

18+ This story contains explicit descriptions of sex, body transformations, indecent behaviour, violence and crude language.

Rise of a New Order

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The sultry sorceress Khadila commands an army of loyal men, any one of whom would willingly give their lives in service of their buxom mistress. Despite their efforts, she is finally brought down by a powerful brotherhood of celibate knights carrying out their holy vows to eradicate evil.

Although Richard Gallfrey and his comrades ride away, seemingly victorious, not all is as it seems, as Khadila's final spell is about to change Richard's life forever.

This is a tale filled to the brim with magical transformations, mental corruptions, breasts swelling with sexual magic, of cocks filled with powerful seed. Read on to discover from whence this wanton witch derives her power, and what debauched scheme the sex-fuelled mage has hatched from beyond the grave upon these devout knights.

Act I - Execution

My sword thudded into the side of the crazed fanatic, hurling him across the chamber to crash into a marble pillar. He slid to the ground and lay motionless, a pool of deep crimson seeping across the polished floor around his hunched form.

'You will not take Lady Khadila!' The final sycophant screamed as he positioned himself between me and the mountain of silken pillows that cushioned his reclining mistress. Clutching tight to his puny dagger, the man was clad in naught but an unbound black robe. Just like the other zealots serving in this temple of debauchery, the man was clearly no match for a Paladin, yet he stood his ground before me without fear. If not for the frenzied snarl twisting his face that defied reason, or the disturbingly erect manhood jutting from his bared loins, he would have seemed an ordinary man.

It was our grim duty to free these poor, twisted souls. Any chance of clemency in this life for the so-called 'Chosen of Khadila' had vanished when one of their number slit the throat of poor Father Antonio as he conducted the rite of cleansing over them. They had murdered the gentle man that sought to free their minds from the snares of the evil sorceress, and threw themselves willingly back under her spell. The Divines would judge them in the afterlife. Forgiveness would be granted them if they were truly unwitting victims, else the price of their sins would be eternal damnation.

'Your mistress shall be executed, by the will of the Three.' I declared, taking a ready stance as the man charged at me. I swung my great sword swung round to meet him, but he ducked to one side and suddenly he was beneath my guard, driving his blade up towards the small gap in my armour where arm and shoulder met. I jerked away, but not before I felt the cold sting of sharp metal against flesh.

I roared, twisting my arm to shatter the tiny blade between the plates of my armour, while at the same time my steel-clad knee smashed upwards through the owner's ribs. The inch-thick plate of the Holy Armour donned by knights of my Order served as a potent weapon by itself, when wielded

by one with strength enough to bear its weight. The poor, ensorcelled man collapsed to the floor, dead even before he hit the ground.

Silence fell upon the room, broken only by the barely audible clash of distant battle resonating from elsewhere in the temple. I knelt on one knee, breathing hard, wincing at the stinging pain in my shoulder. The zealots dagger had gone deep, but I had no time to assess the damage, as a slow clap reverberated through the chamber.

‘Very impressive,’ The sorceress rose languidly from her perch and stepped down from the dais that formed her cushioned throne, seemingly unfazed by witnessing the defeat of her honour guard by a single man. Her bare feet made no sound on the marble floor as she padded towards me, weaving between the cooling bodies of her former minions. ‘Were that you were one of mine, what things we could accomplish!’

So, this was the witch we had come to slay. Khadila. Her attire was wholly unfamiliar to me, and her bronzed skin evoked a sense of far-off lands. Thin chiffon silks, hems embroidered with gold, wafted about her legs. They formed a half-dress from the waist down, yet the semi-translucent fabric did little to protect her modesty. A chain of pearls and blue topaz at her hips joined the two halves. Other gems and precious metals glistened around over her body, from gold anklets adorning her legs to the large diamond nestled in her bared navel.

But it was not the shining of her jewels that drew my attention. No, my eyes were drawn shamefully to the steady bounce of her ample bust. By the Three, I had seen fully grown melons smaller than those breasts! I felt the inevitable warmth in my loins, and bit my lip hard to banish the taboo cravings of my earthly body.

Covered by only the barest streak of light-purple fabric hanging around her neck and tied with a golden cord below her bust, the gauzy garment seemed not to bear the weight of her bosom. On the contrary, it clung tightly to this woman’s breasts as if held in place by magic, the dark circles of her taut nipples tented the revealing fabric, all while the pert flesh below jutted out from her chest with no evidence of gravity’s pull on their buoyant shape.

The rumours of this sorceress had forewarned of her beauty, but nothing had prepared me for seeing Khadila in the flesh. Even I, a Paladin of the Order sworn to celibacy for three decades or more, could scarcely ignore the brazen sensuality of her scantily-clad figure. I had never seen such an blatantly salacious outfit before, had never even known the curvaceous womanly proportions required to flaunt it were possible, yet I knew with certainty that my Order would denounce any culture that allowed their women to exhibit themselves thus.

Our reports had told of her powers over the minds of lesser men, so I steeled myself to fight whatever charm she might attempt on me. Recalling to mind my oath to the Order, and with it my duty to protect the people of this land, I summoned my faith.

I give my life to the service of the Three. I will father no child and take no woman. All I have is for the Three, and the family of the Three are all to me.

I looked her in the face and prepared for battle, resolutely refusing the temptation she represented. From the sparkle in Khadila’s azure eyes, she had surely noted my long silence while I stood dumbstruck by her beauty. She licked her lips slowly, eyes locked on my own, staring deep into me, down into my soul. Daring me.

‘Won’t you tell me your name, oh mighty one?’ she asked coyly, seduction dripping from every syllable. ‘At least give me the... pleasure, mmmm, of knowing the name of the man who will take me.’

Her silken words slithered into my ears, stroking some primal part of me that yearned to please her by doing as she asked. Yet I held my silence. I knew better than to bandy words with a witch, let alone reveal my true name to one who wields unknown magic.

Khalida let out an exaggerated sigh at my stolid silence. She knelt down on one knee beside her fallen warrior, her half-dress sliding aside to reveal the shapely lines of her thigh. From there, the eye naturally followed the lines of her body towards the bulge of her posterior, where it met the curve of her back- I hastily reined in my wandering eyes.

‘This one was called Johan. Such a warrior he was, once.’ Khadila continued the one-sided conversation. Something almost like affection tinged her voice as she stroked his motionless chest with the tip of her finger, perfect nails painted royal-red gliding across the cooling skin of her fallen defender. ‘Perhaps if I had left him some more of his energy he may have fared better against you.’ She bowed her head, waves of raven-black hair covering her face, obscuring her expression. Remorse?

‘Alas, he was far too good in bed for me to hold back.’ She turned her head towards me and it was not regret, but a sultry smile that crossed her lips. Her eyes twinkled wickedly as she licked her lips once more. ‘And I needed all the power he could give me to face one such as you.’

I backed away slowly. Had this witch delved into the black arts, meddling with the forces of life itself? Whatever taboo powers she channelled, better they were dealt with swiftly before I lost the initiative completely. Glancing back at the shattered oak doors that had once sealed this room, I hoped to see my comrades charging through the wreckage to assist me. I had become separated from them quite some time ago as we fought our way through the corridors of this temple. Wounded as I was, I did not relish the idea of facing this witch alone, but it seemed I had little choice.

Taking one’s eyes from the enemy. It was a foolish mistake, one I realised far too late. My old weapons master would have smacked me for it. Khadila was already on her feet by the time I looked back, her lips mouthing a silent incantation. Belatedly, I began to raise my sword, just as she pulled at the knot fastening the silks over her bust. Like the curtain at the opening of the play, the cloth fell aside to reveal...

A burning wave of heat washed over me. Like standing too close to a roaring fire, the skin on my face prickled and stung as the raw power emanating from Khadila threatened to overwhelm me. I gazed into her bared cleavage, unable to tear my eyes away from the enormous, round, jutting breasts that hung before me. Some part of me knew I should look away, but my eyes refused to look anywhere but the smooth swell of those great globes that each rivalled the size of my helmet. I saw myself touching them – my hands sinking into the yielding flesh, squeezing, my spread fingers barely able to grasp their majestic size. The pain in my shoulder was gone. Khadila lay beneath me as we made love. I felt the warmth of her body surrounding my manhood, the forbidden thrill of thrusting into her most sacred place. We moved together as one. Her head was thrown back in ecstasy, crying out my name – my name... *your name! Tell me your name!*

I blinked. My vision blurred for a moment and I saw double – Khadila writhed under me as we joined in forbidden coitus, yet also she stood a few yards away with her bared chest thrust forward

and surrounded by the dark aura of magic. Her raven-black hair was billowing around her head, silks billowing around her legs as though caught in a gale. Blue sparks were coursing over the surface of my armour, and I realised that the holy power of the Three that our finest smiths had imbued within the metal plates now warded me against the perverted sorcery that spewed from the depraved witch.

With a grunt of effort, my wounded arm screeching in protest, I brought my sword up to meet the onslaught. The blade began to glow as the waves of magic broke against it and the enchantment lifted from my mind. The vision of Khadila beneath me faded away, and with it went the impermissible sensations of her flesh against mine. The warmth of my sex in hers faded, leaving only my straining erection pushing uncomfortably against my codpiece. It had been a sensation I never expected to experience in my life of celibacy serving the Order. It had felt so real...

Your name! Khadila's voice echoed in my mind. *Speak your name!*

'Never.' I growled, leaning forwards to set my full weight against her magical barrage. I advanced, sword first, slicing through the waves of darkness towards Khadila, steadfastly refusing the tendrils of temptation that crept into my mind, enticing me with promises of untold pleasures if only I revealed my name to her. Mentally, I recanted the oath of our order, warding my thoughts from her seduction.

I give my life to the service of the Three. I will father no child and take no woman. All I have is for the Three, and the family of the Three are all to me.

Slowly, slowly, I pushed forward, drawing closer until the tip of my sword was mere feet from her face. Khadila gave a shriek of frustration. She laid her hands upon her breasts, fingers pressing into the supple flesh, as though drawing something from deep inside her. The aura of darkness surrounding her flared, and when she thrust her palms towards me once more the force of the magic breaking against my sword was redoubled.

I recoiled, my advance halted by the sheer power emanating from her. It was all I could do to keep my sword raised between us. The strength in my damaged arm was fading. Tendrils of pink smoke wafted around us as Khadila's magical onslaught continued, filling my nose and mouth as I grunted with the exertion of holding my ground against this barrage of corruption.

'Richard!' A loud clanking heralded the arrival of Alfonse, my brother in arms and commander of this expedition, charging through the wreckage of the door. My heart leapt with joy at the sound of my friend's voice, but I dared not turn to face him. To drop my guard now would be the end of me.

Richard...

This time Khadila's voice echoed so clearly in my head that I shivered involuntarily. Without warning, my body jerked forward as the resistance from the barrage of magic abruptly ceased. Looking up, I found Khadila slumped motionless on the floor. A last few wisps of pink smoke flowed from her body and I fell into a coughing fit as the haze coiled in the air around me, smothering my face and filling my lungs.

Moments later, a hand clapped on my shoulder. 'You okay, Richard?' Alfonse sounded concerned.

Still wheezing, I covered my mouth with a gauntleted hand and waved at him with the other to signal I would be fine in a moment. The smoke in my mouth had not the acrid taste of fire, rather it was a sweet tinge that was oddly pleasant in my throat. As I coughed and struggled to clear my

airways, a warm glow seemed to suffuse my chest. It spread throughout my body like a sudden rush of fever, but just as I began to shiver involuntarily, it abruptly ceased. I could breathe freely once more and was left wondering if I had imagined it. Clearing my throat, I stood slowly, wincing and clutching at my injured arm, the pain driving any thoughts of the strange sensation from my mind.

Alfonse had circled the room, swiftly checking the bodies I had felled before returning to stand beside me over the motionless form of the defeated sorceress. He had retrieved a blood-stained robe from one of the fallen acolytes, which he now draped over Khadila's lifeless body, providing some modesty in death that she had sorely lacked in life. As he covered her nakedness, I noted how peaceful she looked now that her evil spirit had departed her body to be judged by the Three. The fantastical proportions of her bosom seemed less pronounced somehow. I wondered if it had been some illusion of her magic that had amplified her beauty so.

'To think, all this death resulting from the whims of one madwoman.' Alfonse gestured around the room. 'Her beauty was wasted on one of such wickedness.' He turned to me. 'How did she fall? I saw only the last moments.'

I wasn't entirely sure myself. 'Her magic was powerful, yet the blessings of the Three proved stronger. Perhaps in her desperation she spent more than she had.' I looked away from her, trying to forget the sight of her writhing beneath me as we made love. Though it had been but an illusion, the memory of it burned as bright in my thoughts as the room before me.

We regrouped outside. Alfonse, myself, and Pedro. We three Paladin's were all that remained of a force that had numbered almost a dozen. A triumphant victory by normal measure given the odds we had been up against, but the Order was not accustomed to such losses. We had gravely underestimated the tenacity of Khadila's followers, and had paid dearly for it.

'This was close,' Pedro murmured, peering closely at the gash in my shoulder. 'Half an inch to the left and it would have hit an artery. Then it would just be me and Alfonse left to bury these bodies. Hah.' he grunted a mirthless laugh.

Placing his hand to my bloodied flesh, he closed his eyes, lips moving soundlessly. The familiar tickling warmth of healing magic danced across my flesh as the wound knitted shut. I breathed out a sigh of relief as the sharp pain subsided to a dull ache.

Pedro clapped me on the shoulder jovially, and I winced as the pain flared again, though dulled. 'Get a proper healer to take a look at this when we get home. My rough magic is no substitute for Antonio's, Three rest his soul.'

He left me sitting on my rock, and for a time I sat staring at the great bonfire we had built to burn the bodies of the cultists. I let my eyes lose focus, enjoying a brief moment of respite after what had been a brutal campaign.

