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If you've been reading this since I started it a few years ago thank you so much for sticking with me and being patient with the long gaps between parts. It's taken me much longer than I'd ever thought to finish this, but on the upside, I think the result was worth the effort.

Many thanks to my editors, proofreaders, and fellow authors Paul G and Merkava IV, for helping me improve my writing style and making this story much better than I could have done on my own.

Thank you to aon-celtic.com for providing the free clip art for the scene & chapter breaks.

Last but not least a grateful THANK YOU to all the folks who have commented on my previous chapters. 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.

This is the plain version without the different font for Ren-Faire speak. I've been experimenting with different fonts and am curious as to which style people prefer. Let me know! ☺



Fitting in at the Ren Faire by Coffee Pilot

Chapter 9 - Salvation

While Maria was doing her best to stay sane, on the other side of the gate Allyn had ridden far across the land. Unfortunately, Fairshire's gate merely brought him across the boundary between worlds, depositing him in the castle of his King. And though the castle guarded a large and very successful city, the alchemist he needed was not to be found here. Nor was he even a denizen of the realm.

Part of it was that, to be honest, Avalon's alchemical tradition was a little on the weak side; he needed much more than what the glorified herbalists calling themselves alchemists could provide. But also, he didn't want too many noses in his business. Most of the good alchemists in Avalon had connections to the court, and he didn't want gossip getting around.

No, for his plan to succeed he needed a master alchemist whom he could trust, a true potion-master, capable of working actual magic through his elixirs and draughts. And for that, he journeyed to the neighboring kingdom of Armakia, to the lodge of the reclusive master Linzanno.

Allyn had made this journey before, to obtain the potion, which, for a time, had brought Maria's lactation under control. On that visit they'd come

up with a plan, a plan which would hopefully allow him to save Maria without incurring the Queen's ire. But the potions central to that plan would take some time to brew. Now as Allyn neared his destination, he prayed that Linzanno had come through for him.



Linzanno's lodge was a large, but simple structure. It was sturdily built of wood timbers, rectangular, with a many-roomed main floor and a steeply pitched A frame roof. It sat in the edge of a forest, easy to miss with the thick layer of moss blanketing the roof, ivy creeping over much of the walls. Surrounding it was a mess of various flowers, herbs, bushes, and trees; a garden which only its owner could see the organization of.

Allyn dismounted his horse, carefully tying it to a tree where it couldn't graze on anything dangerous. A worn dirt path led to the open front door.

Entering, the bright light of day quickly faded, replaced by a dull glow. Filtered sunbeams found their way in through various dirty windows. The ceiling was high, at least eight feet, and supported by thick beams. Various tools and implements hung from the walls and beams, giving it the feel of a barn. From a large opening hung a ladder leading upstairs. "Linzanno! Where you be you old codger?"

"In my lab, ye fool!" came the terse reply. Allyn smiled, and made his way deeper into the lodge.

He entered into a long, narrow room. A standing height workbench ran its length, above which was a cobbled together mess of shelves and cupboards. Nearly every flat surface was covered with a myriad of jars, bottles, and plant samples. Live plants sat in pots, though some had cracked, roots escaping, vines and branches spreading, threatening to

convert the indoors into the outdoors. Light entered through the angled ceiling that was set with dozens of small, thick paned windows. All the panes were dirty or discolored, some cracked, as no one had cleaned the roof in ages, lending the light a strange, filtered hue.

Inside this part laboratory, part greenhouse gone wrong, toiled a tall, thin man. On the surface he looked old, and had a scraggly beard, but his eyes were devilishly bright and he moved with the sprightliness of a teenager. He moved from one mortar and pestle to another, grabbed a jar, opened it, sniffed it, then put it back and hurriedly grabbed another. His motions were hurried, random, frenetic, wild.

“Ah, good, ye’ve returned,” the man spoke, voice tinged with excitement. He grabbed a cup, plunged it into an open barrel of water, then dumped the contents of one mortar into it, before shoving the cup at Allen.

“Here, here here here!” he exclaimed, his voice starting out normally but taking on more frenzied tone, his speech rapid and high-pitched.

“Um, Linzanno, I hath come for the potions I requested... for Maria... remember?”

“Yes, yes, I know that. This be not for her, you fool! For you, for me, for all! ‘Tis revitalizing, inspiring, and tasty!” Lizanno squinted and looked closely at Allyn as if his head were made of rocks. “Thou hast just had a hard ride, I be trying to give thee a wee pick me up.”

“Ahhhh, yes, very good old friend, many thanks,” replied Allyn with embarrassment, taking the cup and drinking from it heartily. It was indeed refreshing. Tasty... not so much.

“So,” Allyn continued, the bitter aftertaste still lingering in his mouth, “I hath brought the samples you requested.” He pulled a small cloth bundle out from his cloak.

“Excellent!” cried the alchemist, excitedly snatching the bundle from Allyn’s hand. He skipped over to his workbench, untied the strap that

bound the cloth, and unrolled it. Inside, snugly tucked into small sewn pockets, were several small vials, some empty, some filled partially or totally with a liquid, and some containing obvious things like hair or nail clippings.

“Yessssss,” Linzanno grinned devilishly, “the more the samples, the more effective the potion will be, it is good that you obtained so many.” He pulled out two of the liquid filled vials, one clear, the other cloudy white, and pulled the stoppers off. He sniffed them as a chef would to check his spices. His forehead crinkled and cheeks pulled up around his nose as he sniffed the clear fluid, then he smiled and took a deep snort of its aroma, before letting out sigh, then chuckling. “The milk I was expecting, but do tell how you acquired the nectar from her other end?”

“I think not,” Allyn decreed in a firm tone that made it clear he was all business. It had taken him quite some explaining to convince Sonja that she needed to surreptitiously gather that sample for him.

“Tee-hee-hee,” Linzanno giggled, “protecting her honor when, by my gathering, she hath bedded about everyone in Fairshire EXCEPT thee! My dear friend Allyn art truly smitten for once!” He then clammed up, stared Allyn straight in the eyes, and spoke in a lower, completely serious voice; “’bout time I reckon.” Allyn just continued to glower at him, trying not to blush from being called out.

