

Fitting in at the Ren-Faire : Chapter 4

by Coffee Pilot

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Thank you for waiting another 8 months between chapters. I hope it's worth the wait.

Huge thanks to Paul Gerard for his help proof-reading, editing and for his constant advice and support. This is my first writing with thorough, proper proof-reading and I think it shows.

Thanks to MerkavalV for helping proof-read and commiserating over why good writing takes so long.

Last but not least a grateful THANK-YOU to all the folks who have commented on my previous chapters and posted about my story on the forums. Your feedback is what kept me coming back to write even when I didn't feel like it. If you enjoy this part, please let me know; I still have a 5th chapter to complete the story. Please leave feedback via TOB's story feedback feature, though you're also welcome to leave feedback via the forum, especially if you'd like a reply.

Note: Anything written in this here font shall be pronounced in a faux-Elizabethan accent, by order of the King, savvy?

FITTING IN AT THE REN FAIRE BY COFFEE PILOT

CHAPTER 4 PART 1 – COMPLICATIONS (THIRD SUNDAY)

Sonja awoke worried.

She had not heard of nor seen Maria since they'd danced at the feast yesterday. One moment she'd glanced across the hall and seen her moving to the King's table, the next she was gone, along with the Queen. Afterwards anyone she'd talked to either hadn't seen anything else or wouldn't give her a straight answer. And the Queen wasn't known for disappearing into secluded rooms with beautiful dancing girls. If it had been the King... that might have been a different matter.

And then there was that man Maria had talked to. He'd seemed to be acting rather frantic and then he too had disappeared into the back. Feast guests generally weren't allowed out that way unless it was an emergency and she didn't recall seeing him when her troupe retired back to the dressing rooms.

Things weren't adding up; first Maria being enchanted and now this. She feared they all might be in over their heads. Perhaps it was time to call in a favor.

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The bookshelf swung silently inward on heavy, perfectly balanced hinges, revealing itself to be a door. Allyn emerged, pulling the door closed behind him by a handle which otherwise seemed just part of the decorative woodwork. He swiftly paced out from the now dead-end back hall of Bruni's Books.

Rounding a corner he headed towards the back door, barely giving notice to the blond woman seemingly lost in a copy of *The Silmarillion*, barely. He stopped.

“Still skulking about like no one knows you’ve a place upstairs here, eh, Allyn?” said Sonja.

“My dear, ‘tis best for a man in my line of work not to have his every coming and going observed.”

“And just what lately wouldst thy work entail, good Sir?” Cut the crap Allyn.”

Sonja dispensed with the Elizabethan accent and spoke in her natural, American one. Playing a dancer from the exotic east, she felt no need to adopt the semi-official tongue of the Faire, though she did occasionally tint her tongue with some Slavic undertones for dramatic flair.

“What the hell is going on? You may not have anything to do with Maria but I know for damn sure that you know who does.” Sonja dropped the book on an end table and crossed her arms, giving him a deadly serious stare. She wore a hooded robe over her normal dancing attire; partly to avoid attention, but more so because one would hardly be taken seriously asking people questions dressed as a belly dancer. The hood was down, blonde hair tied back neatly save for a few thin braids framing her face. Fitted just tight enough, the garment revealed she had a slim, curvaceous body hidden underneath while not actually showing any skin or being overtly sexy.

Allyn sighed. *“Sonja, things be more complex than thee knows. I am trying to clean up a mess without getting anyone else hurt and without stepping on too many toes. Thou knowest how political things can get around here.”*

“Politics be damned!” Sonja hissed, restraining the urge to shout. “She’s my friend and someone put an enchantment or curse or some other magic on her. Now you’re going to take me to her and help me get it taken off her!” With that she grabbed his wrist, as if threatening to drag him into action. There was an air of command in her voice that Allyn rarely saw out of the carefree girl. It reminded him of when they were still together.

Allyn took a deep breath. The smell of old books and wood relaxed him and let him collect his thoughts. He weighed his options. He couldn't just blow Sonja off; she'd never let him hear the end of it. Direct action at this point would be... unproductive. He'd heard from a maid of the Queen's delight in her new nursemaid, and it was not in anyone's interest to upset the Queen. That left, of course, diplomacy. '*Wonderful*,' he thought, 'my favorite part of the job.'

"Well?!" prodded Sonja. She could see his eyes gazing far off into nothing. 'At least he's thinking it through.'

"Very well, I shall see what can be done. Come on, I know thee shan't let me do this alone." With that he turned, Sonja releasing his wrist to let him go. He headed out to the front of the store; no sense in stealth now. They walked past shelves filled with every manner of fantasy book ever written, many in hardcover or even leather bound. Up front there were more shelves holding intricately bound blank books and journals for sale. A table was covered in pens, quills, and inks. An older balding man wearing thick glasses sat behind a counter, apparently himself lost in a book.

"I see she found you, Allyn. You two be cut then?" said the man without looking up.

"Aye, Arthur. Mind the shop."

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Court was being held outside on one of the more verdant greens. A small but ornate wood framed tent covered the royal seating area. Pennants flew from its top indicating the presence of King and Queen. The royal couple sat in tall wooden chairs. Various members of the court filled smaller adjacent seats. A large crowd was seated before them on wooden benches with an aisle up the middle for petitioners. A very happy looking Lady Kalliana sat a few

seats over from the Queen, delighted in the fact that her Highness had invited her to join. She wore an elegant black gown with blue trim that set off her similarly colored hair and eyes.

"What's that witch doing up there?" Sonja whispered in Allyn's ear. "Since when was she a courtier?"

"Quiet, let me do the talking. And remember most of the folks here are just visitors," he replied. They walked up just as the King finished with the previous petitioner.

"But your Grace, if thee allow cats in the Faire, I shall be out of a job and made poor," cried the rat-catcher.

"Much as I sympathize with thee, and personally dislike the furry beasts, the Queen adores cats, and I her. Thy request to completely bar cats from Fairshire is denied. However I hereby decree that all cats must be owned, tagged, and only allowed to catch rats in the immediate vicinity of their home or work. Any cat found in violation shall be subject to... to..."

"Beheading, sire?" suggested the rat-catcher. *"The dungeon, my Lord?"* said the Sheriff.

"Nay nay," the King shook his head, *"they shall be subject to having thee paws dunked in the fountain!"* The crowd burst into laughter.

"Thank you, Your Grace." The rat-catcher bowed and quickly shuffled away as the audience clapped.

"Ahhh, Master Allyn. What bringeth thee to my court?" the king said as Allyn walked up the aisle, Sonja just behind him to one side.

"Your Majesties," he bowed to the King and Queen. *"I come before you regarding a matter which perhaps is best kept private."*

The King raised an eyebrow in puzzlement. *"Then why doth thou speak of it at this open court? Doth thou think these subjects deaf?"* he waved his hand at the crowd.

"Nay, my Lord, though as one obviously familiar with the persuasive powers of the opposite gender I hope thou wouldst understand my predicament," he said motioning to Sonja.

"Indeed!" the King laughed. *"Speak then, what mayest I do to get my loyal servant back to his job?"*

This was good, he was in a good mood. But Allyn could see Kalliana's face had turned stern, and she gave him a stare that could only mean 'don't you mess this up for me'.

"Madame Sonja here is worried about the fate of her good friend Maria. I had heard she is now in the employ of her Majesty and was hoping to gain assurances that all is well, as she has not been seen since yesterday."

"A disappearance involving my Queen? How mysterious," the King said with a lilt of drama. *"My dear,"* he turned to the Queen, *"I hath not heard of any new servants. What doth thee know of this 'Maria'?"*

If the Queen was at all concerned, her face did not show it. *"Maria you say? Oh yes, that one. She is the new servant Madame Kalliana found for me."* She turned to face Kalliana, whose expression instantly changed back to happy as the Queen made eye contact. *"Thank thee again for that dear, I doth not know what I wouldst do without her."* Now she looked directly at Sonja. *"Dunna thee worry now, she is being taken good care of. Perhaps a visit could be arranged."*

"Oh I do not know if that be wise, my Queen," piped up Kalliana. *"Maria's duties take a lot of her and she might not have the energy for visitors. It is a very trying position."* She gave Allyn a smug grin.

"Thou may be right," responded the Queen, *"but I know a worried friend is a sad friend. Chamberlain!"* she called out loudly. *"Do see that Madame Sonja receiveth an appointment to see Maria."* Now Allyn grinned back at Kalliana, whose face had returned to a look of annoyance.

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"Ahhhhhh!!"

Stefanie (nee Steven) woke with a shriek. She'd just had the strangest dream about being turned into man. She cupped her breasts to make sure she was all there. Yep, still there, still nice firm little handfuls. She pulled her thin legs out from the sheets, swinging them off the bed, and slid off and onto her feet. She started to get dressed, grabbing the simple brown one-piece chemise Allyn had brought for her. He was so sweet, taking care of her yesterday. She pondered following his advice to take it easy and stay in till he got back, but she was feeling much better this morning. Besides, the sun was shining in and felt great on her skin; she had to get out and enjoy the day.

She searched the small bedroom for a pair of shoes but found nothing that didn't belong to Allyn. *'This be odd,'* she mused, *'where didst he put my shoes?'* He had said her dress had been soaked with sweat and he'd taken it to be laundered, leaving her with the rather loose fitting garment she'd just donned, but why would he take her shoes? Perhaps she should stay and wait for his return after all? *"Nay! I can do without shoes for a bit. I shall just find the cobbler and get a new pair."*

She opened the door and walked across the cool wooden floor, enjoying the comfortable smoothness that came with many years of wear. The hall was dark save the yellow light of a magical torch on one wall. Its bulb glowed brightly inside a simple glass scone. After poking about curiously and finding the other doors locked, Stefanie made her way carefully down the

stairs. There was no light at the bottom, they descended down into a well-like void. Holding the thin rail with one hand she fumbled ahead in the dark with the other. Finally she reached the bottom. She could feel a door but no handle. With both hands now she felt about, until one passed over something vaguely lever shaped which she pulled. There was a *click*, and the door now effortlessly swung out under the light pressure of her small hands to reveal the back hall of the bookstore.

'Curicuser and curicuser. Why dost he live in a hidden apartment above a bookstore?' Feeling both boldly inquisitive yet cautious, Stefanie slowly made her way through the shop. She marveled at the many dusty tomes, some appearing to be even older than the antique wooden shelves they sat upon. After several minutes she found herself in the front of the store.

"Ummm, hello? Can thee help me?" she asked the man behind the counter.

"Art thou looking for a book?" came the terse reply. Obviously he cared more about the tome he was engrossed in than her.

"Well, no, actually I be looking for some shoes."

"Well I cannot help thee with that," he sighed and turned a page, *"unless thee want a book on shoe-making. Go out, take a right, cobbler is not quite a furlong down on the left."*

"Oh, uh-hh, thank-ye. I guess tell Sir Assyn I went out."

"Mmmm," the man grunted, never taking his eyes off his book.

