

## Wizard Prince to Warrior Princess - Part 2

**For Waaaghan**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

Sleeping had proved difficult for all of them. Stolas refused to come out of the cupboard and could be heard muttering all night with occasional small flashes and bangs being heard from inside. Ander tried to coax him out once or twice before giving up; if he wanted a sore back from sleeping in a wooden box, so be it. It wasn't as if he didn't have enough problems of his own to deal with. Trying to get comfortable was impossible; if he laid on his side, his now wide hips dug into the mattress, on his stomach his breasts got too sore and squashed. Finally he settled on his back but that made him hyper aware of his new tits in an entirely different way. With each breath he could feel them rising and falling and he was unable to fully get used to the extra weight there.

Eventually he fell into a fitful sleep only to wake as soon as the dawn light pierced the windows. Ander was up on his feet, fully expecting to be the first one awake only to find Grange, wearing what appeared to be a lady in waiting's outfit, neatly laying out everybody's clothes on his already perfectly made bed.

“Grange?”

“I couldn't sleep.” He blushed, “I just had that need to do...something. So I got up to try and mend our clothes from last night and found they had changed too. Mine has become this.”

He gave a little twirl. The simple dress was black with white highlights and an apron atop it; the uniform of maids and personal attendants at the palace.

“It's actually quite comfortable.” He blushed, “And well, I had to wear something. The others...seemed like they were for the rest of you.”

He was right; after they had changed last night, what remained of their clothing had been left on the floor, most of them opting to sleep in their tattered underwear for the sake of comfort. Grange had laid each outfit out on his bed but none of them seemed right.

The first was a beautiful flowing gown of fine silks and sheer gold highlights. The rest of the fabric was dark pink with sleeves that were long and would hang low off the arms.

Highly inappropriate for any of them; no adventurer would risk such long sleeves getting in the way of their spells or sword.

“That...was near your bed.” Grange admitted, “I think your robes changed to...that.”

Ander felt his cheeks burn; there were formal gowns but this looked like something his youngest sister Rose would wear. Not even Morgan would be caught wearing something so...garish. But he couldn't keep walking around in just his underclothes, especially not as a woman. Princess or not he'd be jeered at in the streets for showing so much skin.

The other outfit was simple; a white blouse with a low cut top, a long green skirt and simple white apron. The clothes of the common folk, with simple ties and no finery. He made a face.

“Is that...what Briar's armour turned into?” He winced and Grange nodded.

With a sigh Ander picked up the ludicrously fancy gown and sighed.

“Thanks, I guess.” Ander blinked, whatever helped his friend cope, he supposed.

If he was forced to wear that dress at least it wouldn't be all crinkled from spending the night on the floor. The others woke soon after, even Stolas finally stepped out of the cupboard. Ander did his best not to stare but it was just too difficult. Dark Elves were rare in this area and his new body really was beautiful; with silken hair and shiny dark eyes. Ander had to keep reminding himself that it was Stolas standing in front of him. Especially in that slitted silk dress. Unlike his own gown which was all ruffles and low hanging sleeves, Stolas' dress was form fitting and tight with the exception of the long skirt. It looked like something his sister would wear on a simple day spent in her tower studying spells.

“Can we find me some proper clothes?” Stolas whinged, “I don' want to go walking about like this.”

“Aw but you look so hot, girl.” Briar squealed, “sides, it's not like anybody knows you're really a Dwarf. We'll use a code name! You can pretend to be uh, uh uh...”

She bounced on her toes as she thought, tail flicking back and forth.

“Darla!”

“Darla?” Stolas screwed up his nose, “No thank you. Just...don't call me Stolas, alright. No code name, no names at all.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Ander nodded, “Let's just sneak out downstairs, get our horses and get to the castle. When we get there let me do the talking.”

“Where is my armour?” Briar asked as she looked around, Grange and Stolas averted their gazes uncomfortably as she dropped to her hands and knees and began searching under the beds; peachy ass up in the air for all to see.

“It uh, turned into this.” Ander cleared his throat and handed her the simple clothes. Briar looked heart broken, holding the pile of cloth in her hands. “Don't worry, we'll get it back.”

She gave him a grateful smile and then swallowed; that same determination she always had taking hold.

“Get dressed and let's get going.”

His crew nodded and followed him down the stairs into the Tavern proper. It was quiet and near empty as all the patrons were either still asleep or had returned home for the night. The bar keep was still there, polishing a glass before looking up to see them. Damn.

“Good morning, Miss. Sleep well?”

Ander bit his tongue; the man must be mistaking their group for another who paid last night; he wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth though. He nodded and smiled in what he hoped was a sweet and thankful manner.