“Now, out with thee! I shall call when it be ready, and dunna disturb me in the meanwhile! Last fool who pestered me while concocting such a complex concoction made me miss-measure; ended up a bratty little teenage cat-girl with such messed up hormones that trying to get her body back to where she wanted it just... let us just say it was interesting but not what she had intended!”

Allyn got the point. Not that it needed to be made; Allyn was well aware of the story, he was the one who’d helped Linzanno clean up the mess. He headed back out of the lodge. Knowing it might be all day and

night before Linzanno finished, and that it was doubtful he'd find anything appetizing in the pantry, he decided to take in a bit of hunting.



The Tower was a stone keep, single story, with a three-story tower rising from one corner. Ostensibly, it was a museum of medieval and renaissance artifacts. For a small fee, visitors could enter and peruse ancient swords, armor, clothes, instruments of torture, and other curiosities. Granted most of them were replicas, the items looking to be in far too good condition to be centuries old. Besides, anything truly that old and historic would be in a proper museum, not a Renaissance Faire sideshow.

Allyn stepped out through the gate and back into Faireshire. He paused for a moment, collecting himself after the disorientation that came from transiting across dimensions. He exhaled slowly, his skin tingling with residual energy.

"Evening, Sir," greeted the guard sitting behind a high desk. It was obvious from his casualness that he was used to Allyn's passage. Fully recovered, Allyn swiftly exited the room, flashing the King's pass at the guard as he departed.



Sonja was just coming backstage from her first act of the day. "Great job girls! Get some rest, we're back on in an hour!" she called out to the dance troupe. Her mood shifted to the serious as she saw Allyn waiting for her.

"I need to find Stefanie. Now."

"Stefanie?" Sonja said quizzically. "Honestly Allyn, that girl is too much trouble to bother keeping track of. Joust, pirate show or pub; she could be anywhere as long as there are testosterone fueled men to ogle her. That is, if she's not on her back with one of them somewhere. Oh, and she changed her name apparently. Goes by Keelin now, means *comely* in Celtic, and boy has she been living up to it." She paused, obviously flustered at the behavior of her charge. "Please tell me this is about you fixing her and Maria."

"It is. I shall be taking them with me,"

"Excellent!" Sonja interrupted him. "I'm tired of getting raked over the coals by the Sheriff about how one of 'my' girls is getting a little too rated 'Rrrrr' for the public. Ask Michael at the Dancing Pony, I'm sure he can point you in her direction. So, are you going to fill me in on your little plan, or just leave me in the dark as usual?"

"The latter, I art afraid, at least for now," he said solemnly, "the fewer people who know the details, the better. Sorry, you understand, yes?"

"Yes. You know I could help you, with whatever it is you have planned."

"No, too many hath already become entangled in this mess. The last thing I need is another person with an enchantment on them. Besides, I need someone I trust keeping an eye on things here while I am gone. Here," he handed her a small envelope sealed with wax. "If you do not receive word from me in the next two days, open that, and do what it says. Goodbye."

"Wait, Allyn!" she stopped him as he abruptly turned to leave. Deftly, she swooped inside his guard and planted a kiss on each cheek, then pulled back before he could react. "One for good luck, and one for old time's sake," she said with a coy smile, "now, go and save the day."



“Ohhhh, fuck yes! Fuck me! Ohhhhh, ohhh-yeeahhh.” The moans from Sir William’s tent were hard to miss. The heavy canvas did little to muffle Keelin’s moans of pleasure. Allyn had arrived at the tournament grounds shortly after the 10AM joust had finished, and it had taken little questioning to find that the Blue Knight had made off with the leader of his cheering section.

“Harder! Yes you knightly stud, harder! Mmmmmmm-yes!” he heard her cry out in rapturous delight. Sir William was apparently living up to his reputation as quite the lady-killer.

Allyn waited patiently. After a few more minutes the deep, grunting moans of the knight began mixing with Keelin’s higher pitched wails, as they finished their sexual romp with a pair of very vocal orgasms.

Allyn entered the tent. The two naked lovers lay upon the bed. Sir William on his back, Keelin sat riding atop him, her back arched high, one hand cupping a firm, DD cup breast, the other down at her crotch where the knight still had his shaft buried up to the hilt. William’s hands were clutched on either side of her luscious ass.

“Oh, hi there Allyn,” she said in an out of breath, but otherwise disturbingly nonchalant manner. “Have you come to join us?” She seemed downright excited and hopeful at the prospect for a three-way with him and the knight. Sir William on the other hand, had a much more normal reaction; twisting his head around in surprise to spot the intruder and giving Allyn a very angry look.

“Oi!” the knight shouted, “What the bloody hell?! A bit o’ privacy here, if thee mind?”

“Oh shut it William,” Allyn calmly snapped back. “If thou really didn’t want everyone to know what thee doth do in here thee wouldst pay up and have a silence spell placed on it.” The man was truly an honorable knight of noble blood from the other side. He enjoyed jousting at the Faire though,

specifically for the ease with which he could hook up with nubile girls like Keelin who fawned over him.

“Keelin, is it now? I need thee to come with me, now. Clean yourself up, I shall be outside.”

“Sorry luv,” Keelin told William as she pulled herself off his deflating cock with a *schlop*, “gotta run, you were great!”

A surprisingly scant few minutes later, Keelin emerged from the tent. She wore a skin-tight tube-top like black leather corset perfectly contoured to every curve of her torso. It only covered her breasts from the nipple and below, proudly displaying the tops and cleavage of her DD cup melons, which looked ready to pop free at any moment. In fact, only the tailor’s sensible addition of spaghetti straps ensured her nipples would stay under wraps. Below the waist hung a seemingly random but carefully crafted mix of darkly colored cotton and gauzy silk rags that covered her crotch and rear to below the knee yet was almost transparent on the sides, and open enough that one could see bare skin all the way up to the top of her thighs. Complementing the outfit were calf-high heeled black leather boots and a coiled black bullwhip hanging from a thin belt.

“Let me guess, thou art a pirate wench?” said an unsurprised Allyn.

“Yo-ho baby,” Keelin said seductively, running a finger down his chest. “Even the good boys can’t resist a bad girl like me.”



“So... it’s Keelin now?” Allyn asked as they walked across the faire. “Why the name change?”

