

Reincarnated Rivalry (Mtf FtM)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Camden Levy

Office nerd Nicole Kaley is shocked one day when she remembers that she was once a proud male Demon Lord in another world, before being cursed to this one. But she isn't the only one: the attractive saleswoman in her workplace was also trapped in the curse, having once been the male hero that defeated Nicole! And that's not even getting into the princess of their old world, who is now the office himbo. It's all a bit of a mess. Will their old rivalry follow them to this world?

Reincarnated Rivalry

The Demon Lord Nikolai laughed, his booming brass voice echoing across his dread throne room.

“You unworthy *fool*,” he spat towards his rival. “You really thought you could defeat me in *my* lair? The very monument to my dark power? Truly, I am amused this day. To know that you shall see your efforts come to naught is a sumptuous thing, Sir Lannis.”

The hero stood in the centre of the chamber, his armour partially ruined, his face cut and bleeding in places, but his handsome and heroic figure nevertheless shining through. He was tall, nearly as tall as the dread Demon Lord currently standing in full plate armour before his throne, but unlike Nikolai he was entirely human, having fought off any corruption that would have reddened his skin or given him cruel horns and talon-like claws. Instead, he was stalwart in posture, his eyes narrowed as he faced down the visage of purest evil.

“I shall not fail, foul Nikolai,” Lannis exclaimed. “I'll fight until my last breath if it means stopping you, and freeing the good Princess Merwain.”

His eyes briefly rose to the captured princess held aloft in the great hanging cage above their heads. She clutched the bars, fear blooming in her eyes, but hope also. She was a most beautiful thing, Demon Lord Nikolai considered. She had long and luscious brown hair and a slender figure of purest frail femininity. Merwain had always been kind; she had the gift of speech with animals, loved the land and its people with the fullest of hearts, and grew excited at every new sunrise. It was, Nikolai thought, rather sickening. Which was why he'd ordered his servants to place her in a dark two-piece costume that reduced her to an ogle-worthy sight.

“Please, Sir Lannis!” she cried. “Save me! He promises to make me his foul Demon Queen the very hour that he slays you!”

“Ha!” Lannis boomed, his confidence high to the point of annoying Nikolai. “Then he shall marry you never, good princess. Fear not, Lady Merwain, for I shall smite this evil for good, and remove his essence from our very plane of existence.”

“Oh, good knight! Because you say it I know it will be true!”

Nikolai groaned. Their words were all sugar and sweetness, and he hated such things. Far better the bitter and the foul. Far better the lands of despair than verdant fields of hope. He stepped forward, his heavy feet thudding upon stone, then drew his sword. It shimmered red with crackling demonic magic, and even Lannis regarded it with concern. He’d fought well against the Demon Lord’s henchmen, but against Nikolai himself?

“Very well then,” Sir Lannis said. “If it is to be a final battle between us at last, foul one, then know it shall not go your way.”

Nikolai laughed. “And what makes you think this will be any different than the previous times we clashed? Each time I got your better.”

“And each time I learned more about you, tyrant. Besides, you never went so far as to dare capture the good Princess Merwain, nor to commit to so abominable act as to make her your wife. For that alone, you will be vanquished, and I have no fear of failure, not with the love beating in my heart to empower me.”

“Oh, good sir!” Merwain cried. “I give you my favour, and I promise you my hand, when you win!”

Nikolai could have vomited. “Pah! It is no wonder I gave up my humanity. I was a knight like you once, Sir Lannis. Sir Nikolai, they called me. But I did not get my woman, and neither shall you. Perhaps in your dying moments you will understand why I took on the dark powers that shall soon give me all that I desire. For now, to the death!”

“To the death!” Lannis roared back.

The two clashed, fighting across the circular chamber of the throne room, their swords clashing and clattering, blades sinking deep into pillars where necks had been just moments ago. Nikolai was bigger, but Lannis was nimble and quick, possessing a finesse that the cruel demon-man lacked. The princess above gasped as the two fought, followed each of their movements. She cried out useful things like:

“Sir Lannis, watch out!”

“He’s got a sword!”

Or, “Try to hit him!”

“I’m trying, good princess!” Lannis replied, but he could barely pierce the armour the Demon Lord possessed.

“Ha!” Nikolai taunted. “You think you can defeat one such as I? I have given my soul over to darkness, *whelp*. I do not tire, I do not require sleep. I do not even require

sustenance, but for that of the Princess' pleasant flesh. You, however, are already tired. Your blows weaken, and your defences crumble.”

To Nikolai's surprise, though, the valiant, shining knight simply smirked.

“Well, it's a good thing I don't plan to defeat you in combat, Demon.

“Oh?”

“Nay. I simply had to distract you while the magic stone given to me by the wizard Kamus powered up in your presence.”

At this, he tugged on his collar, pulling forth a glowing stone that was hidden beneath his clothing. It hung on the end of a leather band, and Nikolai hissed at its presence.

“Solid callarium! That interfering wizard! He means to weaken you!”

Lannis dodged another sword-strike. “All the better, cruel serpent. He means to banish you to the very Void itself. No more will you bring darkness upon this land. No more will your presence stain it, nor will you prove a threat to the good Princess Merwain.”

“Ha!” the princess shouted above, looking down on the Demon's uncertainty. “I told you that Sir Lannis had a plan! Good will always win over evil, foul tyrant!”

Nikolai hissed. This was not foreseen. Callarium could contain great magic power, and if it truly was a banishment spell fed from his own power, then all would be ruined. The villain roared and swept forward, trying to kill or maim his foe so that he could prepare a proper counterspell. But Lannis was too quick. He darted backwards, parrying the Demon Lord's strikes and laughing heartily. The Callarium stone was growing ever brighter, and Nikolai recognised that his overconfidence had truly been his greatest misstep: any moment now the magic would be unleashed and he would be banished.

“No! NO! Give that to me! I will bargain for it, knight! I will even offer back Princess Merwain, that I may stay upon this realm.”

He clicked his taloned fingers, and the hanging cage began to lower itself. The Princess gasped at the sudden movement.

“Sir Lannis! He is freeing me!”

“Do not fall for it, good lady, he is using you as a bargaining chip. He knows that he shall be banished in moments, and he is too slow to catch me in time to stop me. Callarium is resistant to any spells that would bring it to him.”

Nikolai cursed. The wizard had thought of everything, as had the hero before him. He could feel the transformative powers of the crystal beginning to erupt, and they cast white lines of energy across his red-and-black throne room. He lashed out with another series of furious strikes, but Lannis dodged and parried all of them, keeping his distance.

“Too little, too late, foul creature!” Lannis called. He ducked under Nikolai's strike and ran to the catch. With a swing of his sword, he freed Merwain, pulling her away from the Demon's counter strike just in time.

“Damn you!” Nikolai boomed. Now his leverage was gone; he’d intended to injure her terribly to motivate the hero. It was all going wrong.

More crystalline pillars of light erupted through the room. Sir Lannis pulled the stone from the necklace around his neck and held it up, making Nikolai shiver in an automatic fear thanks to the celestial light.

“Begone, Demon!” the man shouted.

There were just precious seconds left. Nikolai’s dark mind raced. He knew he could not stop the banishment, but if that was the case, perhaps he could *alter* it? Yes, it was the *only* way, but it would require concentration and the use of much of his dark power.

“If I am to be banished, then let us all be banished together!” Nikolai shouted. He threw his sword aside and raised both hands, his claws outstretched towards the stone in the hero’s hands.

“Lannis, watch out!” Merwain cried, hiding behind her knight.

“I call upon the powers of darkness and blood to change the magic within!” the Demon Lord chanted. “And to expand its vacuum. No longer to the void shall we all go, but to a world of misery and despair. A world where happily-ever-afters fail, where souls are crushed and lives trodden underfoot by faceless armies that cannot be surmounted! A world bitter and black, where we shall all find new lives together!”

“No!” Lannis exclaimed. The stone in his hand was turning a dark purple-red, its rays now aberrant. “What have you done!?”

Nikolai grinned, his sharpened teeth bared while Merwain fell to her knees in despair. The fragments of the Callarium began to break apart, shattering wide and causing a gaping hole in reality. It began to expand, causing Lannis to grab Merwain’s hand to drag her to safety. But the vacuum was too strong, and the scent of evil and sin and despair was in it. Nikolai cackled at this, spreading his hands outwards and allowing the vacuum to drag him towards the epicentre.

“Yes, I can smell it! Purest evil! Purest sorrow! A land of despair awaits! We three shall meet again, our rivalry reincarnated! And know that in this next life, once my memories are restored, I shall vanquish you, Lannis, and claim Merwain as my own corrupted mate! Now, JOIN ME!”

Lannis and Merwain were pulled backwards into the swirling black hole at the moment that Nikolai entered it. All three screamed, though Nikolai’s tone was one of exultant triumph, as they were catapulted across the dimensions. The world of Embathar fell away, and dozens more cascaded past them as they somersaulted through the stormy veil between realms. The world of despair was approaching, one in which Nikolai knew he would thrive.