The dimness of the bookstore gave way to brilliant bright sunshine outside and Stefanie had to rub her eyes to adjust. Stepping out into the street, Stefanie cringed slightly as the fine gravel met her bare feet. Thankfully it was a mild day so at least it didn't burn. Hiking up the loose chemise so it wouldn't drag, she set out for the cobbler.

'Thou knowst,' she thought, 'I wonder where Maria be this morning? Oh well, I shall see her at work. Wait. Doth I not have to work today? Today be Sunday. Since when hath I worked on the Lord's day?' Since you got the job serving at the Feast, came the reply from inside her head. 'Right,' she agreed with her inner voice, 'I hath best hurry so that I be not late.'

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"Just what did that get us?" Sonja asked incredulously as she followed Allyn. "Why'd we have to make a show in front of the court if you already knew where Maria was?"

"Because the Queen is very protective of Maria apparently," he replied. "Caring as she may seem, she is not one who takes lightly to anyone, even one in the King's employ, going behind her back. We stay on her good side and we help our chances."

"I saw that look on Kalliana's face. If she's involved, was it a good idea to bring this up in front of her?"

"Almost unavoidable and actually it may be useful. She has won the Queen's favor and is very keen to keep it. Thou shouldst know Sonja, that in games like this it is the cautious who win. Getting her riled up may cause a favorable slip in our direction."

They arrived back at the bookstore, this time entering quickly through the back door. As they made their way up into Allyn's loft Sonja questioned their quick return.

"I have a score end to finish tying before I take you to Maria," he replied. Upon topping the stairs and seeing the open door to an empty bedroom he frowned. Quickly he turned and rushed back down the stairs, a startled Sonja in trail.

"Arthur! Thou lettest her leave?!" said Allyn in a restrained bark.

"I am paid to keep thee informed and thy domicile secured, not to babysit. Thou wanted her secured? Thou shouldst hath locked her in."

"She needed to feel that she was staying on her own accord, locking her in would have scared her and broken the suggestions I imprinted. Besides, I had planned on returning before the mild sleeping potion I gave her last night wore off. Had I not been distracted..." he glared back at Sonja.

"The lady went to the cobbler, apparently her will is not so weak as to be stopped by a simple sack of footwear," Arthur replied, a wry smile curling his lips. Allyn had to admit the situation was slightly amusing.

"If she comes back, for God's sake let me know this time. Thou knowest how to reach me." With that, Allyn stormed out back through the shop and out the rear door to the alley, a baffled Sonja at his side.

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"Allyn, please tell me why the hell you're brainwashing strange girls up in your loft?"

"Loose ends, Sonja. E'er recall Maria mentioning a boyfriend?"

"Well, she had said she was going out with a guy from work a few times over the past weeks. Oh God, the man from the feast?!"

Allyn nodded, and proceeded to explain what had become of Steve, and why it had been necessary. *"This whole situation involving Maria has gotten messy. Why dost thee think I had to get involved in the first place?"*

“So wait. You’re helping me and Maria, but you’re screwing this Steven friend of hers?” Sonja was becoming more puzzled by the minute.

“I said I shall take you to her,” Allyn snapped back. “Whether I can help her will depend on what she really wants. As for Steven, he hath seen too much and be too curious to return to his world. Maybe if I had a way to truly erase his memory and then only if I could get him turned back. . . alas; unfortunately for him my resources here are quite limited.”

He saw the worry on Sonja’s face grow as she thought of how in over her head she might be. *“Now now, ‘tis not so bad. Come on, let us go see Maria.”*

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The royal household was located in a moderately sized two and a half story manor behind and adjoining the feast hall. It had a similar Tudor style as much of the other Faire buildings; a mostly stone first floor, stucco and half-timbered second, and a steep pitched roof hiding most of the third except for a few dormers. Thick wooden frames bordered the many diamond-paned windows. Ivy crept its way up the side giving a simple elegance.

It was modest for being a royal domicile, but then it was only their home a few months out of the year and most functions were held elsewhere around the fairegrounds. Still, it had to comfortably house most of the court who stayed on-site for the Faire’s duration, plus their staff. The careful outside observer would question how and why simple Ren-Faire performers would pay to have such a nice home built here on the festival grounds, but it was tucked away from most foot traffic, and even those who saw it never gave it much thought. It just *seemed* like it belonged there.

Sonja followed Allyn as he confidently strode up to the front door. With a look of recognition, the single guard opened it and waved them in. Sonja was impressed. She’d never been inside the building before, just the feast hall. The interior was grand yet conservative; striking a balance between the large

open spaces royalty desired while making use of limited space. There was much wood paneling, and much art. She had no time to gawk though, as Allyn walked swiftly and she dare not lose him.

The large entry gave way to a wide great hall, with high, coffered ceilings and a confusing number of ways in and out. Passing a large set of double doors, which appeared to lead to the dining hall, they headed up a grand set of stairs, paintings of various royalty gracing the wall. Reaching the top, Allyn made another sharp turn off the main hall and down a smaller one. 'He certainly knows where he's going,' Sonja thought gladly.

Eventually they came to an antechamber. An ornate door led to the quarters of the Queen and her court. Allyn walked up to it and stopped.

"Before we continue, I must ask." He turned and looked into Sonja's eyes with a piercing gaze. *"Dost she know the true nature of the Faire?"*

"Yes," Sonja sighed, "I *had* to tell her."

"Very well then, I hope for her sake she chooses wisely," he said wistfully. Reaching up, he rapped the knocker three times. There was no response at first, then there was the *clunk* of a door closing and the creaking of footsteps could be heard approaching the other side. A bolt was turned, and the door opened. A warm faced, short, slightly pudgy woman in her late 40s stuck her head out.

"Allyn, what the devil brings you here?" asked the lady.

"Mistress Juliana, always a pleasure. We art here to see thy new girl Maria. We have the permission of her Highness the Queen."

"Thou dost, eh? I hath heard not of this."

"The Chamberlain was to make arrangements, hath neither he nor a page yet arrived?"

"Nay, though appointments to see servants be not exactly a priority. Thee wouldst not pull my chain now, would thee, Allsyn?" She smiled at him. *"Come in wit ye. If thou be telling a lie I shall find out eventually and thee shalt have to deal with an angry Queen on thee own."*

Juliana led them back through into yet another hall containing several doors on either side, one very grand door obviously belonging to the Queen herself. Opening a comparatively plain one, she called out, *"Maria, thou hast visitors,"* and walked back down the hall. *"Ye may set yourself out. I shall be around,"* she called over her shoulder.

Allyn waited for Sonja to enter first, then stepped inside, closing the door behind him. Inside was a comfortable looking single bed. There was a wardrobe on one wall and, not surprising to Allyn, a crib in the corner. Resting upon a large, well-padded and upholstered high back chair sat Maria.

She was wearing a simple sleeveless one-piece slip dress with a braided rope belt around her waist. Her huge breasts hung low on her chest without the support of a bodice, though being held up slightly by the top and still sticking out very noticeably due to their size and firmness.

The top merely covered her breasts, and was held up by clasps over her otherwise exposed shoulders; a low neckline and the looseness of the material up top hinted that it was designed with easy access in mind. The low cut of the dress gorgeously framed the top of Maria's ample cleavage. One could imagine how large her breasts truly were as the large amount of flesh on display was but a fraction of what hid under the cloth, bulging out below.

She had a tired look on her face, but upon seeing Sonja her eyes lit up and she leaned forward excitedly, causing a noticeable jiggle under her dress. Her brown hair was done up in a long French braid which draped over a shoulder.

"Sonja! Thou art here! I can not believe they let you in!"

“Maria! Oh my God, what did they do to you? Your boobs!” Sonja couldn’t get over how large they’d gotten. Noticeably bigger than yesterday, they were easily twice the size of Sonja’s. Heck, each one looked at least as big as poor Maria’s head. Her eyes drifted across the room, spotting the crib. “You have a baby? Wait...”

“Tis the Queen’s,” Maria cut her off, *“dunna worry, I just fed him, he should be out for a while.”* Maria quickly relayed what had happened since the feast yesterday to an amazed Sonja.

“So all that time it was that ring you had on causing you to change?”

“Apparently,” said Maria, *“Funny, I had it on for three weeks while I was changing and ne’er once thought that it could be the cause. Hell if I’d taken it off last week I’d have been set with the perfect body! Now I’m stuck here as the Queen’s personal nursemaid with these.”* Maria hefted her watermelon sized breasts up for emphasis. She grimaced slightly as she could feel milk leaking out, soaking the small cloth pads Juliana had made for her.

“Do not feel bad,” piped up Allyn, finally stepping in from behind Sonja. *“The enchantment created by rings such as that one are such that the wearer will ne’er think about taking it off. They must either be taken off, or desired off by someone who knows about them. I tried that when we first met but there were too many conflicting desires from others present.”*

“Thou, thou KNEW what was happening to me and thou let it keep going?” Maria became furious with Allyn. *“Why the hell didn’t you just take it off?!”*

“What? I should have stolen it from you? Thou wouldst have been very upset with me, and it would have caused quite the scene.” He had a point and Maria knew it. She calmed down slightly. *“Besides,”* he continued, *“I thought at the time you were under control.”*

"Under control? Doth this bosom look like 'twas under control? How could I be under control if that ring was constantly turning me more and more into other peeples' fantasies?"

"Yes, Allyn," Sonja added, "you had to know that ring's effects would eventually get out of control. You should have figured out some way to get it off her, much as you hate to *'make a scene.'*" She physically added air-quotes to emphasize her dislike of Allyn's favorite excuse.

"'Tis a bit more complicated than that." He shook his head at their black and white understandings of things. "If someone put the ring on who was absolutely confident in themselves, and felt there was no reason for them to change or do things differently to please others, someone like say the King, then the ring would have no effect on them. Its magic only has power on those who are insecure about themselves. I was hoping, and maybe Kalliana originally thought similarly when she gave it to you, that after a week or two thee wouldst be happy with yourself and cease changing. I was wrong."

It took Maria a moment to process what he'd said. "Thanks, jackass!" she cried, furious once more. The rush of emotions snapped her out of her accent. "So you're saying it's my own damn fault I ended up like this, because I have no self-esteem? Thanks." Her voice wavered. A tear rolled down her cheek.

Allyn could tell he'd struck a nerve. *"Maria,"* he said to her, in a calm but authoritative voice. *"I can help thee, but thee have to tell me, honestly, what doth thee want to become of thyself?"*

She choked back further tears. She hated to admit it but what he said was true. All her life she'd been trying to please others. Even here at the Faire she loved she wanted to become what was expected of her. Dancing at the feast yesterday, even though she'd been happy with her body she was afraid about what others would think of her. "I, I love it here," she stammered. "Not *here*," she waved her hands gesturing at the building around her, "I love the Faire. I wanted to join Sonja and be a dancer, I thought..." She stopped herself.