'Richard!' A shout broke me from my reverie. I looked up, startled, to find Alfonse gesturing meaningfully at the extra shovel leaning against the boulders. What had I been doing? I must have dozed off. With a grunt of pain I stumbled to my feet, wincing at the various aches from the day of fighting.

I flinched as I felt a pinch of discomfort in my groin, where an inexplicable erection was once again straining against my codpiece. Cursing, I flexed my leg muscles to try and bring it down, before grabbing the shovel and going to help my brothers.

Fatigue set in as we rode away. The steady cadence of my horse's tread lulled me close to something almost like sleep. Content to follow behind Alfonse, the creature required no direction from me. My eyes felt heavy, and I let them close willingly.

Khadila's face swam into being before my mind's eye. She stared at me smugly, and her sultry smirk told how she knew my gaze yearned to drop just a little lower and bask in the sight of her awesome body.

I forced my eyes open, aghast at my own imaginings. In a low murmur I began recanting the oath of brotherhood that I had taken upon joining the order so many years past. I willed away my tiredness in order to find the strength to drive away this sinful vision plaguing my mind.

I give my life to the service of the Three. I will father no child and take no woman. All I have is for the Three, and the family of the Three are all to me.

In the days of travel that followed, my imagination refused to let go of the image of Khadila. I had thought myself well past the age where the body's desire waged war against the tenets of a faithful mind, yet my sleepless nights were filled with carnal visions of her beauty worthy of a boy deep in the throes of puberty.

Perhaps seeing such an incredible woman in the flesh had resurrected the teenage instincts I had never mollified in my youth. Whenever I closed my eyes to rest, my imagination would conjure up some salacious scenario involving the felled witch that jolted me awake, my cheeks burning with embarrassment and my blanket tented by the uncomfortable erection straining in my loins.

Something told me that if I let myself fall into deeper sleep then I would be unable to resist the temptation to indulge these fantasies. Instead, I lay awake in the darkness of our tent, listening to the steady breathing of my companions as they rested after the long day of riding, while I tried in vain to distract myself from thoughts of Khadila.

That proved difficult - the lack of sleep made me fidgety, starting at the slightest movements in my peripheral vision. Before long, I began to see Khadila even during waking hours. When a crowd of peasant woman carrying water from a well passed us on the road, from the corner of my eye I spied her among them. After I cried out and snapped my gaze to where she had been, I found only the wrinkled visage of a confused crone. One evening, as I washed the dirt of the road from my face after a long ride, I looked into my own reflection, and, upon seeing the sorceress looming over my shoulder menacingly, leapt aside and drawing my sword as I whirled around, only to find no one there.

Finally, after three days of sleepless travel, we crested the final hill and beheld the mighty stone walls of our fortress. Gleaming slabs of white rock, the Order's bulwark against the evils of the world shone bright in the midday sun. Hewn from the surrounding hills countless generations ago by the founders and expanded over many centuries, the great castle dominated the green valley in which it sat.

We rode on through the bustling town that hugged the perimeter keep. Those who made a living catering to the needs of the Order made their home here and benefited from our protection. I kept my head down, not meeting anyone's eye for fear of glimpsing Khadila amongst the crowds. I breathed a sigh of relief as we passed under the great stone gate.

We were finally home.

Act II - Revolution

The three of us knelt before the grand altar to receive our commendations. Our brothers had swiftly assembled in the sweltering great hall to receive us, wasting no time since our return and hasty debriefing. The customary ceremony for returning warriors was not to be delayed.

The venerable High Priest leaned heavily on his staff as he addressed the gathered knights and clergymen. On his other side he was supported by his young assistant. High Priest Adrian had been leading the order when I was but a child, and he had not been a young man then either. What remained of his fire-red hair had long since turned to a dull grey.

Looking down on all those assembled were the great silhouettes of the Three, the high noon sun blasting through the stained-glass windows bearing their visage behind the altar. Kneeling in full plate armour, the heat was almost unbearable. The sweat-soaked under-shirt stuck to my clammy skin, hugging tightly to my chest as if I had simply outgrown the garment. My shoulder still ached where the acolyte's dagger had pierced my skin.

The fatigue of battle and the sleepless journey was finally catching up with me. I longed to return to my bedchamber and rest, but the elderly priest was in no hurry. His fragile voice meandered through the great hall, oblivious to my discomfort. I knew I should appreciate the speech being given in our honour, but I struggled just to keep my eyes open.

I looked sideways at Alfonse, intending to share a resigned grimace at our mutual suffering in this heat. But he was alert and attentive to the priest's every word and did not notice my glance. No sign of discomfort showed on his face, not even a bead of sweat. Was it just me? Had I a fever?

'These three heroes of the Order: Alfonse Demute, Pedro Cortez, Richard Gallfrey, each embody the traits of the Three that our Order holds most dear. Faith, Courage, Determination.'

Richard... Gallfrey...

A cold shiver ran through me.

'Many of our brothers fell this day in carrying out their grim duty, part of our continuing mission to purge evil from this world. But know this – from Heaven they are watching us now, surrounded by all those who followed the Three in life...'

The priest's voice drifted away as my head began to spin, the room shifting before my eyes. Vertigo set in as I felt I was flying backwards at great speed. Muffled silence settled over me, as though my head was smothered by some heavy cloth.

I must have passed out, for when I awoke I had been laid out upon on a comfortable four-poster bed and dressed in my night clothes. My fever was gone. Had I been carried to the healing quarters? Sitting up, I looked around the unfamiliar chamber, taking in the opulent hangings and embroidered carpets that signified a wealth and prestige beyond anything I was accustomed to. I frowned. Where was this place? Surely there was no chamber so richly appointed in the keep.

'Hello?' I called loudly. 'Is anyone here?'

The curtain twitched aside and my eyes widened as a veiled woman slipped into the room. No woman were permitted within the walls of the citadel, not even servants!

‘Who are you?’ I demanded, but the lady made no reply as she shuffled across the room towards my bed, head bent deferentially. She was dressed in a long, formless black robe, and wore a white coif on her head with the veil lowered to hide her face.

A dim memory surfaced. Could this be a Sister from the neighbouring cloister? If that was where I found myself, if I had been taken to them for healing, then that was no small journey. A day’s hard riding at least. I frowned, struggling to recall how I had arrived here. The woman drew closer, and it was then that I noticed that her robe was bound incorrectly, leaving gaps where folds of fabric should have concealed. Through a parting at her breast I could see she wore scant else below – bronzed skin glowed through what looked like black, semi-transparent lace.

‘Who are you?’ I demanded again, certain now that this was no true member of the faith. I struggled to rise from the bed but found I could not move.

The woman didn’t reply immediately, but made an amused sound that sounded like a giggle.

‘Oh, Three forgive me, for I have sinned.’ A familiar voice, tinged with mock sorrow. She lifted the veil from her face.

‘You!’ I cried, my hand flying to my side where instinct told me my sword should be, but finding only empty air.

Khadila grinned, shrugging out of the robe and letting it fall softly to the floor.

I tried to turn away but found I could only stare at her body, adorned in naught but tight black lace that moulded and cupped her supple flesh. Her garments were a mockery of modesty as the soft bronze flesh of her breasts bulged between the black threads that struggled to contain her ample bust.

Khalida twirled, turning and striking a pose, stretching her arms up behind her head, whipping off the coif and arching her back to exaggerate her curvaceous proportions. She glanced at me, and winked. ‘What do you think? Isn’t this much better than the stuffy, boring clothes that women of your faith are forced to wear?’

‘How do you still live?’ I growled, stubbornly refusing her attempts to distract me.

‘Aren’t you happy to see me again, Richard? After we got along so well last time, too.’ Khalida feigned disappointment, pouting her lips and planting her hands on her wide hips. ‘Your reaction down there says otherwise,’ she added, grinning wryly and glancing pointedly at my crotch.

I followed her gaze to find that my night clothes had vanished. Nothing remained to conceal my naked manhood, which now stood upright and fully erect. I groaned, shuddering at the abrupt arousal that burned suddenly in my loins. This wasn’t possible. It must be a trial, a test of my faith.

‘Enough! You aren’t real, this is just a dream. You died back in your temple.’ Virtuously ignoring the sinful urges in my groin, I looked back at Khalida. She was gone.

‘Mmmhmm... who says dreams can’t be real?’ Khalida breathed in my ear, even as I felt her slender fingers sliding inexorably down my muscular chest. ‘I’ve learned so much about you since the last time we met. You had me at a disadvantage before, *Richard*, but this time you’re mine.’

Turning my head towards her voice, I found her shapely body pressed against my own. The black lace that had pretended at propriety was gone. Nothing separated the warmth of her bared flesh from my own, her silken smoothness meeting my hairy bulk.

I glimpsed those voluptuous breasts squeezed between us. Those round globes that I had refused to acknowledge while fighting against her magic. The gravity-defying spheres that I had tried so ardently to forget as I rode away victorious.

‘NO! This is a sin...!’ I tore my eyes from her sinfully sexual body, staring up at the ceiling and trying to purge from my mind the image of the temptress lying next to me. If I had cast off her enchantments once before, I could do it again! Yet, my body refused to obey as I fought to pull away from her. ‘I give my life to the service of the Three. I will father no child, take no woman. All I have is for the Three, and the family of the Three are all to me. I give my life to the service of the Three...’

‘You... don’t want it?’ Khalida asked sweetly, already knowing the answer. ‘Are you sure?’

I tried to resist. By the Three, I swear I tried. But as her hand slid slowly towards my manhood, as she began to stroke it gently, inexorably, I felt the repressed desires of a lifetime bubbling up inside me. At her touch, a spasm of red hot pleasure thundered through my shaft, travelling from base to tip and back, leaving me gasping for breath.

‘You’ll accept me, won’t you *Richard*?’ the temptress breathed in my ear. She spoke my name like a spell. I felt my resolve wavering. ‘Will you let me in, Richard... *Gallfrey*?’

‘Aaargh!’ I couldn’t help it. My true name had barely passed her lips before my hands were moving on their own, desperately seeking her body. I felt them sink into the softness of her breasts, kneading the yielding flesh that was now my only obsession. Khadila moaned as I explored her body, revelling in the suppleness of her flesh, her buxom chest, lithe belly, my decades of pent-up lust unleashed upon her all at once.

Suddenly she was atop me – as is the strangeness of dreams, one moment we lay side-by-side, the next Khadila was riding my manhood, with no time or memory bridging the two. Cries of womanly lust filled the room as she writhed upon my shaft, her back curved, hips sliding back and forth to thrust again and again, pushing me deep, deep inside her.

Again the scene shifted – now I was on top, towering over her with my hands buried in the softness of her enormous breasts. My fingers closed on the warm flesh, kneading, squeezing, tweaking the dark tips of her nipples. I could feel the quivering sparks of pleasure inside her where our skin touched. Our hips burned together with a frantic desire. Where we joined was a nebulous conflagration of sexual energy, a blending of senses as our desires became one.

‘Yasssss,’ Khadila hissed as I thrust harder, harder, driving further and further into her most sacred place, seeking the oneness of being that would be the zenith of our copulation. ‘Come into me, Richard!’

At her command, the urgent throbbing in my manhood began to build. Higher and higher, an inevitable climax approaching while her moans filled my ears, echoing in my mind as she weaved her sultry magic on me. I could no longer tell where my body ended and hers began, such was the all-consuming frenzy of our combined passions. Our joining was nearly complete.

‘Ahh- Ahhh- AHH-’ So close. So close! I felt the first pulse of our climax as we both screamed in unison, ‘AHHHHH!’

A sharp jab in my recently wounded shoulder jolted me awake. I straightened up, looking around wildly. I was back in the great hall. My cotton wool thoughts could barely keep up with what my eyes were showing me. The ceremony! How long had I been asleep? Alfonse smirked sideways at me. ‘Taking a nap, Richard?’ he whispered, before turning back to Adrian as he began his blessing.

I blinked my eyes until the after-images of my nightmare faded away. Much time had passed in my dream, but in the real world it appeared only a few moments had gone by. Recalling the subject of those fevered dreams, I shuddered. My cheeks burned with embarrassment and I willed myself to forget. Forget the perfect curves, the smooth skin, the soft flesh, the hot breath, the delicate touch...

It took the greatest mental effort of my life, but I forced myself to attend to the ceremony going on around me. I felt a curious tickling sensation in my chest, but at least the unbearable fever heat had subsided. Except for one place. Studiously ignoring the pleasurable throbbing in my groin, no doubt the product of my ribald dream, I tried to focus on the high priest as he finished presenting Alfonse with his medal and began his slow shuffle towards me. I was thankful for the metal codpiece that concealed my arousal from my brothers.

Following just behind Adrian was his young apprentice, Trafford. A strong lad of around seventeen summers, I remembered him as a child scampering after the elderly priest with that boundless energy exclusive to youth. As the venerable priest grew too weak to conduct his everyday duties, members of the order became accustomed to see Trafford acting in his stead. All assumed he would assume a senior role in time, but on this occasion he was still the assistant.

After placing the ribbon gently in the priest’s trembling hand, Trafford stepped back as Adrian began his blessing over me. ‘Richard Gallfrey. Your bravery and valour in service of the Order are beyond repute. Let this token remind all present of your dedication to our cause, and to the Three. Bear this proudly, knowing thyself to be one of unquestioned loyalty to our family, and know that the Order is dedicated to you also.’

To be so praised for my chivalry in the aftermath of such a vulgar dream. My cheeks flushed once again with embarrassment. Nevertheless, I bowed my head dutifully to accept the commendation. The priest’s rheumy hands fumbled at my armour, struggling to pin the ribbon to the ceremonial cloth adorning my breast plate. Inevitably, it slipped from his quivering fingers and fell to the floor.

