them.

The trumpets sounded, signalling the beginning of the ceremony, and Morgan took a deep breath and made her way down the steps, the train of her gown following her like a river. She tried to keep her expression calm and regal, but her heart was still racing with excitement and nerves.

As she ascended the steps to the throne, the newly appointed Court Sorceress, Stella stepped forward with a proud smile and held out her hand, taking the soon to be Queen and leading her to the throne.

"Well done." She whispered, low enough that only the two of them could hear, "First time for both of us, let's hope we don't fuck it up."

Morgan almost snorted trying to hold back her laughter, the nerves disappearing temporarily thanks to the joke. She turned to face the crowd, regal and resplendent. Stella held a wand in her hand and traced it over Morgan's crown, inciting the ancient spells and blessing gifted to every new ruler upon taking the throne. As she placed the crown on her head, Morgan felt a surge of power and responsibility course through her. She was now the Queen of the realm, responsible for the welfare of her people and the prosperity of her kingdom. It was what she had always wanted; and though she would always carry some guilt for the potion

and wished she could have done things differently, Morgan knew she was where she belonged. The crowd erupted into cheers and applause as Stella pronounced her Queen, and Morgan looked out over the sea of faces with a sense of wonder and awe. She had never felt so proud, so alive, so... powerful.

But in the midst of all the pomp and ceremony, Morgan never forgot her sister's presence in the crowd. She searched for Audrey's eyes and found them, beaming up at her with an expression of pure joy and love.

As Morgan took her seat on the throne, the weight of her new responsibilities settling on her shoulders, she felt a sense of peace and contentment wash over her. She knew that, no matter what challenges lay ahead, she had her sister by her side, ready to support and guide her every step of the way.

And with that knowledge in her heart, Morgan knew that she was ready for anything that might come her way.