Did she really want to be a dancer? Was that all she wanted? No! She wanted to be an architect, a *real* architect. "This is stupid," she half-chuckled half-cried, "but I really want to be an architect; design and build castles, pubs, houses like this one, all this amazing stuff you have here."

She shrugged her shoulders and sighed. "Like that can ever happen, it got built once, now it's done. No need for me. I guess I'll stick to dancing once I get out of here." Maria sighed, then her voice took on a resigned but more upbeat tone, "I don't suppose we could get these babies down to a more reasonable size?" she waved at her bosom. Wow, she felt really at ease around Allyn despite her annoyance at him.

Allyn mentally breathed a sigh of relief. If she'd said, 'I want to return to my old life' then that would be the end of it; he'd have to readjust her mind as he'd done to Steve. 'She is strong inside,' he thought, 'she just needs to realize it, stop worrying what others think or might think, and take control of her own fate.'

"Well. Do not sell yourself short. Thou wouldst be surprised what jobs there are, especially since thou hast accepted becoming a part of this Faire and the world 'tis from. For the time being though, thou must stay here in the Queen's employ. I will see if there is anything that can be done about your bust."

"Wait, so that's it?" asked Sonja. "We're just going to leave her here for now, as the Queen's milk slave?"

"I'm not a slave, Sonja!" shouted Maria, almost surprising herself. "Juliana said once I'm feeling up to it I can get out a bit. And you know what? I actually don't mind doing this. I'm really needed here. It may not be as fun as dancing and it definitely doesn't pay like my old job, but I feel like I have a purpose here. If I could just get back to a more manageable size, maybe I could do this *and* dance too! Kalliana said she might try, but forgive me for not trusting her."

"Very wise of you," said Allyn. *"Suffice to be said her motives put no one's interests before her own. Now, Maria,"* he continued, but his voice was soft,

almost sweet. He was honestly impressed by her spirit and wanted to help her. It was charming how he could sense this delightful, fiery, artistic personality within this very curvaceous body. She seemed so... innocent.

"Maria, remember what I said. Be strong, be confident. Thou wilt get through this. I know an alchemist on the other side, in my world. If anyone can help, he can."

"Thou wouldst really do that for me, Allyn?" For the first time in weeks, she looked into the eyes of a man who wanted to help her, and not into bed. And he was actually looking at *her*, not her oversexed body.

Suddenly, a distracted look came over Maria's face, as if she was thinking hard about something. She breathed in deeply through her nose then exhaled slowly through her mouth, appearing to be fighting off a wave of dizziness. Thick lips curled into an obscene looking 'O' as her hands clenched the armrests tightly, long manicured nails digging into the wood.

"Maria? Art thou ok?" he asked.

"Aye...", she said with a sigh, *"I just felt me milk let down. It can be quite the sensation. You know, they say there be no correlation between breast size and milk production, but I swear these babies are almost all milk glands!"* The pads over her nipples were now soaked through and dark spots of moisture became visible on her dress. She needed a release. She eyed Allyn. He had a definite look of concern on his face. She felt all warm looking at him. He seemed to genuinely care about her situation and the thought occurred of how wonderful it would be to have a handsome man like him work the milk out of her tits. 'No,' she thought, 'I can't ask him to do that, it would be too weird. Besides, he said be strong. How would throwing myself at him be strong?'

"Ummm, I be sorry Allyn, but if thee wouldst kindly grant me some privacy? Sonja? Would it be too much to have thee help me out here?"

"No, not at all sweetie," Sonja said walking over to her side.

"I shall be outside when thee is ready," Allyn said exiting the room.

As soon as he had closed the door behind him Maria reached up and undid the clasps causing the top of her dress to fall forward. With an audible *tthhhhhflop* her breasts were released, the fabric pooling over her still toned tummy. Sonja was shocked; she'd had an idea how big they were, but now here they were on full display. Maria's pillow-like mams were lightly tanned like the rest of her body, though slightly paler, with thick veins visibly snaking their way under the skin. Each was capped by an equally massive, reddish-brown areola that puffed up towards the center to give the breast a slightly conical end. Fat, cherry sized nipples dripped a slow but constant trickle of milk. They easily took up her entire chest, having swelled from 36J to 36K not due to magic, but milk production. The skin was visibly tight, obviously straining to contain the milk-laden tit-flesh underneath. Not a bit of her chest was visible between her rounded jugs, as they pressed snugly against each other, easily a full foot of deep cleavage on display.

"You know I always wanted big tits as a teenager? Never dreamed it would feel like this." Maria cradled them in her arms, which rested on the chair arms to take some of the weight off her back. Hanging loose they easily went past her elbows and would rest in her lap if she leaned forward a little.

"God Maria, you weren't lying about being the ideal wet nurse. Umm, what should I do to help? Want me to get the baby?"

"No, no, don't disturb him. He won't be hungry yet and he's finally sleeping well. Oooooohh," she moaned in mild pain. Her breasts were so engorged it was starting to hurt. She was tempted to just start squeezing herself, but knew that would make a terrible mess. "There is... a bowl... on the nightstand. I've been squeezing my excess into it."

"Ummmm," Sonja looked, "I don't see one." She checked the bottom drawer. "Nope, not here."

"Dammit!" Maria got to her feet and walked over, checking herself. "The maid must have taken it when she came through and forgotten to replace it! I shall have words with her!"

The pressure now was really building. Every time she moved, her arms pressed into her breasts and tiny jets of milk shot from nipples that had swollen to over an inch long and almost an inch wide. Sonja could see the tortured look on her face.

“I thought you said you just nursed him?”

“I *did!* Just an hour ago! But he doesn’t drink as much as I make, and then they refill. As I said, these things are milk machines. God, if Sue were here she’d love to have at these.”

“I had a feeling you two had fun the other weekend,” Sonja smiled at Maria. “Girl, do you want me to run and get another bowl, or do you need me to do this the old fashioned way?”

Maria gave Sonja a pleading look of desperation. “Oh God, would you? Please Sonja; suckle me, God it would really help.”

Sonja put her hands on Maria’s shoulders and gently pushed her back and onto the bed. Reclining fully, Maria relaxed and let her massive mams splay out on her chest, each one falling slightly off to the side. Sonja put her knees on the bed beside her, then, supporting herself with her hands, knelt down over top of Maria’s chest. Carefully she lowered her mouth over one of the erect teats. “You know I wouldn’t do this for just anyone?” she joked before taking it in.

“Just DO IT!” shrieked Maria impatiently. Sonja obliged and began to suckle. Immediately a warm stream of milk gushed out and hit the back of her throat, almost causing her to gag. Continuing, the force died down slightly but the volume did not. Sonja could feel the thick meaty nipple pulsing and pressing against the inside of her mouth; like a miniature penis that wouldn’t stop cumming.

Maria clenched the bed sheets with her hands in ecstasy, “Ohhhhhh... that feels sooo... good! So much better! If... if only Sue were here she could do the other one at the same time!”

Sonja swallowed a large gulp and pulled off the teat momentarily. "That can probably be arranged," she said, shooting Maria a mischievous grin. She then pulled the unattended breast up with her hand and brought its nipple into her mouth, the first nipple still leaking a slow trickle. There was so much milk that Sonja could barely take it all in. It dripped from the corners of her mouth as she sucked. Maria's breasts and torso began to take on an oiled look from all the spilt milk, like that of a model working on a tan. Sonja became worried that their outfits might become soiled, and she didn't want to be seen leaving the Royal Mansion in milk-stained clothes.

Leaning back onto her knees, Sonja undid the knot on her robe, then pulled her arms out of the sleeves and tossed it onto the floor. Not wanting to soil her bra either, she deftly reached back and unclasped the hooks, freeing her own full breasts. Normally used to being one of the larger breasted women in a group, Sonja was shocked to see how small they seemed next to Maria's. Tossing the bra aside, she leaned back forward and slid Maria's dress down to her hips. Supporting herself with one hand, she gently massaged Maria's belly with the other while her mouth returned to a wanting nipple.

"Wow, Sonja... I, uh... never figured you one to like other girls so much."

Sonja looked up and smiled, dropping the nipple again as milk leaked from both it and the corner of her mouth onto Maria's belly. "Silly girl, you keep interrupting me and we're going to have quite the mess. I'm mostly straight. Like I said, I wouldn't do this for anybody, just special friends whom I really care about. Now shut up and relax."

Maria *did* relax. It was amazing how good it felt to have the milk sucked from her breasts. The release of pressure combined with the erogenous stimulation put her into a trance like state of erotic bliss. Her eyes rolled back, lids half shut. Her oversized pussy engorged; fat clit erect and demanding attention. As Sonja leaned back over her to service the far breast, her own nipple dragged across that of Maria's sending shivers through both of them. Lazily bringing a long-nailed hand over to finger herself, Maria thought, 'And I don't even have to worry about changing anymore? I could get used to this.'

CHAPTER 4 PART 2 – SETTLING IN

Wearing new shoes (the cobbler had generously given her a pair after she mentioned Allyn had forgotten to grab hers), Stefanie wandered the back halls of the feast hall. She was confused. She'd shown up for work, but no one she knew was here. Asking around for Maria, she'd gotten a few blank faces saying 'Never heard of her' and a few others who had heard the name but said she wasn't working the feast hall. Walking around felt strange and unfamiliar; like she'd never been here before, even though she *knew* she had. Finally locating the changing room used by the serving girls, she couldn't find any clothes that she recognized as hers! She was starting to get worried. What was wrong with her?

If she could just find Maria maybe she'd have some answers. A maid she'd talked to had mentioned there was a new girl named Maria in the royal house. Had she gotten a new job? Stefanie hurried down the hall that connected the buildings. She could smell fresh bread from the large kitchen which they shared. Her stomach growled, reminding her that she'd not eaten yet. Passing through another set of doors into the royal house itself she realized she had no idea where to start looking. 'Where did that maid go?' she wondered.

"*Stefanie!*" Allyn's voice called out sternly. "*There thou art! Thou hadst me worried young lady, disappearing like that.*" She ran to him, wrapping her tiny arms around his body in a hug of relief. Allyn looked down at her. It was fascinating that this 5'5" waif of a woman was a very masculine man only a day ago. Even more so, that she obviously trusted him when he was the one forcibly remaking his, now her, life. It made him feel a bit guilty, but he knew he must not overindulge those feelings. "*And you lost this,*" he said, sliding an ornately styled silver and crystal hairpin into her black locks. "*Best leave it in all the time, so thee dunna lose it again.*" She nodded.

After gently admonishing her for having left his loft on her own, he began to show her around the first floor. As they walked Allyn helped to jog her memory. Of course it all seemed new and unfamiliar; she and Maria had

only recently come to this Faire from another kingdom. They'd travelled very light as they were on foot; only having the clothes on their backs and a few things in packs. Thankfully, they had a decent amount of savings and could buy new clothes. Unfortunately though, the heat exhaustion she'd suffered was exacerbating the brain fever she'd caught along the journey, resulting in her impaired memory and confusion. She proceeded to ask him a barrage of questions, and was comforted to find that he had an answer for each one that made complete and absolute sense.