Trafford was darting forward before I could even think to offer assistance. After attending to the old man for so many years he was naturally well attuned to the priest’s needs and thus prepared for such occurrences. He hunkered down in front of me to quickly pin the medal on behalf of the old man. My head bowed, and with him so close, my gaze travelled past his raised arms and naturally fell upon his waist.

He wore the usual attire of the Order’s clergy: A white-hemmed robe over a simple shirt and thin cotton pants, as was often favoured by those in the priesthood during the hot summers. The fabric of his pants stretched taut as he stooped, and at this close distance I couldn’t help but notice the healthy bulge at his crotch. I hastily looked aside, but a moment later my gaze returned, drawn inexorably to the virile display of manhood this youth possessed. Such evidence of his burgeoning masculinity showed his worthiness. His power, his potential to serve me!

Obscene visions flashed unbidden before my eyes: my hands unsheathing that member, tearing apart the cloth that confined his sex. Setting upon it as Khadila had done to me in my dreams, working him to climax at my bidding to bind him to my will.

I squeezed my eyes shut in horror at my own thoughts, but the visions continued unabated. Confused arousal throbbed in my groin as the fiery fever-heat returned to my flesh. A pressure began to build in my chest, followed by the tickling sensation of magic dancing over flesh as the walls of my armour seemed to close in around me. What in the world was wrong with me!?

‘Rise, heroes of the Order!’ The priest cried, and I staggered to my feet, swaying. My armour was so heavy. Trafford stood once more behind the priest, beaming proudly at us. I dropped my eyes, cheeks burning, unable to meet his earnest gaze lest I see in them the frantic desperation from my vision as I had set upon his manhood.

The rest of the ceremony passed me by in a haze, and as soon as possible I found myself at the edge of the chamber leaning against the wall, still shaking with the feverish heat. I had thought to see the healer about my arm earlier, but now all I could think about now was retiring to my chamber to sleep off this fever.

‘You okay, Richard?’ asked Alfonse, concern edging his gruff voice. ‘You seemed far away during the ceremony.’

I flinched, unaware that Alfonse had come up behind me. ‘Sorry, Al. I don’t know what came over me.’ I put a hand to my face, shaking my head slowly. ‘I felt so fatigued of a sudden. The battle must have taken more out of me than I thought.’ Meeting his gaze, I attempted a smile that probably looked more like a grimace.

‘You did get the worst of it back there, that’s for sure.’ Alfonse agreed, peering into my face. ‘You look terrible. How’s your arm? Should I call the healer to take a look at you?’

‘NO!’ I cried, louder than I intended. Curious heads turned towards us. Where had that intensity come from? I continued in a normal voice. ‘No. No need for the healer, I’m just a little tired, is all.’

I wasn’t sure why the prospect of the healer examining me was so abhorrent, but right now all I wanted was to escape this crowd and be alone to deal with these thoughts. ‘I think I shall retire to my chamber for now, Al. I need some rest.’

‘Right.’ Alfonse still looked concerned. ‘The celebration will surely go on long into the evening, do come down and join us if you feel better. Don’t leave me alone to tell the whole of our tale, you know how much I hate that!’

I raised a hand in farewell, before turning away and leaving the bustling hall behind.

The stairs were endless. I dragged myself up them, one by one, fighting the weight of metal hanging from my shoulders. Muscles I had honed for countless years to carry this heavy plate into battle now refused to obey. The fever coursing through my body had robbed it of all strength. All over my skin I could feel that familiar tickling sensation, so similar to the magic our healers employed, yet my strength felt diminished rather than restored.

My chamber was up four narrow flights of stairs from the grand chamber. Four flights of torture as my body burned all over, and my mind began to flood with vulgar images, forbidden acts of debauchery involving those I had left behind downstairs.

Of course I had imagined being with woman once or twice during my life with the Order. No man can remain vigilant at all times, the human body is a natural thing after all. The Order taught that as long as one does not indulge the trappings of the flesh, one can be forgiven the unbidden infidelities of their mind.

But never before had I contemplated performing such acts with my sworn brothers. In the span of a few days my repressed sexuality had been woken anew, straining harder than ever before against the shackles of my hallowed vows, only now to be twisted to focus on my own comrades.

It took an eternity to reach the level of my chamber. I stumbled down the empty corridors, glad that no one else had eschewed the celebrations below to discover me in this mess. My head throbbed. I pressed my hands to my temple, grasping my hair and pressing hard to keep at bay the headache threatening to overwhelm me. Some untainted part of my mind observed that the hair flowing around my fingers was getting a bit long. I should get it trimmed by one of the servants in the morning.

At that moment, I felt some giant invisible hand grab me, squeezing me tightly until my insides writhed and shifted. I gasped as the air was forced from my lungs, while a tingling tension began to build in my chest. I felt dizzy, and would have lost my balance but for the support of the nearby wall. I leaned against the hard stone, panting, waiting for the nausea to pass. But the tingling sensation only intensified. Beneath my breast plate there was a strange warmth, a hot throbbing in my chest while my head echoed with my pounding heartbeat.

‘Aaaaah!’ The high pitched yelp escaped my mouth, not at all like my usual growl. Without warning, a sharp cold had pierced through the heat suffusing my chest. Like a finger dipped into icy water, or warm flesh against cold metal. It seemed to come from outside my body, suspended in the space between my chest and my armour.

‘Ohhhh- Mhmm-’ Desperate moans forced their way out from deep inside me as metallic cold warred with the frenzied fever heat of my skin, awakening sensations that until this moment had been just an amorphous warmth in my chest. Now, somehow, I could feel my own burning-hot flesh pressing against the chill metal of my breast-plate. It revealed a throbbing arousal, an ache in my breast that yearned to feel human touch. ‘Hhmm- what... is this feeling?’ I gasped as the blissful tingling began to travel across my skin, spreading downwards to my groin. Some deep source of pleasure was emanating from my chest and it only seemed to be growing stronger as it began to course throughout my body.

‘What is happening to me?’ I groaned, gritting my teeth against the illicit sensations. One hand still leaning against the wall for support, I stumbled onwards towards my chamber. One small step at a time, I hauled the impossibly heavy armour down the corridor, my gasping breaths quickening as the pounding bliss flowing from my chest continued to pump pleasure through my veins. My arms rattled inside the bulky armour. With every step my legs clanged painfully against loose plates, and yet my chest felt squeezed inside armour far too small for me. I felt trapped. I grasped frantically at my breast plate, gloved fingers sliding over the smooth metal, seeking in vain to relieve the desperate ache that burned just below the surface.

Finally, I reached the door to my chamber and rattled the latch clumsily. The stout wooden door swung slowly inwards as I leaned my weight against it. I more fell than stepped inside, as I fell to my knees and fumbled frantically with the straps on my gauntlets. My fingers struggled to move

inside them, the metal joints no longer aligned with my knuckles to bend freely. With a cry of frustration I resorted biting the leather knot on one glove and pulling it free with my teeth.

The smooth, effeminate hand that slipped from the oversized glove was not the sword-calloused hand of the road-weary paladin that donned it this morning. There was no time to consider this, as the urgent pounding in my chest only grew stronger and more pressing. 'Hah- Hah- Hah- Ha-' The pleasurable pressure began to turn painful, my gasps becoming shorter as I struggled to breathe with my chest being crushed so tightly inside my armour.

Vambraces, couters, pauldrons. Ornate plates fell one by one and clanked to the floor, I barely noticed as every piece revealed smooth skin, yet more delicate flesh where once muscles had bulged with honed strength. I worked the many straps and buckles faster than I ever had before, yet still far too slowly. Never had I felt such frantic need to be free of my armour. I couldn't breathe. The pressure in my chest peaked as I reached behind my back to fumble at the final buckle holding my breast plate in place.

Rather than fall to the ground, the heavy metal plate almost flew across the room with a great clang as the pent up pressure in my chest exploded outwards. 'Haaaaaaah- Haaaaah-' With great heaving gasps, sweet air filled my lungs as I breathed freely again for a moment, before looking down to see what had been crushed inside my armour.

Creamy skin. Buoyant mounds of swollen flesh rose and fell with my ragged breaths as I stared down in consternation at the bared breasts hanging from my chest. The tattered rags of what remained of my under-shirt slipped from my shoulders and fell to the floor unheeded.

'What... on earth...' I stammered, utterly disbelieving what my eyes were showing me. 'How... what...!?' My own voice sounded unfamiliar in my head. A woman's voice, a soft, sultry purr to match the heaving bust. Exposed to the cool air and freed of their metal cage, the throbbing orbs jutting from my chest just ached to be touched.

I barely considered what I was doing. Vows already in tatters, my befuddled mind focused solely on the breasts before me. Was it a conscious act of mine to reach up with both hands to cup the twin spheres? 'This must... be a dream.' I breathed. My slight fingers could reach barely half-way round the gigantic globes. Stroking the silky smooth skin, hefting them, testing their weight, squeezing softly to elicit deep throbs of illicit pleasure that coursed throughout my body. 'Mmmhm.' The sensual purr of satisfaction that stirred in my throat was this body's natural response to the gentle touch.

'Ah!' At the slightest brush of my finger against a pert nipple, the sharp twang of bliss that surged from the pink tip of my breast was a jolt that shook my whole body. 'No... This is wrong- Mhmm- It is forbidden-' I moaned my protests, but my fingers returned, heedless of my objection. Gliding over my breast towards those tingling tips, this time to pinch the taut flesh between thumb and forefinger.

'oooOOOHHH!' I cried out, doubling over as the foreign tsunami of pleasure cascaded through my virgin flesh. Throbbing waves of delight pounded against my mind, the heat rising in my cheeks as my body responded to the rough touch in such an erogenous place. Unable to resist, any lingering reserve holding me back from indulging in the forbidden fruits of my own flesh vanished in the face of such a raw, uncontrollable delight.

My hands acted with a will of their own. Kneading the yielding flesh of my new breasts, sending deep, aching delight thrumming throughout my body. Or pinching, tweaking the pert pink nipples that tingled with desperate desire, treble notes of bliss that spread like lightning through my veins and cut through the rich, all consuming pleasure suffusing my chest.

‘Ahhh-! Ohh, Divines – Ah! Divines, help me...’ I murmured my protests between irrepressible gasps, as the liquid joy ravaging my body seemed to trickle downwards, flowing steadily towards some place deep in my loins. My hands tried to follow, tracing the slender curve below my swollen breasts down my flat belly. Where once I had possessed packed muscle that no fist could dent, now all was soft, supple flesh. A shiver of anticipation ran through me as my fingers brushed over sensitive skin, closer, closer to whatever awaited in that place of yearning between my legs.

Only the cold sting of metal met my fingers. The thick steel dress that once protected me from my enemies now kept me from indulging that fiery need in my loins. Bracing my hands either side of the metal rim, I pushed. My legs clanged against the cavernous armour that encased them as I tried in vain to slip my waist past the metal rim, yet despite my diminished stature, my hips and buttocks were just too wide to pass through.

I straightened up, reaching behind my back once more to fumble with the leather straps that held the traitorous carapace in place. With my back arched and arms stretched behind me, my chest was thrust forward. My frantic struggles only served to jiggle the buoyant mounds of oversensitive flesh bouncing tantalisingly before my eyes. They throbbed achingly as they jostled together, teasing me with promises of pleasure as I struggled to untie the final strap that kept me caged.

‘HyaaaAAAAAH-’ I pulled at the leather binding. Unsated need lent desperate strength to my petite muscles. The strap tore apart, the final barrier fell away and I collapsed forward, hands flat on the floor, panting hard with exertion. ‘Hah... Hah... Hah...’

Hips and buttocks finally freed, I crawled from what remained of my holy armour like a newborn chick from its egg. Slim thighs slipped easily from the remaining tightly buckled plates, a pale shadow of my once brawny physique. The cotton leggings I wore beneath my plate metal hung loosely on my legs, yet still stretched taut around my hips. They snagged on some edge of metal, and I shivered at the tickling sensation of fabric gliding smoothly over my rounded posterior. The piercing chill of the hard stone-slab floor burned against my bared knees, icy cold smarting against the bonfire of pleasure boiling inside me.

Instinctively I reached towards the nexus of desire hovering in my groin, foolishly expecting to find the stiff shaft that should have adorned that place. Instead, I found only air where my manhood had once stood. In some still-sane part of my mind I recognised how dissimilar this arousal was from what I knew. No longer the pressing need to penetrate, man’s desperate desire to expel his seed. Rather, the sensation was one of void, of an empty space that urgently needed to be filled.

As I crawled across the floor towards the soft rug before the empty hearth, my free hand searched desperately for the source of that sensation, the gateway to that empty place that needed me to touch it. I looked down between my arms to try and see, but the view was blocked by the heavy breasts hanging from my chest, and the long strands of dark blonde hair that fell across my face.

‘Ohh-’ Something warm and wet brushed softly against the tips of my fingers. ‘OooOOH-’ Something sensitive that burned against my senses as I began to probe with a single fingertip. ‘Ohh-Mmmmmhm-’ Deeper, the wet slit parted to accept my fingers. ‘Oh... Mhmm... Ooh- AHH-’

Heedless of any attention my cries might bring, I couldn't stop my fingers slipping inside, brushing against the slick walls of that cave of molten delight.

My strength fled as a wave of pleasure burst from that place and washed through me. I slumped forward, face and breasts squashing into the rug. My frazzled mind was utterly unprepared for the intensity of the sensations emanating from my crotch. Only my body's instinctive desire to reach the zenith of that awesome pleasure kept me moving.