“Yes, we'll just be going-”

“Briar! There you are!” The barkeep looked thunderous, the demoness blinked innocently.

“Um, here I am?” She shrugged, looking to Ander confused.

“You were supposed to be here twenty minutes ago to start preparing for the early risers! Get your ass down here and get polishing.”

Briar’s jaw dropped and she looked to Ander utterly bewildered. He felt equally confused; if the man hadn’t called her by name he’d have assumed mistaken identity; what’s more, how did he even know that was Briar when she looked so different? The barkeep grumbled to himself and rolled his eyes.

“It’s what I get for hiring such an airheaded idiot girl.” He muttered before pointing a finger at Briar, “You’re lucky the men tip well for you, the second those looks go girlie you’ll be in big trouble!”

“What the hell is going on?” Grange whispered, the rest of them all shrugged.

“Clearly ya bitch of a sister did more than change our bodies. Briar, just...go with it for now.”

“What? I don’t know the first thing about being a barmaid, Stolas!”

Stolas turned red in the face, well, dark purple, which was the Dark Elf equivalent. Briar pouted.

“Oopsie.”

“No names, how hard is that to remember?” Stolas hissed, Grange made a choked sound as he tried to hold back laughter.

Briar pouted and looked at Ander.

“Maybe you should stay here, see if you can figure out what’s going on and why the barkeeper thinks you work for him.” He said keeping his voice low, “I’ll come back for you with whatever cure I force Morgan to make.”

Briar nodded and, without thinking, placed a peck upon his cheek causing the barkeep to clear his throat uncomfortably. Ander blushed, they were both women now, and one of them a demones of all things; that probably looked more than a little strange. Oh well, nothing more he could do about it but get out of here before anything else strange happened. The barkeep seemed doubly eager to have them out and opened the door for them, mind already on the next day's patrons no doubt. He gave Briar one last sympathetic smile as the door swung shut; a moment later the sound of a giggle and glass breaking met their ears and Ander winced.

"She's acting...odd." Stolas said slowly as they saddled up, Ander hummed in agreement.

"Briar is normally so level headed no matter what the situation," Grange mused, "Out of all of us, she got off the easiest, she was already a woman at least!"

"I'm worried about her too." Ander said, climbing up onto his horse with much more ease than he was used to. "The sooner we get back to the castle, the sooner we can sort this all out."

He was eager to get moving; unfortunately they could travel no faster than a light trot thanks to his companions. Dwarves and Halfings never travelled on horses for obvious reasons, opting to use much shorter, sturdier ponies. Unfortunately for Grange and Stolas, such mounts were much harder to ride when you were twice the usual size. Villagers and townsfolk snickered as they passed, watching a Dark Elf and human woman shift uncomfortably in the saddle while their toes brushed the ground.

The castle walls were fast approaching, Ander could see the guards out front blocking the entrance and took a deep breath. He'd been thinking long and hard about how to explain this, his best option was to convince the men to summon his father then he would be able to prove his identity and Morgan would be forced to turn him back. He just hoped his horse would help his cause and not make him appear like some particularly brazen thief. He raised a hand in greeting, opening his mouth to begin his meticulously planned speech only to stop in shock as the guards saluted and began to open the gate.

"Welcome home Princess Audrey!" They chanted, "Your sister wished to see you as soon as you and your companions returned."

"I'll bet she did." Grange mumbled.

Ander just blinked; Audrey? What the hell were they on about and what were these guards thinking, letting a perfect stranger into the castle grounds? Riding a royal horse no less! On any other day he would chastise them but he had bigger fish to fry right now. Namely Morgan.

They dismounted and handed off their horses to the stable hands before heading up into the castle toward the tower Morgan made her study. The more they walked, the more Ander realised something was very, very wrong. Every person they passed either bowed or curtsied to him, calling him 'Princess' as though it were the most normal thing in the world. Perhaps even stranger, nobody was giving Stolas a second glance, despite Ander knowing for a fact there were no Dark Elves working in the castle grounds. Everybody was treating them as though they were...normal. If anything, that made Ander more nervous.

He did not bother to knock when he finally reached Morgan's room, instead pushing open the doors so fast and hard they slammed against the inner walls. Morgan was sitting at her desk, her maid putting the finishing touches on her elaborate hairstyle. He heard Grange suck in a sharp breath beside him but didn't have time to check and see why; his blood was already boiling with rage and as Morgan turned to face him with a serene smile his anger reached its zenith.

"What the hell have you done!?"

"What do you mean?" She asked innocently, but the gleam in her eyes told Ander she knew exactly what was going on.