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Exiting the royal house, Sonja's day kept getting stranger. Her stomach was full of milk produced not by cow or goat, but by a friend. Not one normally for indiscriminate lesbian sex, she had to admit that Maria had about the most erotic body she'd ever seen. Hopefully the Queen never found out they'd had so much fun with her son asleep in the same room. Now she saw not just Allyn waiting for her, but a beautiful smiling maiden.

"Sonja, this is Stefanie. She is very excited because I told her thee wouldst be able to take her clothes shopping."

"Oh, did you now?" replied Sonja, a note of sarcasm in her tone. Shopping for clothes with a girl who was a man yesterday was definitely *not* how she'd planned to spend her afternoon.

"Yes, you can obviously help her more than I. Besides, I have pressing matters to attend to and it will be in everyone's best interest if we focus on what we are good at."

"Allyn said you just came from seeing Maria, is she all right?" Stefanie asked excitedly.

"Oh, ummm...", how to answer that, Sonja thought, "yes, she's quite all right, just tired. Maybe you can see her later."

"Maria is on the royal staff now and it takes quite a bit out of her, best not to worry about her for now," Allyn chimed in.

"Oh, that be too bad. 'Tis just I have not seen her hardly at all since we came to the Faire and..." Stefanie's voice trailed off as she lost her train of thought. A slight hum buzzed in her head.

"Get her a few nice outfits for waiting tables and whate'er she needs for day to day living," said Allyn, *"Stefanie, I hath gotten thee a new job at the joust, nothing hard, just helping with the crowds. I shall let them know you will be coming so they can help you get started. Here,"* he handed Stefanie a coin purse that was surprisingly light due to the mostly paper money inside, *"this be yours too. Have fun but spend wisely."* It was indeed her money, Allyn had used Steven's ATM card to obtain it.

Stefanie gleefully took the purse and headed off towards the nearest group of shops. *"Best not to startle Maria right away with her, she hath enough on her mind,"* Allyn whispered to Sonja, who nodded in agreement.

"I knew you'd fall for helping her," Sonja said whimsically, "always the hero, if a bit reluctant." She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. "For old times," she said, then darted off to follow Stefanie.

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Monday morning, Allyn made his way through the parking lot. He was wearing modern clothes for a change, Dockers and a button up shirt. In one pocket were Steven's car keys and wallet, his own wallet in the other. Black leather pouches hanging from his belt held a smart phone and what some jokingly referred to as his 'neuralyzer'. Technically the sphere was an amulet with a simple but powerful enchantment on it. It couldn't really erase memories; that was a much more complex and risky task, it merely made a

subject extremely open to suggestion. One could be made to ‘forget’ unwanted memories and to ‘remember’ new ones, or to accept things as true or false that weren’t, and the longer someone went without encountering anything to cause a conflict between the new and the old thoughts, the more the new would be burned into the brain as the dominant set of memories.

Finding Steven’s car, Allyn drove off to perform his most important and arguably nefarious duty in the name of concealing the true nature of the Renaissance Faire from the normal world. He was off to erase someone from existence. Huffner and Associates’ records would show that Steven quit for undisclosed personal reasons. His notice would be written and filed properly, and his boss would recall it being turned in three weeks ago. The IT and HR departments had already received notification and begun the severance process. His apartment would be emptied, lease cancelled for valid reasons. No forwarding address. Possessions were moved into storage to be dealt with later, the movers recalling nothing. Steven’s bank account was closed; the funds would be used to set up Stefanie’s new life.

The hardest part was what to do about any family connections. Most people he erased had few ties to the normal world to begin with. It had been a while since Allyn had performed this duty on someone so upstanding.

He debated whether he should go ahead and erase Maria’s old life as well, but as she was still more or less herself, and seemed willing to go all the way, he elected to leave that up to her in time. In the meanwhile, her boss would recall her filing for a leave of absence a month ago that started today. As Allyn left the building, the third floor of Huffner and Associates had more than a few foggy heads on it.

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The next several days passed smoothly. Allyn kept a watchful eye on Stefanie, but she seemed to be adjusting well. It was unfortunate that he'd had to pull out a rather draconian charm to get her mind where it needed to be. Alas, it was necessary, but hopefully not for much longer. He'd discussed with Sonja the best way of dropping the 'your boyfriend is a girl now, get used to it and pretend it's always been that way' bomb on Maria. They were both at a loss and so tried to keep Stefanie busy. As the Faire was closed to the public Monday through Friday this was easier said than done.

Maria began to adjust more and more to her new role. Having the baby nurse from her thankfully wasn't the orgasmic experience it had been with Sonja, but it still felt *really* good, and relaxed her immensely. Sonja did indeed inform Sue of her predicament, and the pert little vixen had been sneaking herself in to 'help' Maria out almost every day. *Those* experiences were indeed orgasmic.

She'd even been able to get out a little. Taking the Prince with her, she'd stroll the Faire, enjoying the quiet that came with it being nearly empty during the week. She could sit lazily and feed him in one of the wooded glens, visit the few shops which remained open to cater to those like her who stayed throughout the week, and even watch the various performers, knights, and other entertainers practice their craft. It was the first time she'd really gotten to enjoy the Faire in some time.

Strolling about with enormous chest hogging breasts did slow her down a bit. They got in the way, bouncing with every step and move, and it was very difficult to arrange the baby's sling comfortably. And *everyone* stared at them. While she still enjoyed the attention, she was beginning to realize why some women complained that large breasts made them feel objectified. At least her back didn't hurt *as* bad as she thought it would, since she'd been blessed with improvements there too.

"Just wait," she told the Prince, *"Allyn will find a way to make these things more manageable, and eventually thee shalt be done with my milk. Then I can get on wit the life here I really want."* Things were starting to look up.

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The next Sunday night found Sue and Maria unwinding after a long day.

“Yes! Yes! Harder! Ohhhhh!” Maria screamed as Sue ground their cunts together. A long, rubber, double-ended dildo was jammed deep into both of their nethers (some things from the modern age were just too good to forgo). It was almost painfully tight inside Sue, but she reveled at the sight of it slapping back and forth, almost loose inside Maria’s oversized vagina. She could literally see Maria’s kegel muscles squeezing in and out against it; her fat engorged labia open wide like a flower. Rivulets of milk streamed down both of Maria’s breasts as Sue pumped one in each hand. Maria’s long, thick, meaty nipples felt beautifully erotic against Sue’s palms as she stroked them.

Sue’s own puffy nipples stuck out gloriously erect atop her firm breasts; their modest size decidedly tiny next to Maria’s. Leaning forward, she shook them, rubbing the tips of Maria’s nipples against her own, and both girls shuddered as they felt their climaxes approaching.

“Ooooooh... ooooooh... ahhAHHahhh... hah..” They both moaned. Maria reached up and grabbed Sue’s head, pulling their lips together into a sloppy, drooling, moaning, kiss.

Lying there in the afterglow, neither girl noticed the panel sliding open in the far corner of the room. It wasn’t until a shadow blocked some of the flickering lamp light that they realized they were not alone. Looking over Sue’s shoulder, the dildo still connecting them, Maria was mortified.

“Y... Y... Your Majesty,” she stammered. King William looked over the pair with a sinister smile.

“Oh shit!” exclaimed Sue, flipping over to grab a sheet. As she rolled off Maria to reach, their pussies pulled apart with a loud slurping sound, the dildo pulling out of Maria’s looser hole which was still throbbing rhythmically, still pouring juices.

"My my my," the King chuckled, *"you two hath been quite entertaining. It is so nice having such beauty in my home."* He stood there at the end of the bed with a smirking smile on his face, enjoying the scene as the two girls hurriedly struggled to hide their nakedness. Once they were both under the sheet, they simply stared back at him with a look of terror, contemplating what he might now do. He let them agonize for a bit before continuing.

"I am sure ye both know what I could have done to you. Maria, I doubt you would enjoy being confined to this room for the next several months. Sue, I could exile thee from the Faire, back to the boring world you loathe so much. Better yet, stay, I am sure Kassiana would be eager to 'help' you as much as she has Maria."

"Your, Your Grace I beg your pardon," Sue stammered. *"Please, have mercy, we meant no harm,"*

"Silence!" the King commanded, staring the girls down. Sue seemed terrified, but Maria stared back at him defiantly.

"Leave her alone! 'Tis not her fault, I asked her to come! And what right have you to threaten us? We hath done nothing wrong!" Maria was amazed. Had those defiant words just come out of her mouth?

"Insolent, eh? Committing such lascivious acts in my house, in the same room as my son no less, perhaps I find that offensive?" His stony expression softened, a small smile crept back into his lips. *"Perhaps, if ye two would attend to my royal needs, I could be convinced to withhold punishment."*

Something clicked inside Maria. Perhaps it was the anger at being first spied upon and then threatened. Or perhaps it was empowerment that with the ring gone she felt no compulsion to give in to anyone; having complete free will for the first time in a month.

"You dunna scare me," she said. *"I serve the Queen, not you."* She slid out from the bed, still naked and covered in sweat and milk. Her body glistened. She grabbed of the Kings hands and placed it upon a breast. *"Suppose I shall summon Mistress Juliana, have her inform the Queen that her husband doth be trying to ravish me in my quarters?"* His eyes went wide, as much from the touch of her breast as from the brazen threat.

"Maria! What are you doing?" cried a shocked Sue.

"Hush Sue." A plan was quickly forming in Maria's mind. She'd told herself before that her body was powerful, and Allyn had said to be strong. Maybe it was time that she be the one manipulating someone else?

She stared into the King's gray eyes. A smile came over her face. *"Now, far be it for me to suggest Your Grace would be anything but faithful to his Queen, but if it is your desire, well then, I would be honored to perform for you."*

"V... Very well then," he sputtered, trying to regain his composure. It took all his strength to look her in the eyes like the ruler he was and not down at her glistening nudity like a teenage boy. *"We shall all agree to remain mum on the bawdy acts that occur in this room. Maria, thou wilt keep me amused as I see fit, and in return, you and your friends may come, go, and do as ye please. Hath we an agreement?"*

Maria leaned in and whispered breathily into his ear, *"Deaf."* She then backed away from him and began to sway her wide hips. *"Now do you not think I could use some new clothes?"* The King grinned and nodded, then backed across the room and had a seat in the chair, enjoying the new show.

"Go Sue," commanded Maria as she started undulating her lower body in a belly dancing rhythm, broad muscular hips gyrating, the vibrations causing her breasts to heave back and forth. *"I shall be fine."* Sue gave her friend a look that said, 'I hope you know what you're doing,' then got dressed as quickly as she could and exited the room.

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And so it went. Days passed as Maria became accustomed to the routine; feeding the Prince, entertaining the King, occasional strolls around the Faire. It wasn't so bad. She got in the habit of taking Prince Marcus to the Queen after each feeding so the goings on in her quarters would not disturb him. The Queen had been enjoying the last few days respite from baby care but now was eager to have him back.

