

A Peasant Life (Evil Monarchs to Hot Peasant Women TG)

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A Commission for TheMightFenek

Prince Alric has arrived at the Tower of Darkness with the aid of his wizard friend Timoth, there to complete the prophecy that they would slay the cruel regents of darkness that had been attacking their kingdom. But instead, the pair find a mother and daughter pair of gorgeous peasant women. Unbeknownst to them, these are the formerly male and rather evil regents in disguise, biding their time to rebuild. Only, their bodies are rather distracting, and their personalities getting more submissive. And my, aren't those heroes just so handsome?

A Peasant Life

The defences were crumbling. The legions of terror were falling back and scattering across the Dread Plains. The black rock of the Tower of Darkness, meant to be impenetrable, was collapsing beneath the mighty blows of the magically empowered hammer belonging to Rosensverd's mightiest hero. It had all gone so wrong.

Petrak, the King of Shadow, and his ruthless son Prince Aleron both stood in their throne room, hearing the mighty falls of their enemy's hammer upon the throne room door. Their dread magical enchantments would not last long.

"Father, what do we do?" Aleron said, seething with rage as he held his obsidian blade. He had long white-blond hair and sickly pale skin that contrasted against his blood-red eyes. His face was cruel, and this was mirrored by his overdesigned armour, all jagged edges and sharp points. His billowing red cloak had been coloured so through the blood of his enemies, a fact he was most proud of. But for the first time, the Prince was nervous.

"It would seem we have lost the battle," the King of Shadow, Petrak Scarron said. Where his son was slim and deadly lithe, the father was a hulking brute over six feet in height. His brown hair was shorter than his son, but had a savage wildness to it that extended to his thick beard. He wore a more royal-looking outfit, though no less black, with a cuirass that had a dark silver trim. His belt shone with a red gem of power, and jutting from his head were two curved demonic horns, black-grey in colour, a result of dark magic experimentation that had left him savagely changed. Like his son, his eyes were red, though his shined with magical potential.

Another crack of the hammer upon the door. It would give way soon, and the hero of the Kingdom of Rosensverd, which the father-son pair had longed to capture and enslave, would soon put an end to them both.

"That can't be father!" Aleron snapped, dancing his sword erratically in the air. "I refuse to die! I want to carve him up, flay him alive, hang his skin from the castle walls for all to see! There must be a way!"

The father, much more patient and cunning, simply smirked. "My son, I said that we have lost the battle, not that we had lost the war. There is an emergency spell I have weaved. It is not without its . . . discomforts, or even its humiliations, but it will allow us to get close to our hero and slip the dagger right into his heart. We will be like the waiting snake in the grass, ready to sink our venomous fangs into the enemy and reveal our true potential once more."

Aleron giggled in his mad way. "Oh, that is exciting, father! How I long to kill that wizard of his especially! You know I hate magic - light magic, that is, not your glorious dark magic. What I would give to kill that mage who prevented our hour of victory during the Siege of Tremba."

The father nodded, pleased with his son's enthusiasm, though he knew that enthusiasm would soon wane. There was another mighty crash of the hammer upon the door. The hero was shouting something, and the wizard was casting a spell to remove the magical enchantments upon the door.

"Then listen quickly," Petrak said. "And do as I say. Everything depends on what happens next. I still have some demon magic in my blood to aid our resurgence . . ."

But when he gave the plan to Aleron, his son snarled in disgust.

"What!? You can't expect - it's beneath us! No! I can't -"

Another hammer blow. Any second now.

"Damn it, do it then, father! But I will burn villages down to quench the fires of humiliation when this is finished!"

Petrak nodded, and then began to cast the spell.

Delvin smashed through into the throneroom of the Dark Tower. It was lit with red light, presenting a most foul contrast to throneroom of Tremba. But his own radiance contrasted it. He wore a shining knight's armour, fitted with a blue cape. Despite his humble origins, he presented a handsome and stalwart figure, a boyish but earnest look upon his olive-skinned face, his black curls tousled yet charming.

"Your days of cruelty and villainy are at an end, King Petrak! You and your son Aleron will face the wrath of justice, and you will!"