But then there was a flash, and the Demon Lord grimaced as his body began to change. Something was happening . . . his body was acclimating to this new world! Changing and altering itself! It was losing its muscle mass, and his height was contracting significantly. He howled in horror as his horns withdrew back into his head, and his claws became fine fingernails at best. Another wrench, this time between his thighs, and he groaned in humiliation; his own manhood, intended to plough Merwain's fertile fields once she was corrupted to his liking, instead was pulling back inside of him. At the same time his chest bloomed, two breasts forming there, and his armour began to disintegrate, his padding also, until there was just his tunic and breeches which were changing into a configuration that he'd never seen before, and yet was most womanly.

Nikolai tried to look around to see the other two hurtling nearby, but the storm of the Veil was too strong. For a small moment he thought he heard a deep voice yelling, while another was a lady-like call, but neither sounded like his adversaries, and the silhouettes he saw were not quite right, somehow.

But the cruel tyrant had bigger issues. His hips were widening, and his skin was becoming smooth instead of partly scaled. His face altered and shifted, imperious nose adjusting to become more classically aquiline. Hair regrow from his bald head, reaching down over his shoulders.

"No! No! The wizard's magic has fouled my own designs! It's all mixed up! This cannot beeeeeee!!!"

But then the world he was intended for - *she* was intended for - came hurtling towards the new human woman. She gave one last, final shriek of incandescent rage before her new life consumed her, and took her memory with it.

A whole new life to live, from beginning to end.

And a rivalry to reignite, if she was ever to get said memory back.

Nicole arrived to work with her eyes half-lidded and her expression dour. It was 8:30am on the dot, but she felt as if it were four in the morning. Her hair, alas, was a mess, and she was reasonably certain that she had grabbed the wrong glasses that morning, because she was getting a headache just looking at the screen.

"Someone's got a case of the Mondays!" cried a male voice. Nicole didn't have to turn to know that it was Darrel. Fucking Darrel, he was the worst.

"Tired," she said. "No coffee at the house."

"Well, we've only got the shitty express stuff in the kitchen, Nikkie, so you might have to burn your tastebuds off if you need a pick-me-up."

She turned and gave him a defeated expression, then sighed again.

“Burning off the tastebuds it is,” she finally said.

She logged on and made sure to check her emails for the morning, then processed two quick payment clearances that needed consideration. It was all routine, so much so that she did it with lightning efficacy. It was a curse and a blessing; this place gave more work to you the better you were at it, and her talent on the technical side of things earned her ire from guys who weren't impressed that a woman was out doing them. They tended to go with the argument that it was only because she was Asian that she was more computer-literate, which was ridiculous. It was because her coworkers were *idiots* of the highest order.

“Coffee, coffee, coffee,” she murmured to herself as she walked to the office kitchen. It was her coffee song, one of her own lyrical design. “Give me coffee, give me coffee, give me coffee or I'll fucking cut your spleen out.”

It was not a happy song, but it certainly conveyed the accurate sensation of being a caffeine addict without one's fix.

“And I just had the best time! Seriously, we went to Paris, and had the most amazing dinner. You should have seen the dress I wore at the restaurant; it was the sauciest red number. He could barely look me in the eyes the whole time.”

Nicole's eyes narrowed and her grip on her empty coffee mug tightened. She knew that voice. It was Lena; the most popular woman at the office and a total thorn in her side. Sure enough, as she rounded the corner, there she was, blonde and buxom and beautiful, her pencil skirt just a little too tight and short for regulations, and her top button undone despite the dress code. She always had a shining little crystal pendant pointing straight to her cleavage, too. And yet . . . she got away with it, all because their manager Howard was wrapped around her little finger. Besides, who was going to complain that the extraverted beauty was showing more skin? Not the men, that was for sure.

“So what happened next?” her friend asked, a woman named Gabbie.

“Oh, he proposed, of course!”

“He didn't!”

“Of course he did. You would have done the same if you'd seen me. But I turned him down, naturally. I wanted a lover for my European holiday, not a husband. And besides, there are prospects here.”

Nicole shuddered. God, she knew who Lena was talking about; it had to be Miles, the very attractive and total bucket-brained guy from Human Resources. Bad enough to work in the public service. Even worse to process social security payments and all the arguments and scams and angry inquiries that involved. But to have to deal with a will-they-won't-they relationship in the office? It made Nicole want to gag.

She walked past Lena, trying to avoid the woman and her endless privileged commentary, and opened the drawer to grab some coffee. She served it up the way she always liked it; black and powerful and more bitter than the blackest pit. When she sipped it, she sighed happily, enjoying the darkness of it all.

“Hey, Demon Queen! Do you mind shoving over and letting some others get their morning brown?”

Nicole’s mind had been marinating in a strange image. She had been imagining herself on a throne, and a blonde-haired hero was at her mercy. But when her eyes snapped open there was only Lena, her arms folded beneath her frankly fantastic bosom (a sight of no little envy to Nicole, who had a far more average-sized bust).

“The name’s Nicole, Lena. You know that.”

“And yet, you act like a total Demon Queen. I know it was you who sent a virus to my work computer, by the way. I will prove it.”

“I did no such thing.”

“Sure, Demon Queen. You know, I was very happy to get back to the office after my little overseas trip, but seeing you reminds me of what I didn’t miss.”

At this, Nicole simply stuck out her tongue. “Well, I’d miss other things if I were you. Like the cleverly placed tac you should be worried about.”

The woman’s blue eyes widened. “You wouldn’t. Even for you, that’s a fireable offence. HR would toss you out the door.”

“Well, maybe I’m just lying,” Nicole said. “Or maybe not. By the way, he didn’t really want to marry you. Guys just love proposing on the Eiffel Tower so they can get inside your pants.”

“I don’t believe a word of that.”

“I know, right? How stupid. Your lover should have known that you pull down your panties for every hobo on the street.”

Nicole smirked, raised her cup of coffee, and walked back to her desk. Lena made a haughty sound.

“Such a freak,” she hissed just loud enough for Nicole to hear. “No wonder no one likes her. A total outcast!”

Nicole frowned at this. She was an outcast. One could tell it even from a distance; she favoured too-dark clothing and her hair was always messier than it should have been. Her sarcasm was biting, and she couldn’t help but try to mess up Lena’s life even if it meant going to great effort. She hated the woman, and she wasn’t even sure why, just that she did. It had been a rivalry that had gone on for several years now, ever since the two had joined the workplace in the same week alongside that pretty boy Miles.

Perhaps it had been because of him. God knows that he was a looker, with his gorgeous olive skin and powerful muscles and that golden retriever beaming smile of his. Sometimes, she just wished she could corrupt him and make the man as cynical as her, and then whisk him away back to her apartment lair so that she could have her way with him.

“Shit,” she said under her breath. She was getting the warm tinglies just thinking about Miles, and it was distracting her from her twin obsessions: finishing her work schedule and doing all she could to antagonise picture-perfect Lena.

“Oh, watch out everyone, the Demon Queen is active again.”

It was Darrel again. Fucking Darrel. She glared at him.

“What? I just heard about a certain confrontation in the kitchen.”

“Was that confrontation any of your business? Didn’t think so.”

Darrel smirked and got back to his own slow-paced work. Nicole, meanwhile, worked her way through the various claims, forms, parental leave appeals, social security checks in need of clearance, the works. She had once been a ‘face-time’ member, an employee who actually called or talked to people inquiring face-to-face. But given her serious, often sarcastic manner, Howard had quickly decided that was a bad idea. Far better to have *Lena* on the front, right? Friendly, sexy Lena with the winning smile.

“The hero of her own damn story,” Nicole murmured.

At those very words, there was a sudden flash. A series of strange images reeled through Nicole’s mind, ones that were totally alien to her, and yet seemed strangely familiar, like some kind of warped *deja vu* effect.

A blonde-haired hero, fit and attractive and corny as all hell.

A beautiful olive-skinned woman, with dark brunette hair and a lithe figure.

A throne room, a lair of darkness.

A spell that led to a land of pure despair.

Nicole opened her eyes to the faces of numerous coworkers fussing over her. She was lying on her back, staring up at the horrid, dehumanising glare of the fluorescent lights above. Goddamn it, she was *still* in the Department of Social Security. Truly, an office land of pure despair indeed.

“I think she’s waking up. Everyone give her space.”

“It’s okay, I’ve got her.”

“You don’t need to hold her, Miles.”

“I caught her like this! The poor thing fell!”

Wait, they were all standing up. And the ground was far too uneven to be a floor. Nicole blinked her eyes, and realised that she wasn’t lying on the ground, she was *lying in someone’s arms*. She tilted her head up, and came face-to-face with the most handsome set of features in the office, perhaps the world, as far as she was concerned.

Miles. Damn it, she hated how he made her feel. All her life, Nicole had put an armour of steel around herself. A figurative armour, obviously, but she had an almost demonic image in her head of how she would have liked it to look. It was her way of protecting herself from the infuriating extraverts and office gossips and unsolicited advisors and judgemental bigots and assholes from all walks of life. Miles should have fit that bill exactly; he was so well-meaning that he was almost stupid, and could reliably be called a 'himbo,' as Lena sometimes put it when describing him. He was beautiful and beaming and giddy and charming, all things Nicole viewed as fake and loathsome.

And yet, her heart was currently beating a thousand times a minute.

"Are you okay, Nicole?" Miles said as he held her, his kind dark eyes staring intently into her own. "I was so worried about you."

Make that a million times a minute.

"I'm - I'm, uh, f-fine. Um, what happened?"