Being the Royal Nursemaid put her in the odd position of being a servant but with privilege almost that of a Lady in Waiting. She ate her meals with the Queen at the royal table, always seeming to eat more than she intended as Her Highness insisted she kept herself well fed to ensure plenty of milk. Anytime the Queen desired to go somewhere with Prince Marcus she went along, in case he needed a feeding. And though it was technically the nursery, she slept in her own room, which for a servant was unheard of.

She wanted so much to get back to dancing. She'd offered to dance at the royal dinners for the court, but the Queen denied her, stating in her state it was impossible with her body now to dance and not be indecent. She was also forbidden to dance outside for other Faire-goers, lest she reflect poorly on the refinement of the Royal Court. It vexed her. There she'd be on weekends, sitting with court during the Great Feast, eating and being entertained, while the various troupes of performers came and went, including Sonja's girls. She wanted to be up there with them, not watching from the side.

So dancing privately for the King became its own reward. In addition to actually getting to dance, her wardrobe was beginning to fill up with expensive dresses, lingerie, and jewelry. He may have been a dirty old man, but he was actually quite kind at heart, and a nice break from the stuffiness of the Queen. He'd even had the royal seamstress custom tailor anything she wanted to accommodate her enormous bust. In short, she was beginning to feel quite spoiled.

In the evenings, Sue and even occasionally Sonja would join her for a little fun. It seemed removing the ring apparently did not dampen her increased sex drive; she just had more control over herself now. After discovering the nursery not to be as private as it seemed Maria had taken to sneaking out to join them instead. Sue had even invited her to spend the night at her apartment in town, but Maria refused, not wanting to leave the Prince for so long, or aggravate the Queen.

Allyn had come through somewhat on his promise. He'd acquired a potion that, while not making her breasts any smaller, did help bring her milk production down to a more reasonable level. Now she could actually get out and do things again, only occasionally having to express milk between feedings of the Prince. It was a great relief that her breasts were no longer so painfully engorged and leaky all the time.

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Allyn did take note of her improved state of dress; the gorgeous fashions she had taken to wearing were hard to miss. One day, as she idly took in the beauty of the Faire's butterfly garden, he confronted her. When asked why she was the recipient of so much opulence, Maria beat around the bush, not wanting to anger Allyn as she was definitely nursing a crush on the darkly handsome man of few words but powerful actions.

"Beware Maria, thou art now in a world where fortunes rise and fall with the precocious whims of royalty. Gain too much favor with one, and thee might find thyself the target of others."

This shocked her a little. Obviously her body was proof that strange things happened here, but she'd never felt any malice. This was no classic European monarchy where courtiers had to watch their step or risk the ire of the nobles, was it? She decided to play things cool.

"Why Allyn, I never knew thou worried so about me!" She gave him a quick peck on the cheek. Pulling away from him though, she found herself wanting to linger, to embrace him further. Suddenly she found herself wrapping her arms around him, her massive bust squeezing around his torso, her suave shell melting away.

"Thank you... for helping me, for everything," she half cried in her old accent.

"Thou art welcome. I be working to do more, but things take time Maria. Promise me thee shall stay out of trouble? Try to keep a low profile till thou art out of the royal house, ok?"

She found his advice sound. She wondered about her private sessions with the King. But those were just that, private, and besides, who could go against the will of the King?

"Promise," she replied. Allyn smiled, kissed her hand, and then slipped away as quietly as he'd come, leaving her alone with the butterflies.

CHAPTER 4 PART 3 - CONSEQUENCES

Stefanie was bored. Weekends were fun working at the joust; it was great fun being basically a cheerleader for a knight, but that was just weekends and there were only so many odd jobs for her to do during the week. Eventually Allyn had assigned her to Arthur, helping him take inventory of the bookstore. 'What a silly job,' she thought making her way through the tall narrow aisles of shelves. 'I bet that old geezer knows by heart where every one of his books is.' She was getting the distinct impression that Allyn was just giving her tasks to waste time. This seemed almost assured, since she'd been taking half of every hour at a stretch to just read whatever amused her, and Arthur was either none the wiser, or simply did not care.

Suddenly a book caught her eye. "*Tudor Architecture, Then and Now*," she said aloud, "*Wow, Maria would love to see thi. . .*"

She stopped herself. Strange, how long had it had been since she'd even thought of Maria? And Maria was a dancer, why would she love a book on architecture? It was thick and heavy. She had to put it on the floor as it was too much for her small hands to hold open. Flipping through, she saw wide pages splayed with lithographs, line drawings, and detailed schematics. She pored over it, wondering how it was that even the most complex details made basic sense to her.

'I remember Maria telling me about stuff like this,' she recalled. 'But when was that? My mind is still so foggy.' There was a buzzing in her ears. As she tried to think harder about her past it grew stronger and more annoying. Slamming the book shut, she closed her eyes and tried to put the thoughts of it and Maria out of her head. The buzzing died down. Damn these headaches! She'd been having them off and on since she got here. After-effects of the brain fever, Allyn had said. She tried to think of something painless, like how fun it was serving all the strangely dressed foreigners who visited the Faire on weekends. When she opened her eyes though and looked again upon the book her thoughts uncontrollably went back to Maria. Why hadn't she seen her since they'd come to the Faire? The buzzing and pain returned. Frustrated, she ran her hands through her hair; rubbing her temples and

kneading her scalp. Accidentally, she knocked her hair pin loose and it fell to the floor with a jangle.

Immediately the pain was gone. 'Strange,' she thought, picking up the pin. She felt a strong need to place it back in her hair. Looking closely though, she saw one of the gems had popped out of its fitting. *"Oh, sad!"* Regretfully, she took the pin and gem and placed them on a dresser upstairs. She'd have to take it in and get it repaired before she could wear it again. Tomorrow though; tonight she was going to see Maria.

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Stefanie waited till after dark to sneak out. She couldn't remember him specifically forbidding it but she had the distinct impression that Allyn was trying to keep her away from Maria for some reason. Allyn was still out and about on business somewhere, but Arthur had retired to his own room. Dressed in a much better fitting dark green chemise dress and comfy leather shoes, she slipped down the hidden staircase. Grabbing the book that had instigated this outing, she took the spare key from Arthur's desk and let herself out the back, careful not to make too much noise.

Working her way across the nigh ghost town that was the Faire on a Wednesday night, she came to the royal mansion. Knocking quietly on the back servant's door, she was let in by another 20 something girl named Chelsea, whom she'd worked with at the feast last weekend.

"Ohhh, not spending the night with Sir Allyn art thee?" Chelsea said with a grin. It had become a persistent rumor that since she stayed with Allyn and not in the servant's quarters or the campgrounds that obviously she was sleeping with him.

"Shush Chelsea, I hath told thee 'tis not like that. Anyway, I be here to see Maria."

"Eh," Chelsea raised a finger to her chin in thought, "was it not thou who was flittering about asking to find Maria the Sunday 'ere last? I am surprised thee did not return to see her sooner."

"I, umm, was distracted," Stefanie replied rather truthfully.

Chelsea waved her in. *"She be quartered privately in the Queen's nursery, that lucky girl. Too important to live with the rest of us simple servants. Come on, I shall show you the back way."*

'Always a back way...' Stefanie mused, 'always something going on around here that people want hidden...'

In this case, that meant a spiral staircase from the servant's hall up into the hall of the Queen's quarters, which allowed for refreshments, linens, and servants to move efficiently without trekking all round the more grand public areas. It also provided an easy way to sneak in and out.

"Down the hall, last door on the left. If anyone up there stops thee, just say thee were sent to retrieve dishes, I brought her tea and cake not too long ago," Chelsea whispered.

Stefanie climbed the stairs, trying not to make the wood creak too much; one hand on the rail, one cradling the heavy book. A small door at the top opened letting her into a hall. The change in furnishings was immediately apparent, coming from the spartan servant's quarters. Lush rugs covered the floor and tapestries hung from the walls. Light spewed from ornate sconces.

Knocking on what she hoped was the right door, she heard a familiar voice call, *"Come in."* She entered, closing the door behind her.

"Maria!" Stefanie exclaimed upon seeing her friend. Maria was wearing an extravagant velvet lined bodice over a luxurious silk chemise. The top of the bodice was tailored to cup her bosom and was pushed out several inches by its fullness, the two sides each cupping one breast with a large gap

down the middle crisscrossed by thick laces. The chemise was cut low, exposing the impressive shelf of flesh above the bodice. The arms were puffy with copious amounts of extra fabric. A long, sumptuous skirt of greens and reds completed the magnificent outfit.

Maria stood up from her chair, puzzled by the excited stranger. *"Yes?"* she said.

Stefanie dropped the book on a side table and jumped Maria, wrapping the taller woman in a hug. Her head pushed against the soft embrace of Maria's bosom.

"Excuse me," said a startled Maria, *"doth I know thee?"*

"What? Maria 'tis I, Stefanie! Boy both our memories must be a mess. Here," she released Maria and scooped the book back up, presenting it to Maria. *"I thought thee wouldst love this. Thou were always telling me how much thou lovest good architecture!"*

Maria was floored. Who was this girl and how did she know about her passion? She took the book, sat down, and flipped through its old pages. There truly was some amazing stuff in here. She looked back up at Stefanie, something about her seemed familiar, the voice, the hair, the face.

"Ste, Stefanie, when exactly, did we last see each other?"

A puzzled look came over Stefanie's face. She bit her lip in thought. *"Ummm, heavens, 'twould have been a couple weekends ago. I remember thee dancing, I was working, serving folks, wait, but thee danced for me, 'twas. . . sexy. No, that can not be right."* Stefanie's thoughts swirled in a tangled mass.

"Oh, my God," Maria whispered in nervous disbelief. "Steven? Is that really you?!"

Thoughts now crashed against each other, memories fought for legitimacy within Stefanie's mind. 'Steven? Who is Steven? I'm Stefanie. No,

I'm Steven, am I? Who am I? I'm a woman, always have been, just like Maria. Damn she looks good in that dress; be nice to have sex with her again. What? Sex with another girl? Yes! I've never had sex with a man, have I? No, 'cause I'm not gay. But I'm a woman. How could I have sex with Maria and *not* be gay?'

"Steven, err Stefanie, are you ok?" Maria quickly became frightened as the face of the girl in front of her went blank, eyes rolling back, an almost seizure like twitch in her features.

As the noise in Stefanie's head built to a thundering roar, her world faded to black, and she collapsed into Maria's arms.

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There was music playing; soft, but upbeat, like a Celtic dance tune. Steve slowly opened his eyes to see Maria's full, firm butt swaying hypnotically to the beat, wisps of hair dancing across her waistline. She had shed the skirt and chemise, now wearing only her bodice and long silken hose, which covered her ass and groin. The rear of her bodice was just as tight as the front had been, the fabric digging in slightly to the fair skin of her shoulders. Now she bent forward, her large but tight heart-shaped ass on full display, and reached down to run her fingers seductively along the inside of her long legs. Her long brown hair cascaded around her head to the floor.