The peasant hero paused. He had come far in his journeys, even though he was still a young man. Ever since finding the Hammer of Hope in a cave outside his village, everything had changed. The young prodigy wizard Mellick had sought him out, having read the omens and believing Delvin to be the chosen one to defeat the Scarron dynasty who were threatening to bring darkness across the known realms. Delvin had trained, he had learned the ways of a true knight, he had bent the knee before the good king, and - across his travels - had come to view the more intelligent and occasionally haughty Mellick as a true friend, and not just a wizard. And now, having battled through the Tower of Darkness, having dispersed its armies, and having reached the top of the tower where he expected to fulfil the ancient prophecy that the 'Chosen Hero and his Mage ally would slay the Rulers of Darkness', he was absolutely stumped.

Because if there was one thing he definitely did not expect, it was the appearance of two rather pretty peasant women in the throne room before them. One was older, perhaps in her mid-thirties, and it was her that caught his eye immediately. Delvin had always had a thing for slightly older women, being a lad only in his early twenties himself. But this peasant mother - for the two were obviously mother and daughter from their shared looks - put all the village matrons from back home to shame. She was short yet wild in her curves, wearing bardmaid's clothing that consisted of a long green dress skirt and a tight brown corset around her middle. This had the effect of not only emphasising her incredible childbearing hips, but also an impressively tight waist. Even more impressive was her chest. Her breasts were large, bulging out over the white bardmaid's top which was impressively low cut. In fact, it was a shoulderless top, leaving her cleavage and clavicle and shoulders entirely bare, with the only things keeping it up seemingly being the sheer physical size of her natural endowments keeping the fabric tight, as well as the half-sleeves connecting to her upper arms, the rest of which were bare as well. Her hair was dirty blonde in colour, and style in double buns upon the sides that still left a good deal of air to spill over her shoulders. She looked quite flushed and embarrassed, and was folding her arms beneath her generous breasts and looking at herself and her daughter in agitation.

"Umm . . . ahhh," Delvin managed.

"Delvin! I am ready!" Mellick called, striding forth. He was a young wizard with a clean-shaven face and short brown hair, and he wore the long blue robes of his order and carried a wooden staff of arcanery. His spectacles sat upon a slim and academic face, though not altogether unhandsome. "Take on the son first while I do my best to keep the demon magic of Petrak contained!"

He too paused at the sight of what was in front of him, clearly lost. His eye went straight to the younger woman, the clear daughter of the other. She couldn't have been older than twenty, just a little younger than Mellick. She wasn't quite as well-endowed as her mother, but he was captivated by her young, beautiful looks and her honey blonde hair which spilled in curls down to her shoulders. She wore a barmaid's white top as well, one with longer arms sleeves but also leaving her shoulders completely uncovered, and her still-generous bust tantalisingly displayed. A small part of her midriff was bare the shirt was so short, with a lighter green dress skirt than her mothers around her waist, though it left more of her legs on display. A light green bandana held some of the wildness of her hair in place. She looked utterly red-faced with embarrassing, having been in the middle of cupping her breasts somewhat suggestively, and she squeaked in shock when the two beheld her.

"What are you looking at!?" she spat, her voice impressively feisty.

"Um, a very beautiful woman, it seems," Mellick replied.

She just blushed harder, balling her hands into fists. "Hey! Don't ever say that about-"

Her mother nudged her in her side, causing her to wince and shake, her large chest wobbling in a way that drew both men's eyes. The mother stepped forward, her even larger bosom jiggling with each movement. Delvin swallowed, and the mother paused at his gaze, coughing a little to get his attention.

"The Dark Lord and Prince have fled!" she announced, her own voice quite sultry and mature, making Delvin even more attracted to her. "We are just their servants! You must allow us to leave."

"Of course!" Delvin said, as the two began to shuffle to the exit. "You must be captured damsels from a nearby village, yes? And the foul King and Prince were planning all sorts of unpleasantries for you."