"You totally collapsed out of nowhere," Darrel said, ruining the moment. Fucking Darrel. "One moment you were just typing away a mile-a-minute, hyper-nerd style, and then the next you were just falling straight over."

"I had a - a vision."

"Like a dream?" Miles asked. "I have all kinds of dreams when I zone out. Once I was a princess. It was super weird."

"I - yes, a princess. I was a demon lord in it . . ."

He grinned. It was a very handsome grin. "Nice! That sounds totally, like, badass. I could see you as a badass demon."

She blushed. "Um, you can put me down now. You know, or I might have to call HR."

"But Nicole, I work in HR!"

She frowned. "Yes, Miles. That's the joke."

"Oh, yeah, obviously! Good one!"

He put her down with a chuckle. Nicole had never felt so mortified in her life. Fainting in the office? Was she working herself too hard? But what was that strange vision? It had felt like a vision, too, not a dream at all. It was far too real, and it almost seemed like-

"Forget it, people, she's faking it."

Nicole turned her head to see her archenemy Lena entering the scene. People moved aside for her; they knew who the queen of the office was. She strode forth like a valiant knight in shining armour, sword at the ready, Callarium crystal in her hand.

Wait, where did that thought come from? She was in a grey pencil skirt and white blouse, and had a pen in her hand, not a sword. And the only crystal was the one in a pendant sitting in her lovely cleavage.

"I don't think she's faking it, Lena," Miles said. "She looked really pale! And her eyes were weird."

"Everything about her is weird! She puts fish in the microwave just to tick people off! She installs software on our computers when we're not looking!"

"That was kimchi, not fish, and I'm entitled to eat food from my culture. Also, that program was a helper tool since you were too bubble-headed to know how to round your numbers! Howard always calls me in to fix *your* reports, but for some reason - or dare I say, *two* reasons - you still have this job."

Lena rolled her eyes. "Whatever. It's easy to explain away with nerdy excuses."

"What are we, in high school?"

"A fainting episode? To avoid work? I'd say so. Seriously, what's next, one of your little figurines cast a spell on you?"

At this, a few assholes (like fucking Darrel) tittered. Nicole had an obsession with painting little 3D miniatures for fantasy games, not that she'd ever been successful in finding a group on account of her own damn introversion. She blushed, losing her confidence as all eyes went to the many miniatures on her desk, from the heroic shining knight to the beautiful helpless princess to the powerful demon lord. They were all more familiar now, as if right on the tip of her brain's tongue.

"Look, everyone just clear off," she said. "I'm going to go sign out."

"I can drive you home," Miles said. "I don't want you to faint on the road!"

"I, um, thanks, Miles," she said, noticing Lena's jealous expression. "But I'll just take a taxi. That'll be fine."

He gave her a concerned look. "So long as you're okay! I'll save you the muffins from the work lunch. Peanut are your favourite, right?"

"Miles, I'm allergic to peanut. You can't even bring them into the workplace, legally speaking."

"Oh, shoot! Everyone, out of the way! I need to get something out of the communal fridge, stat!"

He ran off like a dog off his leash, and Lena followed like the owner of said dog, trying to recapture what she had lost. Nicole had to smirk at this; him the dashing knight, and her the -

"No. Wait. It was the other way, wasn't it?"

"You talking to someone, Nicole?"

She ignored Steven, who promptly got back to work, and concentrated on the strange connections forming in her mind. She turned away from her embarrassed thoughts towards Miles, her shyness when it came to his presence, at her concealed jealousy over

Lena's form and social grace compared to her own lack of such. Instead, she let the bizarre sense of *deja vu* wash over her.

"What am I not seeing?" the woman whispered. She placed her head down on her desk, her short bob of black hair blocking either side of her vision. "Show me. Show *me*."

Another flash, and this one so much more lucid.

The sensation of curled horns atop one's head. Clawed hands. Dark magic thrumming through one's soul. A powerful build - a *male* build.

It all crashed down upon Nicole all at once. The roles that were reversed and changed and warped. The hurtling through the Veil, the crashing into a new reality.

The knowledge that she had been a Demon Lord.

Nicole nearly threw up. She stood quickly, so much so that she almost fainted all over again. Darrel looked up. "Woah there, Nelly. Someone's got a case of the sickies!"

Fucking Darrel. She ignored him, clutching her mouth and running to the women's bathroom as quickly as possible. She nearly went to the men's for reasons she was only just understanding - she had done it before, just weeks ago. She only just made it to the toilet before upending the contents of her stomach into the bowl.

"Oh Gods," she said, before halting herself. "God. Singular. Not plural."

But there were *Gods*. She had tangled with them, even siphoned their power for her darkest spells. The connections were forming in her brain and there was no stopping them now. An entire other life spilled out before her, one of evil and sacrifice, of a fall from grace into the abyss of villainy. Of a lot of twisted, overwrought monologues and cackling, not to mention outfits in red and black and darkened silver, just to really make it obvious that she was a servant of the deepest pits of the seven hells.

"Seven?" she whispered.

She stood up and wiped her mouth. She was not Nicole, she was Nikolai. No, she was Nicole. She was Nicole and she was Nikolai.

"Oh God and Gods," she said, clutching her head as she stood before the sink. "What's happening to me?"

But she already knew the answer. She was not from this place. She was a Demon Lord, a dark sorcerer who sacrificed everything for power, and then was outsmarted at the last second by Sir Lannis, come to rescue his fair, vapid-brained maiden Princess Merwain.

"I changed," Nicole whispered. "I changed into a . . . a woman."

It was the most alien feeling, like she was not one person but two. She could remember a whole life as Nicole, but then a whole other, even longer one, as Nikolai. She could remember being a young girl playing doctor with her parents, but also as a young man fleeing from the pillaging orc bands from the Scorching Coast.

Had she been reincarnated? Or was she simply plopped into this world just a few years ago when these little demonic 'hints' had started, the world rewriting itself around her? Perhaps she would never know.

"I'm a woman," she uttered, staring at her reflection in the mirror. "A human woman. Gah! To think I stood for this! That I saw it as normal!"

She cupped her breasts. They were nicely sized, not ample but of average heft. They were both normal and alien to her. She was not ugly, quite pretty in fact, but just looking at her reflection it was obvious that she hunched herself over and made herself small, that she frowned and creased her brow and appeared like a nerdy outcast, especially with her glasses and overly-prim suit. She looked like a very formal Korean-American businesswoman, as opposed to the would-be conqueror of the cosmos.

It was like seeing herself for the first time.

"How utterly emasculating," Nicole muttered. "To be reduced to a mere female! I must find a way to rectify this. Perhaps once I slay the hero and steal his pendant and-"

There was no flash this time, simply epiphany. Nicole had instantly thought of Miles as Lannis, but that didn't make sense. He had the bright-eyed vacant-minded beauty of Merwain, albeit rendered male. But the kind of person who had the boldness and star power of a knight, not to mention a magical stone capable of overcoming a Demon Lord's arcane prowess, was none other than . . .

"Lena," Nicole said, the word spat with more venom than it ever had.

The knight turned queen bee. The Sir who had sprouted plump breasts and gorgeous hips and beauty beyond compare. Who continually fought a reincarnated rivalry with Nicole even if she didn't know it. Whose actions had caused Nicole to become a woman! *A woman!*

"Lena," she repeated, beginning to smile. "I did not expect it to come in this form, but our final battle is long overdue."

Nicole had to reassess her entire life in the context of this new information. She briefly considered that she might be crazy, or that perhaps *this* reality was a hallucination. The body she'd had for her entire life now seemed so . . . weak. Gone were her well-defined muscles and impressive height, not to mention her endurance and her connection to the darkest of magic. And while it wasn't technically all that important to her foreboding presence, the complete lack of chest and arm hair, not to mention her evil goatee, was a sad disappointment. Yes, she'd been a woman her entire new life (as far as she could tell), but the experiences continued to clash.

“I cannot simply confront my great foe like this,” she mused, staring at her reflection in her apartment bedroom. “No, I must enhance myself, as I once did when I made the great sacrifice of blood to achieve my former power. I must become a vision of terror and evil.”

But how to do that while being a five-foot-six Korean lady with a short bob and a need to wear glasses?

She considered the history of female demons in her original world of Embathar, as well as the various corrupt queens, cruel noblewomen, and famed villainesses that she had studied. Many of them had certain features in common, features she could use.

“Very well,” she said, moving to her dresser. “A new look to command dread and terror.”

She readied the various makeup *implements*, as she liked to think of them now, and prepared to craft a new face of terror. Except . . . Nicole hesitated. She was going to make herself really stand out now, and that was anathema to her new self. She’d always preferred to stay on the sidelines, be seen as little as possible and get her work done, perhaps sarcastically snark about some of the idiots she worked with or bite back at one of Lena’s comments, but never be the *centre* of attention. She’d just about died when Miles had held her earlier in the day.

“What is wrong with me?” she snapped. “I’m not some meek thing! And Miles is Merwain. He should be *mine*, serving as *my* consort. Er, my queen. Whatever.”

Again, that mix of memories and experiences was making it hard to know what she wanted. The former male demon lord gritted her teeth and considered her stores of makeup before her.

“M-maybe I’ll try something a bit scaled back. New, but not too far. Office-appropriate.”

Her Nicole-feelings didn’t want to be *too* dramatic, after all. Her Nikolai self conceded this; so long as she could pretend to be acting the role of the snake-like spy, deliberately concealing her true nature for now, then perhaps it was alright to be a *little* shy.