Steve realized now that Maria was in fact dancing not for him, but for someone else. Someone sitting on the far side of the room whom he occasionally caught glimpses of as Maria danced between them. He also realized that he was in the bed, under the covers. How much time had passed? His head was throbbing as if he had a hangover.

Now Maria twirled. Her bodice strained to keep her weighty breasts in check as centrifugal force tried to fling them out. A canyon of cleavage displayed prominently upon her chest. The inner sides and even partially the

bottom of her bosom where clearly visible now between the front sides of her bodice, which merely supported and constrained them from the outside and front. How she'd gotten her chemise off but kept the bodice on must have been quite the feat to watch.

Steve began to feel turned on by the show, despite the headache. His crotch began to feel warm, his chest tingled. Eyes half-lidded, he moved his hand slowly under the covers and cupped one of his boobs, giving the nipple a satisfying flick. His other hand ground between his thighs against his moistening snatch.

'Wait, something's not right here?' Steve thought. What was it though? His body felt normal. Watching Maria's erotic dance made him remember though, 'wait, I fucked her before? How did I do that with no cock?' His eyes opened wider.

Maria could see that Steve was waking up, and becoming anxious. She had to finish up. She began leaning forward and back, shaking her shoulders up and down, creating a mesmerizing dance of tit-flesh within the confines of her bodice. The King's eyes, already wide, went wider still. Maria drew herself closer to him, kneeling, then gently pulled his head down and smothered his face into her warm cleavage. Reaching down with the other hand she batted his own hand away, and forcibly massaged his groin until she could feel him spasm and cum in his drawers.

Pulling herself back to a standing position, the King's face came off her bosom with the look of a man who'd just done a line of cocaine.

"Now, Your Grace," she cooed breathily, "I hope that will be enough for today?"

"Ohhh, verily, most assuredly," the King panted. "Thy beauty was delightful, as always." He stood, and made his way to the secret door in the corner. Glancing at Steve he said, "Let me know what choice thy friend makes and I shall see what I can do. Good day, ladies."

Steven sat bolt upright in bed, hands clutching his breasts, a scared look on his face. Maria rushed to his side, silencing the music from the decidedly anachronistic iPod on the way.

"Sshhh! 'Tis ok. I was right, it is thee, 'tis is not Steven?" A nervous nod was given in reply. *"Oh I be soooo sorry this happened to thee Steven! I had no idea. When didst this happen?"*

"I don't know!" Steve replied without accent, his mind grasping onto his old way of speaking in rebellion of what it knew now was the *proper* way to speak. "Maria, I'm so confused! My thoughts don't make any sense. It's like I know I was a guy at some point but it feels completely natural being a girl, like I've always been this way, even though I know I haven't. Even my voice! My thoughts are in a man's voice but this cute, squeaky thing comes out instead."

That last bit made Maria giggle, *"Thou art definitely a lot cuter this way,"* she grinned, then gave Steve a kiss on his delicate, soft cheek. *"Missed thee."*

* * *

"So you really think we can trust Allyn? He seemed to be trying to keep us apart. And I think he was messing with my mind" The two girls lay in bed together, Maria having shown Steven some of the pleasures of being a woman while they talked. He had to admit, it did feel pretty good. A box of chocolates and a bottle of fine wine from the King sat mostly devoured on the bedside table.

"I do," Maria responded. *"Sonja trusts him. I think he actually is helping me because he cares. I may have King William wrapped around my finger, but that be just because I give him such a good show. He will give us things, maybe even try to arrange*

something under the table, but he will not stick his neck out and 'twould ne'er cross the Queen. "

"But what about me? You may be satisfied with this life but I was enjoying my old one. Hey, you liked me as a guy, right? Maybe that ring of Kalliana's could change me back, if you wanted it bad enough."

"I doth not know Steven, that could have unexpected results. This magic stuff be tricky. "

Suddenly there was a rapping at the door. "Maria, art thou decent, dear?" came the voice of Kalliana.

"*Shite!*" Maria whispered. Being just a servant, she was not given a key to lock the door. At any moment, Kalliana could barge in on them. "*Quick into the secret passageway Steven, she can not know thou art here!*" They both rolled out of bed, thankfully still clothed, and Maria pressed the bit of paneling that released the door. Once Steven was through and the door shut, she hurried to the main door. It opened as she reached for the handle.

"*Oh dear, be those things slowing thee down that much?*" Kalliana said in a congenial but sarcastic tone, gesturing at Maria's chest.

"No, I, uh, was having trouble with me bodice, hehe, "

"Dear child, why wouldst thou be trying it on without a chemise? Surely thou can not be thinking of going out like that. Thou lookest positively indecent!"

"*Uh, no. . .* " crap, what did this woman want anyway?

Kalliana stepped into the room and shut the door.

"My dear, as thou knowest, Her Highness the Queen hath made me her adviser and a Lady in Waiting, due to my brilliance at bringing one so gifted as you into the fold"

of our world. I am thankful to you for this, alas; I am a bit worried that thee art not completely sure of your loyalty to the Queen. "

"Whate'er dost thou mean, my Lady?"

*"Maria, the Queen is quite happy with thy performance as a nursemaid. However, she be most displeased over thy recent dealings with His Majesty the King. You see dear, His Highness is not the only one who can spy from behind the walls. Thankfully, we may reduce thy undesirable effects on him without diminishing thy effectiveness in thy primary job. Recall if you will, how well fed thee hath been the last few days. "*Her amiable tone became deadly serious as her cold blue eyes stared Maria down. *"You know, it does not take that much food to make all that milk. Perhaps, you could use it elsewhere. "*

Maria became worried as Kalliana pulled a wand out of her belt. She felt like running but Kalliana's gaze held her motionless. *"You see, thy dashing Allsyn had me barred from using true magic directly. Her highness though, has recently restored that right. "*She chanted quickly in a strange tongue, flicked the wand a few times, and pointed at Maria's belly.

Maria had in fact been indulging lately, at the Queen's insistence. In fact, the last couple of days it seemed Her Highness wasn't happy till Maria finished at least two helpings of everything and her stomach was fit to burst. She was still full from dinner earlier this evening.

Suddenly she felt a grumbling in her stomach and belly, like indigestion or the flu. She began to feel bloated and tight all over. It was similar to how she used to feel when she grew, but different. Looking down she could see her clothes getting tight around her whole body. Fat began piling onto her fairly lean frame. Sure, she had plenty of fat on her to begin with; it gave her the sexy smooth supermodel curves that made her so hot. But now, those fat cells were being stuffed with more material than they'd ever had, even as new ones formed to hold the excess.

“Uhh... ah!” Maria let out a startled cry and grasped her tummy, feeling a dull pressure building inside. A small paunch began to form on her formerly toned belly. It slowly fattened until her abs lost all visible definition. Her thighs thickened, becoming plump. She could feel her stockings digging into her flesh until with a loud **RIIIPPP** they tore from the waist down the inside of her legs to her knees. Maria could feel her rear growing even fuller, wider, and heavier. Additional tears formed in her stockings as her butt cheeks swelled, flesh bulging out from each rip, and pushed out another inch behind her.

Her already huge breasts fattened, losing still more of their firmness as they swelled with jelly-like fat. She began to regret having on the tight, supportive bodice as it dug into her flesh. The back and sides were biting sharply into her soft skin while her tit-flesh overflowed from front. They were like two massive water balloons that some kid had his hands wrapped around the ends of.

Maria grappled with her chest, desperately trying to loosen the ties of her bodice, but the stretching only tightened the knots and they refused to be undone. She then tried to pull the two sides of the bodice apart, hoping to tear the lacing or at least free her tits from restraint. The lacing was strong though, it would not give, and her breasts were now far too large to pop free. Maria’s chest compressed more and more, tit-flesh pushed out, straining to escape from any gap, while fattening flesh pressed out from her back and sides. Kalliana waited with a sadistic grin, until it appeared Maria would faint, then slashed the front ties with a knife. Maria’s heavy breasts dropped free, bouncing and jiggling before settling low, truly now the size and shape of large ripe watermelons.

“Uuuuggghhh! What art thou doing to me?” she cried out

“’Tis thy own fault, dear. I know I promised thee wouldst grow no more, but thee apparently needs a lesson in the consequences of inappropriate behavior. I understand thee hath desires, but if thee hadst come to us we could have gotten thee any strapping young lad

thee wanted. Instead, thou thought it wise to seduce the King for favors. Quite the selfish choice."

Through a thin slit in the wall, Steven watched in horror as Maria's porn star body transfigured into a more plus sized one. She was still beautiful, for sure, but definitely very chubby.

Maria stood in shock for a moment. Then Kalliana blinked and Maria darted to the nearby mirror. Her breasts, belly, and ass all jiggling as she moved. "*Noooo! My... my body!*" She turned and faced Kalliana, pulling the sides of her much too small bodice over what little she could cover in an attempt at modesty. "*Change me back, please! I only danced for the King because he made me!*" That, she knew, was a lie. She'd enjoyed toying with one so powerful, even if he'd been spying on her first. "*After everything your stupid ring hath done to me, forgive me this, please?*"

"Oh I hath already shown you mercy, thou art still human and not a cow, yes? Human breast milk is so much healthier for babies, but I could make some pretty nasty changes to thy body and still leave that wonderful bosom human."

Suddenly the unmistakable pain of hunger hit Maria in her gut. She cupped her fattened tummy and grimaced.

"Oh, yes, so thou art feeling the second part of my curse, eh? It took thy entire digestive contents plus a good deal of magic to plump you up like that. Of course, look carefully and thou wilt see thou art far from what many would consider truly 'fat', I merely gave thee a more realistic body to go along with those knockers of yours. But I also made it very easy to pack on even more pounds. Best be careful! Play with the King anymore and I shall make sure you have the most delicious and rich cake to eat e'ery meal!" She laughed devilishly as she left the room, slamming the door.

Maria threw off her inadequate bodice and fell back onto the bed, disgusted at how soft it felt sitting on the vast cushion her ass was now. She

started to cry, bawling furiously. She needed something in her mouth, to satisfy her ravenous hunger, anything. Maria snatched up the last few chocolates and wolfed them down, then chugged the remainder of the wine. She was still starving. Reaching down she grabbed one of her voluminous tits and jammed the distended nipple into her mouth, sucking it as a baby would its thumb. Milk spurted out, which she gulped down, slaking her hunger. Maybe drinking her own milk would help her lose some of the weight?

Steven slipped back into the room now, hoping to comfort her. "Oh my God Maria, I'm sorry." He gazed upon the sorry yet exceedingly erotic sight of Maria greedily suckling her own breast. Her skin appeared as soft and radiant as ever as it stretched over dozens of new curves, Kalliana's use of magic ironically preventing any stretch marks that might further tarnish her beauty. "This may sound stupid, but she is right, I think you're still beautiful."