The mother and daughter exchanged a look, knowing the real truth. They were still trying to get used to their new forms, which had turned out a little more . . . curvaceous than intended due to the chaos of demon magic. Petrak in particular was struggling with the heft of his mighty chest, while Aleron was frustrated by the absence between his legs and how soft and womanly he now was!

"Yes, that's exactly it," Petrak said quickly. "I am . . . Petra. And this is my daughter Alera."

'Alera' shot a look at her 'mother' but was quickly silenced by a nudge to her side.

"We are mere peasant women," the former King continued. The new gorgeous mother bowed a little before the heroes, acting subservient but also accidentally giving Delvin an incredible look down her top at her large fruit-like breasts. As she did so, she began to weave dread magics behind her back, smirking as he drew closer. All she had to do was unleash the right spell and . . .

And nothing.

There was no spell.

'Alera', who was finding the new name oddly fitting in an infuriating way, was wondering why her new mother wasn't committing to the plan. She moved to draw a dagger instead and make her own play, only to realise that her new outfit didn't *have* a dagger, or any kind of weapon. The pair exchanged a look of helplessness.

"I detect no presence of the King and Prince, Delvin," Mellick said, scanning the room, and wider tower. "They must have fled to a demiplane."

"Darn!" Delvin exclaimed. "But the prophecy-"

"Will still come true, but it will have to be another day. I suggest we crumble the foundations of this place now that we've cleared it, and get back to-"

"To where these women are from, of course, or need to go," Delvin said, smiling at Petra. He was nervous before her, but couldn't stop looking, and it was making the new 'Queen' in secret feel sort of strange herself. Sort of . . . warm.

"Delvin, we can't-"

"We must, Mellick. I know you have your book smarts, but I still know what is right and wrong. These beautiful women are victims, and we shall escort them to where they need to go."

"We're going to Temba!" Petra announced suddenly. "The capital! We were hoping to-"

"To tend bar there," the peasant daughter said in her excited, almost aggressive voice. "Right in the capital of the good king."

"Then it's decided!" Delvin said. "We'll escort you safely, as the fair maidens you are."

Mellick sighed, but knew he could not dissuade his friend. The two new women, their evil disguised, followed them out of the throne room, unused to the way their hips sashayed from side to side or their large chests wobbled in their revealing tops. Everything was soft and slender and curvy and *female*, it was all wrong!

"Why didn't you kill them, mother?" Alera whispered, struggling to say 'father.'

"My magic is low from the spell. It will take days to recharge, perhaps a week. Only then, daughter. For now, there may be some slight mental changes. These will help us adjust."

"Pah, next time don't give me such melons on my front, then! Or make me so revealing."

"It was an unintended side effect. I only intended to take them in. And don't you complain about chests. Mine are like melons, daughter!"

She said it with anger, but a small part of her experienced a little rush of pride as she said it, as if having a large set of tits was . . . good. Certainly, she felt that same flush of warmth when Delvin looked at them.

"I think something is strange about those two," Mellick whispered to Delvin.

"You're too suspicious, Mellick. They are simply two very beautiful peasant women."

"Yes, well, I won't deny that. Especially that Alera. But, well, we shouldn't be taken in! I just think we should keep our guard up."

Delvin chuckled. "Oh, Mellick!" he said aloud. "What could possibly go wrong?"

Things weren't going well. For one, the journey to Temba would take over a week, and even then Petra wasn't sure if her demon magic would recharge properly. For two, despite numerous attempts to break off from Delvin and Mellick, she and her daughter were escorted by them regardless. The chosen hero was far too naive, and it was clear to Petra that he was very attracted to her older form. The wizard, on the other hand, seemed much more suspicious, peppering them both with questions. Neither regent of darkness was used to being interrogated, and so neither did a particularly good job of it.

"So what village did you hail from?"

"We hailed from . . . Gentwald," Petra said as they travelled via horse together.

"Interesting," Mellick said from his own horse. "I've been there while searching for the Chosen One who turned out to be Delvin here. Gentwald was too small to have a tavern."

"We were washing women then!" Alera snapped. "You think a woman can't have two jobs?"

Mellick shrugged. "Good point. What is the process of washing anyway? I've never done it before."