“Thought I’d take some control of myself seeing how everything else has been taken out of my hands. Figured if I was going to embrace my new self I’d choose a name more fitting than a simple feminized version of my old male name. If I’m starting a new life I damn sure should get to pick my

own name, no offense.”

“None taken,” replied Allyn, still impressed that the former man turned wench had such self-determination, despite his physical and mental transformation. “I merely gave thee that name to ease thy transition mentally. The subconscious mind accepts small subtle changes much easier than big ones. Seeing how thee shook off my memory adjustments there be no need to keep the similar name.”

“Yeah,” Keelin nodded, “it just felt weird using Stefanie, wrong somehow. I feel like a new person. I need to develop my own identity. And I like this name. It feels... right somehow.”

“Thou dost know what it means, yes?”

“Ohhhh yes,” she cooed in a sultry tone, licking her lips and stretching her arms behind her head, reveling in the sensation of her large breasts pressing firmly against her tight leather corset. “I know exactly what it means.”



Allyn stormed into Kalliana’s shop with the provocatively dressed Keelin in tow.

“Ahh, Allyn, I see thy charge was indeed the one who enjoyed my potion. You know, she’s lucky; I used to turn my burglars into donkeys. Alas, too much broken furniture and such though, so I switched to whores.”

“Enough Kalliana,” he commanded, slipping a pack off his shoulder and dropping it to the floor. “Thou art going to undo this spell and take the curse off Maria as well.”

“Or what?” she sneered. “The King is in the doghouse, as it were, with Her Highness. Might I remind thee that I am a practicing sorceress

once more? And in the direct service of Her Highness. Thou cannot touch me.”

“Fine, well then I guess thou would have no interest in this,” he pulled a vial, slightly smaller than a standard test tube, from a pouch on his belt. Glittering blue fluid was contained within its thick, durable glass. The top was corked and sealed with wax.

Kalliana’s eyes went wide. Allyn knew the old gal wouldn’t be able to resist it.

“What be that?” she snapped, able to sense the powerful magic given off by the vial’s contents.

“Oh this,” said Allyn. “’Tis but a simple youth elixir I procured on the other side, for the Queen. Seems Her Highness hath become a bit more self-conscious of late, what with King Henry’s wandering ways, and she had me acquire it whilst I was on my trip. Guaranteed to take ten years off they say.”

“Oh *really*,” Kalliana said with disbelief. “And how wouldst an agent of the King be given such a task when I, a trusted Lady in Waiting, could whip up such a thing myself?”

“Come now Kalliana, we both know thy potion supplies on this side are anything but quality. It hath been what, how many years since the Guild disbarred you? The Queen’s dispensation does not extend beyond her realm. Must be hard, trying to keep thy customers when thou art forced to scrounge ingredients from woods and natural health stores.”

“Ohhh!” she growled at being patronized by one half her age.

“Anyway, the thing is I managed to obtain two doses,” he flicked his right wrist and a second vial, identical to the first appeared in his hand. “This one is twenty years worth. Thought thee might be interested in a deal, what with that annoying little catch and all.”

The catch, as those who dealt in magic referred to it, was how dangerous and unpredictable it was to use one's own magic on themselves. Enchantments required complete focus during casting, difficult to maintain when you tried to enchant yourself. One could brew up potions with similar effects, *if* one could procure the ingredients.

Kalliana pulled out her wand, aiming it at Allyn's chest. "Or I could just take it myself. Thou art right; I hath been feeling a bit run down of late. This would be just the thing."

"Hah!" Allyn chuckled. "Thou cannot curse me and thou know it. If 'tis to be battle-magic, then fine, give me an excuse to slay thee." Allyn grinned, stowing one vial and moving his right hand to his sword. Kalliana stared back at him, pensively, weighing her options.

"I change the whore back to a wench, that be it. You and His Highness will have to grovel to m'Lady for Maria. Now, give me that elixir!"

"I suppose that be better than nothing. Deal," said Allyn begrudgingly. Keelin looked at him as if to say 'you're giving in that easy?' as he handed a vial over to Kalliana.

Kalliana grabbed it greedily. "If this art a trick I'll be turning her into a cow. A real one!" she said uncorking it. She took a small sip, just enough to verify its effects without being disorientated by them. It was silky and smooth as it ran down her throat. Immediately she could feel a twinge in her skin, as if her whole body were made tighter. She ran to a nearby mirror, and noted that indeed her wrinkles had shallowed out. Her skin looked firmer and younger, but she was still old.

"I told thee, 'tis the real deal," Allyn said calmly. "Now change her back."

"Fine fine," she said slipping the vial into a small belt-purse. "Wait here, I shall go get my spell-book to take the whore compulsion off. No promises though! She may hath grown to like it!"

Kalliana turned and took a step towards the backroom. She stopped in the doorway though, and licked her lips. She could still taste the residue of that delicious youth potion. Without even thinking it, she found her hand bringing the vial back out of her purse. Shaking her head, she tried to clear the distracting thoughts from her brain. She continued forward, disappearing into the dimly lit back.

Allyn gestured to Keelin with his head, and she quietly slipped across the room, taking position a few feet to the side of the doorway. Allyn silently drew his riding sword, similar to a longsword, but with a narrower, almost rapier-like blade. They waited. A minute ticked by, then two. Keelin looked anxiously at Allyn, who mouthed the word 'patience.' Suddenly the sound of breaking glass shattered the silence.

"Aaaaaaghhhhh!!!!!" came Kalliana's shrill shriek from the backroom. There was the sound of more glass breaking. Seconds later the curtains burst aside, and a much younger, bustier, and slightly plumper Kalliana stormed back in. She held her wand up and out in her hand, at the end of an arm that while free of wrinkles had some obvious fat hanging just below the shoulder.

"You!! What hath you done!?" she screamed as she bore down on Allyn, all the carvings on her wand beginning to glow. Keelin noted that even her voice seemed different, and oddly enough, slightly familiar.

"You'll pay for this!" Kalliana shouted, stopping and muttering a quick curse. Her wand glowed brighter as light flowed from her hand, around and through its intricately carved wood, and blasted forth in a bolt of angry red energy, directly at Allyn.

