

Wizard Prince to Warrior Princess - Part 1

For Waaaghan
By TheSpiralledEye

It began, as it often does in stories such as this; in a tavern.

Ander practically fell into his seat before downing half in ale in a few large gulps. It had been a long trip and he was more than ready for a night of relaxation and drink before they headed home tomorrow. They could have pushed on, the city and his castle were only a few miles away but if he was honest, the final stop at a tavern before returning home was always his favourite part of any quest. Everybody was in a good mood, their pockets were lined and he could simply enjoy some quality time with his best friends and love. Speaking of love, there was Briar now. The elven paladin had two more tankards in hand and smiled warmly as she sat down, her armour taking up half the table on its own.

“You know, with that hood on you look like one of those mysterious strangers from the fairytales who gives the heroes their first cryptic clue.” She teased, Ander pulled the hood down further.

“If the patrons find out the crown prince is here it’ll be all ‘thank you sire’, ‘drinks on us my liege’ and all that crap.” He sighed, “Just let me be a normal man for a few hours?”

“A normal man with a gold plated grimoire?” She raised an eyebrow.

Ander blushed and tucked the book back into his robe; being a wizard did imply a certain level of wealth but she was right, his grimoire was fairly distinctive. Fortunately, most people assumed the crown prince of the realm would be travelling with a full entourage of knights and staying in only the fanciest of accommodations; not travelling with a rag tag bunch of friends with only a single knight to be seen, and a female one at that. While Briar was also of the nobility, his other companions Grange and Stolas were common folk. He’d met them years ago on one of his many ventures out into the city and they’d teamed up to save him from a pickpocket. Those two were the only commoners to ever treat him as a regular person and he loved them for it. He glanced through the crowd trying to find the pair and chuckled.

Grange was standing on Stolas' shoulders in order to be seen above the bar. The halfling and Dwarf often needed the extra boost to their height in human establishments in order to even be noticed by the barman.

"Should one of us go and help?" Briar asked.

"And have Grange bite our heads off? No thank you." Ander smirked, "You know what he's like, stubborn as an ox."

Briar hummed in agreement, taking a deep drink and sighing in contentment.

"You can remove your armour, we're not going to get attacked here." He reminded her, but the Elf just shrugged.

"I have been wearing plate mail since I was a girl, I'm perfectly comfortable like this."

Ander watched as her eyes darted about the room quickly, landing on the buxom ladies and tavern wenches walking about with their cleavage on full display. Nobody would think much of the light dusting of pink that coated Briar's face at the sight but Ander knew her better. Briar had always been self-conscious of her flat chest; no matter how many times Ander told her he loved her body regardless of its lack of curves. It wasn't that she looked totally flat, but Ander secretly suspected she enjoyed her heavy plate mail because it hid her curves, or lack thereof, completely.

"If you're going to be queen one day you'll have to get used to wearing ball gowns and long dresses for all those formal parties we'll have to host." He teased lightly and Briar made a face.

"I suppose you had to come with some strings."

"Most minor noble ladies would consider becoming queen a pretty big bonus."

"Well, since when have I been like most noble ladies?"

"That's why I love you."

Briar giggled and gave him a quick peck on the cheek, a somewhat awkward gesture when her pauldrons took up so much space and threatened to squash him. They weren't married yet, not even officially engaged, but everybody knew that when he took the throne Briar would be there by his side.

"They're certainly taking their time getting drinks." Briar mused, "I wonder-"

As if on cue the halfling came stomping back to the table, arms crossed with a sour look on his face; Stolas followed behind with a wry smile and no drinks.

"Giving up so easily?" Ander raised an eyebrow, "That's not like you two."

"One of the barmaids took pity on us." Stolas grinned, "Says she'll bring the drinks over personally."

"I could handle it." Grange grumbled, digging his dagger into the table, "Everybody thinks that just because I'm small I can't do things-"

"Well I can!" Briar continued, perfectly mimicking his voice, "If people think I'll just roll over and let them walk all over me they have another thing coming!"

Grange stuck out his tongue at her while Stolas subtly took the dagger before the bar keep could notice the damage to his table.

"The song is getting old, friend." He said gruffly, "We know you're the best damn rogue there is. Stop having such a complex about it."