"Cut the crap, Morgan." Ander sneered, "What the hell are you playing at turning us into...this? And Briar! I don't know how much you paid that Tavern owner to pretend she worked there but you are going to take every single coin back."

"I did no such thing." Morgan replied coolly, though there was a flicker of some other emotion in her eyes he couldn't quite identify.

All the hairs on Ander's arms stood on end as a strange low, buzz filled his ears. He turned to see Stolas, face twisted in anger with his now long hair floating around his face as tiny sparks flew from his skin.

"You will change us back ya foul witch!"

A soft, genuine smile formed on Morgan's lips and she stood and held out her arms.

"Alright, calm yourself, we can speak civilly about this. One more wrong there and you're liable to do some serious damage to my tower."

"Fuck your tower!"

"Not to mention you'll likely injure yourself and Ander."

Stolas grit his teeth and let out a long breath as the magic flaring around him slowly began to calm. He looked to Ander with barely contained rage and the prince gripped his friend's shoulder.

"I swear, we'll get this sorted out, Stolas."

The Dark Elf just gave a curt nod and turned back to Morgan who was now right before them. Ander grabbed for the hilt of his sword, threatening to draw it which actually seemed to alarm her.

"Explain. Now."

For a split second, there was a look of guilt on Morgan's face before she regained her composure.

"I deserve to be heir." She said simply, "I am the oldest, the wisest, the most politically savvy and yet, because I was born a woman, you were going to inherit the crown. Believe it or not, Ander, I care about you, I consider you my family even if we only share one parent's blood. I wanted the throne but I want to make one thing clear, I never entertained the idea of killing you for it. This...seemed like a good compromise to get me what I want, while also allowing you to live your life."

Ander gaped at her; she was totally serious.

"The spell is intricate, it took me weeks, monthly really, to perfect. I have crafted you each new bodies and identities, nobody but us five knows of your original lives. There will be an adjustment period I am sure but you will get used to it."

“Fire and spit! To hell with that!” Stolas swore, magic flaring one more, only just held back by Grange from surging forward to punch Morgan in the face.

Ander was grateful for Grange’s interference, he was so angry he likely would have let him hit her.

“And you expect me to just roll over and take this?” Ander raised an eyebrow, “Did you seriously think I wouldn’t go looking for a counterspell?”

“Not in the slightest.” Morgan chuckled, “I know you, brother, stubborn as a mule. That’s why I had to get your little group involved. That Briar, arrogant snake of a woman, she was far too clever for her own good, not to mention powerful.”

Ander’s hands turned into fists; he knew Briar had been acting strangely! She’d messed with her mind as well.

“Oh don’t look so angry, she’s just a bit more ditzy that’s all.”

“And a demoness! You know her order doesn’t allow them to join!”

“They don’t? Whoops.” Morgan said, not sounding sorry in the slightest, “Well, she still has you of course, quite the scandal, a princess and a common barmaid, but I am sure you’ll learn to navigate that sticky little social problem.”

Ander sneered; Morgan and Briar had never gotten on but he couldn’t believe she would do something so cruel as to take his love’s Order from her. A Paladin’s order was their home, their way of life; she’d stolen that from Briar and made her a barmaid, and a demoness one at that!

“What about me?” Grange asked suddenly, “Why am I dressed like a damned lady in waiting?”

“Because you are one.” Morgan replied as though it were obvious, “I never liked you being friends with commoners, Ander, if I am honest. We have standards to maintain, so I fixed them up a little. I’d never dream of trying to break you all up, that’s too cruel even by my standards, so I helped to make you all a little more...acceptable.”



“And me?” Stolas stewed, holding up a hand where angry sparks were still flying.

“I need an assistant.” Morgan shrugged, “Magic users are hard to come by outside of the castle and nobility, so I made one for myself.”

“If you think I’m going to help you-!”

“Stolas, easy.” Ander said sternly, “Let’s just take this one step at a time.”

“Is there any chance we can talk about this without the two hotheads?” Morgan said finally, Stolas looked about ready to blow.

Ander grit his teeth and motioned for the others to step outside. He really hoped Grange could keep Stolas calm long enough that his magic didn't blow a hole in the side of the castle. As soon as the door closed Morgan's posture slipped a little, if he didn't know any better Ander would say she looked guilty.

“Maybe I shouldn't have sprung this one on you.” She admitted.

“Oh, you think?”

“But you would never have heard me out otherwise. This is the best option for both of us! We’re even full sisters now, a whole family of Elves, not more awkward talks at state dinners about the legitimacy of inheritance.”

Ander snorted, crossing his arms over his chest only to wince as he crushed his new breasts. After a frustrating few moments he managed to find a position that worked, though he felt oddly self conscious as his arms pushed his cleavage up even more.