Feebly, with quaking legs I pushed myself up from the floor, raising my hips slightly so my fingers could resume their exploration. So strange, the unfamiliar feeling of something sliding into me. With every aching stroke against the slick walls, my legs stretched a little more, steadily raising my buttocks into the air. 'Mhhsmh- MHHMH-' The thick carpet smothered the moans my fingers forced from me as they pushed my hips higher and higher, until I was swaying precariously.

I teetered, then half fell, half rolled over onto my back. One hand stayed buried between my legs while the other grasped at one of the aching breasts adorning my chest. My hips had begun to move on their own, whatever process my fingers had begun was driving some reflex in my muscles that had my lower body trembling uncontrollably.

Bucking again, and again, and again, my hips thrust upwards in time with the throbbing in my belly. I spread my legs and planted my feet on the floor to steady myself. Pleasure-addled muscles tensed, pushing my torso upwards. The jiggling, milky-white flesh of my breasts dominated my view, but during each thrust of my hips I glimpsed the source of the pleasure racking my body. Where once my manhood had stood proudly from my bristled crotch, now only smooth hairless skin surrounded pink lips that were spread by my fingers pumping furiously, the gateway to the bubbling cauldron of pleasure in my belly.

'Ohhh- OOH- Three, help meeEEE! MMHMM-' I bit my lip, throwing my head back and grasping tightly at my breast, sensing the urgent throbbing in my groin building towards some kind of climax. My whole body began to tense, curling up from the floor so I was hunched over my new breasts as furious fingers intensified their mad pumping in perfect harmony with the steadily rising thrum of anticipation welling up in the wet slit between my legs. 'Ohh- Oooh- OOOHH-'

'YAAAAAAH-!' Strength fled my muscles instantly as a tsunami of pleasure flooded outwards from that place and smashed against my senses like a velvet fist. I collapsed back onto the woolly carpet, my legs splaying outwards. 'AHH- Ahh- Ahh... Ahh-' I moaned in time with the continued twitching of my hips as wave after wave of bliss washed up against flesh already saturated with ecstasy. With each heaving breath my throbbing breasts ached with satisfaction as they rose and fell beneath my tightly clasped fingers, until finally the tension in my muscles eased and my arms could fall limply to my sides.

Act III – Acclimation

I cannot tell you how long I lay in the aftermath of that ordeal. As the steady waves of pleasure slowly faded away into a background hum of content arousal, time seemed to lose all meaning. I think perhaps I slept, for when my eyes next opened the chamber was basked in the deep orange light that foretold the imminent arrival of darkness.

'Urghh...' I groaned, drawing an arm over my face to shield my eyes from the light. My body ached all over. It was a pain I recognised as that which often followed a magical healing, the forced

knitting together of flesh by supernatural means that left a mean toll on the recipient. To feel that in every part of my body was a unique experience. I tried to recall where I was, what had happened. Had I fallen in battle?

Throb.

I shivered as the painful ache began to slowly fade, and in its place a pleasant warmth began to permeate my body. Eyes still closed, I stretched, feeling strangely lithe. My limbs moved with a light, graceful ease that was most unfamiliar, as though I were floating serenely on a cloud. I wondered if I were still dreaming.

Throb.

Arousal flooded my senses, a throbbing lust emanating from between my legs. My eyes snapped open as my recent memories rushed back. I tried to scramble to my feet, but stumbled as the unfamiliar weight on my chest dragged me forward. Had I not caught the nearby bed post in time, I would have sprawled on the floor once more.

‘What in the-’ I gazed down at the jiggling breasts jutting from my chest, recalling my recent ordeal, and felt the panic begin to rise in the back of my mind. My countless years of training had taught me to analyse the situation before me without losing control, and I was able to force myself to calm down before the panic could take me fully.

First, assess the damage. Trance-like, feeling my horror bubbling just under the surface of my thoughts, I stumbled my way across the chamber to the small alcove where my simple wash basin was and fumbled around for the small mirror I kept to trim my beard.

I peered at the unfamiliar face staring back at me from the tiny looking glass as I moved it over my features. Thin, precise eyebrows were the only facial hair that remained upon what was now perfectly smooth skin glistening in the last rays of sunlight coming through the window.

Had I a sister, some might have marked the familial resemblance in our bright blue eyes or the similar shade of dark-blond hair, but little else remained of my old visage. My square jaw, strong brow, the neat beard I had diligently maintained even when on campaign. All gone, softened beyond recognition to a woman’s countenance.

Long waves of sleek hair framed the delicate womanly face and fell upon my narrow shoulders, a twisted perversion of my once masculine curls. The only things unchanged were my own blue eyes staring wide-eyed back at me from inside the mirror, trapped inside this prison of femininity.

As I stared at my reflection in horrified fascination, my expression suddenly changed. The look of shock vanished, and in its place a sultry, satisfied smirk settled on those perfectly feminine features. I winked.

‘What do you think?’ I purred. ‘Don’t we look so much better now?’

Staggering backwards, the mirror slipped from my delicate hands and fell into the basin with a crack as my calm composure shattered. Some power had controlled me, spoken with my voice! I put a hand to my throat, my mouth, testing my jaw as though I expected to find some ghostly hand there.

‘I’ve been controlling you all along!’ Khadila’s words echoed triumphantly in the tight space. ‘Through you, I will live on. Your ‘victory’ over me will be meaningless.’

The lecherous witch! I thought back to my actions during the past days as the veil over my memories was pulled aside. Why had I not sought help from my brothers, warned them of this presence in my mind? What drove me to seek the seclusion of my bedchamber where none of my family could witness my distress?

Because I suggested it, of course. Steering your thoughts was a simple thing. Khadila's voice inside my head was smug. You have been under my power for so long, and you didn't even notice.

I shivered at the phantom touch of fingers at my breast. Looking down, I found the hands to be my own, yet it was no will of mine that drove them. My traitorous fingers squeezed the supple flesh adorning my chest at Khadila's command, but it was my senses that were blasted with the sparking bliss that arced from that rough touch and charged joyfully into the rest of my body. 'Ooooh! Mhmm.' I could not hold down the moan that emanated from deep inside me.

I hoped not to need this spell, I only prepared it in case the unthinkable should happen. Had I possessed your full name, you would have turned on the road afore ever coming to this place. Without it, your will proved too strong. But no matter, I was able to act before any of your meddling healers got their hands on you. And what luck that my new vessel comes with such a vast horde of prime manhood nearby, just waiting to give their seed in our service!

'No...' My voice was barely a whisper, the tiniest ember of defiance. Khadila's disdain for my brothers as mere pawns for her own gain stirred some rebellion in my mind. I fought against the haze of arousal that was a new constant in this excessively feminine body. I summoned the devotion and love I held for my adopted family, the protective instinct that all those of the Order held for one another.

Don't resist, Richard. Give in, it will feel sooooo much better for both of us.

Gathering my will, I spoke more strongly. 'No,' I growled, forcing my traitorous hands down to my sides, away from the touch of my aching breast. 'By the Three, you shall not take me, witch!' My girlish proclamation echoed around the stone chamber.

Khadila raged inside my head. I could feel my hands now inching slowly towards the place in my loins that was wet with desire my grasping fingers had stirred. Burning lust flared in my belly and I gritted my teeth against the temptation, clasping my hands behind my back to keep the foul witch's power in check.

You are a fool, Richard. Khadila's voice grew fainter as her hold over me steadily weakened. This isn't over. You shall see!

I stumbled over to my bed and fell heavily upon it, studiously ignoring the bouncing of my chest. There I sat for some time, alert for any sign that Khadila's power over me remained.

After a while, nothing of her presence stirred in my mind. Instead, my awareness of the female body I now inhabited slowly grew more pronounced. A constant, burning desire suffused my flesh. 'Mhmm...' I moaned aloud, unable to help myself focusing in on the sensations. It was emanating from my breasts, where the slightest movement jostled them together temptingly. I crossed my arms together tightly, barring myself from acting on that feeling. The merest gust of air on their tender skin seemed to elicit tingles of temptation that hinted at what could be.

The aching demands of my breasts to be touched was one thing, but worse was the gaping desire in my belly. Like a hunger, it ached to be filled, to be... penetrated. I shivered. So unlike the straining,

explosive pressure of male arousal, what burned between my legs was a gaping need for fulfilment, to take into myself a man's offering.

Dwelling on the sensations only made them grow stronger, and I admit I almost succumbed once more. My hand crept down and I probed the warm wetness surrounding the entrance to my new sex. How would it feel to have a man part those lips and slide inside me? My revulsion at the prospect of intercourse with another man warred against this body's lustful instincts. I drew my hand back and shook my head to dispel the image.

The healers. They could help me undo this curse - Khadila had admitted as much. But how would they react to a naked, nymphomaniac woman turning up on their doorstep? And how would I cross the entire keep to reach them without encountering any of my comrades? I liked not at all the prospect of explaining myself to one of the regular patrols. I myself had never heard of magic capable of such a transformation as I had just undergone, so surely none would believe that a woman of such outrageous proportions had just recently been one of their brothers. I sat and thought for a while about what to do, steadfastly rejecting any suggestions put forward by my new body.

Alfonse. The idea popped into my mind fully formed. Alfonse and I had known one-another since childhood, when we both came to the Order as foundlings. His chamber was not too far from mine. If I were to go to him and explain what happened, if I could convince just him that it was indeed his friend trapped in this body, then he could bring a healer to me and persuade them of my true identity. It was the only plan I had, and I drew some comfort from the prospect of seeking assistance from my old friend.

Course of action decided, I rose purposefully from the bed and then muttered a curse as the twin weights jutting from my chest pulled me stumbling forward once more. I looked down at my breasts in dismay. I never imagined breasts were so heavy! Did all women have to deal with this? I had little experience to draw from, having had no cause to see any women undressed so far in my life with the Order. My only reference was Khadila during our battle, and back then I had tried my utmost to ignore her... assets. I reckoned that mine were probably smaller than hers, but not by much.

Smaller they may be, but still the mass of the melon-sized mounds dragged me forward inexorably. I had to lean back to keep my balance. Shifting my gait experimentally, I found if I curved my back slightly, drawing my shoulders back while pushing my hips forward, then the great weight of the twin globes was easier to carry. It did have unfortunate side-effect of thrusting them forward brazenly.

I marvelled at how my body settled so easily into this unnatural posture. Back when Alfonse and I had been initiates, we were trained from an early age to stand upright and erect. It was a necessity if one intended to don the weighty armour of our order. I ran a hand down my side, confirming the conspicuous absence of musculature. My old drill masters would be horrified to see the sweeping curve of my narrow waist as it flared out into wide hips and my bulging posterior. I took a few hesitant steps, fighting the way my hips wanted to sway from side to side, but found it impossible to prevent my rear from swinging as I walked.

Belatedly, I recalled the tenants of the Order I was sworn to uphold. I pulled back from probing too deeply into the theological quandary of whether one's own body could violate the Order's precept

that forbade looking upon an unclad woman. Regardless, I refrained from examining my conspicuously female form any further and instead searched for something to cover myself with.

My armour was obviously a lost cause. Half-heartedly, I attempted to put my room in order, but it was in vain. They were so heavy that I could barely shift the metal plates from where they lay littering the floor. My lithe arms retained no trace of the chiselled musculature that once carried the plate metal into battle so easily.

Instead, I donned a simple robe from my wardrobe. It was comically long on me now, draping well past my ankles and sweeping behind me over the stone floor. I hitched up the excess as best I could and bound it tightly around my waist.

Looking down, I was dismayed at just how pronounced the swell of my bosom was beneath the cloth. Feeling my face reddening, I endeavoured to hide the jutting of those conspicuously feminine shapes, shifting more of the excess cloth above the binding cord to hide the twin bulges as best I could amongst other bumps and folds. The rough-spun cotton tickled as it brushed across the sensitive skin of my breasts. I shivered with anticipation, but set aside the teasing promises of pleasure the unintentional touches evoked.

My slippers were now several sizes too small and fell from my feet after only a few steps. I would have to do without. Before I left, I took one last look around my room at the scattered pieces of armour. Hopefully no one would discover this mess before I could explain myself to Alfonse.

At the door, I strained my ears for any sound of movement in the corridor outside. The revelry of the gathering downstairs still echoed up through the bones of the stone keep, but nothing sounded nearby. I gripped the handle with all my strength, straining against the heavy oak door, and succeeded in opening it a crack before poking my head out, glancing quickly up and down both directions. Nobody was there.

Alfonse's chamber was located in the east wing, down one floor. Not far in normal times, but my need for stealth could make it a perilous journey. I set off, padding barefoot on the stone floor, suddenly glad that I had no footwear that might have caused a noise.

I had never thought to be sneaking around in my own home. Corridors I had walked for decades were uncanny from my new perspective. Familiar statues loomed menacingly from their alcoves, the heroic knights of our order no longer meeting my gaze as equals. Once I was of a height with them, but now they stared down in stony disapproval at the woman skulking past them.

A metallic clanking sounded from up ahead. I froze. From a side-corridor I saw a flickering light, growing brighter, and the tell-tale sound of armour clinking closer. I dived for the nearest door and tried the latch, but it was locked. Looking around wildly, there were no other doors in this part of the corridor.

I hurried back down the way I had come, silently cursing the swaying of my hips that made running so difficult, until I reached one of the statues and joined him in his alcove. Pressing up against the stone plinth, I sought to hide in the shadow of the long dead knight. I checked myself to ensure I was out of sight, and cursed silently. My breasts stuck out too far!

Sidling around to the side of the statue, I began to squeeze between the pedestal and the curved wall of the alcove. 'Mmmm-' I bit my lip to stifle a moan as my bosom pushed up against the cold stone, the pleasures I had forbidden my hands now blossomed forth at the chill touch through my robe. I

would never have attempted this cramped hiding place before today, but with my newly diminished stature it had looked big enough. I had not accounted for the swell of my posterior, or my protruding chest. I strained to push myself further into the alcove, to no avail.