They all laughed watching Grange turn red and pout like a child. You would never guess looking at his cherub style curls and wide eyes that the halfling was among the most dangerous fighters in all of Alador. Perhaps it was that unassuming appearance that made him so adept at sneaking into places he shouldn't be; nobody would dare suspect such a face.

A woman in simple garb with a plain face and freckles approached their table with four goblets. They were made of a shiny metal that seemed strangely out of place in a regular tavern such as this, full of wooden tankards and barrels.

“These are on the house, for the wait.” She said in a low voice not meeting any of their eyes. “Enjoy.”

She was gone before Ander could even say thank you and he grabbed at the goblets curiously. Inside was a rich, dark red wine and he sighed; this had to be a fine bottle, the innkeep must have recognised him and decided to try and butter him up. Oh well, at least he was being subtle about it, he could only hope this would be the only special treatment he'd receive tonight and he could go back to relaxing.

“Oh Ander, don't look so sour!” Stolas chided, obviously noticing his mood “So somebody recognised you, so what? Most people would kill to be crown prince you know, the way you act you'd think the title came with a death sentence or something.”

Ander's brow furrowed and Briar, instantly reading his thoughts, placed a hand on his shoulder and gave it a quick squeeze.

“Are things still awkward with Morgan?” She asked, getting straight to the point.

Ander heard Stolas cursed under his breath and the Dwarf gave him an apologetic look. Clearly he'd had the pleasure of forgetting everything that had been happening in the royal family the last few months. Ander's grip tightened around the goblet and he took a swig of the wine, despite everything he had to admit it tasted delightful. Far better than the cheap ale at least.

“It's not as if we have ever been close.” He sighed, “But with father getting older it's all but guaranteed I'll be king some time in the next few years and well...that's made things more difficult.”

Ander's mother had been the king's second bride; an odd choice for several reasons. An elven king rarely picked a human to be his queen, let alone a widowed one with a son not yet out of toddlerhood. Ander had no memories of his birth father, to him King Delanthan had always been his dad. He was a good man and a good king who had shocked his subjects by naming Ander his heir when he was just ten years old. Despite not being of his blood, the elven king had fully adopted him and that, as far as the law was concerned, made him the eldest born son. The fact that the king already had a daughter, Ander's senior by several years, was unimportant when it came to succession. Morgan had been raised to think she would be queen only to have Ander placed ahead of her thanks to his gender. She had

never been cruel about it but his position as heir had always been a wedge between them that the pair could never quite overcome. Up until recently things between them had at least been cordial but when his father decided to start looking into a marriage match for Morgan in a neighbouring kingdom she had turned frosty.

“I think maybe she thought he might change his mind one day.” Ander sighed, “She keeps asking me to talk to him about it but what could I possibly say? It’s the law after all, the only time girls inherit is when there are no sons. I’m not going to ask father to disinherit me just to please her!”

“You should be careful ‘round her,” Grange said seriously, “Succession murders aren’t uncommon in noble families, or so I hear.”

“Morgan isn’t going to kill me!” Ander hissed, “We don’t get on but she’s not evil.”

“Yeah but she’s better at magic than you.” Stolas pointed out, “You never know what weird shit freaky magic users can do...”

“I’m one of those freaky magic users, thank you very much.” Ander scoffed, “Can’t we go back to teasing Grange?”

“Hey!”

They all laughed again at the halfings' indignant should and Ander let himself relax; the whole point of staying out in the sticks tonight was to not have to think about Morgan and all of that nonsense for at least one more evening. Briar placed a gauntleted hand on his thigh, rubbing her thumb in comforting circles as they continued to joke and chat; her silent reminder that she was there for him if he needed it. The heat from her palm was comforting and Ander hid a soft smile behind his drink. He really needed to make their engagement official; betrothals were for teens and children. When he got back, he would talk to his father about making the engagement official, it would give his mother an excuse to throw one of her elaborate parties if nothing else.