She began her work. Tomorrow would be the day.

It was the usual morning meeting, and Howard’s voice droned from the front, a monotonous whine about the expectations and latest reforms from the government that were only going to make the job harder, yada yada yada, blah blah blah. Nicole entered, trying to look confident, keeping her head high and regal despite her own beating heart. If only her new self wasn’t such a . . . a nerd! Then perhaps this would be easier. Still, she had her warpaint on, and people were starting to notice.

“Woah, Nicole,” Darrel whispered. “Looking good.”

“I know it, Darrel,” she said, keeping her eyes straight ahead. Fucking Darrel, of course he was the first to comment.

Steven looked her way, then did a double-take. Even better, *Miles*’ jaw dropped, and despite the fact that Howard was talking about new ethical code-of-conduct changes relating to employee relations in the workplace, he gave her a big thumbs up.

‘*You look amazing,*’ he mouthed, and it made her blush deeply and smile despite herself. Damn former Princess, he didn’t even know his own true nature, and *still* she was lusting after him just as she had as Nikolai after Merwain! Nicole had to regather her thoughts and focus on her own superiority and beauty, especially in her updated self.

Unfortunately, as she well knew, wearing armour and spiked black shoulder pads and demonic rune facepaint would be a violation of the dress code. Instead, she updated her imperious demeanour to fit her second life. Dark eyeshadow highlighted her magnetic eyes, and she had worked upon her eyebrows to make them more regal and arched. A glossy dark red lipstick adorned her lips, reminding her of the taste of blood, and she had finally done her hair professionally, allowing for two hanging bangs at the front while the rest swept back. She’d pierced her nose on the left side, and placed a piercing on her eyebrow as well. Ritualistic flesh carving like the necromancers of Thanar, naturally. It wasn’t just that it made her look great; that just happened to be a side effect. Of course. As for her clothing? She’d adopted a more stylish set of wears. Rather than the baggy women’s business suit that hid her frail mortal body, she now wore a slick, well-tailored piece she’d been too nervous to wear for years. Its cuffs were slightly too short, but that worked for her now, given the woman a rebellious edge. Coupled with an application of various lotions and facial wipes, and her skin was looking remarkable.

Nicole had never thought she could look so beautiful and daring.

Nikolai had never thought he could look like this at all.

But here she was, and others were noticing her. Even Howard stumbled on his words. Her eyebrow piercing was a violation of one of the policies he was just talking about, and this would be a test of her mettle; was she still worthy of demonic power?

“An example of what I’m talking about is actually right before us,” Howard said, never one to avoid a bit of public humiliation. “Nicole, would you mind stepping forward?”

Nicole strode ahead, summoning the confidence of her previous self, though her heart was still beating very, very fast, especially with Miles looking on in concern.

“Now, I know you had a bit of an episode yesterday, Nicole, so I’m going to be forgiving. But is there anything you notice that violates our dress code regulations?”

At this, Nicole did something she'd never truly dared to do. Her gaze wandered over to Lena, who today was wearing a very cute work dress with a dark blue colouring, albeit with a neckline that plunged unreasonably low and a hem that was far too short.

"Of course, sir," Nicole responded, narrowing her eyes. Lena's own expression was one of confusion. She clearly was shocked by Nicole's sexy new appearance.

"Well, would you be so kind as to elaborate?" the bald-headed moron of a boss said.

"Lena," she replied.

"Yes, that's ri - wait, I'm sorry?"

Nicole pointed. God, she was nervous as hell being in front of everyone, but her hatred for that strikingly attractive woman grew to overcome any hesitation. "Lena's neckline is far too low, dare I say scandalously so. And the hem of her dress is practically five inches above the set length; it's not even close to her knees! And that's not even getting into the bare arms, the pumped heels, or the overindulgence of jewellery. The maximum is three pieces, yes? I count six. More, if those bracelets are separated."

Lena's jaw dropped. Miles was just as surprised, but seemed to be covering a fit of laughter.

Howard hesitated. "I - um, yes, that's correct--"

"Thank you for bringing this to our attention, Howard," Nicole continued. "I imagine Lena shall be *the hero* and return to proper attire. Nice and *shining, armouring* her body a little more. Hmm?"

She strode off while her boss continued to stutter, and her confidence grew. Miles broke into an outrageous laughter immediately.

"Sorry!" he said. "So sorry! I, um, just thought of something funny! Gotta go!"

But it was Lena who had the most curious reaction. Nicole caught it only briefly as she walked back to her office space. The woman was swaying a little on her legs, her eyes rolling into the back of her head. She returned to normal almost immediately.

But to Nicole's eyes, it had looked like a *flash*.

The rest of the workday was far less exciting and far more uneventful. Nicole continued dealing with several new work benefit claims and processing the release of funds for the new disability scheme. Part of her wanted to withhold *all* claims and let the common folk suffer, but to her former self's great annoyance, that was much too far for her modern Nicole-self. Still, she took great relish in denying claims that came from obviously spurious accounts and clear attempted scams. That, at least, gave her a sense of true power.

True power also came from her new look. Her 'war paint' was working. When she glared at Darrel, he simply looked away, for once intimidated by a woman who was practically a whole foot shorter than him and decades his junior. The snug fit of her business suit made her actually *proud* of her womanly body. Yes, part of her missed her enormous male bulk, but she had a whole reincarnated life as a woman, and this was the first time *that* woman had ever felt sexy and in control.

Miles certainly felt so. He stopped by to say hello.

"Don't worry, HR won't be taking any action! I've seen to that. I mean, I don't think it was very nice to go after Lena like that, but she was violating the rules too, I think. Honestly, it would be much better if we slackened off expectations; I really hate going after people for such small things, and besides, you look so good, Nicole!"

Damn it, he really was her weakness, just as Merwain's beauty had been. She pushed some of her stray strands of hair behind her left ear and looked away.

"Th-thanks, Miles. You look good too. I mean, you always look good. You know what I mean."

"Aw, that's really nice of you to say, Nicole! I promise I'll die defending your right for the eyebrow piercing. At the risk of having to investigate myself, it looks *hot*."

Another blush, another swelling of her pride. She really wanted to make this man her dark consort. To do things to him in the bedroom. Perhaps she needed to find a leather whip like her female furies used to carry as guards . . .

"Well, it's a new me, Miles," she said, grinning. "And you better watch out. Hot likes hot, right?"

At this, his eyebrows raised, and a smile followed shortly after.

"I better go before I get in trouble. We should totally, like, talk about this more."

"Lunch?" she said.

"Definitely!"

It was the best part of her day, especially when she saw Lena looking from afar and frowning. When lunch rolled around she was giddy to be in Miles' presence, and had to summon her 'warface' again. She played it cool at first, but Miles was one of those golden retriever himbo types who just found *everything* fascinating, and soon she found herself explaining the mechanics of table-top gaming and miniature painting and code programming, all while he listened and nodded.

"You - you didn't follow most of that, did you?" she asked.

"Nope!" he said, laughing. "But it's fascinating! You really know your stuff, Nicole! I'd love to hear you explain it outside of work sometime."

"I thought you and Lena were an item?"

He bit his lip. "We were. I mean, maybe we still are. I'm not too sure what's going on there. But I'd like to get to know you more, that's for certain."

It made Nicole joyous. This was her path to victory. She would claim Miles, and Lena could go suck an egg. The popular woman of the office would be dethroned. And perhaps with HR on her side, the former hero could face the *ultimate* punishment. A fate worse than the darkest of deaths.

A meeting with HR.

Without meaning to, Nicole had stayed late again. It was nearly an hour after clock-off time, and she cursed her own computer wizardry. It was, she supposed, a *kind* of dark magic. She already had a virus for Lena's computer ready to go.

And then suddenly, when she turned to leave, the blonde beauty was right there. Something had changed in her expression, though her good looks remained enough to momentarily startle Nicole. She had a fierceness to her, a sort of righteous fury. And, oddly enough, her buttons were actually all done up, hiding away her cleavage. Nicole didn't get the sense that this was a result of HR's interference, however. In fact, something about Lena seemed uncomfortable in her body. She soon discovered why.

"Demon Queen," she uttered, spitting out the words.

"Lena," Nicole replied. "I never expected to see you work late. I would have thought you'd be taking Miles out to a club by now."

"Not while you've got your talons into him."

"So, what is this, then?"

Lena looked away for a moment, then turned her head back. Her blonde hair shook on her head like a magnificent lion's mane, its colour emphasised by the fluorescent lighting above. Gods, she really was beautiful. Nicole felt like she was having an awakening yet again, just looking at her. Was her Nikolai past now influencing her sexuality, opening it up so that she 'batted for both teams'? The very thought made her shiver.

"You said something to me earlier today," Lena said. "About a hero. About wearing armour. I - I had a sort of flash. What did you do to me? Was it some kind of virus? Did you put something on my computer?"

Nicole reached back and grabbed her pen. A worthy weapon - was it not mightier than the sword, as this world often said?

"Nothing so much, hero knight," Nicole said, smirking. She looked up at the figure who was once, in another life, shorter than her. "Just a few words to awaken our rivalry,

which is older than you suspect it to be. Think of it less like a virus and more the results of, let's say, a *spell*."