"Damn you, wizard, don't you ever stop!"

"Just answer him, sweetie," Petra said, trying to keep the tension low. "These are the kind gentlemen that saved us."

She was the one leading the horse while her daughter clung to her, while the two men rode upon the other. It was strange, feeling her daughter's hands around her, she was occasionally wondering what Delvin's would feel like . . .

"No, it's fine!" Delvin said. "Alera is right. Mellick, no need to interrogate them. We are all friends here."

The two women smiled demurely, and the smiles they got from the hero only made them beam a little more. Mellick raised an eyebrow, once more enticed by Alera's form, but

his suspicious look remained. Petra could tell he was magically scanning them. She was certain she'd used enough magic to disguise them, but still . . .

"Perhaps we could change riders?" she suggested, trying to use a distraction. "Delvin, would you be willing to lead this horse, while Mellick takes the other? We are unused to such fine creatures."

Delvin immediately went for this, and after a moment's hesitation so did Mellick. Soon the men were holding the reins while the two women clung to them. It was the most bizarre feeling Alera had ever experienced. She had enjoyed many a supple wench as a dark prince, but now she was clinging to the wizard and feeling her bare midriff against his robes. It . . . excited her in a way that didn't quite make sense.

Mellick, who had started to suspect that a spell of disguise may have been used, had just remembered an important detail about such dangerous transformation magics; they could be moulded by outside observers. With a smirk, he decided to see what he could do.

"You know Alera, I'm embarrassed to admit I rather like feisty women."

"Oh yeah? What's that got to do with anything?"

"Nothing, I'm sure! Just that you and your mother make quite a fine pair." He said this loud enough for Petra to overhear as they travelled along the wide forest road. "You have a clearly quite maternal woman for a mother, one who cares deeply for you but is clearly still her own woman, blessed with her own charm and beauty."

Petra grimaced a little as she overheard this. She was clinging more tightly to Delvin than she intended, her impressive bosom pressing against his back.

"Blessed is right," she said, rubbing her chest against him without thinking.

"And clearly she appreciates a charming hero!" Mellick called.

A strange compulsion hit the mother, and she laid her head against Delvin's shoulders. "Mhmm, I do very much appreciate one," she added, sighing softly.

Delvin's eyes went wide, and his member hard in his breeches. Still, Mellick continued.

"Of course, you are quite different Alera."

"H-how so? And what are you saying all this for?"

"Oh just to inform you how wrong I was to view you suspiciously. I can see now that Delvin was right. Just as he is currently protecting a beautifully maternal, submissive, and flirty woman such as your mother," - this was said knowing the kind of woman his friend was into, - "so too can I see that you are a feisty and adventurous lass, independent but also able to recognise when a gorgeous damsel such as yourself needs a wizard to keep you safe."

Her mind bubbled, churning with a strange set of desires and compulsions.

"I - I - I should think so!" she said, rather loudly. "I am very independent, just you wait! When we get to Temba, we'll go our separate ways, and then you'll see."

She'd tried to say that last part ominously, hinting at their future demise, but instead it sounded more like a taunt, a *dare* for the wizard to chase her. And the worst part was it sounded almost *better* that way.

"That was very cute, darling," Petra teased her. "How nice that we're all getting along."

The daughter shot her mother a look, but Petra was already examining the fine shoulders of her chosen hero. Something the wizard had said had made her notice the man a little more, and the thought of 'getting along' was starting to take on new connotations . . .

What started out as an impossible act to keep up was becoming slowly easier. After several days, during which the women had to sleep in their own shared tent courtesy of Delvin, it was beginning to feel almost natural. The whole time they travelled and ate and swapped stories with one another, Mellick continued to make little comments to the pair of them, especially towards Alera, who found herself keeping his company more often than not. He talked of their beauty, and perhaps it was just their shared imagination, but said beauty seemed to be somehow *increasing*, with Alera looking like a gorgeous young maiden from a fairytale, while Petra appeared more and more like an incredibly attractive woman, perhaps thirty six years of age at most, with a pair of breasts she could have sworn were getting bigger. Even their clothing was changing, somehow. With every compliment Delvin gave to her figure when he summoned the bravery to do so, Petra found herself grunting not long afterwards, moaning softly as her wide hips became yet wider, as her rear swelled, and her breasts gained greater weight, heft, and roundness. Alera, on the other hand, developed more shapely legs, her hair gaining an impressive lustre, and her midriff was getting more exposed as her clothing shrank, the slits on either side of her barmaid's dress skirt getting deeper.