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Morgan stood in the shadows, watching her half brother and his cohorts slowly drink down her potion without a single suspicion. The disguise had worked well, none of them had

shown the slightest inclination that they suspected she was anything but a simple barmaid. The potion would take a while to start taking effect; each minute she stayed she risked getting caught but she couldn't just leave until she knew everything was going according to plan. It had taken her weeks to make enough of the brew for all four of them; transformation magic was unpredictable at the best of times, creating a potion that not only had a fixed form but also altered the memories of all those around it was no easy feat. Her brother and his friends would remember their old lives, unfortunately, she had to pick one in the end and changing everybody else's memories was more important and would lead to far less questions for her to deal with.

She had to admit, she was a little offended that Ander's friends thought she would actually murder him over the throne. Yes she wanted and deserved it and no, they were not close but still. She wasn't a cold blooded murderer. She just needed her brother out of the way and his friends off balance long enough to secure herself as heir. She watched from her quiet corner of the bar as the group began to shift uncomfortably from time to time, their raucous energy fading as they each began to look somewhat ill. Ander said something to them all and the group stood swiftly, moving up the stairs to the room they'd secured for the night. Damn! He must have realised a magical effect was taking hold, she should have tried to swipe his grimoire while she had the chance! She had no choice but to follow them.

Wreathing herself in shadow she silently followed her step brother up the stairs, his Grimoire hanging from a belt at his hip. With a flick of her wrist an invisible hand gently tugged at the buckle and the book fell free into her waiting hands. She watched as Ander tensed; turning suddenly just in time to see his spell book land in her hands. Despite the magical shadows keeping her silent and somewhat hidden, their eyes met and Morgan knew she'd been had. But no matter, she clicked her fingers, whisking herself away back to her tower at the castle. Her potion was working now, of that she was sure and without his grimoire there was no way Ander could stop the spell before it took effect.

For a moment she stood, looking out her window to the north where she knew the tavern existed. Part of her felt guilty for doing this but it was for the good of her realm.

"It is better to ask for forgiveness than permission." She sighed, placing her brother's book down at her desk and turning in for the night.

Tomorrow was a new beginning and she wanted to be well rested for her first day as Crown Princess and heir to the throne.

Ander couldn't believe it; not half an hour after he had been defending her, there she went with his grimoire. A shocked and slightly guilty look on her face before the shadows swallowed her and she was gone. All of them had started to feel odd; he had assumed somebody had used some sort of mundane or minor magical drug to get them off balance in order to rob them blind but now that he knew Morgan was behind it he was seriously worried.

"To the room, now!" He ordered with much more force than usual, his body was starting to feel strange. He could feel his centre of gravity altering ever so slightly and judging by the confused looks on his friends faces, they were feeling the same.

They all stumbled in feeling queasy as Ander closed the door behind them, he may not have his grimoire but he was not completely useless without it. He still had his wand and his wits; that was half a wizard's toolkit right there.

"Morgan has done something, you were right Stolas." Ander hissed, "I don't know what but she took my grimoire, I'll do what I can-"

"Hey! I'm getting taller!"

They all looked to Grange in shock to find he was right, he was getting taller. Slowly but surely his legs were lengthening and his torso stretching all while the Halfling had the biggest smile on his face.

"Maybe Morgan isn't so bad after all!" He grinned, "This isn't so bad."

"Uh..."

The rest of them were watching wide eyed; Grange's legs were not the only thing growing. His curls were starting to spill over his shoulders now in long tangles that Ander knew for a fact girls everywhere would kill to have. Ander opened his mouth to tell Grange to look when suddenly a strange pulse seemed to pass through him, followed by the burning stretch of muscle at his chest. He leaned over, gasping in shock as his hands pressed against his smooth chest only to find it swelling. Grange seemed to be experiencing something similar as he started to wince and rub at his own chest before giving a yelp of discomfort and unbuckling his armour. The front of it flew off, hard leather smacking into the floor as two round protrusions were finally freed.

“What!?”

Grange’s face went from pleased, to confused, to horrified in a matter of seconds and Ander was suddenly very worried about what was happening under his robes. He could feel the skin turning soft and swelling, even as he pressed his palms into the skin in an effort to hold it back. What was Morgan turning them into? Trolls? Monsters? Was her plan to have them all attacked by the travellers and mercenaries downstairs in order to take them out? He looked up to see Grange’s own chest now threatening to rip his undershirt; the collar stretched so far that his new cleavage was plain to see. Breasts; round, bouncy breasts with smooth creamy skin across them. In horror Ander looked down at his own chest, thankfully hidden by his high collar robe and hood but the shape was clear enough.