At this, Lena's body began to tremble. The beautiful blonde gasped, falling backwards and clutching Steven's desk for support. Her eyes fluttered into the back of her head, leaving Nicole to grin almost maniacally, sampling her efforts right before her very eyes.

"Oh God," Lena said, clutching her head. "Oh - oh *Gods!* So many memories. I'm seeing things. What - what did you do to me?"

"It was your Callarium stone that did this, aided by the wizard Kamus!"

"K-Kamus? H-how do I know that name?"

Nicole cackled just like her old self. "You *know* how you know, Lena. This was not your first name. You had another, on a distant world so different from this one. That was where our rivalry first began, where we intended our final battle to be. Where our roles were otherwise very different, and our forms very much male. You know who you are, as surely as I know I am not truly Nicole. Say it, Lena. Say your true name."

Lena rose, still shaking, looking over her body as if seeing it for the very first time. Finally, she locked eyes with Nicole, bright blue eyes that were awash with terror, shock, and daunting rage.

"*Lannis*," she said, a whisper that seemed to echo around the room. "I am Sir Lannis. And *you*, foul villain, are the Demon Lord Nikolai."

At this, Nicole rose up a little on her toes, just to look the other woman straight in the eye. "At last, you remember, fair beauty."

"Oh Gods," Lena said again. She cupped her breasts, then lowered her hands down to between her thighs and then around to her butt. Just like Nicole had experienced, her mind was clearly grappling with the weight of two worlds' worth of memories, and the emasculating experience of realising she had not only turned into a woman, but a very beautiful and certainly quite busty one.

"You fucking monster! You gave me tits! Big ones! I've had sex with *men!* I enjoyed it!"

"And I bet you still enjoy it."

"I - never!"

"Think of Miles, right now."

Lena bit her lip. "This is humiliating."

"That makes both of us. And you know who Miles is?"

"I - no!"

“Indeed,” Nicole continued, walking around Lena as if she truly was her old evil self. “That’s Merwain. Still deeply comely, albeit in a manly way now. Those muscles, that square jawline. That hairy chest and perfect olive skin. That deep voice.”

Both women trembled a little, and Nicole had to stop talking for a moment. Yes, she was definitely into both sexes now; she hadn’t lost any lust for Miles.

“Well, anyway! What a beauty you turned out to be in this new world! How fitting for the former manly hero!”

At this, Lena let loose a haughty laugh. “Oh, and you turned out to be such a terror too! A short little Korean lady!”

“Hey, I was always Asian. We just, er, didn’t call it Asia in Embathar.”

“Still, look at you, *Nikolai*,” Lena said, poking the other woman in her left boob. “So small. So meek! Your magical arts have become technological on Earth, but you hardly have a Dread Citadel of Doom now, do you? Just a little office space where you drink your bitter coffee and think your bitter thoughts.”

“At least I’m not having sex with men!”

“Oh come now, you’ve definitely done it once!”

“F-fine! But I’m not fucking every evening!”

“I am hardly such a slut! And besides, at least I’m still popular and loved, while you are hated - only you aren’t feared, are you.”

At this, Nicole couldn’t help herself. “Miles asked me out on a date!”

“What!? You’re lying!”

“It’s true! Just like I had Merwain, soon I shall have your Miles. And then my dark plan will come to fruition.”

At this, Lena folded her arms beneath her breasts. She looked down and blushed, as if just remembering that they were there. Even Nicole could sympathise - having always been female yet never having been female simultaneously was a real trip.

“And what dark plan would that be exactly?” Lena said with a smirk.

Nicole raised a finger, as if about to cast a spell, and then faltered. What exactly was her evil plan? It was much easier when one had henchmen and a dark castle of dread, not to mention blood magic that could help conquer entire nations. But she was just a woman in the public service helping deal with welfare checks. What evil plan could she possibly conjure?

“It’s . . . it’s a plan. An evil plan. One so dark that not even, um, HR could imagine its dark depths! And it will begin with your downfall, Lena. I’m going to destroy you.”

At this, the old heroic knight in Lena returned, and she grabbed a ruler from Steven’s desk, holding it out like it was her famed silver sword. She adopted a posture for duelling, and shook her head to get her hair out of her eyes. It also caused a magnificent shaking of

her bosom and popped her two top buttons of her dress again, which distracted Nicole something fierce. How embarrassing, to be deeply attracted to one's greatest foe.

"Well then," Nicole said, clicking her pen so that it had the extra sharp ball point ready to plunge into the other woman. "It seems our final battle can occur right now. Are you prepared to face your doom, foolish hero?"

"Ha! It shall be your doom, foul creature. You may have been turned into a woman of great beauty, but I know the darkness of your heart!"

Nicole hesitated. "You - you think I'm beautiful?"

"Well, I mean . . . of course not! It's just that your makeup looks very good. It works for you. You've finally found a style that suits you and, I won't lie, you look damn pretty girl. Er . . . for a snake, that is!"

She resumed her posture, and so did Nicole, though part of her female self was leaping with joy. To be complimented on her looks, and from her foe, was a big thing indeed!

"En guard!" she shouted, lunging forth.

"To the death!" Lena cried, leaping forwards also.

Pen and ruler crossed against one another, and the two women struggled to overcome the other.

"Um, am I interrupting something?" came a familiar, and rather handsome voice.

The two women - valiant hero and dark demon - both screamed like little girls and toppled over immediately in a tangled mess. Nicole was rather shocked to find a magnificent pair of pale breasts right up in her face, on either side of her nose.

"M-Miles!" Lena shouted, getting up quickly. She had a hand on Nicole's thigh and had to pull it away quickly, cheeks rosy red. "What - what are you doing here?"

The handsome himbo gave a sheepish grin. "Um, we had a date, didn't we?"

Lena paused. "Oh. Um. We did. Yes, we did."

"Wait!" Nicole said, jumping up to her feet. "We had a date! Remember?"

"Yeah, we're all going out together. Did - did I not make that clear? Oh, I swear I'd forget my own head sometime. I thought we could all go out together and have a good time, and bury the hatchet. You know, so you aren't, like, always fighting. Or sword fighting?"

He seemed to briefly tremble, as if remembering something. Nicole was curious; was his memory returning also?

But then he rubbed his temple. "Sorry, zoned out there for a moment. Do you two lovely girls wanna go out for drinks or what?"

Miles was his usual self: chipper, self-assured, just a little empty-headed, and attractive as all hell. The three of them ate together in a rather tense standoff, both Nicole and Lena eyeing one another, prepared to annihilate their respective foe. Miles, meanwhile, seemed utterly ignorant as to all of this.

“Mmm-hm! That was delicious! I just love sushi. Don’t you just love sushi, Nicole?”

“Love it,” she said flatly, looking at Lena.

“I also love sushi,” Lena said in a monotone, not even turning Miles’ way.

“Well, uh, are we warming up a bit here? I know it’s not the club, but I figured we could talk out all our differences. You know, figure out what’s wrong between us.”

Nicole folded her palms and rested her face upon them. It was a more intimidating pose when she wasn’t a short cutie.

“I’m a secret Demon Lord from another world, destined to defeat my enemy.”

“And I,” Lena said. “Am meant to be a dashing, manly hero, here to rescue you, Miles, from the clutches of this foul creature.”

Miles looked left, then right. “Um, okay? Is this us doing roleplay therapy? Oh, Nicole, is this one of your games?”

“They’re not game! They were clearly representations of my past life . . . and besides, tabletop has a strong narrative element to it. It’s no mere ‘game.’”

“Just like my fencing is no mere sport,” Lena replied.

Nicole’s eyebrows raised. “You do fencing?”

“Of course,” the woman responded. “It turns out it was a rather knightly calling. Besides, I show a great deal of finesse at it. I’m the best there is.”

“She is!” Miles stammered, struggling to keep up. “Perhaps you could both fence? Have you tried, Nicole? Trust me, Lena is a dream to watch.”

“I’ll bet she is.” Though, she really did believe that. She could almost see it in her mind’s eye. “But I’m more of a wizard. A technical wizard, I mean. My magic has carried over into that department.”

“See! You both have common ground! You both have passionate hobbies and skills. You’re really quite alike.”

Lena leaned forward. “Oh, then who is the most attractive?”

Miles spluttered as he tried to sip his drink. “Um, what?”

“Yes, who is the best looking, Miles?” Nicole said, seizing his hand. “If you had to choose between us, who would you take?”

“Uh . . .”

“Would you take me as your heroic girlfriend?” Lena said, puffing up her considerable chest as if she really was still a stalwart knight.

“Or would you come be my dark consort?” Nicole replied, leaning in closer, making her voice sultry. “Which would you take to be your destiny?”

A bead of sweat went down the side of Mile’s temple.

“Look, you’re both very attractive, and I won’t lie, I like the both of you! In, like, *that* way, I mean! But I didn’t invite you both out to dinner for that reason - you know I’d never think of you both like that! I wouldn’t - um, I’m making a fool of myself right now, aren’t I?”

The two women laughed. Hell, they both cackled. It was a strange, if brief, camaraderie that formed between them, before they both realised what they were doing and cut the laughter off.

“Ahem,” Lena said. “Perhaps we should all withdraw for the night. Miles, you’re welcome to join me, or perhaps I could come to your . . . palace?”