Anticipating her actions, Allyn's sword was already up, ready to block the assault. The spell-bolt flashed over it, hugging it like a magnet, drawn in by its absorbent power. The bolt dissipated, the sword's own carvings glowing with the same red light for a moment, and then it was gone. Allyn smirked, then letting go of the sword for a moment, waved his index finger

at Kalliana in a 'tsk-tsk' gesture.

"Ohhhhhh!" Kalliana shrieked in rage, but this was followed by an, "ooohhhh," that was more a groan, borderline moan, as another burst of growth hit her breasts, swelling them further. They were quickly filling her gown; two cantaloupe sized spheres stretching the fabric to its limits.

Like a photograph being touched up, the wrinkles on her face melted away. Her skin became softer, more radiant, as the blemishes and imperfections of age faded. It did not, however, tighten up. Instead, Kalliana's strong features softened, losing definition as fat began to fill in under her skin. Her tightly drawn lips swelled, blossoming into thick sexiness, and a double chin began to form under her jaw. Even the shape of her face changed as her bone structure shifted subtly.

Another curse shot forth from her wand, but again was deftly blocked by Allyn, as he closed the distance between them.

Now Kalliana's increasing girth was obvious, the perfectly tailored gown strained to contain her growing form. Her midriff bulged out both in front and to the side forming quite the muffin-top, the silk becoming skin-tight and doing an admirable job as a corset even though it was never meant to act as such.

Other changes began to become evident. Her gray-streaked, raven black hair was shifting, the black lightening as the gray darkened, both shifting towards a more uniform brown. Her locks grew longer, tumbling down her back and towards her swelling rear.

Kalliana paused to catch her breath, batting an errant lock from her eyes, keeping her wand trained on Allyn who was now just an arms-length away.

"You tricked me! A, ah," she struggled for air as her chest was compressed between her tailored gown and her swelling bosom. Her body was extremely uncomfortable from the constriction, and yet becoming

increasingly turned on by the new, erotic sensations it produced. “A compulsion spell *IN* the potion? How, mmmmm, sly of thee. Just had to get me to take a sip and then thou *knew* I’d finish it off! No matter, I, ughhh, I can fix this, after I fix *thee*!”

She screamed and lunged at Allyn with the wand, trying to strike him directly, betting he would not be so bold as to actually strike her down, but Allyn merely parried her thrust, deftly sidestepping Kalliana as a matador would a bull.

Now her bosom was reaching epic proportions. Two elongated, watermelon sized globes obscenely distorted the silhouette of Kalliana’s fitted gown. The V-neck, once flush with her skin, now pulled out several inches from her chest above the newly created cleavage.

As she spun round to re-face Allyn, the inertia of her weighty bosom heaving about proved too much for her clothes to bear. Kalliana half-shrieked, half-moaned, as the silk of her gown finally gave way, tearing down the middle with a loud rip as the twin mountains of breast-flesh broke free of their cage. The tear quickly made its way down her front, stopping just below her ribcage; however, as her belly continued to grow and her hips continued to widen and her thighs swelled to twice their original thickness, the tear progressed unrelentingly, an inch at a time, like a loud, permanent zipper opening up.

Now it was Allyn’s turn to strike. He artfully swung his sword up from below his waist, making to disarm Kalliana with the oddly angled strike. Kalliana was quickly becoming disorientated from fighting in a form that was swiftly changing around her, but not so much that she was out of this fight. Movement in the corner of her eye was all the warning she required to channel enough mental energy in her wand. A mere inch from impact Allyn’s sword met an invisible shield. A shower of blindingly bright magical blue sparks exploded out in all directions. A high pitched screeching drone akin to arc-welding filled the room. Keelin covered her ears as it grew louder and louder. Glassware and other trinkets around the room began to

rattle as the magical vibrations intensified.

Allyn's muscles flexed under his cloak as he attempted to power through the barrier. Kalliana gritted her teeth, sweat beading on her brow, trying to stay focused even as she felt her body changing more, her huge tits hanging out for all to see, widening hips pulling the middle of her gown apart with every move.

"I can go all day old girl! Can thee? Give up now and I'll go easy on thee!"

"Hah!" she harrumphed. "This is not a sanctioned action! This is a petty conspiracy against me! We both know whoever loses this isn't getting off nicely. I'm willing to go all the way to win this, art thee?!"

With that exclamation of defiance, Kalliana threw everything she could muster into her wand. There was a brilliant blinding flash, a crack of thunder, and Allyn was thrown backwards across the room. He slammed hard into a set of shelves, then slumped to the floor, the contents of the shelves falling upon his back.

Kalliana stood panting in the middle of the room, visibly drained from her spell-casting. Her gown, now fully torn in half down to her thighs, hung loosely from her arms like an exotic bathrobe. So as not to trip, she stepped out of the gown's intact base, fully exposing her lower body, which was nude except a conservative pair of modern panties that were stretched to their limits around her swollen rump. Keeping Allyn covered with her wand, she chanced a glance at a small mirror near a jewelry display. Her mouth dropped as an almost twin of Maria looked back at her.

Suddenly, it dawned on her what the true nature of Allyn's plot was. "I'm her?" she cried. "Thou made me her! So what, so you can run away with her? Because she has things sooo bad here? Maria was less than nothing before I helped her. Now she is on the Royal Court! Something she could only have dreamed of before meeting me!"

“Thou may hath had good intentions at the start,” Allyn said, wincing as he staggered to his feet, “but like everything else, as soon as thou saw a way to twist her for thy own gain thou didst it, without a second thought.”

“Damn thee and thy silly idealism Allyn!” Kalliana shouted, simultaneously flicking her wand and sending a spell blasting towards him. Allyn just managed to get his sword up in time, absorbing most of its energy, but enough got past to painfully smack him in the ribs.

“Did she seek me out after becoming a temptress? Nay! She was more than happy to be shaped by the desires of men. ‘Tis her own fault she ended up as she did, her fault she crossed the Queen, not mine!”

“That doth not give thee the right to keep her like a slave!” Allyn shouted, resuming his fighting stance. “Now, drop thy wand!”