I was stuck. My breasts moulded and squished against the stolid stone knight as I struggled to free myself, cupping and squeezing the soft flesh with my hands to ease past the stone. The rough touch through my clothes threatened to overwhelm my sensibilities with the pleasures they evoked. I could feel a wetness between my legs, flowing from my... *pussy*. Khadila filled in the word for me helpfully. I clenched my teeth against both her intrusion and the tantalizing excitement dripping down my thigh. Khadila's amusement at my ridiculous predicament was palpable.

The clanking drew closer and I forced myself to be still. I had no choice but to hope I was far enough into the alcove to not be noticed. I just had to ignore the demands of my body long enough for him to pass. Easy. I bit my lip to distract myself from the licentious sensations throbbing in my chest, trying to still my excited breaths as the footsteps drew level with my statue.

He stopped just before the alcove. Had he heard me? I tensed, feeling my pulse in my ears. The pounding of my heart was an almost physical sensation as my breasts pressed against the stone, each beat accompanied by a throb of arousal. I wondered how the knight would react to finding me here.

Would he believe the buxom lady squeezed against the statue of one of his heroes had once been one of his brethren? Laughable. We had no female servants in the keep, but perhaps I could explain my presence as some errand from town? Most likely he would arrest me on suspicion of bedding with one of his brothers. Or, and my heart beat faster at the thought, would he choose to take me for himself? My body flushed with excitement even as I struggled to push the idea from my mind.

The sound of jangling keys echoed down the corridor, then came the squeaking of a door opening, and moments later an accompanying slam. I let out my breath. The man had gone through the locked door. I thanked the Three that it had not opened when I tried it, or I would really have found out what he would do to a helpless woman in his chamber.

Extricating myself from the alcove proved difficult. My supple belly slipped past easily, but I had to ease my bosom past the stone, using my hands to mould my pillow-soft breasts and bulging posterior. My fingers sank into the ripe flesh and I couldn't stifle my gasps at the lightning sparks of pleasure jolting my senses at each touch. When finally I was freed, I let out a shuddering sigh of relief as the erogenous pressure on my breasts was lifted. I shuffled off quickly down the corridor before anyone else showed up.

The servant stair seemed the safest route to avoid the thoroughfare of the main stairs. I tweaked aside a tapestry that I knew concealed one such stair, and peered down to check the coast was clear. There would be nowhere to hide once inside so I had to be quick.

Each step was at least one and a half my foot length, designed for much a much taller stride. I took them as fast as I dared in a body with unfamiliar physique, all but jumping each step even as my weight shifted in exotic ways. Each lurching step jolted my breasts. I felt them jiggling beneath my rapidly unravelling robe, their smooth skin brushing against the coarse fabric.

Had not my hands been pressed tight to both walls for fear of losing my balance, I might have held them to keep from bouncing. As it was, each step was accompanied by a burst of delight, the swollen globes knocking against one another, and the stiff, erect nipples snagging on loose threads

of my robe and pinging distracting sparks of pleasure into my head as I struggled to concentrate on maintaining my balance. My hair was a mess, strands flying around my face and getting in my mouth.

I was half-way down the stairs when the cord binding my robe inevitably came undone. Parting like curtains with the winds of my passage, the robe flew apart. I imagined what an unsuspecting servant might see if they were just now to pull aside the tapestry that covered the exit: My happily bouncing breasts, taut tips smarting in the chill air, barrelling towards them at barely controlled speed. I felt the wind breezing past my exposed sex, and I tried resolutely not to dwell on the stark contrast of chill air against the burning hot arousal in my groin.

To my great relief, no one arrived to witness my ordeal. I paused at the bottom to lean against the wall, gritting my teeth, breathing hard from not just the exertion, but also the pounding arousal coursing through my body. The unfamiliar throbbing between my thighs had my knees clacking together, while my breasts hummed happily in the aftermath of their jostling. My pulse was racing, and without thinking I placed a hand to my breast to still my racing heart. ‘Ohhh.’ My fingers closed on the yielding flesh and I quickly clasped my mouth with the other hand to stifle the moan that touch elicited.

I took a deep breath, steadying myself. I couldn’t stay here, no matter what state I was in. It was only a matter of time before a servant came this way. I listened briefly for any footsteps while I hastily re-tied my robe. Poking my head around the tapestry, I glanced quickly both ways before stumbling off down the corridor, the muscles in my legs twitching with the aftershocks of pleasure.

At long last, I arrived at Alfonse’s chamber. Someone could come and discover me shivering with desire outside his door at any moment, but I needed to take some time to collect myself, to recall to mind my purpose here. Instinctively I began to tidy my hair, tucking the strands that had fallen across my face during my chaotic decent behind my ears. After fighting down the various desires in different parts of my body, in a few minutes I felt as ready as I could be. I knocked.

I used the secret code we had made up as boys to plan our night-time escapades. Once, long ago, we had slept in adjacent dormitories with bunks separated only by a thin wooden wall. Our boyhood code had been extended over the years, and even in adulthood had saved us more than once during our adventures with the Order. *Tap-Tap, Tap, Tap, Tap-Tap-Tap*. The code for ‘help’. I recalled the last time we had cause to use this one I had been trapped in the dungeon of some heretic cult. The same was true this time, metaphorically speaking.

From inside I heard movement, shuffling footsteps, and then the door opened a crack. A shaft of light shone out into the dark corridor. I made sure to keep to the shadows.

‘Richard? What is wrong-’ Alfonse began, but upon peering closer into the darkness at the demure figure before him he was suddenly suspicious. ‘Who are you?’

I cleared my throat. ‘Alfonse, it is I. Richard. I know I look different, but it’s still me. Since the battle, some remnant of Khadila’s magic has... changed me, somehow. I need your help.’

‘Changed you?’ Alfonse sounded confused. ‘Changed you how? Your voice, you don’t sound like...’ He opened the door wider, shining the light from within on my face. I flinched back instinctively at his sharp intake of breath. ‘Richard...?’ he trailed off.

I stepped forward into the light, meeting his gaze in mute appeal. He towered over me now, a full head and a half taller than I was. I hoped he could see in my face and eyes some semblance of what remained of his friend, trapped as I was inside this outrageous body.

His eyes met mine for a moment and saw the flutter of bewildered recognition there, before his gaze shifted down to the unmistakable twin bulges I had attempted to conceal beneath my robe. The excess folds I had bunched above my belt to disguise the prominence of my feminine figure had long since fallen away, leaving what remained to hug my bulging chest tightly. Twin nips poked sharp bumps of obvious arousal through the fabric. I know not what expression Alfonse had on his face – Concern? Confusion? Arousal? Perhaps all three at once.

‘It is some curse of that witch that has turned me into...’ I paused. Somehow, to speak it out loud made it seem ridiculous, if the evidence were not so plain. ‘... a woman.’ I finished lamely.

Not just any woman – a goddess! Khadila crooned in my head. With a great mental effort I shoved her roughly out from my thoughts, refusing to let her sully my mind any longer.

‘I don’t... You... I suppose you should come in.’ Alfonse muttered, plainly overwhelmed by what his eyes were showing him. He stepped aside to allow me to enter. I tried my best to keep my hips from swaying too much as I slid past him into the room.

Alfonse looked both ways down the corridor before he shut the door and followed me towards the hearth, where a well built fire was keeping the chill of the stone chamber at bay. ‘You had better explain, Richard. If that really is you.’ he added, still sceptical. I didn’t blame him.

I told him what I could: How during the battle the witch Khadila had cast one last spell upon me as she perished. That I had felt unwell during the ceremony and sought my chamber to rest, where this change had come upon me. Alfonse remained standing as I recounted my story, while I perched on the edge of his bed, hands clasped in front of me. I felt oddly reluctant to tell him of Khadila’s voice in my head. *No need to burden him with that right now*, I thought. There would be time enough when he brought the healer to lift the curse.

‘I undressed and took to my bed, and awoke like this not long after’. I skirted around the truth of my transformation, ashamed by my wanton behaviour both during and after. He didn’t need to know how this body craved the carnal pleasures of the flesh. How with every passing moment spent in his presence without being touched, the ache in my breasts was growing stronger. How the emptiness in my loins longed to be filled, yearning for the nearby man’s seed...

I pinched myself hard on the wrist to draw back from those thoughts, willing the wet ache in my groin to calm for just one moment and let me think clearly. ‘I couldn’t go to the healer like this without someone to vouch for me. They would never believe it, body-altering magic on this scale has never been seen before.’

‘Indeed,’ Alfonse muttered, nodding agreement with my conclusions. He had come to sit next to me on the bed as my tale came to an end. He looked everywhere but at me, seemingly fascinated by the crackling fire in the grate. The flickering light illuminated his face. His cheeks seemed a little flushed. ‘I can scarcely believe it myself. Truly, we underestimated Khadila and her cohort.’

We sat together in silence for a while. I caught myself admiring the outline of his bulging muscles through his night-robe and quickly looked away, looking anywhere else in the room as I waited for him to finish digesting my tale. In one corner his armour was neatly arranged on a stand, each piece

gleaming in the firelight. The smell of polish still hung in the air. I thought guiltily of my own armour, strewn across my chamber floor in the aftermath of my transformation.

Alfonse gave a sudden gasp. I spun my head to see what alarmed him. I saw to my horror that a hand was slipped through a gap in his robe. My hand. Suddenly I could feel the warmth of his manhood under my fingers. One moment my hands were sat upon my lap, the next I could feel the rapid pulsing of a swelling penis as Alfonse grew harder, longer, his racing heartbeat reacting to my gentle touch. A mirrored reaction began between my own legs. As I felt his penis swelling, so too grew the instinctive need to have that growing shaft deep inside me.

I pulled my hand back quickly, appalled at what I had done. 'Oh Gods. I'm so sorry-' I could sense Khadila's mirth at what her mischief had caused. Alfonse turned slowly to look at me, and I rushed to try and explain. 'It wasn't me, I didn't mean-'

He grabbed my guilty hand abruptly, pulling me towards him, leaning closer, a strangely blank look in his eyes.

Without that troublesome armour you knights wear, he is helpless against our aura. Smug. Just a tiny nudge and he is ours. Just a man after all. A man with... needs.

'Alfonse?' My voice quavered, suddenly aware that, while in this body, his strength far eclipsed my own. I tried to pull away but his steel grip on my arm was immovable. I felt his hot breath on my face. He closed his eyes as he sniffed deeply, like an animal taking my scent. A shiver seemed to run through him, and from my body I felt an answering thrill.

The worst part is, I wanted it. I wanted him to take me, to pin me down, to tear off my puny robe and set upon my womanly body with the decades of pent up desire he had long suppressed. My male mind rebelled at the idea of being ravaged by my friend, but the sensual, feminine vessel I now occupied yearned for it. I closed my eyes and awaited the inevitable.

Alfonse let out a long sigh. 'This is not right, Richard.' He released my arm and stood, hitching his robe around him and once again looking deliberately at anything but me. 'We need to take you to the healers immediately and get this curse lifted, we know not what other effects it has had on you.' His cheeks flushed as he muttered, '...on both of us.'

Khadila's disgust at this virtuous display of willpower was palpable. For my part, the respect I held for my friend grew tenfold, even as I felt my body's bitter disappointment that he would not take me. He was right, of course. Seeking his help had been the right call, as only his strength was equal to this rather unique challenge. I was not so sure I could have succeeded at holding to my vows were I in his place.

'Alfonse, thank you.' I stood, or so I intended. 'Alfonse...' My voice resonated strangely as I slipped off the bed to kneel before him.

At the second utterance of his name, Alfonse froze, his eyes going blank once more. The deep throbbing energy in my chest, that which had until this moment been an ever-present reminder of my womanly wants, now seemed to flow with purpose. I could feel an excited buzzing, a tingling energy gathering at the tips of both nipples that was both pleasurable and powerful, a trickle of magic that emanated from me towards Alfonse.

If neither of you will do what needs to be done, then I shall have to do it!

Khadila ripped apart Alfonse's robe, unveiling his semi-erect manhood. I could do naught but stare in horror as we leaned in towards that swollen penis, a prisoner in my own body while Khadila assumed control. We kissed the tip, the bulging head where a bead of pearly white precum had already begun to glisten from our earlier teasing. Dancing our tongue over the smooth flesh, our hands rose to caress the veiny shaft, feeling it twitch under our fingers as it grew fuller, longer, throbbing ever larger with his involuntary arousal.

Alfonse groaned, and it amused Khadila to end the magical stupor. His consciousness returned to find a buxom woman crouched before him caressing his cock. 'What? Who... No... Richard, what are you-!?' he gazed down in disbelief, just as we took him into our mouth. 'Urghh...' Alfonse groaned again, legs shaking. His hands grasped our hair, perhaps intending to pull us away, but there was no strength in them. He was powerless to resist now.

We sucked softly as the warmth of his swelling manhood slowly filled our mouth. Everything Khadila did, I felt alongside her. Our fingers caressed, I could feel the pulsing shaft under my hands. Our tongue danced around his head, I could taste the sweaty masculinity in my mouth. My mind rebelled at the sensations, but my body overruled it. Some great understanding was blossoming inside me. Disgust drained away as I became aware, somehow, of the power slowly filling that throbbing cock as it swelled with Alfonse's arousal. It felt... good. 'Mmhmf- Mhhmf-' Our moans were muffled around Alfonse's manhood growing larger into our mouth. We began to bob our head slowly. I wanted that power. I wanted to taste it. I wanted it inside me.