Nicole instantly clocked onto what she was doing; trying to get Miles to remember a moment from his former life and bring him over to her side. Well, she wasn’t having *that!*

“Or,” she said, clutching his arm. “You could come to my *castle*, and we could get up to all sorts of sinful things together, hmm?”

Miles swallowed. He looked like he was caught between a rock and a hard place, between Scylla and Charybdis.

“How about we do this again tomorrow?” he said, a panicked and sheepish expression on his face.

He immediately moved to leave the restaurant, leaving both Nicole and Lena to continue their glaring match at each other from across the table.

“Tomorrow,” Nicole said. “After work.”

“Agreed. You shall finally, at last, be vanquished. And in such an amusingly feminine form, too.”

“Please, have you seen the size of your hooters? You’re the one who should be most dismayed out of the two of us. Or are you just addicted to dick now?”

“Like you weren’t feeling up Miles’ arm just now.”

Nicole winced. “Fine. I did. And he’ll be mine, after you’re out of the way. Our battle will be at its end, and I’ll be the victorious woman. Not exactly as I imagined it, but a victory nonetheless.”

“Ha! I’ll be doing things to his body you couldn’t dream of. Besides, I’ve got a lot more experience flirting with him and using my feminine wiles, by your own admission.”

Nicole glared. Lena glared.

And then Miles returned, still sheepishly grinning.

“Sorry, ladies! I forgot my wallet. And my keys. And my phone. And I also forgot to pay the bill. I’ll just, uh, grab these and get out of your way.”

“Thanks, Miles!” they both said sweetly together.

And then the glaring match resumed until dessert was delivered, which both forgot they had ordered. It made for a rather anticlimactic ending to the intended cliffhanger.

Who could resist sticky date pudding, after all? Even Nicole had to admit that her nemesis had good taste.

Nicole wore a black suit with a black shirt and a black tie. Her eyeshadow was darker, and her nerdish nervousness, while still present, was beginning to dissipate. She was embracing her old self, even if it was in a womanly manner, by taking on a dark and dangerous visage. She even stared down Howard when he dared to attempt to caution her over the extra eyebrow piercing she'd put in.

And then she got to work. Darrel made a single comment, naturally.

"Loving the punk style, Nikkie. Are you pierced down there?"

She threw a stapler at his head. Fucking Darrel.

"Hey, what the hell!?! Since when did you do stuff like that?"

"Since I decided to conquer the known universe. Now let me process these claims and make my calls, or I'll bring the full wrath of HR upon you."

She worked harder than she ever had. She was right in assuming that her magic had continued over to 'technical magic'; she knew these systems inside and out. It was no wonder that part of her duties was in ICT management. Perhaps that was how she could gain power? Or at least a promotion and payrise. Those seemed more . . . attainable, in this world.

But first there was the confrontation. Each hour of the day passed like . . . well, it passed like a day in the office: interminably. The mindnumbing boredom was present even in Nicole's mind, and soon her work was effectively being done on autopilot, all while her mind went to other places. She thought of Miles, so simple and yet so kind, strangely attractive to her for those very reasons. Yes, she would have her way with him, and prove that she was not just a nerd anymore; she would be his *Queen*.

But then her thoughts stirred elsewhere. The image of Lena was strong in her mind as well, wearing that gorgeous blue dress with the buttons popped out. Her magnificent bust, over double the size of Nicole's own modest chest. It was amusing to think that the valiant Lannis had become such a busty wench worthy of being a tavern maid, and yet . . . she was deeply attractive.

Nicole had to take a deep breath and focus on her work. She eschewed the thoughts that were making her nipples hard and her loins warm, and looked up at the clock.

Just a few more hours, and then she could stay conveniently late.

And then the real battle would begin.

The office was empty. Nicole was pretending to type, but in reality was preparing her implements of destruction. They were placed upon her desk like a series of shortswords and daggers.

A stapler.

A steel ruler.

A particularly heavy tome of claims referral guidelines.

A set of overly-hard stress balls for ranged attacks.

Yes, these would do nicely.

After assessing her equipment, she stood with her back to her desk and waited, ready to face her enemy. She didn't have to wait long, for Lena approached from her own cubicle, walking down the office aisle with her hips swaying. She had a weighted clipboard in one hand and a series of highlighter markers between the fingers of her other hand. In her hair, several sharpened pencils were threaded through her hair. Her top buttons were undone, and she had used scissors to cut a high slit on either side of her pencil skirt to give her far more range of motion. It had the effect of exposing her luscious thighs, and Nicole had to gulp at the sight. The woman truly looked like a warrior, and the gentle bounce of her breasts in her partly-exposed black bra made her quite a sight to witness. The former demon lord had to catch herself and stand tall - well, average height, really - and give an imperious look.

"So, you decided not to flee," Nicole said.

"Whether I'm a woman or a man, I never flee from a fight. Especially when it comes to saving Merwain, or Miles, or whatever changes lie in wait for my love."

"Love? Such a pathetic construct! Lust is all that matters, Lena. And besides, you've been stringing him along forever."

"Oh, and you're not head-over-heels for him? I saw the way you looked at him last night. That was hardly the look of a demon lord! You've become a nerdy little girl in love with the handsome hunk of the office."

Nicole bit her lip. Damn it, she could well be right. What a weakness!

"Well, if we've had enough of insulting one another, perhaps we should get down to brutally taking out the opposition, hmm?"

Lena readied herself. "I thought you'd never ask. No villainous monologue this time?"

"I'll save it for your funeral, bitch."

Lena grinned. "Have at it, then! I'll be riding his cock tonight and loving it!"

Nicole screamed, and immediately grabbed a stress ball and threw it at Lena's head. She ducked and threw two highlighters like darts, and one clipped Nicole on the cheek, leaving a bright pink streak there.

"You uncapped them!?" she said with shock. "And you call me a villain!"

She threw back several permanent markers, ruining Lena's top; she'd put leaky holes in them to cause all the more mess. Lena squealed in girlish shock, leaving an opening for Nicole to lunge ahead with the stapler. But Lena was quicker just as she had been in that previous life; she parried the stapler with her clipboard, then threw forth a stack of paper to disguise her movements on the battlefield.

"Stay still!"

"You stay still!"

Clipboard and ruler clashed. Staples flew around the room. Nicole screamed as Lena kicked her in the shin, and she returned a kick to the groin.

"Ow, fuck!"

"Oh, get over it! Not like you have balls anymore, hero!"

"Yeah, well at least I have tits!"

She punched Nicole in the boob, causing her to gasp and fall backwards. A computer fell over in the clammer, and a number of office supplies scattered. Nicole leapt over the desk and began throwing eraser after eraser. Lena kept trying to get closer, but the erasers continued to hit her near the eyes, causing her to stumble again.

"Goddamn it! Fucking Darrel and his erasers!" the blonde cried. "We barely even use writing anymore! Why does he have them!?"

"Thank you Darrel," Nicole said with a laugh. She reached for another eraser, only to find that she'd grabbed the last one. It was only a fraction of a gap in time, but it gave Lena the opening she needed to jump over the desk and awkwardly land on top of Nicole. The two fell into a wheeled office chair, still punching and kicking and - most of all - scratching one another. It began to roll across the room with their momentum, right into the elevator.

"Ow, fuck you! Where are we going!?"

"Hit four!" Nicole cried. "It's the highest level! Appropriate for our final battle, hero!"

The two paused their fight for just a moment so Lena could hit the button.

"It's not working."

"You need to use your office key."

"Mine fell out of my pocket while you were trying to staple my boobs."

"Shit. Um, use mine."

Lena gave an awkward thanks and put the key in. It didn't turn.

"You've got to jimmy it a bit."

"I am jimmying it! I can't jimmy it any more!"

It was certainly making her boobs jiggle from the motion.

“Oh, got it!” she squealed.

The elevator doors closed, and the two gave off a little “Yes!”

And then they began to punch and kick and scratch one another. Nicole bit Lena’s shoulder, and Lena in turn poked Nicole in the eyes. Or tried to.

“Ha! I wear glasses, bitch!”

“Well then, you should see *this* coming, foul demon!”

Lena actually *slapped* Nicole, then again, then again. It should have hurt more, but it was almost like she was holding back a little. Something about the sting was strangely erotic.

The elevator doors opened. Nicole kicked off against the wall, causing the chair to roll onwards. Lena was on top of her, her breasts practically in Nicole’s face. Clothing was tearing everywhere, and the two were savage by this point, ripping and shredding what was left.

“Foul demon!”

“You’ve already used that one, pathetic hero!”

“Because it’s - ow! - doubly true! Bitch!”

“Stop calling your demon lord your - AGH!”

Lena did the one thing no one should ever do, especially a hero: she grabbed Nicole’s hair. The former demon lord returned the favour, and the two were suddenly pulling and squealing and generally looking like a pair of fools at a catfight.

“Ow ow ow ow ow! Stop it!”

“I’ll stop it when you do!”

“On the count of three. One. Two.”

“THREE!”

They let go, but in the act the chair finally toppled over, causing the two to fall out and crash onto the carpeted floor. Nicole ended up on top of Lena this time, whose remaining buttons pinged off. Her bra snapped at the front, nearly exposing her breasts. Nicole was similarly dishevelled and exposed: her jacket was gone and the front of her shirt was ripped down the middle.

The two stared at one another as Nicole straddled the other woman, both breathing heavily, both staring at one another with something that should have been hate. Should have been.