"We can't keep this up!" she complained to her mother in the tent. "Your stupid spell is changing us, mother, and that wizard's comments too! I'm always saying things to him, *flirting* with him - through insults, yes - but flirts nonetheless! I can't stop grinning when I make fun of his spectacles or tease his love of books. It's the *nice* kind of mockery! The kind a lass would do before parting her skirts!"

"And how do you think *I* feel then, darling?" Petra replied. "These enormous melons make a mockery of my prestige, not to mention these hips, or this sultry voice. But it is these same qualities that shall entice our enemies into a false sense of security. While Delvin is hypnotised by my, ahem, décolletage, and Mellick by your midriff and fine figure, we will plot under their noses."

They were both in their tent wearing womanly shifts that had somehow materialised. But they were rather . . . short, and Petra's exposed much of her bust while Alera's was a two piece that *still* left her damnable midriff - more slim and gorgeous than ever - bare.

"Why not act now?" Alera said rather snootily. "I need only a weapon, and you some arcane focus."

"Patience, my daughter. If our loveliness is only enhancing, then we will use subterfuge to make them fall head over heel for us. Then the killing strike."

Alera harrumphed, blowing some of her hair out of her face. It was longer now, falling almost to her lower back, and it annoyed her how proud she was of her hair when Mellick brought it up, or when she lovingly brushed it each morning and night.

"It seems like you're only delaying this, *mother!* It's like you're making excuses to remain with that ridiculous do-gooder of a hero."

"I - I never! Young lady, how dare you say that of your mother?"

"Sorry, mama," Alera said.

The pair sighed. They had felt compelled to maintain their mother-daughter relationship before the men. Now they were feeling it in private too.

"I just want my manhood back," Alera softly whispered to herself as she laid down. "Instead of thinking of Mellick and *his* damn manhood, damn him!"

Petra rested down too, no longer able to sleep on her stomach with her enlarged endowments. She lowered her fingers down to her womanhood secretly, touching that private and foreign place.

"Mhm," she quietly moaned, starting to stir herself. "Delvin's manhood is very big, I bet."

She could just *imagine* how delicious the young man would be, his face pressed into her chest. For reasons of deceit and seduction, of course. Yes, just for those reasons.

It wasn't like being a lowly peasant mother ending up with a charming hero who had saved her was turning her curvaceous body on, or anything. And the same *definitely* wasn't true of Alera, who imagined teasing a cute, nerdy wizard with her delectable body.

Both whimpered in silence, slowly drawing a curtain between them as they gave into their imaginations.

"You idiots, I *am* Prince Aleron! I just - I just *look* like an attractive tavern wench! And this isn't my mother, she's my *father!* The King of Darkness!"

The goblins laughed amongst themselves.

“Sure,” one said in a gravelly voice. “And I’m the King of Rosvengerd, or whatever it’s called. You’re going to make some fine slave girls, ladies, particularly in those lovely new outfits of yours.”

Petra was furious at her own submission. In the dark of night, she and Alera had been kidnapped by goblin forces which had once been *hers* to command. They too had fled the Dark Tower, but seizing an opportunity to have some slave girls, the goblins didn’t recognise their former masters. Worse, they had forced them to dress in far more revealing clothing than their barmaid outfits.

“I knew I shouldn’t have kept those harem outfits when we raided Tyra,” Alera said, looking down at herself.

Overnight, their bodies had once more become lovelier, and now they were shown off in revealing Tyrene garb, which practically amounted tops that covered only their breasts, and underwear with a hanging skirt at the front and back that left their legs and hips totally on display. Petra’s outfit was purple, Alera’s blue.

“Mother, use your magic or something!”