“W-what has she done!” Briar screamed and Ander turned to her in fear to see two curved horns slowly growing from her forehead. A demoness.

Ander’s blood boiled; not for him but for his love. Briar’s temple was all about honour and purity, they did not accept demons or demon-born for obvious reasons. This was robbing her not just of her body but her very identity! He watched as her armour began to clink as it became loose; his beloved’s muscular elven form melting away into a waif half the size; well, except in two very notable areas. Briar’s small bust was expanding, so much so that Ander could hear her underclothes ripping as they struggled to contain her new swelling breasts. Briar desperately tried to undo each brace of her pauldrons but it soon became unnecessary as the armour simply began to fall off her. Her cheeks flushed with embarrassment as she tried to stumble forward toward Ander only to fall to her hands and knees, hips pumping up and down almost as if she were...pushing.

“Ooooh... there is s-something...my back!”

Seconds later a thin, ropey tail with a forked end began to grow just above her tail bone. Lashing and twitching with frustration as Briar continued to ‘push’ it out. She looked humiliated and Ander’s heart ached to watch her blush so deeply. No wait, the blush was getting deeper and spreading; from her cheeks down her neck, across her arms and legs; Briar’s pale skin was all turning red! Not to mention her ass; with each thrust into the air Ander could not help but stare as Briar’s ass swelled, turning large and peach shapes with a cleft deep enough that the fabric of what remained of her underclothes began to slip inside it.

His eyes met Briar's, she looked humiliated and Ander forced himself to look away for her own sake.

He didn't know where to turn, Grange was moaning now, hands clenched around his rapidly swelling ass. Even Stolas was following them, howling in shock as his beloved braided beard began to shed to the floor. The Dwarf fell to his knees, desperately trying to pick up handfuls of the thick hair and stick it back on his chin. Ander looked away; a Dwarf losing their beard was just about the most humiliating thing that could happen.

"My feet!" Grange cried dismayed; the distinctive halfling fuzz atop his feet was also falling out as his feet began to shrink, losing their calluses and becoming dainty and smooth.

The hobbit looked just as horrified as the Dwarf, both of them howling with rage as their most distinctive features were taken from them.

"Quick, Ander! Reverse this!" Stolas demanded, "Hurry!"

Right of course! He grabbed his wand, holding it out to try and cast a counterspell only to shriek at the sight of his own hand. It wasn't his hand! His fingers were long and dainty, but his palm was turning rough, almost as if Grange's callouses had moved to him. He fumbled, almost dropping the wand before regaining his composure; he had to get a hold of this situation for all of their sakes. He began to cast; hoping to diagnose exactly what school of magic this was, only to see the light at the tip of his wand fizzle out. He tried again, then again, nothing. His magic was fading!

In a blind panic he glanced around for aid. It didn't matter where he looked though, in each direction one of his friends was experiencing their own strange change and he was in the centre of it; his chest still inflating. His nipples pressed against the silk lining of his robe and he couldn't help but shiver; they were so sensitive now!

"Oh God, wha-what's happen'n?" Briar mumbled, getting to her feet. She was in nothing but her long underclothes now; parts of them hanging loose while others were far too tight.

His love was now unrecognisable; her skin dark red, her eyes now orange from lid to lid and a whip-like tail lashed between her legs. A demoness in true; if he hadn't seen it happen before his very eyes Ander would never have believed the woman before him was his Briar. She seemed ahead of them, her change being relatively minor in comparison; Ander

watched as she scanned the room in shock before her eyes fell upon him and her hands flew to cover her mouth.

His chest was noticeable now, even through the loose wizard robes and what was worse; he could feel that same stretching sensation in his ass. He groaned; feeling the muscles swell as his hips began to widen. Ander was very glad nobody could see just how big his butt was getting or how his thighs were thickening so much his breeches threatened to tear at the seams. His centre of gravity shifted once more as he became more bottom heavy, causing him to stumble and fall; his shoes were now a size too large.