Nicole moved down, and Lena pulled herself up. They began kissing immediately, their hands running over one another with passion far beyond anything shown in the last five minutes of fighting. Nicole pulled away Lena’s bra, exposing her breasts, and at the same time her archenemy started to unclasp the bra at the back, removing it with ease thanks to

Nicole pulling her shirt over her head. The two women embraced again, moaning and touching one another. Nicole was firm, pressing Lena to the ground. She sucked on her neck, giving the woman several hickies that left the blonde bombshell gasping with delight. She in turn scratched at Nicole's back, raking her fingernails across the skin and tearing at its first layer. It was a new battle of sorts, and something more. The women rolled, Lena now on top, her cantaloupe-sized breasts hanging down pendulously. She grinned as she kissed Nicole again. The former demon lord responded by grasping Lena's breasts and squeezing them, fondling her lovely pink nipples.

"Ohhhhh! Yesssss," Lena said. "Do it, you - you monster! Suck on them!"

"Only if you submit to me, pathetic hero! Submit and put your hand down - ohhh! - down there, yes!"

Belts were undone. Pants and skirts were pulled down. Naked flesh writhed on naked flesh, and the pleasure only rose in response to their continual aggression. Nicole forced her way on top again, pressing her lips on Lena and extracting another kiss. Her tongue invaded the woman's mouth, but Lena forced a counterattack, attacking tongue on tongue, all while launching a flanking move that saw her fingers slip inside Nicole's wet opening. The woman writhed, losing control. She was felled from the ecstasy, but even as she succumbed to this narrow defeat, she achieved a mutually assured destruction by rubbing Lena's throbbing clit. The two women were now on their sides, but as they grappled and fought, they got onto their feet. Nicole seized this initiative, pushing Lena up onto the desk and then motorboating her tits. The woman's blouse was completely torn, leaving Nicole to revel in her victory. Another computer fell to the floor, and a mug full of pens spilled to the ground as they writhed against the desk in their passion. Nicole climbed up, causing yet another monitor to tip over and smash. It didn't matter. Victory was at hand. She was about to defeat her most hated enemy, and she could only hope that Lena would do the same for her as well. They kissed again, tongues dancing together, hands clutching one another's breasts. Lena shifted to suck on Nicole's sensitive nipples, and the former tyrant squealed like the woman in heat she'd become. She fingered Lena further, stimulating the nerves in her passage, and with Lena shifting to return the favour, it finally sent the two over the edge together.

In that very moment, they vanquished one another.

The two foes roared. Perhaps *cried out* would be a better way to put it. Lena positively squealed, in fact, while Nicole's voice went briefly silent before giving way to a stuttering 'Ahhh - ahh - ahh - ahhh!' sound that was a result of her manifesting multiple orgasms. The two women continued to probe one another's most sensitive folds, heightening the delirium yet further, until finally they could take no more and simply collapsed, the pair half naked, clothing dangling around their shoulders and ankles, and a great calamitous mess everywhere denoting their destructive passion.

To Nicole's surprise, Lena shifted a little as they rested up on the desk. Despite being the taller woman, she adjusted herself so that her head was resting in the crook of Nicole's neck, her sumptuous form upon the other woman, as if almost submissive to her.

"Well," she said. "That happened."

"Y-yes," Nicole replied.

"Was that the great final battle you were envisaging?"

Nicole couldn't help herself. She burst into a ridiculous giggle that was very much *not* a demon-like tone. "I don't think any of it was, frankly. I think at some point I threw a stress ball at you?"

"You also tried to staple my tits."

"A stupid move, really. They are a set of fantastic tits."

"Very fantastic. Mhmm . . . especially with you on them. I've not had someone so . . . aggressive before. Or a woman. At least not since I was Sir Lannis."

"I like you as Lena more."

"And I rather prefer Nicole. She's a bad bitch."

Nicole giggled again, and pinched Lena's left nipple, causing the other woman to gasp.

"Uhhhhh . . . like that! Ohh, you're good to the touch. And pretty too."

At this, the former demon lord hesitated. But the question was burning on her lips, and would come out anyway.

"I didn't realise you were attracted to me?"

Lena shifted again so that she was sitting up on the desk, legs dangling off it. They were lovely legs, Nicole considered. She also sat up, so that the two women regarded one another.

"Are you kidding me?" Lena said. "Have you seen yourself?"

"I - yes, of course I have," Nicole said, trying not to blush. "But I was always the nerd of the office. The outcast. The cynic."

"Well, that was because you used to try and conquer cities, as it turned out. But when you came into the office again, after we both got our memories back, you were . . . something else. Your makeup, your wardrobe, the way you moved. It was like you were possessed by something fucking punk rock, y'know? And my Sir Lannis thoughts were going wild in a way I never knew they could. You were sexy. Crazy sexy, in fact."

Nicole wasn't sure how to take this. *Her? Sexy?* She'd never thought of herself as attractive, at least not in that way. Sure, as a Demon Lord she'd had a powerful male presence, the kind of intoxicating manly power that came with the pursuit of domination and control. She'd also been bulky and tall, easily able to defend a woman such as Merwain and claim her as his own. But now she was just short short Korean-American nerd girl with a

snarky personality and shyness when it came to being in the spotlight. And now her archenemy, the goddamned blonde bombshell herself, was calling *her* sexy?

"You're lying to me," she said.

"I'm not! I mean it. Why do you think we just had sex? Fuck, that was hot."

Nicole bit her lip. "It was. By the Gods, this was not how it was meant to go. I was meant to vanquish you!"

Lena raised an eyebrow. "With a stapler? And stress balls?"

It wasn't a terrible point. What had she been thinking? It was like both halves of her two lives had come together in a way that hadn't quite made sense.

"At least I wasn't hurling highlighters!"

The pair chuckled again, and soon they were laughing. Not long after *that*, they were rubbing the tears from their eyes, still mostly naked on the desk they'd fucked on, the two clutching one another, leaning skin against skin as they laughed.

"Gods," Nicole finally said. "I guess I really have changed. Maybe we both have."

Lena frowned. "You mean I'm not the valiant hero anymore?"

"Well, you can be a bit of a popular girl bitch."

"Hey, woman, not girl."

"So you don't deny the other charges?"

Lena shrugged. "I'll wear them. And you aren't exactly bristling with enormous confidence and a desire to rule the world now, are you?"

"I mean . . . I like to try and take over the world in video games?"

Another set of laughter followed, though this one was a little sadder. The pair of women, in a way, were mourning the lives they'd had when everything had been so much simpler, and more clearly defined. Now, this strange world was so much more complex, and it had defined the women in ways they had never imagined. For the first time, Nicole looked down at her olive-toned body, with its petite proportions and smooth, hairless skin and delicate breasts, and felt fully satisfied. This was her again, but she'd gained something from her Nikolai self. A lot more confidence for one, and a bit of her 'badness' back. Certainly there was a possessiveness and sexual confidence too. She wondered if Lena was thinking along similar lines as she examined herself.

"Where do we go from here?" Nicole asked, still slumped against Lena, stroking the smooth white skin of the other woman's leg.

"I don't know. Was this just a one time thing? A hate fuck? Or are we burying the hatchet?"

"Well," Nicole said, continuing to feel her lover's body. "I don't think I really plan on taking over the world anymore. I don't think it suits the new me."

"You would be hidden away in that great suit of armour."

"It's also just not my colour."

"Exactly! And if it's any consolation, I think my knightly days are behind me. It's a bit of a male thing, to be honest."

"That's sexist. Women can be knights . . . or is it dames?"

Lena shrugged, then ran her fingers through her golden-blond hair. "Definitely dames, but I don't feel like one of those. It'll be nice, actually, to just be Lena, popular girl at the office. This is probably us for life, so it's not like I have a choice. I'm not about to go join the military; I'd probably cause a friendly-fire incident with the boys fighting over me."

Nicole snorted. "So conceited."

At this, Lena stroked her back. "Says the woman who built a giant castle with enormous murals of her face inside of it."

"Those were expensive!"

"Yes, and I'm pretty sure my home kingdom's raided treasury paid for it."

"Well, you stopped me."

"Exactly!" the taller woman said proudly, jabbing a thumb at her boob. "I completed my heroic quest! And you completed your villainous one, sort of. You did remove Sir Lannis from the equation. So I'd say we both completed our original missions, and are free to go about our new lives."

"And bury the hatchet," Nicole said, nodding. She placed her hand on Lena's. "Or is there something . . . more, here?"

Lena blushed this time. "Maybe. I don't know. This is new for me. Well, sort of. It's definitely a lot newer for you. And here I thought we were fighting over Miles, that wonderful, dumb, kind-hearted fool of a man."

Both women sighed happily. Dreamily, in fact.

"He was mine first," Lena noted.

"And he was asking me out recently, after *your* little European diversion."

"That was before I knew we were fated lovers."

"Have you even made love to him?"

"Once! He was good. He was very, very good. Mhmm. I never had him as Merwain, though, what a shame. I suppose at least you never-

Lena's eyes suddenly widened, and Nicole realised she was radiating a smug smirk.

"No! What? Really!? I don't believe it! As if!"

"Just the once also! And she was good . . . very, very good."

"But she hated you!"