'No... Richard... Stop! This is... forbidden... Ahh!' Alfonse gasped, his hand tangled in our hair tightened its grip, but could not keep us from taking his manhood deeper, deep down into our throat, our pace quickening as we bobbed back and forth to excite his throbbing shaft. I felt it begin to twitch, and Alfonse's breath quickened. I could sense his imminent ejaculation and we pulled back with a wet slurp, 'Mhmm-shhlllrp-'. Khadila curled our hand around Alfonse's shaft and stroked fast, gliding over taut skin slicked with our saliva. 'Don't hold back, oh mighty knight!' we crowed, before planting our lips tightly around his head, and starting to suck rhythmically. 'Mhm- Mhm- Mhm-'

'Nooo... why?! Arghh-!' Alfonse cried out as the first spurt of hot liquid erupted into our mouth.

My instinct was to gag, but either this body, or Khadila's control, refused the instruction. We gulped down the first, the second, the third spurt. Each pulse of salty-sweet male seed that splashed upon my tongue unleashed a glorious burst of energy that filled me from head to toe. My magic-imbued flesh accepted his offering and converted it into a raw pleasure that cascaded throughout my body. 'Mhmm- MHMM-' Our desperate groans of pleasure forced their way out around his cock as we greedily sucked down every drop we could of the power-laden seed.

Alfonse collapsed backwards onto the bed and his cock pulled free of our mouth. The last arc of semen spurted across our face. Khadila licked our lips. *Do you see, Richard? The pleasure! – the power! - It's all that matters.* Khadila threw our head back, basking in the sublime energy that suffused our body. *Man's seed, the very force of life itself, ours for the taking!*

No... I groaned in my mind. This is not what I want, you are forcing me to do this!

Oh? Khadila's incredulity at my continued resistance was palpable. Then take back the reins and stop this right now, by all means.

I thought I had felt everything, each sinful sensation as Khadila preyed upon my dearest friend. But as she yielded control of my body to me it was like stepping out from a draughty shelter into the howling storm outside. My awareness of the blissful maelstrom engulfing my body multiplied tenfold and as I regained control of my limbs I was confronted by a more sublime pleasure than I had ever imagined.

‘What... what is this?’ I gasped. My breasts were quaking as the delightful throbs of raw power coursing through me began to concentrate in my chest. Some energy swirling within fought against the confines of the bulging spheres, and I looked down just in time to see the twin globes quivering beneath my taut robe. ‘Ohhhhh...!’ I bit my lip and moaned as the teasing tension inside them eased achingly, the creamy flesh swelling ever so slightly larger to accommodate the bounty we had just taken from Alfonse.

Before I could recover my senses, the simmering desire that had been bubbling between my hips suddenly flared. Proximity to a man’s spilt seed had awoken a frenzied anticipation in my womb, an animalistic hunger that could be caged no longer. I reached under my robe to grasp at my excited sex, where the juices of my overflowing arousal had already slicked my thighs. But mere fingers were insufficient to sate the desire that was raging inside me now, not when a virile male was so close by.

I crawled up on the bed beside Alfonse and leaned over him, tucking the wild strand of hair that fell across my face behind my ear. ‘Alfonse...’ Shaking him by the shoulder, I spoke his name again. ‘Alfonse!’ His opened his eyes and peered up blearily at me.

‘Who... Rich... Richard?’ he met my eyes, looking confusedly up at me, before dropping his gaze to the twin bulges conspicuously concealed beneath my robe, swaying gently as they hung over him. ‘No, you cannot be Richard. It was all a lie.’ He shook his head as if to banish the vision of femininity before him.

‘Please, Alfonse.’ I begged him. ‘I need your...’ My voice trailed off, and I slumped back on the bed, panting softly. I must have looked confused, or scared. Perhaps that twitch in his eye was a crack in his resolve at the earnestness of my request.

‘I need...’ I repeated, searching for the right words to express my desire. I fidgeted absently with the cord that bound my robe, feeling the excitement building inside me as my breaths came faster.

Alfonse’s face set with determination as he beheld my helplessness. He started to rise and bind his robe once more as he said, ‘Very well. The sooner we can get help from the healer’s to lift this curse on you, the better-’

‘No! Not the healers.’ I shook my head wildly. ‘I need... need... your cock!’ I finally found the words. His eyes widened as I pulled my robe aside to reveal my dripping wet pussy, the slick passageway to the overflowing desire boiling inside my virgin womb. ‘In here,’ I added helpfully, thrusting my hips up towards him and using my fingers to spread the moist lips of my eager sex.

For a moment Alfonse just stared at me, dumbstruck. No doubt he was as ignorant of the intimate aspects of female anatomy as I had once been. An upbringing in the Order does not furnish one with such knowledge. His bared manhood twitched, swelling once more with the only natural animal reaction to beholding a female in heat. He clenched his jaw, and shook his head slowly.

‘No, Richard, this is not you. This is that perverted witch’s spell controlling you. Snap out of it! We must get you to the healers at once!’

Such strength! I felt no anger at his refusal. On the contrary, I admired him for adhering to his vows despite all that had already happened. It was touching that his loyalty to me, his best friend, refused to allow him to take advantage of the offer before him. It seemed only right that my first time would be with this man. My oldest, dearest friend.

‘*Alfonse.*’ I cooed, instinct lacing my voice with the persuasive power that swirled excitedly in my tits. ‘*Alfonse Demute*’ His eyes widened as I invoked the full power of his true name, meeting my gaze like a rabbit caught in a hunter’s sights. ‘*Fuck me.*’

His robe flowed from him as he pounced. Whatever rational part of Alfonse that had been holding him back was brushed aside by my magic, leaving the unbridled lust of his animal mind free to act. In an instant he was upon me, guiding his unleashed manhood towards my waiting sex. Without ceremony, he thrust it deep inside, impaling me at last upon his mighty pole.

My mind went white. I could hear someone screaming, wanton womanly cries that echoed around the stone chamber. Me. My voice, my moans, the manifestation of my fully female desire. My virgin body overflowed with pleasure at this long awaited copulation. ‘Ohhh!’ I could feel him. ‘Yes! YES!’ Every vein, every bump and bulge of his swollen cock brushed achingly against the tight walls of my magical pussy as he thrust wildly inside me. ‘OOOH YEEESS!’ I writhed beneath him, nails digging in to the sheets of his bed for purchase, revelling in the blissful satisfaction of finally being penetrated by a man’s penis.

But the physical sensations of his sex buried deep inside mine were not all I felt, so to did his very soul seem to burn against my senses. His motivations, his creed, his desires were as clear to me as words on a page. It was almost instinctive that I reached inside him the moment his manhood entered my womanly gate and began to twist his allegiances to serve me. The promises of untold pleasures would instil in him a loyalty that could not be shaken by oral argument. His very purpose of being from this day forth would be to pleasure and feed me.

Somewhere in my head, a rapidly shrinking part of me was horrified at what I was doing to my friend, yet the pure bliss of carnal copulation saturating my body and mind drowned out any doubt as to the rightness of this moment.

Alfonse thrust harder, drilling me deeper into the bed sheets with the force of this new mantra, grasping my supple waist with massive hands for better purchase. The difference in our statures was almost comical. His 7ft bulk dominated my petite frame. Muscles bulged in his arms as he lifted me up and down in time with his thrusts, my aching tits jiggling between us. My enchanted body morphed to fit around his shaft. With every thrust I felt the walls of my pussy gripping him tightly, stimulating his cock with a teasing pressure that delivered a bespoke pleasure no normal woman could provide.

Once I had been Alfonse’s match on the drill yard, but now his great strength easily overpowered my lithe muscles. Yet both of us knew that in this carnal arena, I was the one in control. His outsized manhood penetrated so deep into my supernatural sex that I felt it pressing against my navel from within, yet naught but blissful pleasure permeated my flesh no matter how no matter how deeply or roughly he thrust into me. I granted him this privilege, this honour to ravage my hyper-fecund body, a boon of untold pleasure in exchange for his virile seed.

Grunts and gasps were the only sounds he made. His wild eyes roaming my body were wide and panicked as his overwhelmed mind struggled to comprehend the blessing I bestowed on him, his body driven by pure animal instinct. Eventually his eyes locked onto my chest, hypnotised by the delightful dance of my bouncing boobage.

‘Yesss- Ohhh YESSS- AAAAH- HAAARDER!’ Rapturous cries I could scarcely believe were my own demanded ever more from him even as his desperate thrusts grew in their intensity. I knew what was coming, as I could feel an answering anticipation building in my own belly. The burning need within my womb flared white hot as every fibre of my body and soul awaited what was about to come. Somehow I could sense how close he was to his limit, and when his final thrust plunged deep into me I clasped my legs tightly behind his back, pushing his engorged penis to the very extreme depths of my magical womb.

‘YAAAAAAAH!’ Liquid warmth flooded into me and I threw back my head with a gleeful cry as all the muscles in my body tensed at once, charged simultaneously with the toe-curling bliss of orgasm combined with the sublime rush of pure life force spilling into my womb from Alfonse’s captured cock. We remained locked together, our hips bucked and twitched in unison while spurt after spurt of Alfonse’s hot cum flowed into me with preternatural fecundity.

With this consummation, the conversion of my friend from Holy Paladin into my loyal servant was completed. Eight, nine, ten spurts and still his penis jerked and writhed within me, my enchanted pussy wringing from him a wealth of semen far beyond mortal capacity. I knew instinctively that any man whose penis penetrated my sex would find his sexual vigour stoked to an unnatural frenzy, his capacity for producing seed only growing more potent with every copulation. Thick white cum began to spill out from where we joined, overflowing from my deflowered womb as the ceaseless tsunamis of bliss that accompanied each spurt crashed relentlessly against my senses.

When the frenzied cock inside me eventually subsided, I could finally relax my legs, releasing Alfonse and flopping back upon the soft bed. Wild strands of my luscious blonde hair, in disarray from the frenzy of our union, fell softly across my face. ‘Hah... Hah... Hah...’ I panted, feeling the weight of my throbbing chest rising and falling with each breath as I gazed up at the stony ceiling, basking in the aftermath as blissful warmth settled into my body. Like that good ache after a long bout of training, it was the satisfying burn of exertion in all my limbs that only rigorous exercise could produce. Yet instead of the drowsiness that usually followed, instead I felt energized. Invigorated. Already eager to go even further, to experience again the thrill of orgasm at the moment life-carrying cum blasted into my womb.

Even now I could sense the energy from his seed in my womb starting to flow up towards my heaving chest. ‘Mhmmm.’ I bit my lip and moaned, grasping at my aching tits with both hands as they began to swell once more with titillating pressure. Every pulse of glorious growth pushed against my fingers, the awesome power within tingling tantalizingly just beneath the smooth skin.

Alfonse was not so energized. He swayed, head nodding with fatigue, eyes drooping. Slowly, he slumped forwards onto the bed beside me, his depleted cock pulling free at last from my pussy with a wet slurp. I put an arm over him, pulling him close to me in a fond embrace as my mind raced with all the ways we might spend the remainder of the night.

Act IV - Insurrection

For a time we lay pressed together in the darkness, Alfonse's great hulking manliness against my slender femininity. I could feel the warmth of his flesh against mine. The slow movement of his chest as he slept in satisfied stupor after our lovemaking, one muscular arm nestled in the valley between my newly enhanced breasts.

The fire had burned low in the hearth, but I could still sense him clearly. His virility, his power, even in the dark room and with my eyes closed they registered against some inner sense of mine that went far beyond sight and touch. Indeed, even beyond these chamber walls I was slowly becoming aware of the host of men in the castle surrounding me. Each was unique, it was not unlike scanning over the faces in a bustling crowd. All had in common that untapped reservoir of virile power that I now yearned for with every inch of my being.

Yet I could also perceive some other presence. Or rather, lack of presence. Ominous, empty voids where there was nothing, man-sized holes in the fabric of my fifth sense that defied scrutiny. Most of these voids congregated below us in the great hall, but some moved, roaming the corridors of the keep.

It's that cursed armour you knights wear, Khadila informed me. It repels our power. Why do you think I had such trouble against you?

One such void was at this very moment moving from door to door in the hallway outside, only a half-dozen doors away from this chamber. I could sense the occupant of each room moving to open the door briefly, or the armoured knight would enter uninvited if no one answered.

'Alfonse, my dear.' I stroked his muscular chest affectionately. 'Awaken. I have a task for you.'

He groaned, shifting against me and putting a hand over his face, rubbing at his eyes as if waking from a night full of party and drink. I suppose it had been that, and so much more. When he did open his eyes and gaze at me, it was no longer with the nervous, pious innocence from before. Now he revelled in the sight of me, devotion and lust crossed his face in equal measure as he beheld me pressed against him in bed.

'What is your order, my queen?' he asked, while one hand answered by slowly caressing my bared breast, squeezing softly at the yielding flesh.

I couldn't resist a throaty moan at the inviting touch. 'Mhmmm. Later,' I offered, sitting up and brushing the hair back from my face. 'For now, distract our friend at the door.'

As if by my command, a harsh pounding sounded on the door. Alfonse flinched, his gaze darting to me in astonishment, before scrambling to his feet and pulling on his discarded robe. Dressed, he scanned the room quickly for any signs that might give us away before extinguishing the stump of candle by the bed. His sword he moved so it leaned against the wall behind the door, ready to hand should it be required.

As befitted the first of my new guard, he was suddenly all business. None of the professionalism he had possessed as a knight of the Order was lost just because he now served a new mistress. He nodded at me and I rolled off the bed to hide myself from sight.

Alfonse opened the door, and as he entertained the suspicions of the guard, I pondered my next move. My 'disappearance' would not stay undiscovered for long, especially as I overheard the

guard quizzing Alfonse about the mysterious screams resonating throughout the keep that had provoked his investigation. Less than a dozen of our Paladins had taken down Khadila at the height of her power, and in this keep there could be many hundreds at any one time, not counting the further scores of clergymen and servants. I would need to be far more circumspect in my future dealings with my former Brothers than I had been so far tonight, at least for now.