Normally, Stolas and Grange would laugh watching their noble friend fall over ass up but they were too busy fussing over their own changes to notice. Ander winced in sympathy for his Dwarven friend as the last of his beard disappeared; his muscular, stocky features being slowly smoothed over and replaced. His armour too was falling off; other parts hanging limply by the still tightened straps as his arms and legs thinned and his torso began to grow taller. Just like Grange, he was of human height though certainly not human features.

“Holy shit!” Grange swore, still holding his own ballooning ass, “You’ve got elf ears!”

“WHAT?!”

The Dwarf’s cry was loud enough to make them all wince. Stolas’ greaves fell to the floor, revealing long, spindly fingers with pointed nails that raced to the side of his head to trace along the delicate point of his ear. All eyes turned to their former elf and she nodded, confirming any Dwarves greatest nightmare.

“Tha’ venomous, mange eating, cavefish sucker! I’ll tear ‘er limb from limb!”

On a regular day, Briar might have taken offence to Stolas’ reaction but now she was silent, raising a finger to point at a patch of darkening skin around his temple that was rapidly spreading. Not just an elf but a Dark Elf, one of the more exotic and rare races in Alador.

There was a ripping sound, a tearing of fabric and Ander wanted a hole to appear in the floor and swallow him up, so great was his humiliation. His breeches had finally reached their limit, tearing open at the back so that his bare ass was only covered by his robe. He watched as each of his friends checked themselves in turn, breathing a sigh of relief to know it was not their clothes tearing. But then the eyes inevitably fell on him and they all gaped.

“You look like, like a girl!” Briar gasped.

“So do they!” Ander argued, anything to get them to stop staring at his ever changing body.

It was true; while Briar’s change had ended at her race, for Ander, Stolas and Grange it was clear more was in store for them. Even Stolas was now groaning, hands on a pair of rapidly ballooning tits that tore straight through his tight undershirt. The former Dwarf did his best to cover his now bare breasts while the others tried to look away.

Ander was panicking, there was nothing he could do, his wand was a useless stick of wood in his hand; he could no longer summon even the tiniest sliver of magic, not even a basic cantrip. It was useless. He could only watch and bite down on his ever plumping lip and watch as he and his two male friends continued their changes. Blonde hair fell over his eyes as his sandy locks extended, growing and growing until they nearly reached the small of his back.

“There has to be some spell ya can do!” Stolas insisted, his voice taking on a feminine lilt that sounded distinctly wrong with his Dwarven accent. “What ‘bout that healing spell! Abraka-AGH!”

Before he’d even finished the words tiny golden sparks flew from his now dainty hands and Stolas fell backwards onto his fat rump. The force caused his arms to finally let go of his bare chest and they were all treated to the sight of his now dark, bare breasts bouncing as he landed. The now Dark Elf groaned in humiliation, his face flushing a deep shade of purple as he tried to cover himself.

Was that what he looked like, beneath his robe? Ander knew he must, his back was already twinging with pain from the effort of keeping his new chest straight. Morgan would pay for this humiliation, he would get his magic back and...and...what was happening between his legs?

A cold dread washed over him like a wave; somehow despite the obviousness of his change it had not occurred to him that Morgan would actually rob him of his manhood itself. He could feel it though, shrinking and receding, being swallowed back up into his body along with his balls and leaving nothing but a slightly aching hole in its wake. The skin opened and a cool dampness formed there making him shiver. Grange made a similar sound and he looked over to find the halfling turned human was now holding the front of his trousers instead of his ass. The fabric was stretched tight, far too small for his new, taller body. As a regular, even with his hands there Ander could see the bulge slowly dissipating as the fabric stretched atop it. Their eyes met and faces burned knowing they were experiencing the same thing.

“Tha’ fly spawn! That cold hearted bitch! I’ll kill ‘er I will!” Stolas was running, the last of his armour shedding off him in pieces as he ran for the cupboard in their room and shut himself inside.

Ander winced; clearly he was also feeling his masculinity slip away; if he was honest, Ander wished he’d thought to hide in the cupboard first. All at once, the changes seemed to finally settle in and stop. Ander was left in a room containing a demoness and a human woman, instead of his Elven love and Halfling friend. Somewhere inside the cupboard, a Dark Elf woman was muttering to herself. Grange was the first to speak, in a soft, almost musical voice.

“Why would she do this?”