Kalliana screeched in defiant anger, her keening voice disturbingly beautiful, as it was now that of Maria. She fired off a trio of weak spells in rapid-fire succession, each easily blocked by Allyn as he advanced upon her. Some of the energy his sword absorbed outright, some was deflected and caromed randomly around the room, smashing a display of jewelry and blasting a pile of books apart.

Allyn replied with two sharp words of command, which channeled through his sword and crashed upon Kalliana’s defenses like angry waves upon a rock. She staggered, her wand nearly knocked from her grasp. Allyn stopped, a few feet from her, his sword thrust out towards her, the tip just inches from that of Kalliana’s wand.

Kalliana was flushed with exertion, it took all her energy just to keep her wand at the ready. “What art thou waiting for?” she panted. Allyn just smiled.

A motion at the edge of her vision made Kalliana turn, but she was too slow. The end of a long brown whip cracked upon her wand and sent it flying from her grasp. The whip snapped back to its owner’s grasp, a

triumphant looking Keelin, who grinned as the wand skittered across the floor.

“Oooh! Now what ye gonna do? I’ll teach ye for messing ‘wit me an’ me friend!”

Kalliana looked desperately, first at Keelin, ready to strike again with her whip, then at Allyn, and finally at her wand, which had come to a stop several feet away. She contemplated casting something orally, but doubted she could muster anything of significance without her wand. God how her tits felt so heavy and full! And her whole body felt so bloated, it was so distracting! She felt a *snap* down low as her undergarments gave way to her plumped up ass, fabric falling down around her legs. Now she was nude save the remains of her gown, her sizeable vulva tingling as the cool air hit it.

CRACK went the whip again, this time upon her full ass, bringing her full attention to Keelin. Kalliana yelped and jumped. The back of her torn gown shielded her from real harm but it still stung.

“How d’ye like the new me?” Keelin spoke with an accent less formal Elizabethan and more scurvy pirate. “Ooooh,” she cooed seductively, “I hath learned a thing or two since ya changed me, even come to appreciate me new form. Now, methinks it be time to return the favor!”

Keelin’s whip lashed out at Kalliana. It wrapped around her thickened waist, and with a few strong tugs, the two women were chest to chest. The scantily clad strumpet groped the huge tits of the sorceress, giving her new, hefty nipples a good flick.

“I, mmmm, have managed to develop a wee bit ‘o control o’er these urges ye gave me, but seeing ye like this it be too fun to resist.”

“Keelin!” called out Allyn sternly. “Careful, she still hast her wits about her!”

Indeed, as Keelin played with her breasts, Kalliana was busily

gesticulating with her left hand, desperately trying to channel enough arcane energy for a spell without it being noticed. Allyn's eagle eyes would have none of it though; he nonchalantly approached the two women and rapped her knuckles with the side of his blade.

"Now now, none of that. Relax. Thou shouldst enjoy this, thou didst want thy youth back, did thee not?" Kalliana glowered at him, the ice still in her deep blue eyes. She bit her lip as Keelin again flicked her thickening nipple, it throbbed with a pleasure she hadn't felt in years.

"Thou wouldst been wise to remember the Golden Rule, my dear Kalliana. As it turns out, that was the perfect solution to our problems, for I hath but done to thee what thou didst to Maria."

Kalliana's transformation had now almost fully run its course. She was now the spitting image of Maria. From her massive, pendulous breasts draping over her flabby belly, to her wide, motherly hips and huge ass perched above long, muscular legs with their thick, fat laden thighs. Sexy and curvaceous yet chubby and fat, complete with ass length brown hair, full lips, milk-dribbling nipples, and an over-sized, over-sexed vulva, only her eyes remained her own.

Allyn looked her over, head to toe, like a farmer eyeing a newly bought heifer. He traced her body's curves with the tip of his sword, all the while Keelin did her best to distract the transformed sorceress with the new pleasures of her flesh. Kalliana tried to resist the sensations, but her over-amped sex drive was as much a part of her new body as her L cup breasts. Finally, Allyn smiled with satisfaction.

"I doth think Master Linzanno hath outdone himself. Now, for the final part." He pulled out his mesmerizer, and began spinning it in his hand. "Thou looketh exactly like Maria, beautiful Maria," he began. Kalliana tried to look away, to close her eyes and not watch the flickering crystal sphere, but she was tired from the fight, and Keelin's expert ministrations kept her eyes wide open in pleasure. Allyn did not try to force her; he didn't even

move the device as Kalliana's head whipped back and forth. He knew subtlety was best. Slowly, the device gained her attention whether she wanted it to or not, and she found herself staring at it more and more. "...in fact thy name *is* Maria," continued Allyn, "why would thou look like thyself if thou were not thyself? Right, Maria?"

"Mmmm, uh-huh," Kalliana murmured in acceptance between groans of pleasure.

Allyn had, in fact, discovered why his brainwashing of Keelin (nee Steven) had failed to take; she cared too much for Maria. He'd never run into the problem before, but one whose self-image was rooted externally, by their feelings for others, could never be fully changed. Keelin's feelings for Maria had given her a sort of anchor, a frame of reference to return to, and by not keeping them separated, he'd failed to cut the chain, so to speak.

He smiled to himself. There would be no such problems with Kalliana; the sorcerer-witch was too self-centered, too egotistical. Once she accepted the alterations to her memory, she'd believe them in full.

"Art thou member of the Queen's court, Maria?" Allyn started with facts that held true for both Maria and Kalliana.

"Yea," came the reply.

"The Queen holds thee in very high regard, doth she not Maria?"

"Yea." That reply was quite joyful, both out of pride in her position and pleasure from Keelin's stimulation.

"Maria, I know we hath had our differences, but we both serve the same crown. 'Twill make both our King and Queen very happy if you trust me now, ok?"

"Ummmm, ohhhh..." she moaned as Keelin mashed her palms into Kalliana's equally sized areola, pressing them down into the soft volume of

her breasts. The thought flitted through her brain that this was all wrong, that Allyn was someone she most definitely should *not* trust, but the flickering happy light in her eyes and the wondrous sensations from her body obliterated these thoughts from her consciousness. “ohhhh... ok. “

“So Maria, thou art telling me thou trust me, implicitly, and thou knoweth everything I say be true?” He nodded his head, signaling the correct answer.