From my spot on the floor of Alfonse's chamber, all I could see was the corner where his armour stood carefully arranged upon its stand. It was only a matter of time before some servant checked my own chamber and found my discarded plates scattered across the floor.

I needed to consolidate my position before that could happen and cut off any questions as to my disappearance. But how to turn enough of my former brothers before we were discovered? As I stared at Alfonse's armour, my gaze fell upon the brand new medal pinned to the the lapel. I smirked as a plan began to form in my mind.

The door clicked shut and I rose from my dusty spot on the floor and padded across the room towards my knight. He gazed eagerly at me, eyes tracing the sway of my bust.

'Oh, Richard, you are so...' Alfonse began to speak, then his voice trailed off, his brow creased as if struggling to remember something. For a moment his eyes widened, and I saw in them a remnant of the old Alfonse. Such was the power of names, naming me as I once was had stirred some resistance in him. I was no longer Richard Gallfrey, but neither was I the witch Khadila. I would need to take on a new name before revealing myself to any who might have known my past self. I could allow no others to hold the power of my true name.

To correct his lapse, I placed a hand on his chest and pushed him up against the wall, pressing my breasts between us. Even standing on the tips of my toes I could barely place my lips upon his, pushing my tongue into his mouth to smother his objections. My hand slipped into his robe and stroked his cock, gently teasing him back under my spell.

It didn't take long for him to throw his arms around me, leaning into our kiss as he lifted me bodily and carried me back to the bed.

'Mhmm. That's better,' I crooned as he placed me lovingly upon the sheets and began to untie his robe. 'Though I hate to say, our next session will have to wait for a little while longer.'

The disappointment in his expression lasted only a moment, before he accepted his mistress's command. 'What are your orders, my queen?'

With Alfonse gone, I returned to his bed to await his return. Awareness of this new body I possessed and its many powers was growing in my mind with every passing moment. Khadila and I were slowly merging. No more Richard the Paladin, but nor were we Khadila the Sorcerer. Our thoughts, our desires, our values: all were slowly combining to form a new individual. Understanding of my new abilities flashed before me as more of Khadila's memories became my own.

My hand expertly took position at my crotch, guided by Khadila's intimate knowledge of our body. Thumb and forefinger pinched the nib of my clit, a concentrated bead of pure bliss that adorned the entrance to my ever-eager pussy. I cupped my breast with my other hand and squeezed, thumb and forefinger pinching the pert nipple in time with the two fingers teasing my clit to create an arc of pleasure between my two most erogenous places. I thrust my remaining fingers inside my wet slit and moaned softly to the empty room.

This was not the frantic masturbation of my transformation. No, this was the careful design of one well versed with one's body, knowing exactly how inflict and prolong a state of comfortable pleasure. A kind of trance settled over me, a horny meditation that filled my mind with Khadila's memories and experiences.

I recalled the first time the ambitious young sorceress had turned her magic upon her own body. At first merely seeking to augment her own appearance in pursuit of power and influence, as she revelled in the pleasures of the flesh and delved into what supernatural ecstasy's could be inflicted upon one's body, it was by mere chance that Khadila discovered a more potent source of power than any her prudish masters had trained her to use.

My hips began to quiver, fingers working faster as I relived that blissful moment when Khadila had experienced the first spurt of rich cum into her newly enchanted womb, where the potent male seed was transformed into a raw sexual energy that had her convulsing and screaming as it dispersed into her body, driving her into heights of rampant ecstasy that no human should be allowed to experience.

This was Khadila's great discovery. Male seed: the carrier of life itself. Every drop of semen oozed with the potential energy of a thousand lives, if only it could be harnessed. Once her mind had experienced that bliss of consuming raw sexual power as pure pleasure, there was no way she could have stopped herself from seeking more.

It had not taken long for her to contrive a way to store that energy within herself. Channelling the raw tantric energy into her chest, her already generous bust swelled with ill-gotten power. It was no wonder she had been able to exert such control over her followers: From that day onwards Khadila had used this powerful source of magical energy to transform every aspect of her being towards the act of taking man's seed, gearing herself in every way towards the goal of growing her own power and pleasure.

This body we now possessed was her magnum opus – a meticulously crafted being designed to extract the utmost pleasure and power from men. No longer fully human, our body's basic needs were satisfied by the pure life-energy itself. Every man that loosed his seed inside us would become besotted, forever under my control with their cum serving only to enrich my own power. 'Haaah, haah, Mhmmm' Moans forced their way through my clenched teeth as I thought of the countless members of my Order. The prospect of fucking hundreds of my former comrades to obtain their precious seed, a thought that would have been repugnant to Richard the Paladin, now sent an electric thrill of anticipation boiling through my blood.

I rubbed faster and faster, fingers pumping furiously, writhing upon Alfonse's bed, feeling my climax approaching even as my life-sense warned me of the two figures approaching the door to the chamber. 'Haaah, haah, oh, fuck- OH- HNNGN-' I smothered my mouth with a hand to hold in the cry that fought to escape as orgasm shook my body.

'We had better be quick, Sir Alfonse. I must hasten back to Adrian soon or I will be missed. Did we really have to come all this way?' No sooner had I climaxed than muffled voices sounded from outside the door. The catch rattled. 'Isn't this your chamber? Why are we here-?'

A honey-sweet scent hung in the air, magically augmented pheromones released from my pussy as I pleased myself, so that when Trafford entered the room just ahead of Alfonse, his voice trailed off immediately. His eyes widened as his animal brain picked up my bewitching scent. He snuffed in a

deep breath through his nose, pupils dilating. Beneath his pants I sensed his cock was already beginning to swell unbidden, even before his eyes could adjust to the dim light and find me reclining on the bed.

‘Hello *Trafford*’ I purred in a low, sensual voice, still breathless in the afterglow of my self-inflicted orgasm, overlaying his name with a nudge of power. Just enough to silence any sudden outburst before Alfonse had clicked the door shut behind him. My enhanced awareness told me he stood guard just outside the door to make sure we were not disturbed.

I rose slowly from the bed, taking care lean forward as I did so, letting my chest sway in exaggerated fashion as I stepped forwards into the firelight. My practised strut was the culmination of the thousand seductions the young Khadila had performed during her rise to power. Trafford’s eyes followed my tits unerringly as I padded across the room towards him.

‘W-w-who are you?’ he stammered, backing away slowly. ‘W-w-woman aren’t allowed here.. Where are y-y-your clothes? Did Alfonse... are you his...?’ He winced as his retreating back hit the wall, and suddenly I was right before him, pressing a finger to his lips. ‘Shhh. Hush.’ His boyish, innocent eyes were wide like a rabbit caught in a snare. He stood almost on tip-toe as he pushed helplessly against the wall.

I leaned forward, squeezing my bared breasts between us. I recalled well the satisfaction Khadila had felt as her first forays into body magic had yielded such power over common men. How easily their obsession with the curves and softness of her enhanced body guided them unerringly to her bedchamber. I wanted to see just how quickly this lad would turn without me invoking any of my more potent magics.

Trafford whimpered. Through his pants the hardness of his youthful cock strained against my bared navel, his fledgling body reacting to the zenith of femininity before him. ‘*I want you, Trafford.*’ I breathed in his ear, channelling the lust for his seed that boiled within me to speak directly to his unfulfilled adolescent desires. ‘*I need you so bad.*’ His pulse quickened, I felt his short, hot breaths on my neck. Inside him I could sense an awakening masculine arousal warring with the dogmatic teachings of his childhood. The needs of his human body fought against the flimsy cage of celibacy.

A devout follower of the Three since childhood, he had no concept of how to sate his need. I reached slowly into his pants, and lightly cupped his quivering manhood, softly tracing the head with a delicate fingertip. Trafford gasped as he felt a woman’s intimate touch for the first time. I crouched before him and with a practised flick my hands had his briefs open. His swelling cock flopped out before me. ‘Mmhm. So big...’

‘W-w-what?’ The innocent lad looked nonplussed as I cupped my tits and deftly cushioned his shaft between them. ‘What are you- Oooh!’ The illicit techniques of pleasure were a mystery to him, as once they had been for me. His confusion turned quickly to delight as the silken warmth of my breasts surrounded him and I began to massage his cock, moaning as his stiff shaft slid across my over-sensitive skin, revelling in the pleasure of giving my first tit-job. ‘Mmmhm, how does that feel Trafford?’

Trafford’s knees were already shaking. All the inexperienced youth could do was gasp as his long-repressed desires were eased between my pillow-soft breasts. I let a little saliva lubricate his cock, and his penis swelled larger as the aphrodisiac it contained took effect. His every heartbeat became a noticeable throb against the supple flesh of my tits until his shaft had swollen to protruded a few

inches from my cleavage. On his face he wore that frantic desperation I had fantasised about a lifetime ago in the great hall, when Khadila had begun my blessed transformation.

‘Does it feel good? Mmhhh’ I purred as I dipped down and licked the bead of precum from the head of his cock, gently sucking from the tip before resuming my kneading.

‘Ye- yes!’ Trafford gasped, finding his voice. ‘I’ve never felt... It’s so warm! What is this feeling?’ He leaned his head back against the wall, closing his eyes, teeth clenched against the forbidden sensations of his manhood being engulfed on all sides by taboo boobage.

It took less than a minute of his twitching cock being massaged between my tits before I felt the twitching of his imminent orgasm. ‘You gonna cum for me, Trafford?’ I licked my lips.

‘Something is happening...’ he groaned as the pressure built in his virgin cock. ‘It’s... it’s coming out! AAAH!’

The first shot hit my face. I giggled with joy as the hot, powerful semen dripped down my cheek. The youth’s face was a caricature of desperate pleasure as his inaugural orgasm racked his virile teenage body. Shuddering hips pulled his penis free of my tits, so the next spurts of seed rained all over my chest and neck. Tracks of his milky white cum flowed across my globe-like tits and pooled in my cleavage as he slowly slid down the wall to sprawl dazed upon the floor beside me. Wherever the hot liquid contacted my skin it evoked a tingling sensation as some small portion of the life-energy it carried was drawn from his virgin milk and settled into my tits.

Trafford’s face was slack, his eyes crossed and mouth ajar. ‘I’ve never felt anything like that,’ he mumbled. After a moment his eyes focused on me and he seemed to come to his senses, now that the animal part of his brain was sated. ‘Oh, lady, I am sorry,’ he looked horrified as he beheld the white mess he had spewed upon me. ‘I didn’t mean to- I don’t know what came over me-’ The innocent youth babbled on.

‘Oh, Trafford. You’ve been very naughty.’ I scolded him as I scooped the cum that was pooling between my breasts and let it string between my fingers. ‘Look at this mess.’ I put the fingers to my mouth, meeting his eyes as I licked each finger seductively. ‘Mmmm. Delicious.’

The poor young man had no idea what to make of the scene before him. ‘I can see your education has been sorely lacking.’ I mused. ‘Shall I teach you even greater pleasures?’

Trafford gulped nervously. ‘Lady, this is wrong... I don’t think we shouldn’t be doing this, it’s not permitted.’ Some semblance of his strict upbringing had returned with his post-nut clarity. ‘It is written that members of the Order are forbidden to consort with women. This must be what it meant, I think...’

‘Don’t you want to feel that again, Trafford?’ I took his hand gently and placed it upon my breast. ‘We’re just fellow servants of the Three making each other feel good. How could it be wrong to make someone feel that good?’ I teased his softening cock again with one hand, reviving his animal instinct to help overrule his logic.

‘I don’t know. I... I need to ask the priests...’ The boy sounded conflicted, so I pumped a little stolen energy back into his cock to rekindle his spent libido. His eyes widened as his penis swelled back to full mast once more at my touch. I stood, taking care to lean over him so my chest swayed temptingly before his eyes. Taking his hand, I pulled him to his feet and straight into a passionate kiss.

For a moment he was stunned, and then I felt his flimsy resolve shatter and he leaned into our embrace. His arms rose to grasp my shoulders, the softness of his scribe's hands was belied by how roughly he pulled me towards him. Our tongues intertwined as our mutual desires met, while his hands fumbled at my wanton curves. Whatever doubts he had been harbouring seemed long forgotten as my aphrodisiac saliva mixed with his own.

We remained locked together as I pulled him towards the bed, helping him undress. Shirt, pants, slippers trailed behind us until we were writhing naked together on the still-warm sheets where Alfonse had taken my virginity no more than one hour past.

I was to Trafford the incarnation of adolescent wet-dreams. Every uncertain touch was rewarded with the most sensual of moans, my sex-honed body reacted to whatever he could think to do as though no greater pleasure were possible. I guided his hand to my breast where his fingers sunk into the yielding flesh, the other grasping the swell of my full ass. 'Oh, Trafford. Mmmmmhm.' We kissed again, our tongues twining as I writhed against him. 'Ohhh, you're making me feel so good!' No magic was required to keep him busy with my body as I manoeuvred myself to be on top.

I straddled his legs so his stiff penis stood to attention against my tummy. His size was rather impressive, reaching almost to my belly button. I traced a finger around the head and he gasped, shivering. 'Have you ever felt anything this good before, Trafford?' He shook his head. 'Do you want to feel *even better*?' He nodded, eagerly.

'Let's see then...' I lifted myself slightly off him, and guided his cock towards my wet slit. 'You remember how it felt between my tits? In here will feel a hundred times better.' I teased him, rubbing the tip across my lower lips but not inserting it. 'Do you want to try it?'

'Yes!' Trafford gasped, completely enslaved by his desire. The aphrodisiac in my saliva had taken full effect. He strained his hips, trying to push up and into me. 'Yes! Please!'

'Ah, but first, I need something from you.' The boy looked pained as I flicked his cock away and sat back on his legs.