Ander was at a loss; his former halfling rogue was now a waifish human woman with golden brown ringlets of hair, she wore an expression of concern and worry that had never passed over his friend’s face in the past; no matter how dire their situation. Ander had to mentally remind himself that it was Grange he was talking to.

“Like, I get that she would want to do something to you, sweetie.” Briar mused, “But why us too?”

Ander bit his lip and found himself momentarily distracted by how much larger it was now compared to what he was used to.

“It must be to get the throne.” He said after a moment, “If father only has daughters, she’s the oldest, that makes her the heir. If I’m a woman now...but surely she doesn’t think it will work! When I get home and show father what she’s done he’ll order the court wizard to change me back and that’ll be that.”

“Thank goodness.” Grange sighed, “Did you hear that Stolas, you’ll be a Dwarf again in no time.”

“I’d better!”

The voice was muffled by wood but even so, Ander couldn’t get over how wrong that voice sounded knowing it was his gruff, rough and tumble friend behind it. Ander looked down at

himself and his useless want and that indignant rage began to fill him once more. How dare she? After he'd just been defending her as well! His hands balled into fists, his now sharp nails cutting into the skin almost hard enough to draw blood. With a frustrated cry he slammed one of those fists into the desk only to jump in surprise as the wood splintered and cracked beneath his fist. Blinking in shock he held up his hand again, surprised to find that, despite the damage done to the furniture, there was only a slight dull pain in the extremity. With a furrowed brow he rolled back his sleeve to reveal...muscle. The wirey kind, similar to Briar before it melted away into her skinny demoness form. As a wizard, Ander had never spent much time training in the yard so he was used to being comparatively weak to those more martially inclined but it seemed that while his body had been made female, it had also become stronger. Though why Morgan would give him any kind of advantage he had no idea.

Grange appeared at his side, a small broom in hand from under the beds and began to sweep up the shattered bits of wood. Somewhat embarrassed by his outburst Ander tucked his now long hair behind his ears only to pause when he felt the tips. They were sharp, he knew the feeling well from stroking Briar's, Elven ears; not only was he a woman now he was an Elf! A broom brushed against his feet, breaking him out of his reverie and Grange continued to clean.

"Sorry," He demurred, "I just...I feel like I need to do something and helping you seems like a good start."

Ander dismissed it; he had that same desire to take control, he wouldn't deny his friend at least a small distraction. The crown prince steeled himself; he had to be strong right now for his friends. He turned to face the cupboard where Stolas could still be heard swearing and muttering curses under his breath.

"You can come out." Ander called, "I promise none of us will shame you for this Stolas, we're all in the same boat."

"I ain't coming out till we're going to chop that slug eaters head off."

"We're not going to kill her." Ander rolled his eyes, "But I will give her a piece of my mind after we've gone to see Father. Briar, help me figure out how the hell I am going to explain this?"

She had always been the best one with words. He waited a beat before turning to find Briar giggling, snapping her tail back and forth like a child with a new toy. A moment longer and she noticed him staring and blushed.

“Sorry, I got distracted, what were you saying?”

“Distracted?” Grange said incredulously, “How could you get distracted?”

“Like this,” She giggled, and began snapping the tail like a whip again, “See? It makes such a funny noise!”

Ander just blinked at her in shock; a deep worry formed inside him as he watched Briar continue to get distracted by her own tail and horns. It had to be shock setting in, it was the only explanation. Ander cleared his throat; time to be a leader.

“Alright, here’s the plan.” He said authoritatively, “We will sleep here tonight and tomorrow at first light we make for the castle. I will go straight to my father with Briar, Stolas and Grange, you will seek Morgan out. Drag her back to my father’s chambers is necessary. We’ll get this all sorted out and everything will be normal again.”

Grange gave him an adoring and somewhat off putting smile and Briar nodded. He hoped he sounded more confident than he felt. He picked the bed closest to the window and stared out at the moon, if he squinted through the darkness he could just make out the outline of the castle on the horizon. Morgan was likely back there now, basking in her victory. For the first time, Ander felt a bubbling hatred for his step sister forming in his gut. It was one thing to mess with him and his friends, but to change Briar so, it was a line she could never uncross. He vowed to make her pay.