"We hated each other a moment ago and we fucked. I'd kidnapped her, yes, but I wasn't going to do anything to her until I'd corrupted her. But then she got curious, and I was aroused by the mere sight of her. I thought she was just using her feminine wiles to try and

escape me, but I think she really was into me, and then we had sex, and it was wonderful. And then she got so embarrassed that I just sort of . . .”

“Stuck her in a cage?”

“Look, I regret some of my past actions. They were, perhaps, a bit more villainous than simply putting a porn program on your computer.”

Lena gasped. “I knew it! That was you!”

They shared a glance and then giggled.

“We are so hopeless,” Lena said, her hand covering her laughing mouth. “This enormous rivalry that spans literal lifespans and a reincarnation spell has been seemingly solved, only now it could flare up over a *boy*.”

“It’s ghastly.”

“Monstrous.”

“Fiendish.”

“Demonic.”

Lena paused. “You’re not going to give this one up though, are you?”

Nicole stood up straighter and regarded her coworker-turned-lover. “No. I won’t. I like him. I like him a lot, actually. Call me shallow, but I find his big golden retriever office himbo energy incredibly endearing to my otherwise cynical soul. And besides, I need to retain *some* part of the former me. And Nikolai the Demon Lord had it down bad for corrupting Merwain. I think I’ll enjoy him when I claim him.”

Lena narrowed her eyes. “That’s just the problem, you see, because I aim to rescue him. Think of it as me trying to retain some part of Sir Lannis. I can still do a lot of good helping people with their disability claims and social security safety nets, but it’s not exactly grand heroic adventures, is it? But getting the beautiful princess? Well, beautiful prince now, I suppose. Now *that* can be something I still do.”

Nicole slumped up against the other woman. Gods, she was comfortable, and it took every part of her willpower *not* to cup Lena’s breasts and enjoy their jiggle. Jesus, she was so wonderfully stacked. The warm tingle in her body was already returning, and she could see Lena’s nipples stiffening as well. The blonde’s hand hadn’t stopped caressing Nicole’s back.

“So that’s it, then?” Nicole said. “We got back to trying to vanquish one another like our past lives, only now as two petty, catty women in the workplace?”

“I suppose there’s no other choice,” Lena replied, sighing a little. “Not since we both refuse to give him up, and the damn do-gooder can’t choose between his desires for both of us, what with wanting to please everyone. We’re stuck.”

The two women brought their faces closer, as if commiserating over this fact. Slowly, softly, and possibly even *lovingly*, they kissed again. Several times, in fact. They held one another, their breasts pressed together, and kissed a few more times before finally parting.

“Damn,” Lena said. “It’d be easier if I still hated you, instead of finding you so very, very fucking hot right now.”

But Lena’s earlier words were already stirring in Nicole’s mind, the part about Miles. When Lena kissed her one final intended time, she pushed the other woman back, startling her.

“Wait,” Nicole said. “What if . . . what if there *was* a third way to get what we all want?”

Lena furrowed her brow. “I’m listening.”

“Well, I was thinking that since we’re so different, yet - as we’ve discovered - so very *compatible* - then maybe we could just . . . share him.”

It took a moment for her words to sink into Lena’s head. Her mouth parted, like a goldfish’s, trying to form words, and then, quite slowly, a rather magnificent vulpine grin appeared upon her beautiful features.

“Oh. OH. Oh, yes! That would certainly be worth . . . trying.”

With that, she cupped Nicole’s breast and fondled her, making the former demon lord moan a little from the sensation.

“And it feels appropriately taboo for my former life to relish.”

“And kindly enough a redemption for a hero turned heroine. Ha!”

“But will he go for it?”

As if given a sign by the heavens, a call arrived at the very moment on Nicole’s phone. She held it up, and realised that she’d missed a number of calls, all from Miles. The same was true of Lena, who held up her phone to confirm that very fact.

“It’s Miles!”

“Answer him!”

Nicole did so, and placed him on speaker. Suddenly conspiratorial, Lena clutched Nicole’s naked shoulders and pulled her ear close to listen.

“Um, h-hello Miles! Sorry I missed your calls. I was taking a shower. A really long shower.”

Lena rolled her eyes, and Nicole mouthed a *‘What? I couldn’t think!’*

“Oh, of course! I love taking long showers too, Nicole. It does wonders for my skin and - oh, by the Gods, what am I saying!? Nicole - I have to warn you! I recently received strange memories telling me that I’m someone - a woman - called Merwain! I’ve tried to tell Lena that she is my destined Lannis, but I felt compelled to tell you, given that we had, uh, an incident in a past life. Damn it, I’m explaining this so badly, I swear I’m not drunk! You’re

actually someone else, and I need to make sure you don't become that person again. This isn't making sense, is it?"

Nicole giggled. "It's quite alright, Miles. How about I come and visit you, and I can hear you out. Is that okay? I can even bring Lena. She's been having some memories too. We can hash it all out together."

She winked at Lena, who had to hide a giggle herself.

"That'd be great!" Miles said on the other end of the line with great enthusiasm. *"I can't wait to see you both! I'll warn you, it's gonna be quite crazy in person!"*

Nicole said her goodbye, then turned to Lena with a grin worthy of a true Demon Lord.

"Oh, he has no idea whatsoever, does he?"

Nicole moaned as Miles fucked her from behind. It was a total reversal of the position she'd once shared with the former princess; now *she* was the one being mounted like an animal, crying out in womanly bliss as a very large member slid deep inside of her. Again and again he bucked, and she in turn pressed her head further into the bedcovers, gripping them tightly as she was brought ever closer to a rushing climax.

"L-Lena! Your breasts - I'd missed them!"

Nicole had to chuckle for a moment. Lena and she were still being competitive, of course. Perhaps that would die down after a time, if this little menage a trois turned out to be a longer settlement between the three of them. In the meantime, the big-titted blonde was shoving said pair of ripe tits right into Miles' face, urging him to suck and grope them while he continued to thrust into Nicole's vaginal passage.

"I - I can't believe this! Both of you? Together! I - I never imagined - Ahhh - that this would happen."

"How do you think I f-feel!?" Nicole cried as she turned her head back to look at the pair. "I'm a former d-demon lord, and now I'm getting railed by - ahhh - your big, wonderful cock!"

"I can stop, Nicole?"

"Don't you fucking dare! I want your cum inside me! And I want you to grab Lena's tits and play with them so that she's wet and ready for me to lick her wet pussy!"

Lena moaned. "Sorry Miles, an offer is on hand."

"Not a worry, honey! Go for it! I'll keep - ahhh - thrusting away. By the Gods, Nicole, you're so, like, tight! You're magnificent - this isn't an evil trap, right?"

“Nope! Just a regular - ahh - sexy one! Now keep on fucking me and stop talking, my Prince!”

“Yes, Demon Queen!”

Nicole cooed with pride at the title, and then again when Lena spread her legs before her and pushed her head down onto the other woman’s womanhood. She lapped at Lena’s sensitive folds while Miles fucked her, and this wonderful train of delirious ecstasy rose and rose, all three of them making such sweet music together. Nicole worked with Miles’ rhythm even as she licked Lena’s clit, trying to race ahead of Miles so that she didn’t stumble at the finish line.

Thankfully, she made it just in time.

“Yes! Yes! Yes, Nikki, YESSSS!”

Lena cried out, squirming and locking Nicole’s head with her closed thighs, and with that, Miles made one final thrust. He orgasmed, grunting like a wild animal in heat, and it left Nichole in a place of euphoria she had never known. She shuddered, experiencing orgasm after orgasm as his hot cum flowed into her, stream after stream of his seed. She grinned madly, uncaring that she was still strapped by Lena’s legs. She simply accepted the tangle of flesh that she was caught in, and rode upon a wave of pleasure.

It was minutes later when Miles lay back in bed, arms around both women as they pressed themselves against him and each other. Lena even spared a hand to pinch Nicole’s rump playfully, which made her chuckle.

“Stop it! I need at least another twenty minutes.”

“Oh, so the dark lord can lose some of her magic, huh?”

Nicole sighed. “When she’s very, very comfy, yes.”

She nestled against Miles, touching his magnificent olive skin and playing with his chest hairs. The poor man looked positively shellshocked.

“Is he okay?” Lena asked.

“Oh, he’s just worrying that he died and this is the afterlife of the gods, I bet,” Nicole responded. “Miles, hello! It’s your Demon Queen calling.”

He blinked, his eyes refocusing.

“Sorry! I just thought, you know, maybe I died and went to the afterlife of the Gods?”

The pair of women giggled, both kissing him on the cheek, then kissing one another over his face.

“No dream, darling,” Lena said in a sultry tone. “We just thought we’d all come together and make peace.”

Miles nodded. “Well, some peace! Wow, and here I was still wondering if I could pull off a dress. I guess I’m not much of a princess anymore, but life can’t be so bad in this world if I’ve ended up with two wonderful women in my bed, can it?”

“Not at all,” Nicole replied, waging her fingers along his sternum. “Of course, as our Prince, you’ll need to take care of us both.”

“And let me defend you,” Lena said.

“And let me command you,” Nicole added.

“And generally just be okay with the pair of us together, as well as with you. Does that sound okay?”

Miles smiled, and with a golden retriever-like excitement on his face, he pulled both women back to him with a magnificent hug.

“Does it ever!” he exclaimed.

Nicole couldn’t be happier. She turned to her rival-turned-lover, and gave her another wink.

“Now, that’s what I call a victory!”

The End