Maria dropped the teat from her mouth and looked up at Steven. Tears poured from her eyes, mixing with the milk dribbling from her lips. "But Steven, you don't understand. I am soooooo hungry!"

* * *

Steven hurried across the grounds, the dawning sun just starting to creep up into the sky.

"Don't do it Steven, you don't know what she might do to you," Maria had said as he left. Steven had stayed with her for the rest of the night, comforting her. Lying awake most of the night, Steven had come up with a plan that was foolhardy, but maybe just daring enough to work.

It was simple, in Steven's mind. Break into Kalliana's store while she was out, steal back the ring that had started this all, and they could take turns wearing it. Steven would use his desire to turn Maria back into a thin, sexy, reasonably endowed woman, then take the ring for himself and hopefully

Maria would desire him to have his male body back. What could go wrong, right? 'Yeesh, I hope it's that easy,' Steven thought.

She wished she could run but her chemise dress was not designed for such activities, so she walked as quickly as her short legs would take her. 'God, what I'd do to be tall and wearing pants again!' she mused.

She arrived in front of 'Fortuna et Fatum', unsure of her next move. The door was closed and locked. Was Kalliana inside? If so when would she leave? Maria had said she joined the court often but when would that be? She decided the best course of action was to take some time and 'case the place', as it were.

An hour passed. Either Kalliana was not home or she was sleeping in. The street was almost empty, save for occasional Faire folk; not much to do on a weekday morning but prepare for the occasional school group that visited. Watching from a few buildings down, Steven finally worked up the courage to break in. But just then, she spied Kalliana leaving. The woman was dressed in the finery of a courtier, obviously going to join the Queen for breakfast. Steven waited for the sorceress to be well out of sight, then made her move. A casement window on one side was unlocked and with little difficulty she pried it open and wriggled her way through. Inside it was dark, scant light from the few small windows casting shadows everywhere. Steven was scared that at any minute Kalliana might come through the front door and cast a spell on her. 'Would be a lot less scary if I wasn't a short little girl.'

Steven began searching. 'Something important like that ring, where would she keep it? Probably in the back somewhere. God I hope she doesn't keep it with her.' With trepidation, she made her way into the inky darkness of the back room. Finding a box of matches she lit one, casting an eerie glow across the small room, then grabbed and lit a candle off the center table. Carrying the candle, its warbling light illuminating one small area at a time, she searched the room bit by bit. There were dozens of baubles and knick-knacks scattered about the various small tables and shelves, but not the ring.

As she scoured the room she began to feel incredibly thirsty. Her mouth felt dry, even parched. It couldn't be from exertion, even as a woman

her body was in very good shape, and if anything it was still cool outside; she hadn't sweat an ounce. 'Must be my nerves getting to me, this place is creepy.' She remembered seeing a glass of water setting out on the table, and grabbed it thinking, 'How convenient that Kalliana left this out.' Sipping the cool drink greedily, Steven continued her search. Finally she found something, a small chest on the floor, somewhat hidden by a blanket draped over the top. It was surprisingly unlocked. Its old hinges creaked as she opened it.

"Bingo!" she exclaimed, startling herself with her especially peppy voice. There in the chest, laid on a velvet cloth amongst several other pieces of jewelry, was the green gemmed ring Maria had worn. Its details were crisp and it glittered with unnerving brilliance in the candlelight. "Hee hee! Now Maria and I can make each other just the way we want!" she said giddily.

Taking another swig of the delicious water, she was about to drop the ring into the coin purse on her belt, but suddenly decided it would be better hidden, and more fun, to stow it in her bosom. She pressed the ring between her breasts, and giggled as it slowly disappeared down her cleavage, which for some reason seemed extra perky, and was glistening with sweat.

Suddenly, she heard the front door swing open, then quickly close. Steven's heart skipped a beat; her stomach seemed to drop. 'Crap! I'm doomed! The witch is back!' She dropped to her hands and knees, blowing out the candle, then peered under the table and through the doorway at a tall figure that most certainly did not belong to Kalliana.

"Stefanie, art thou in here?" called Allyn from the front room.

'Stefanie, who was that? Wait, I'm Stefanie. No, I'm Steven. Arrgh!' Her mind fought a quick battle for identity as she stood up.

"It's Steven, dammit!" She called out in a voice meant to be angry but which sounded annoyingly sweet to her.

Allyn rushed back to her. As he entered the back room, he too felt a surprising thirst. Disturbed, he grabbed the amulet around his neck and muttered an incantation. A dull *woooooom* filled the room for a moment, like

feedback on a sub-woofer. For a few moments everything magical in the room radiated with a dim red glow, including several random trinkets, the crystal ball on the table, the drink in her hand, the ring in her bosom, and the large circle of compulsion that covered the entire floor. He frowned.

"Hast thou been drinking that?" He asked, pointing at the glass in Steven's hand.

"Mmmm, yes. It's really refreshing love, want some?" Steven realized he'd just called Allyn 'love', but somehow that didn't seem wrong. In fact, Allyn was looking surprisingly handsome, what with his rugged but dashing face and dreamy emerald green eyes. How had she not flirted with him before in the past few weeks?

"OK, Steven," Allyn said sternly, dropping his accent to convey his seriousness. "Put the glass down, and let's get out of here."

"Anywhere with you love, let me finish this first, its *soooo* good and I'm *soooo* thirsty for some reason." She raised the glass to chug the remainder but only got a small drink as Allyn swatted the glass out of her hand. It shattered on the floor with a crash.

"Hey now! Just because your didn't want any..." she was cut off as Allyn grabbed her by the arm and pulled her out of the room. He was so strong, it made her giddy.

"Hee hee, my hero," she giggled, why was she giggling so much? "Always looking out for me. Only I don't need saving this time, I..." Steven stopped herself before saying she'd found the ring. If Allyn knew she had it, would he let her keep it? Maria had said he was looking for a different, less risky solution. "I am glad you came though. Maybe you can help me find something here to change Maria and I back?" 'Change back? But I like being a woman, wait, what?' Steven's head felt fuzzy again.

"Absolutely not!" declared Allyn. "I'm getting you out of here before you trip any more spell-traps. I can only guess what that potion you drank will do. Come on." He tugged on her arm again.

‘Potion? What potion? Oh well, I have the ring. Everything will be fine once I get back to Maria.’ She let him lead her a few paces then stopped, doubling over as a wave of vertigo swept her body. Falling to her knees, her skin tingled and her dress felt suddenly tight around her chest. Allyn turned back to face her, and grimly observed that the potion was indeed having an effect.

Her modest bust swelled noticeably under her dress. There was minimal extra fabric in the top of the simple one piece peasant dress, and soon her front was tented taut over her chest. She began to pant heavily, clutching her stomach with one hand while holding tight on his arm with the other for support. “Allyn, ohhh, something’s not right. Oh God, it’s so hot in here! What’s wrong with me?” she panted. Wearing nothing under the dress but a pair of bloomers, her nipples showed clearly through the tight cotton fabric.

‘Why is this dress so restrictive? I should have worn something sexier, more revealing. God I’m horny! My pussy feels like it is on fire! But I’m a man! Why am I having these thoughts!’ Used to be, came the reply from her own mind, used to be a man. Now she was all female. Now she was Stefanie. A yearning was building up inside her chest. Stefanie felt amazingly erotic, her breasts felt so good as they began to grow, swelling fuller, bulging out against the smooth fabric of her dress.

“Ahhhhh! Ohhhhhh,” she moaned, caressing her growing bosom as it ballooned under her dress, rubbing nipples which ached as they became larger, puffier, and more erogenous. Suddenly she realized her body was a work of art, to be flaunted and displayed and... and... and fucked! She looked back up and Allyn could see a wildness in her eyes. She felt like ripping Allyn’s pants off and jamming his cock into her mouth.

Letting go of his arm, she tugged with both hands at the neckline of her dress. With some effort and a little tearing, she managed to pull it down and over her growing bosom. Sleeves still tight over her shoulders, the tightly stretched fabric pushed her rack up and prominently on display. They’d doubled in size in a few minutes, now full E cup jugs that competed for space

on her thin chest, spilling to either side. Puffy pink silver dollar sized areola capped with dainty but erect nipples begged for attention as the final swellings of breast flesh beneath pushed them out further.

“Ooooooh Allyn,” she moaned in a voice that had become sultry and laced with desire, “like what you see?” She mashed them together with her hands, kneading them. They were much softer and more malleable than the pert little things she’d had before, so much better.

Allyn indeed felt an involuntary twinge in his pants as his groin reacted to the sight before him. ‘Quite the burglar alarm there, Kalliana.’

Stefanie’s dress was pulled up several inches higher around her legs as her ass cheeks pushed out, dragging the tightening fabric with them. It flared out over fuller, widening hips. Now her round, heart shaped ass was clearly outlined under the tight dress, yet it draped loosely around her skinny legs as the bottom of her hips and ass pulled in tightly.

“Oohhhhh-god this feels soooo good,” she moaned, eyes closed, as her ass grew. She began rubbing her thighs against each other, trying desperately to give her cunt the pleasure it sought as it began leaking juice into her bloomers.

Continuing to fondle her breasts with one hand, she reached the other forward, attempting to cup his groin with a greedy look on her face. Allyn grabbed the hand, restraining her.

“Stop it! We need to get out of here!”

“Now now, let us have some fun shall we? Lets fuck, right here. I *NEED* it!” A bit of drool dripped from her mouth from between lips that were fatter and poutier. She looked mad with lust.

“So be it,” he said, pulling the sphere out of his pocket.

A few minutes later Allyn exited the shop carrying an unconscious Stefanie over his shoulder, wrapped in his cloak for modesty.

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"Unfortunately, I was too late," said Allyn as he lay Stefanie's unconscious form down on Maria's bed. Allyn had learned of Stefanie's ill-fated plan as he'd dropped in on Maria shortly after she had left. Now he returned as he still needed to talk to her and wasn't sure how long Stefanie would be out for, she seemed rather resistant to his charms.

"Oh my, I assume Kalliana did this?" asked Maria.

"Indirectly. She managed to trigger a spell meant to ensorcell burglars. Had I not arrived she would be masturbating naked on Kalliana's floor till the witch returned."

"Be there anything thou can do for her?"

"Nay, not for the time being, the enchantment hath run its course. She should be fine." He looked up from the transformed Stefanie and locked eyes with Maria. *"Thou art my priority anyway,"* he said sincerely. Maria blushed

What Kalliana had done to her vexed Allyn to no end. Here was a sweet young lass who was being made a pawn of the court. Oh if she wasn't so vain the Queen could have had her own tits made full of milk, but Maria's arrival was just *so* convenient. If anyone looked worthy of a baby it was Maria, not the Queen. The added pounds and padding made her look like an icon of fertility, minus the pregnant belly.

"Why doth thou look at me like that?" asked Maria, startling Allyn. Had he been staring at her body so obviously?