“I - I can’t. It’s still not coming back. And - and I feel so submissive! I need a hero to save me! Like a damsel in distress!”

Even as she made the realisation, the heroes burst onto the scene. Alera cheered, moving forward to begin smacking a goblin with a cast iron skillet in an almost stereotypical scene, but Petra could only gap in awe, heart fluttering as she watched Delvin in action, dispatching the goblins and making the rest flee.

“Are you okay, my lady?” he asked, his eyes still bright and naive, and yet strangely captivating. He pulled her up by the hand, but she tripped on her skirt, causing her to fall forward onto him so that her breasts hung right over his face. It was *very* clear that Delvin, shocked as he was, was not opposed to this.

“I - I’m fine, thanks to you,” she said. And then she did something *very* strange. She kissed him, and not without passion. It felt *wonderful*.

Alera saw this, was briefly angered, only for Mellick to laugh. “Feisty and wonderful as ever, Alera! You look entrancing, like a true seductress!”

“Shut up and hold me!” she shouted, only half-compelled, and leaping into the wizard’s arms. She kissed him passionately as well, raising one leg in a rather feminine pose.

“My hero,” they said as one, holding onto their respective interests.

Mellick smirked. He had cast a listening lure with his magic ahead of their arrival, and caught part of the conversation. Now he was *certain* of who they were. What he wasn’t certain of, however, was how much they had changed. Now, with Alera moaning slightly in

his mouth, her body tingling against his, he was starting to think that maybe he *wouldn't* reveal what he knew and entrap them. At least, not yet.

He looked over to Delvin, who was holding Petra lovingly, beaming from ear to ear.

Perhaps he would let his friend know at a later time as well.

Alera continued to get flustered as Mellick looked at her. She was back in her barmaid outfit, though it was even more revealing than before, the skirt being short enough to reveal her knees when she moved, and her hair now falling to her rear. Petra's costume had likewise changed, though she was minding less and less as she giggled and flirted with Delvin; she loved the way her breasts were now the size of her own head, and seemed to strain almost audibly against her barmaid's top. Her wide, strapping hips continued to make her think of children, and how utterly fertile her body still was.

"My dashing hero," she told him as he helped her dismount from the horse. "You saved your damsel in distress and her daughter. I still can't get over it, even a day later."

She smiled sweetly up at him her sense of domination and power lust diminishing in his presence. She couldn't help but press her arms together *just* so in order to make her cleavage all the more voluptuous and tantalising.

I, well, I couldn't resist you - I mean, the call," he said. "A maid as gorgeous as you, as beautiful inside and out should-

"*THAT'S IT!*" Alera cried. She flung herself off of her horse and kicked the wizard over before he could do anything. She withdrew a dagger she had procured from the goblins the day before and lunged towards the hero. "*ENOUGH OF THIS! ENOUGH WAITING! YOU DIE NOW, HERO!*"

She leapt forwards, nearly slashing Delvin's face. He was quick, pulling to the side and pushing her back in the same motion. Alera collapsed backwards, the knife flying through the air. She tried to catch it, but she tripped on a log and collapsed backwards, the knife falling right down upon her . . .

. . . only to be caught in the air by magic at the last second, Melvin managing to fling it aside with a simple wave of his hand.

"No! You can't! Mellick, you bastard, you . . ."

She looked up at the man who had just saved her life. There was cunning and intelligence there, but for the first time she saw something else as well . . . pure concern. Perhaps even . . . love. Or at least the first stirrings of it. It was enough to make her last, desperate gamble at revenge and reversal of her fortunes collapse into nothingness.

"M-Mellick," she managed, thinking quickly. "I had my - I was *possessed*. It was goblin magic."

Mellick smirked. "Ah, goblin magic, is it? Is that what they call it in the Dark Tower, Prince Aleron?"

She froze, unsure of what to say. Delvin was busy checking to make sure that Petra was okay, and her mother seemed to be flickering magic behind her back, finally recovering it. And yet just like Alera, her will was obviously collapsing as Delvin made sure she was not injured in any way, assuring her that they would 'excise whatever possessed' her daughter.