“I mean it, I really do think we can all be happy this way.” Morgan said seriously, Ander was surprised to find genuine sincerity in her words, “We both know you were dreading the day you took the crown, you love adventuring and serving the people by slaying monsters and travelling to far off places; this way you can still do that!”

“How am I supposed to slay monsters without my magic, hm?”

“With your sword.” Morgan patted the hilt gently, “You always used to complain that you were physically weak, now you’re not!”

As strange as it was; Ander was beginning to see the twisted logic his sister had employed. With a spell this strong, she could have easily turned them all into ugly, imbeciles with no skills whatsoever. Instead, she’d given them all a new talent so to speak, as a kindness. It was a warped, wrong sort of kindness, but a kindness nonetheless. Ander couldn’t help but think of a cat killing a bird and offering it to its owner; only to find itself confused when the owner didn’t appreciate their gift.

“Promise me, you wont make any more changes, especially not to Stolas, this has already been hard on him.”

Morgan beamed and clapped her hands together.

“I promise.”

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They were in Ander’s chambers; which thankfully had not changed, save for the armour and weapons sitting where his spell books used to be. He had just finished informing Stolas and Grange of the conversation between he and Morgan when the doors opened and an exhausted and very pissed off looking Demoness walked in. Ander almost opened his mouth to ask who she was before he remembered it was Briar.

“Do you three have *any* idea what a morning I’ve had?” She grumbled, “That damn Tavern owner made me work cleaning until I eventually dropped enough tankards and barrels that he just told me to get lost! Then when I came to the palace everybody was giving me the stink eye and the guards wouldn’t let me pass! I had to sneak in via the damn servants entrance and even then it took me half an hour to sneak up here!”

Ander winced; he’d not considered a random barmaid would have issues getting into the castle.

“Sorry, love.” He sighed, “It’s been a busy mor-uh, there has been a lot going on.”

Ander filled her in on everything but unlike Grange and Stolas, didn't look dejected. In fact, there was a fire in her eyes, that same fire of determination he'd seen many times before on her Elven features; it brought a soft smile to his face.

"Well, at least we know what we're dealing with."

"Yeah, so what's the plan, Ander?" Grange grinned, "Break into the tower? Slip a poison into her wine?"

"We're not killing my sister, I can't believe I have to keep saying this." He threw up his arms, "I know she's royally screwed us over, literally in my case, but in her own weird way, she thought she was doing it for the greater good of all of us."

"Her most of all." Stolas grumbled, Ander couldn't really argue that.

"How does turning me into a buxom barmaid from those lewd bard tales serve her greater good, eh?" Briar complained, "I say we storm up there and force her to turn us back."

"I'm with pointy." Stolas flicked one of Briar's horns.

"Then what's the plan?" Asked Grange, curling and uncurling his hands in his long skirt nervously.

"The plan is...go along with it." Ander replied seriously, "Briar, we'll get you back into your order, I'll keep adventuring and learn how to swing a sword, Grange, you'll come with us as my maid and Stolas, you'll stay here and work as Morgan's assistant."

"You can't be serious." Stolas growled, "Me, work with her, after what she did!?"

"Think about it." Ander sighed, "You'll be in the best possible position to find us a counterspell. Plus, like it or not, you have magic now and you need to learn how to control it before you hurt yourself or somebody else."

"But...But-!"

“Once I have figured out how to fight without magic and Briar is back with the order, we can start going out and looking for a cure. There has to be another spell caster or magic item out there in the world that can correct this. We’ll travel and try to find it while you work here to try and create one from Morgan’s notes.”

Grange and Briar shared looks but nodded.

“I suppose she is more likely to let her guard down if it looks like we are going along with her plan” Grange sighed, still fidgeting.

“I don’t know the first thing about magic and I don’t want to!” Stolas yelled, little sparks flying from his fingertips and causing the now dark elf to flinch in shock.

“As your...prince. I am ordering you to do this Stolas.” Ander said firmly, “Learn her tricks, find us a cure in one of those books of hers. The rest of us will go looking elsewhere. If we fool her into thinking we’ve accepted these new lives of hers, she won’t think to add any more curses to us.”

“Until then we’ll just...have to play along.” Grange sighed, he had found a feather duster somewhere and was making himself busy cleaning Ander’s room. “Sorry, I just need to do something with my hands, they won’t stop fidgeting.”

Ander waved him off and turned to Stolas with a pleading look.

“Please, Stolas. This is the best shot we have of being turned back.”

“...fine. But you both owe me three casks of wine for this!”

Ander laughed, glad to hear some of his friend's sense of humour returning.

“You find us a cure and I’ll make it four.”