Kalliana’s eyes had lost their icy stare. Though still blue, they had a glazed over look to them born of ecstasy and mental numbness. Her mouth hung open, a bit of drool leaking at the corner, as one of Keelin’s hands had worked its way down to her snatch.

“Maria?” Allyn prodded her for an answer.

“Ohhhh, mmmmm, so goood. Ummm... yes?”

Allyn chuckled softly. “Let’s move on then. Look down, Maria. What would thou say is thy greatest asset?”

Kalliana looked down, staring dumbly at the vast expanse of tit-flesh that obscured her view of any other part of her body. For emphasis, Keelin curled her hands around to the bottom of Kalliana’s bosom, and heaved the heavy knockers up towards her face.

“I hath huge breasts?”

“Indeed! The Queen herself chose thee to be her personal wet-nurse. Doth that not make thee proud of thyself?”

“...Yea...” Kalliana replied, somewhat hesitantly.

“Good. Good girl. Now, Keelin here is a good friend of thee. Thou trust her too, yes?”

“Yea... mmmm.”

Allyn paused in his spinning of the many-faceted crystal. "Keelin, step aside please." With the pouty look of a child told to stop playing with a new toy, Keelin ceased her fondling of Kalliana's body, and took a few steps back.

Time to see how well we're doing, thought Allyn. "Maria, let us get thee into something more comfortable, that... robe thou art wearing dost not befit thy figure." Going back to the pack he'd dropped earlier, he pulled out one of the custom-tailored outfits that had been made to accommodate Maria's new, larger form.

"Here we are. Keelin, please give Maria a hand getting dressed. I shall give you two some privacy. Join me outside when thou hath finished." He handed the dress off, then took his leave.

Keelin was all smiles as she dressed Kalliana. She wanted so much to brag about how they'd tricked her, how they'd turned her into a pawn in their plan just as she had with Maria. But for now, she had to be content with gloating internally.

"Right, Ka —," Keelin coughed, "err, *come* along, *Maria*." She took in the breathtaking voluptuousness of the transformed sorceress as she led her into the adjacent room. She pulled a large chemise over the woman's head, having to tug hard to get it around her breasts and hips where it was snug. Her hands draped the bodice's overflowing cups around the huge watermelons, then cinched it up tight, enjoying the show of taught flesh bulging under the bodice's constricting support. Even though Keelin had witnessed the shape-shifting, her fingers told her that the soft, aroused flesh she touched *was* Maria, identical to the very last inch.



Allyn entered Maria's room. She laid on the large bed, reclining on her right side, a mass of pillows behind her back and under right arm. The

young prince sat upright at her side. The tot's mouth wrapped greedily around her left nipple, his head dwarfed by the tit more than thrice its size. The huge breast curved down at an angle, draped over the folds of her belly, which forced it up to his mouth level, for if she sat up and tried to feed him in a normal position her breasts hung far too low, and they were so heavy her arms grew tired holding them up to his mouth. Indeed, next to the prince her right breast hung straight off her ribcage, heavy tit-flesh pooling as its side pressed flat against the mattress, the sheet growing damp from leaking milk. Naked from the waist up, a loose skirt covered her legs.

She looked up as Allyn entered, and tears began to leak from her eyes. "Allyn!" she cried, "you... you're back!" she cried incredulously, excitement tinged with embarrassment filling her voice. "Thou came back for me!" It had been almost two weeks since she'd last seen him, and she'd really packed on the pounds in that time. Would he really still love her?

"S... sorry, had I known thee were coming, I would have made myself more presentable. I hope thee, uh, aren't too disappointed with my body," she waved a hand over her expanded belly. "It hath been a rough few weeks." She wanted to just break down and sob. She wanted to bemoan the fact that she felt like a big, fat, milk-filled cow. But he'd told her to be strong, so she sucked it up. "Thou wilt excuse me if I don't get up?" she petted the soft hair of the seven month old greedily suckling from her teat.

"Glad to see thou art hanging in there." Allyn smiled, happy to see Maria at least keeping up the semblance of a positive attitude. She had indeed grown larger in his absence, and not just in the gut that obviously embarrassed her. Her breasts had swollen multiple cup sizes, the milky orbs noticeably larger than those Kalliana had ended up with. He prayed the difference would go unnoticed.

"Good news. We art leaving," he said simply. "I shall get thy clothes, you finish up with him, then we must go."

Allyn could see the look of shock permeate her face. "Leave?" she replied. "For where?"

“For the other side,” he replied. The look of shock on Maria deepened. Allyn began emptying Maria’s armoire into an empty pack. “Be not afraid, ‘tis the best option we have.”

“I be not scared Allyn, ‘tis just that, wow, first I leave my normal life behind, and now I have to leave the Faire too? What about baby Marcus?” She’d grown kind of attached to the little tyke, as he obviously had to her. She resented what the Royals had done to her, but their son was innocent. Not to mention that she depended on him to help keep her breasts under control. Her recent growth seemed to be causing her to lactate more and more, filling her bosom with alarming regularity.

“All part of the plan. Now...” squatting over the pack, he embarrassingly fumbled with a mess of her garments, trying to find something that fit her currently and would be easy to travel in. It was amazing how much material there was in just one of her voluminous tops. He gave her a pleading look, the clothes obviously confusing him a little. “I’m terribly sorry; I’m looking for something you can wear on the trip, something comfortable for walking and horse riding. What shall I grab thee?”

Maria smiled, amused at his embarrassment. The prince had mostly finished with her, his suckling had slowed and his eyes were full of sleep. She pulled him off her breast, a trickle of milk still dribbling from her hugely engorged teat. Laying him gently between the pillows, she rolled to her left and off the bed. Even with all her weight, she still had her dancer’s grace, though standing quickly made her wince slightly as her heavy mams fell from her chest. She skipped lightly over to Allyn, full watermelon like breasts bobbing up and down, ass and fat-rolls jiggling. Before he could say a word she was on him, hugging him from behind, her boobs wrapped around his head and fell over his chest, pressing in softly from either side, like the most heavenly neck pillow ever.