"What are you going to do with me?" she managed, avoiding the wizard's gaze. "You've already humiliated me, turned me into *this!*"

"I only helped, the rest was you, *Alera*. As for what I'm going to do; how about I help you stand up first? And how about I see if you're alright, and we can settle down and have food together?"

She blinked, unsure of the trap. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Is she possessed?" Delvin called.

"Yes, but the possession is gone," Mellick replied, arcing his eyebrow at Alera. "She is the same beautiful peasant girl as she always was. Isn't that right, Alera?"

His last words were said so kindly and softly that something in her heart gave way.

"Of course!" she added. "Don't be stupid. Thank you Mellick. Now hurry up and kiss me already before I get tired of waiting!"

And with that, he kissed her again, and this time she knew that fighting her new role any longer was just about impossible. Petra had made the same conclusion, but being held in the younger man's arms as she was, she didn't mind so much. It was far more comfortable than any dark throne.

The pair of heroes only cemented their status for the two women when they finally reached Tembra. The city was shining and beautiful, especially now that word that the 'Dark Lord and his Cruel Son' had fallen. Delvin and Merrick returned to much fanfare, but many eyes in the streets were upon the beautiful and very well-endowed peasant women who moved with them. Their changes were fully complete now, and both knew the compulsions were too strong to fight, especially since they felt such desire for their respective partners. Petra couldn't stop thrusting out her chest to catch Delvin's eye, and Alera kept attaching herself to Merrick at the slightest excuse, hugging him with the same aggressiveness to fend off other women as she once would have done against hordes of do-gooder knights.

It was humiliating, of course. As much as the pair were coming to terms with their womanly curves and natures, it didn't stop them from blushing at how men everywhere stared at them, and other women looked on disapprovingly. A number of teenage boys whistled, and other, more sexual come-ons were uttered, until Delvin stepped forward and demanded they stop "for the honour of the good women who survived the Dark Tower!"

It seemed to hush the crowd, though perhaps Merrick's silence spell did that too, which only made both women cling to their paramours further, much to their shared resignation. Of course, when the heroes were presented their medals by the king, both mother and daughter couldn't help but muse how sadly ironic it was that they'd always wanted to conquer the good king's throne. Now they were in that very throne room, being welcomed as honest guests, and even provided with rather lovely, high-quality noblewoman's dresses to mark the occasion, complete with jewellery. Petra blushed as she adjusted her golden hoop earrings, and smiled sheepishly at Delvin as he took his medal from the king. Her hero had given her the earrings as a gift, and like everything else, she had tried to resist them at first, only to rather enjoy the feel and look of them.

"Pah, look at those peasant women, dressed up as if they were aristocrats!"

Petra turned, as did Alera. A couple of slender noblewomen in their mid-twenties were giggling as the ceremony finished, gesturing at the pair.

"I agree, Dana, such fat bodies with their ridiculous chests and hips! Like a pair of harlots!"

"Hey!" Alera called, stomping over, her blonde hair waving beneath the bandana she'd been insistent on keeping for the occasion. "Say that to my face, you thin stick! Go on, say it right now and I'll show you some peasant justice as if I were the Dark Prince Aleron himself!"

The women went wide eyed.

"I'd best run off now," Mellick said, approaching with his new medal around his neck. "My darling Alera here *really means* what she says."

"And trust me," Petra added, "I may be a kindly woman these days, but I can still summon darkness when someone insults my daughter, you best believe!"

The women indeed scampered off, looking utterly offended but impotent to do anything. The two women grinned, embracing one another in a genuinely loving mother and daughter hug.

"Well, at least we aren't *all* gone," Petra whispered.

"Agreed, mother," Alera added, though she looked over Petra's shoulder to Mellick. Her wizard was looking most handsome with that medal, and it was doing things to her female body that she no longer wanted to resist. "But perhaps tonight I'll be happy to remain a woman, rather than just resigned to be one."

"You know," Petra replied, looking at Delvin and feeling that same lust rising for *her* hero. "I feel exactly the same way, daughter."

She ran her hand over her heavy bosom.