"Thou thinks I be fat, yes?" she asked, tears welling up in her eyes. He was shocked, why would she think that? She was beautiful, a little pudgy, but still sexy. 'Of course,' he thought, 'that's not how she must see herself.'

"Maria. . . thou art lovely. I hath been watching thee for over a month grow into a true Goddess." Lord, could he really be falling for this girl? Could that be why he felt such an obligation to help her?

Maria blushed again even deeper, her face and the tops of her breasts turning beet red. Being complemented on her beauty felt nice, as she'd felt it waning of late. Being complimented by one as handsome and dashing as Allyn was even better.

"Well then, Sir Allyn, prove it. Prove thou art attracted to one as large as I!"

Allyn needed no further invitation. He reached out and grabbed the waist of the woman, who, for lack of better words, looked to him like a chubby big-breasted Amazon. He pulled them together and locked his lips over hers in a kiss. As she wore just a loose nursing chemise, he could feel the warmth of her breasts being squeezed between them, from his lower chest down to his groin. Initially startled by his bold response, she soon returned the kiss enthusiastically. She was about to plunge her tongue into his mouth, and surrender to the sensuality of the moment, when she broke off the kiss, not wanting to seem too needy.

"I. . . see. . ." she panted. *"Wilt thou love me no matter. . . no matter what befalls my body?"* she looked up at his face with pleading eyes.

"Yes. I promise." Allyn delicately wiped the tears from her eyes. *"But worry not, my lady, I hath a plan. Be not afraid. I shall return for thee in but a fortnight, and free thee from this sorcery and servitude."*

He placed a reassuring hand firmly on her shoulder. *"Now, do be a dear and keep an eye on your peer friend here. I hath matters to attend to."*

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He met with the King in secret. His Grace was quite apologetic for getting Maria in trouble, and ashamed that his desires had turned her into a

pawn in the royal politics; an example of the power the Queen could exert over him.

He was suspicious at first. His Queen would not part with her nursemaid, and had no desire to see her replaced; Maria's mere visage combined with the rumors of its cause deterred any other girl from partaking in his philandering. Allyn carefully laid out the details of his plot.

"And thou art absolutely positive my dearest Queen will learn nothing of this?" the King asked.

"My Lord, I give you my word of honor. I have associates whom art very . . . discreet. And when it be done, nary a soul this side of the gate save yourself, need ever know the truth," Allyn responded.

The King mulled it over, then smiled.

"Quite clever, 'S boy. A scheme befitting my personal operative. So be it." And with that, he received the King's blessing, a modicum of gold, and an unrestricted travel pass through the gate.

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The potion, it seemed, had turned Steven into a proper grade A strumpet. Prior to leaving for the other side to arrange his plan, Allyn had debated taking her with him to keep her under supervision and out of trouble, but decided it would slow him down too much. Giving her a bracelet to ward off pregnancy and disease that he made *sure* wouldn't come off; he left her in Sonja's care. He hadn't found the ring; hopefully it had fallen on the floor at Kalliana's when she stripped. It could be dealt with later.

The one positive thing the potion had managed was to meld Steven's mind into a more stable whole. She now knew she used to be Steven, a man of the normal realm, and was now Stefanie, a woman of the Faire, but couldn't

care the slightest. Nor did she care about being stuck in the Faire. She was much more upset with the no returns policy of most Faire merchants, which meant almost every outfit she'd bought last week was worthless to her! Fortunately, they fit a few of the girls in Sonja's troupe who agreed to buy them at half price.

The new outfits she bought were definitely more risqué. Tight fitting leather corsets that pushed and squeezed her tits up so that the flesh looked as tight and ripe as the skin of a fresh tomato. Skirts cut to accent her curves and show much more skin than an Elizabethan woman would ever dream of displaying. Halter-tops which so snugly encased her bosom that one needn't imagine what they looked like naked, and which supported but did not impede movement, so her orbs were free to swing and bounce with every move.

At the joust, the crowds loved her. Her blatant fan service and sexuality made her section of spectators always the loudest and rowdiest. Returning male attendees would deliberately sit in her section, as much to enjoy her as the joust. After the competition finished, a few would often linger in the stands, vying to gain her favor. Her duties complete, Stefanie would draw an attractive, well-dressed specimen away to pacify her desires. At Allyn's suggestion, Stefanie had also tried dancing with Sonja's troupe, and attracted quite a bit of attention, but decided she desired something a little more... provocative. Not caring to baby sit any more than she had to, Sonja gladly pointed her in the direction of the bawdy pirate shows.

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Meanwhile, Maria was doing her best to deal with the new curse. As the seamstress could only work so fast, Maria had been forced to squeeze her new bulk into dresses much too tight. Just walking around the house she was constantly tearing seams, breaking clasps, and ripping fabric. Her bosom was

so large it was almost comical trying to get a bodice on, but going without any support would be unbearable and make her look even worse.

Drinking her own milk helped a bit, but it could only assuage her hunger so much. She was still part of the Royal Court, and still had to attend dinner with everyone else, whether she wanted to or not. The first few days had been horribly embarrassing, as rumor had spread over the cause for her abrupt weight gain. She'd heard more than a few snickers from around the table. Simply sitting at the table was tricky, as the protruding rack of her bosom threatened to knock the place settings aside as she took her seat. Too large to be squeezed between the table and her chest, she had to let them rest awkwardly on the table like melons on a display shelf, moving her plate to one side to make room.

The Queen made sure that her plate was always full, despite her attempts to skip some courses. She stared at her food. Before she had given nary a thought to the fatty cuts of meat, buttery rolls, and thick cream sauces; it had seemed nothing she ate could tarnish her beauty. Now she looked upon them with a mix of revulsion and longing. Try as she might to eat sparingly, it all tasted so good. Meal after meal she found herself clearing her plate.

The Queen was kind enough to engage her in the friendly chatter of courtly conversation, but as Maria devoured her food she'd always give a knowing smile. Meanwhile, the King sat glumly in his chair like a spanked puppy, making idle conversation with the nobles and avoiding her gaze. The lively court discourse invariably contained more than a few snide jokes and comments, of which she was invariably the target.

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After another week, it was evident that she was slowly but steadily putting on more weight. When unsupported, her huge teat-like nipples no longer rode high on the tips of her breasts, but instead pointed slightly downward towards the ground, capping fleshy L cup orbs encompassing the

mass of bowling balls but with an even greater volume. Gravity slowly won out over the magical augmentation, and with each passing day, they became elongated slightly more under their own weight, hanging lower on her chest.

They were still much firmer than those of other girls her size, especially since each one was packed with dense milk glands and ducts, but her new curse was constantly turning each extra calorie into more padding, and even her enhanced musculature and tight skin couldn't overcome the sheer mass of her growing tits. She could now mash them and squash them and semi-flatten them with her hands, all of which felt remarkably good. And they were so wide that just moving her arms caused them to jiggle. It felt weird even resting her arms at her side, as her breasts were so big the flesh under her armpits was now thicker with connective tissue; from the side it looked like her breasts wrapped around her torso and were attached as much to her back as to her chest.

Either due to the new curse or her added growth, her milk production was back on the rise. She was making more now than she ever had before; her turgid nipples would spray thick streams of milk when sucked or squeezed, almost like a cow. Every day she fed the Prince, drank some herself, and still had almost a gallon of excess. On one hand, she didn't mind; at least when her breasts engorged with milk they regained much of their firmness, sagging less and looking more like giant versions of the stripper breasts she'd been blessed with in weeks prior.

This though, came at the cost of her practical freedom from the mansion. Maria constantly had to express her milk or the engorgement would become painful and she'd start leaking like crazy. Being the size of large, long, ripe watermelons that hung to her belly button, discreetly nursing the Prince in public was impossible, not without giving everyone who cared to watch a show of her mammoth udders. Not that she felt like going out much in her new, increasingly portly body.

Little by little, her belly continued fattening up, bulging out further and further. At first, she'd tried to hide it, sucking in her gut even when alone in an attempt to disguise the truth. Soon this became impossible, as there was

simply too much flesh. No longer could she spot where her ribcage ended and her tummy began, or where her waist was, as those definitions had vanished. Now she just had a thick, soft, flabby torso from her average shoulders to her wide hips and stuffed ass. Her tits rode up and over her belly, as if it were a shelf with her bosom on display. On a shorter girl it wouldn't have mattered much, as her vast tit-flesh could have hid most of it, but being 5'9" even these giant knockers couldn't reach down to cover her entire gut. Not that she'd want them too, they sagged enough as it was.

Even so, she could barely see any of her chubby tummy as her massive bosom blocked her view. She had to pull her tits to the side and peer down the valley of her cleavage just to see her belly without a mirror!

Without support, the bottoms of her domed, puffy, saucer-sized areola would rub against her belly, and being very sensitive, her bulbous nipples would grow stiff and make her annoyingly aroused. They were now almost two inches long and over an inch thick when erect due to the constant attention they received! As if that wasn't enough, the arousal was enough to get her milk flowing. Maria would invariably go from feeling her nipples erect to feeling milk dripping down her belly and into her snatch.

That too had changed. Her mons pubis had swollen, now a plump little triangle of flesh with its own crevices between it and her thighs. Visually, it appeared to push her vulva down. Standing up one could barely see the top of her slit unless she pulled up on her belly, though her vulva was so big it was still plainly visible bulging down between her thighs. It was hard to tell, what with all the extra flesh between her eyes and her groin, but it felt like her outer labia had plumped up even more too. When walking she could feel them constantly grinding between her meaty thighs. Already enlarged from Sue's desires, her swollen cunt required little stimulation to make her horny.

Worst of all to her, her face was becoming noticeably rounder, her once angular features less defined. Every day she looked in the mirror and grimaced as she saw a double chin becoming more and more prominent.

Between the anxiety and dejection her current state inflicted, and the extra stimulation her swelling body provided, Maria found herself hard

pressed not to give in and just fondle herself into an uncaring masturbatory bliss every moment she wasn't feeding the Prince or in public. Between official meals, she'd often feel the curse's hunger nagging at her, urging her to seek out snacks from the Mansion's well-stocked pantry. Infuriated, but unable to ignore the craving for something in her gut, Maria would lift one of her milk-bloated breasts to her mouth and drink till full.

When feeding the Prince she'd often have him suckling greedily at one teat while she drank from the other. She couldn't help but revel in the sensations of taking her fat, stretched out teats into her mouth; reveling in the euphoric sensations even while being disturbed by how large they had become. She hated that she was growing ever chubbier, but could not deny how good it felt. Furthering her humiliation, several other maids and even the Queen had walked in on her like this.

Sonja, Sue, and Stefanie all tried to keep her from sinking into depression. They bought her several plus size gowns and dresses, as it seemed the seamstress was being deliberately slow in tailoring her outfits, possibly under duress from above. Maria at times even envied Stefanie; though it might be magically induced, she was completely happy with her new, stripperific body. 'Hang on,' she just kept thinking, 'Allyn said he'd find a way to save me.'

TO BE CONTINUED...