“You can *grab* me any way you want, my dashing hero,” she cooed seductively into his ear. She was glad for the tension breaking innuendo, even if it was unintentional on Allyn’s part. “As far as clothes are concerned, I’m afraid I’m a bit limited. I hath been more concerned of late with just

being decent in public. I certainly did not foresee an adventure in the near future. Why doth I not just wear something sexy for you? You *do* still find me beautiful, yes?” She slipped her arms under the vast expanse of her bosom, and massaged his chest through his shirt, breasts undulating as she worked.

“Of course thou art still beautiful Maria,” he said, tension evident in his voice. “But, umm, we really must be going!” his voice wavered a bit; she could sense his growing arousal.

Satisfied that he could still be easily excited by her, a sure sign of a man’s attraction if there ever was one, she pulled off of him, grabbing his hand pulling him up with her as she rose back up. He turned to face her and as he did, she hugged him face to face, burying her lips into his in a merry kiss, naked breasts smashing between them and pushing out to either side.

“Okay!” she exclaimed as they pulled apart. “Let’s go! Wherever thou takes me, I shalt follow. Now, you put the prince in his crib and I’ll get dressed and finish thy horrible attempt at packing a woman’s clothes.”



Maria and Allyn stood pressed together in the tightness of the secret passage. She was all packed, the rucksack Allyn carried filled with a mix of her newer outfits tailored for her larger size as well as a smattering of her favorite outfits from when she was thinner, just in case. He’d surprised her though, making her leave a number of her just tailored outfits behind, including her favorite nursing gown.

“Those actually fit me now!” she’d said incredulously. “There be room in the pack, why can I not bring them?”

“Just wait,” he’d told her, “’Tis all part of the plan.”

Now they stood, waiting, the only light present that which filtered through the small peephole. She heard the sound of the door as it creaked

open, footsteps people entered from the hall. "My Lord, what a day, eh? Let me help get you settled back in your room," came a voice she recognized, was that Keelin?

"Oh, why thank you," a second voice replied. Wait, who was that? It sounded just like her! Allyn leaned over and whispered into her ear, "Look, but say nothing," and switched spots with her at the peephole.

Maria couldn't believe what she was seeing. There was Keelin, and with her was a spitting image of herself! It was downright uncanny, from the face and hair to the huge bosom and voluptuous curves fighting to escape her bodice and skirt. The only difference she could spot was that this doppelganger appeared slightly less chubby and buxom than she did, as if it was a clone of her from a week or two ago.

'Who is that?!' she felt like shouting, and as if to remind her, Allyn's hand gently cupped itself over her mouth.

"Looks like the prince is asleep, I'm surprised he's not hungry, as long as we've been out and about," said Keelin.

"Oh drat," huffed the Maria clone. "These babies are feeling really full. I was hoping he'd be ready to feed. Last thing I need is to sodden another top!"

"Well," came another familiar voice, and now Maria could see Sue entering the room as well. "I don't know about Keelin, but I'd be more than willing to give you a hand emptying those jugs, Maria."

Maria could not believe what she was seeing. There were her friends, not just talking to a nigh perfect clone of herself, but acting like it was the real her!

"Oh please, would thee?" came the eager response from Maria's twin. Making her way to the bed, the woman slipped the thick straps of her bodice off her shoulders, undid the front lacing, and sure enough, exact copies of Maria's pendulous melons dropped down to nearly her belly

button. Without further prompting, Sue closed the door behind the girls, then knelt before the woman as she sat on the mattress's edge. Greedily, she took a fat nipple between her fingers and gave it a couple gentle tweaks. The woman moaned softly, a bead of milk forming on the nipple's tip.

Maria was enthralled, stunned, and bewildered. She stared transfixed by the scene, as Sue took one breast, while Keelin took the other, and the two began kneading the woman's udders in sync with each other. Maria's twin closed her eyes in pleasure, as jets of milk began spraying out and covering her attendants in a silky, wet sheen.

She could have kept staring at the disturbing yet strangely erotic scene, except Allyn gently pulled her away. "We shan't have to worry about Kalliana anymore," he whispered into her ear, a slight chuckle in his voice. Suddenly it clicked in Maria's brain; who her mysterious twin was, Allyn's urgency, and the need for them to depart the Faire. "Come now," he finished, and began leading her through the dark passage. Excitement flooded Maria's body. She'd seen the passageway used many times, but had never dared to try it herself. Being a student of architecture with a nostalgic love for the classic swashbuckling adventure story, it thrilled her to be escaping captivity, through a secret passage, with a heroic rescuer. She felt like the heroine of a fantasy novel!

After several twists and turns, narrow halls and a tiny spiral staircase that Maria could barely fit her wide ass and hips through, and a couple more hidden doors, they exited out the rear of the Royal Manor.

It was dark outside, night had fallen hours ago. Allyn and Maria made their way discretely through the Fairegrounds. Down an alleyway, Allyn led her through the back door of the bookstore.

"What are we doing here?" asked Maria.

"I needed to grab a few last things, we shan't be coming back here, not for some time at least. Oh, right, thou hast not been here before. I live upstairs of this shoppe. Apologies for not bringing thee here before, thou

enjoys books, yes?”

“I love books!” Maria exclaimed with unanticipated volume. She cupped a hand over her mouth in embarrassment. “I think I have been to this shoppe before, ‘tis Bruni’s, yes? Might I, peruse a bit before we go?”

Allyn smiled at her, “Yes, yes, no harm in that. In fact, grab a couple for thyself, thou deserves a present after what thee hast been through. Here,” he pulled a small metal and glass lantern off a shelf. It looked like just a decorative trinket from World Market, but when he inserted a small crystal it began glowing magically with a soft blue light. He handed it to her. “But hurry, we must not tarry too long.”

Maria was like a kid told they can have any toy in the store but only ten minutes to decide! She hurriedly rushed through the darkened rows, the dim glow of the lantern cast eerie shadows throughout the shoppe, and though bright enough to light her way, she had to hold it close to make the books legible.

Thirty minutes passed. Allyn had collected what he needed, and had left a note containing instructions for Arthur on what to do in his absence, and payment for the books taken. Maria had collected herself a weighty mix of fiction and non-fiction. As she loaded them into the pack with her clothes Allyn shot her a look that said ‘I didn’t mean *that* many’.