"Very much the same, in fact."

To say that the two women were ravished by their former enemies-turned-lovers that night would be a dramatic understatement. It turned out that one of the unintended side effects of Petra's spell, back when she'd been King Petrak Scarron, was that it inspired a great deal of lust in the transformee's new bodies.

For Petra herself, that manifested in a deep desire to be submissive and loving to her hero. She could tell he loved her older body, and could feel her own fertility thrumming through her. When they made it back to his bedchamber she did not so much throw herself at him - that would have been far too dominant for the newly submissive woman - so much as flirt and tease him, slowing undoing the laces of his bodice until even Delvin, not always confident with women, could no longer resist.

"Gorgeous Petra, please be mine! I can't resist you!"

"My beautiful Delvin, I can't resist you either," she announced in her sultry voice, embracing him and admiring the wonderful touch of his muscles. "Trust me, I've tried."

It didn't take long for either of them to be naked, or for her to be moaning in pleasure as he sucked on her huge nipples, groping her generous breasts, and finally ploughing into her warm, wet, and very fertile fields. Delvin was a virgin, but just like a hero prophesised, her had a very impressive member. Petra wailed in pleasure, uncaring about any embarrassment now, only that she had finally found a happiness beyond reaching for power.

Alera's own journey to final womanhood was occurring at the same time, but instead she was the one to jump upon Mellick, quite literally! The wizard had expected to have a sit down and talk, slyly and perhaps sarcastically musing on how much the dark prince had changed, and if she were willing to consider *him* as a future partner (which was exactly what he had been trying to mould her towards).

Instead, she ripped her top off and gripped him with her thighs.

"I may not be a prince anymore, or even a man, and I may be stuck as this feisty feline of a peasant barmaid forever. But I *refuse* to be submissive in the bedroom, Mellick. I will be yours, good wizard, your beautiful damsel that you rescued, but here in this private space, *you* will be *mine*."

And with that, she pushed him onto the bed, demanded he opened his robes, and not long after was moaning in pleasure and a strange new experience of power as she rode his member, gripping him as he caressed her curves.

“Yesssssss, that’s r-right! Be mine, M-Mellick! And I’ll b-be yours! MHMHM!!!”

Both women exploded into orgasm shortly afterwards in their respective rooms. It was the first of many to come, in their new lives as Petra and Alera.

It was years later, and Merrick was once more pouring over his scrolls in his study. Alera had woken him with a lot of passion that morning, then gone downstairs to work at the tavern. It was theirs - all four of them - and was already working wonderfully as a space for retirement, at least until the next kingdom-ending threat. For now, though, things were going just swell. Petra was pregnant once more, nearly full term with her twins, and still as attractive a mother as ever. Delvin was a proud father of a son and daughter already, and couldn’t wait to have two more. And for all that she got embarrassed about it occasionally, Petra had accepted that while she was no longer a dark ruler, she was certainly a powerful matron within her own family, and as the chief maid of the tavern. Alera was the most popular barmaid of course, drinking men under the table and dancing her delightful jigs. Mellick loved to watch her, knowing that he would always be the one to have her in his bed. Or in the kitchen after hours. Or on the main table. She was indeed feisty.

But for all their happy endings, one thing just didn’t make sense to him. Despite all his research, he couldn’t understand where the chosen one prophecy had gone wrong. He and Delvin were meant to ‘slay the Rulers of Darkness.’ There was no other way to interpret the-

“Hold on,” he said, inspecting the ancient script. He wiped a smudge mark off of the wording, retranslated the new symbols that were uncovered, and groaned in disbelief. Slowly, his exhalation turned to an amused chuckle.

“Of course!” he said. “The Chosen Hero and his Mage Ally were not meant to *slay* the Rulers of Darkness. They were meant to *get laid* by them.”

And just like all good prophecies, this one had come true. In fact, opening hour was still some minutes away, and from the muffled sounds on the other side of the tavern’s second floor, Petra and Delvin were taking advantage of this window to keep the prophecy going.

“Alera!” he called, knowing she would come at his word. “Fancy another round?”

The End