“What?” she shot back at him. “I’m a big girl. I can carry them.” She was right about that, Allyn knew; under all that fat was a decent bit of muscle.

There was a knock at the door, startling Maria, but not Allyn, who calmly opened it to allow Keelin in. She looked quite disheveled; her hair was wet and matted, her skin glistened from a mixture of milk and sweat, and her boobs looked like they’d been hurriedly stuffed back into her corset; a nipple half exposed on the left.

“Sorry I took so long,” she told Allyn, “couldn’t help myself, you know? Besides, you said to make her feel at ease. You’re lucky Sue took over

so I could get out before I got too carried away. Maria!" she exclaimed, leaping past Allyn to give Maria a hug, her tit popping loose in the process.

"This sure is different from the way I pictured getting you out of this Faire last month!"

"Oh! Keelin," cried Maria as the much thinner woman practically leapt onto her. "Thou knew that other girl was not me?"

"Of course silly! That's the new Maria. She's perfectly happy to be a huge-titted, fat, errr... sorry," Keelin saw the frown forming on her friend's face.

"What she's trying to say," Allyn cut in, "is that the witch once known as Kalliana has now gleefully taken thy place as the Queen's wet-nurse." That made Maria smile, if a bit tepidly.

"Dare I ask how ye pulled that off?"

"Let us just say, she did not go quietly," Allyn said, trying to ignore the pain of the bruised ribs Kalliana had given him. "I shall explain more on the road, come," he was about to announce their departure, but stopped himself short.

"On second thought, I do have time to explain," he pointed a finger at Keelin, "whilst thee go clean up and make thyself presentable!"



They arrived at the tower some thirty minutes later. The guards were all gone, the doors locked securely. No one was supposed to travel through the gate at this late an hour, except in dire emergency. Pulling a large iron key from the belt on his waist, Allyn unlocked the heavy oak doors, opening them just wide enough for Maria to slip through without any embarrassment.

Allyn closed the door behind him, its bulk causing a noticeable

clunk as he secured it despite his best efforts at silence. “Maria, if you’d kindly light our way,” Allyn spoke into the dark abyss that enveloped them. Maria pulled out the magical lantern, fumbled with the crystal for a moment, and then they and the entry were awash in the unworldly blue glow of the mystic light.

He led them down the long hall, past the doors to the many exhibit spaces, the lantern casting eerie shadows amongst the empty suits of armor and mounted weapons, until they came to a simple unlocked door that appeared to hide nothing more than an empty chamber. On the far wall though, was another door. Again, it was simplistic in design, but looking closer a keen eye could spot that it was made of much sturdier stuff. The wood was ironwood, the fittings larger, heavier, tougher. This was a door that no normal person could hope to force open without a key.

A small, cross-shaped hole belied the complexity of the locking mechanism. Allyn pulled what appeared to the girls as a simple skeleton key from his pocket, and slowly inserted it. Several muffled metallic clicks came from within the door, as Allyn rotated the key first one way, then the other. Then came a loud *thunk*, followed by the sound of a myriad of unseen gears and cogs turning rapidly. Then it stopped, and, rather anticlimactically, the door merely popped inward an inch. Allyn carefully pulled the key free from its hole, the girls doing a double-take as it appeared stunningly more intricate and ornate than it had going in. From the shank of the key now sprouted four intricately designed lattices, forming a cross which perfectly matched the door’s keyhole. Allyn smiled at their amazement, twisted the key in his hand, and the girls’ eyes went even wider as it all collapsed back into a simple looking iron rod.

“Great secrets require great protection,” he said, pushing the door open. It swung silently, perfectly balanced, taking barely any effort to move despite weighing hundreds of pounds.

Inside, on the far side of a large chamber, was quite literally a gate. Standing freely, a few feet off from the rear wall, it was roughly eight feet wide and twelve feet tall, made of large stone blocks, with an arched portal large enough to ride a horse through. The voussoir stones forming the arch

were about a foot wide and two feet tall, tapering inwards, and appeared glass smooth. Slightly larger, rougher, rectangular stones flanked the arch, making it look as if someone had taken a section of castle wall and dropped it in the middle of the room.

There was something off about the gate. It was obviously constructed using techniques far more advanced than the building around them, or even anything else at the Faire. There was no mortar holding the stones together, rather, they were cut so precisely and to such tight tolerances that friction and gravity locked them together. Maria recalled seeing similar work before, in a book of old Irish architecture. It was a skill that had been lost by most of Europe during the Dark Ages, surviving only in isolation where the barbarians could not reach. She stared closely, and thought for a moment she could make out the faintest of etchings upon the voussoirs.

“Ladies first,” said Allyn, gesturing to the gate. Maria and Keelin looked at each other nervously. Waiting for the other to move. After a moment, Keelin pulled a coin out from her belt purse.

“Call it!” she said, flipping it into the air.

“Tails!” cried Maria, glad to have a friend with her to lighten the mood. The golden dollar flipped end over end, before Keelin reached out to grab it, only to have it bounce off a ring she wore, ricochet off the floor, and disappear into nothing as it crossed the gate’s threshold, the stonework seeming to glow briefly as it passed, the etchings becoming clearly visible for a moment.

“Really?” asked Maria.

“Hey, it’s dark in here! Guess I have to go get it, huh?”

“Yep,” said Maria coldly.

Keelin took a deep breath, “Awww, fuck it!” she exclaimed, and abruptly power walked towards and through the gate. For a second the air around Keelin seemed to distort, as if it were a semi-solid mass being bent

outward by her passage. On the voussoirs surrounding the portal, the scrollwork was now clearly visible; a myriad web of hidden Celtic designs and mystic inscriptions glowing subtly. Then there was a slight rustling of wind, and Keelin was gone, the air around the gate normal save for a few wisps of mist, the glow of the stones fading away.

Maria turned to Allyn, "'Twas much more impressive in *Stargate*, you know?"

Allyn shrugged and gave an acknowledging nod, "'Tis much more discreet as well."

Maria let out a long breath, walking up tentatively to the gate, marveling at the beautiful details coming aglow in anticipation of her passage. "Okay, guess it be now or never." She paused; then, feeling Allyn's reassuring hand on her shoulder, she smiled, closed her eyes and stepped across the threshold.