'What!?' Disappointment was writ large on Trafford's face, he gazed lustfully at my retreating pussy. 'Why! W- What do you need!?'

'Mhmm, just a small matter.' I continued to stroke his penis softly with a lazy hand as I explained my bargain. It was hardly fair, his adolescent mind was still addled by my touch and unable to reason properly. 'You handle most of the old priest's affairs these days, do you not? Adrian, I mean.' The boy nodded. 'Good. I need you to do something for me. When you return to your master, keep an ear turned for any news of me. People are used to seeing you about his business. Any paperwork that hints at my existence should disappear. Any message that might be a report of my affairs should go mysteriously astray. When it's safe to do so, come and tell me, and I'll reward you.' I squeezed his cock meaningfully.

Trafford looked both stunned and confused as I laid out my plans for him, his lust-addled brain straining to comprehend what I asked. 'You want me... to spy on my master? To betray Adrian?'

'Not betray, no!' My tone implied I was shocked that he could think of such a thing. 'You will just be doing me a favour.' I stroked his bared chest softly as if to ease his fears. 'No harm will come of it, I promise. Think of it as a prank. And once we're.. ehm.. *better acquainted*, I'll be sure to explain everything to Adrian.'

He gazed up at me with an expression equal parts consternation and lust, torn between heart's loyalty to his master and his burning desire to lose his virginity to the buxom woman straddling him.

'What do you say?' I positioned myself once more, his erect cock poised at the lips of my dripping pussy. 'Do we have a deal?'

'Y- Yes!' The boy grasped eagerly at the flimsy excuse to protect his honour, anything to feel more of the wondrous gift of pleasure I could grant him. His cock twitched eagerly as I finally slid myself down onto his shaft. 'Yaaassss!' I hissed as I felt him part my lower lips and sink deep into the fiery depths of my pussy.

'Urgh..' Trafford groaned, his eyes squeezed shut and no sooner had his cock bottomed out than I felt the spurting hotness of cum blasting into me. The liquid bliss of his youthful energy flowed upwards through my womb and on towards my tits. Perhaps I had teased him a little too much. I couldn't blame his premature ejaculation entirely on inexperience.

My breasts began to throb inevitably with the power in his seed, and I used that power at once to reach through his cock and into his mind to amplify and solidify his lust for me. Like Alfonse, once his penis was inside me, his mind was putty in my fingers. His loyalty to the Order and his master, the high priest, would be superseded by an insatiable desire to be pleased by my hand, overriding any future misgivings he might have about my orders.

Trafford lay with his eyes still shut, panting in the aftermath of his sudden climax. He groaned as I began to writhe slowly atop his pole. 'It's bad manners to finish without your partner, Trafford.' I tutted. 'Next time you won't cum until I permit it.' The walls of my enchanted pussy squeezed around his softening cock, applying a stimulation that no mortal woman could hope to inflict upon a man.

His eyes snapped open in horror. 'Wait! I'm not ready yet!' Trafford cried out as, despite ejaculating mere moments ago, his penis began to swell once again with the arousal my supernatural sex forced onto him. 'It's too much!' He groaned, but I ignored his complaints and began to slide back and forth, easing his growing cock in and out of my pussy.

'Yesss...' I hissed. This felt too good. After holding back and teasing him for so long, I now yearned for the frantic pleasure of a good cock inside me. Planting my knees on either side of him, I lifted myself up and down over his crotch, as high as I could while still keeping him within me. The slender musculature of my smooth legs was belied by how tirelessly they worked to pound him into me again and again.

The sounds of wet slaps of flesh upon flesh filled the chamber, the flowing juices of my arousal lubricating his cock as I increased my pace, desperately seeking the completeness of being that I now knew would accompany my own body's indescribable orgasm. 'Yesss! Hah.. Hah.. Ugh- YESS!' Without intending, I was grunting like an animal with every thrust, slowly leaning further forward until the nips of my hanging tits were gliding over Trafford's bared chest and the burning exertion in my legs from bouncing upon his cock combined with the roiling bliss his stiff cock stirred in my pussy until my whole lower body was engulfed in a fiery frenzy of desire.

Trafford's eyes were wide as the picture of wanton womanhood writhing atop him was burned into his brain. The climax hit me like a clap of thunderous bliss. 'Ohh!' I moaned as my eyes rolled up into my head. The strength went out of my legs as I collapsed forward.

‘Mhmmft-!’ Trafford’s cry of surprise was muffled by the perfect tits smothering his face. My hips twitched, and I felt Trafford’s cock blasting his delicious semen inside me once more as his enslaved manhood was forced to unleash its load in time with my squirting orgasm.

It wasn’t long before the now-familiar pressure filled my breasts. ‘Oooh yeahhh-!’ I groaned hotly as the sensitive skin grew taut and they swelled aching into Trafford’s face. His smothered gasps grew more muffled as my tits bulged outwards, slowly engulfing his head.

After a moment, the strength returned to my overstimulated muscles and I rolled over to lie panting on the bed beside Trafford, his penis sliding free with a wet slurp. I felt the warmth of our mixed love-juices running down my legs as I stared up at the ceiling, basking in the satisfyingly horny afterglow resonating throughout my body.

I was fully addicted to this.

Interlude - Takeover

So began my salacious campaign to hijack the organisation I had served faithfully since childhood. I sent Trafford on his way to keep an eye on the Order’s leadership, but it was too risky to move about the keep openly. So, in the early days, I restricted my movements to only the deepest hours of darkness, when I could prey upon my former comrades without risk of discovery.

Alfonse, my loyal chaperone, would keep watch as I slipped into the chamber of an unsuspecting knight. Their slumber might be rudely interrupted by the novel sensation of their disused cock sliding inexorably into my pussy. Before they could react, their mind would already be rewired to care only for pleasuring me. Or perhaps a knight might find his innocent dreams turn wet, as he awoke to find my tits enveloping his spurting shaft, my mouth clamped over the head to suck up every last drop of his potent semen.

I took on a new name – Lady Selene. I could allow no one to know the original name of this body, lest they have some power over me as Khadila had. I bade my new knights suit up in their enchanted armour and go about their business as if nothing was amiss. To my magical senses they would vanish, but I knew I could only rely on their irrational lust for me to keep them loyal.

When the daytime bustle of the castle forced a pause to my crusade of fornication, I laid low in a quiet cellar room to pleasure myself while my loyal followers brought me snippets of information about the goings on in the keep above. Trafford visited often, and the information he managed to mutter distractedly while I sucked greedily on his cock often proved invaluable. After only two days the absence of Richard Gallfrey was noted by the steward, despite my having sent Alfonse to tidy my chamber the night I became Lady Selene. Fortunately, the misunderstanding was swiftly resolved after Trafford lured him to my cellar for a clandestine meeting before it could become widely known.

Between visitors, I would pass the time exploring my body and powers, alternately fondling my ever-dripping sex and groping my ever-swelling chest. Although the dark chamber had been chosen as my hideout for being apparently abandoned, an unsuspecting servant happened to bustle in looking for supplies and instead found his cock swelling with unnatural arousal as he breathed the magical pheromones permeating my make-shift masterbatorium. He never expected the scantily clad woman to pounce from the shadows and pin him to the ground, desperate to impale herself on his pole and sate her pent-up desire.

Those men I knew by name from my old life were excellent test subjects: their minds fell to me as soon as I uttered their true name, so I could take my time to practice my arts of seduction on them before rewriting their sensibilities. My abilities were tested to the limits when I confidently jumped in bed with a man and realised in that moment that I did not know his true name. Before I could think to change strategy or alert my guard standing outside to my mistake, the man had already grabbed me by the arm and pinned me to the sheets. It was fortunate he was not as devout as I had once been, as after a moment of deliberation he decided to tear off my robe and take full advantage of the heavenly body the Three had sent him.

After a busy few nights I had a following of almost a dozen. In another week I would have four times that. It would not be long until I had enough mana in my tits and men under my spell to be able to make more bold moves.

Act V - Rebellion

The nameless clergyman plunged into me with all the desperation expected of a repressed priest. I lay on my back, legs spread wide to accept his offering, while simultaneously tilting my head back over the edge of the bed to suck greedily on the proffered cock of the muscular knight whose hands groped and squeezed my aching breasts even as they swelled ever larger with his own life-force. ‘Mmmhmff- MHMMFFf-’ My throaty moans were muffled by the throbbing member as I gulped down spurt after spurt of his hot, delicious semen. The frantic jerking of the penis buried in my pussy heralded the priest’s latest explosion into my belly. My muscles clenched as the liquid rush of his powerful seed flooded into my womb, before flowing onwards to meet the torrent of energy gushing from the cock in my mouth and pooling inside my throbbing tits.

In each hand I grasped another turgid cock. Their owners knelt either side of me on the bed, their grasping hands fondling what parts of my body they reach. Squeezing my ass, cupping my breasts, sinking their fingers into my yielding flesh. My hands slid up and down their erect man-flesh, pumping them, working them both until I felt the hot splash of their cum on my hyper-sensitive skin, eliciting that delightful tingling sensation of life-energy in their ejaculate being drawn into my flesh.

My consciousness floated on a cloud of ecstasy as I gorged. Power and pleasure flowed into me as I writhed naked on the four-poster bed, the eye of a crackling storm of sexual energy. The steady swelling of my chest fought against the grasping fingers that sought to sink deep into the tingling tit-flesh, each teat now easily rivalling the size of my old helmet.

Finally, I could gorge without restraint. The strength and quantity of men serving me now far exceeded the following Khadila had gathered around her. Beside us on the bed lay the unconscious forms of two other knights, snoring softly in a deep slumber after the unnatural virility I conjured in their cocks had left them drained, even as their successors joyfully spilled their seed into me.

By day, my attendants and clergymen upheld a veneer of normality for the benefit of the unturned and any visiting outsiders. At night, those not yet under my spell were lured to my sanctum to be welcomed into my new Order.

Yet, so many were still to be turned! My hips began to twitch at the thought of so many of my former comrades, filled to the brim with masculine energy just waiting to be spilled inside me. The latest of the day’s countless orgasms began to shake my whole being, muscles clenching as my back

arched, thrusting my cum-filled body up from the bed. Each of my partners grunted as they unleashed their seed in unison, a concurrent ejaculation in forced response to my supernatural climax. ‘MHHMFFH-’ My own rapturous cries were muffled by the spurting penis buried in my throat. My breasts jiggled and throbbed ever larger with their combined energy. Such virility among this horde of men: even as I fed constantly, there was no end in sight!

And yet, even with so many men at my disposal, I was still only one woman. I could only fuck so many at once. With such an deluge of power at my disposal, I had been able to explore new avenues for my magic, searching for ways to expand my potential. Khadila’s final spell to turn me had required every last drop of energy she had gathered from her followers over a month or more, but with this bounty of prime manhood serving me I already had the resources to surpass her achievements. But despite the virility of my former comrades-in-arms, not all members of the Order were suitable live-stock. My experimentation had yielded another way for the aged and infirm among them to serve, and simultaneously expand my powers to even greater heights.

The orgy was interrupted when the door to my chamber burst open with an almighty crash, one of the hinges breaking off as the door bounced against the adjacent wall. Armoured knights poured into the chamber in droves. They were dark to me, my magical senses useless against the enchantments imbued in their armour.

‘Debauched harlot,’ their leader growled at the sight of me on what had once been the high priest’s four-poster bed, covered in and filled to the brim with male seed. My lovers backed away from me guiltily, pulling their cocks free of my pleasure holes with a succession of soft slurps. ‘You think you can get away with this filth here, in the high priest’s chambers, of all places?’

I rose slowly from the bed, making no effort to hide my nakedness or restrain the sway of my enormous bust as I disentangled myself from my male attendants. I cleared my throat. ‘Ah, Sir Geoffrey. I see you have returned from your expedition. Have you come to make a report to your new Mistress?’ I drawled, as nonchalant as if interrupted while taking dinner at table. Cum flowed from between my legs as I rose from the bed, leaving tracks down my thighs while rivulets of milky-white semen cascaded from my swaying breasts like rain.

My fiery-haired maid-servant hurried up beside me and placed a silk towel into my outstretched hand. I wiped the thick ooze from my face, taking the moment this afforded to calm my rampant sex-drive, before sending the maid scurrying back to her post with a casual gesture and turning to face the fuming knight before me.

I recognised him of old: Geoffrey, Knight-Commander of the 3rd Regiment. A grey-haired man whose years of service in the Order outstripped mine by decades. I hazily recalled that he had been dispatched on some errand or other just prior to my own assignment to execute Khadila.

He loomed above me, and I remembered I had once seen eye-to-eye with this man. Surrounding him were a dozen or so knights, I looked up at all their stern faces towering above me and found grim expressions set with determination. Despite the great hoard of energy I had gathered in my chest, magic would be useless against this many soldiers clad in the Order’s blessed armour. I would need to tread carefully. My gaze lingered on one familiar figure in particular.

Alfonse. In his full enchanted regalia I could sense him not at all. The first of my knights, the only man to know my true name and its power over me. It had been some weeks now since I had seen

him last. I met his gaze for a moment and found his stony expression unreadable, before turning my attention back to Geoffrey.

‘All these strong men, just for me?’ I teased. ‘Surely you are capable of dealing with one weak woman all by yourself.’

‘Do not play coy, witch. We know the danger you pose. What have you done with the High Priest?’ he demanded, glancing around the chamber, studiously avoiding looking down at my naked curves. My attendants lined the wall furthest from the door, guilty-faced priests and priestlings glancing nervously between the knights looming behind Geoffrey. His gaze fell upon someone he recognised.

‘Trafford! You spineless turncoat.’ The lad cowered as the old knight’s outrage turned upon him. ‘Where is your master? What has this whore done with him?’

I intervened before the stammering youth could answer. ‘Oh, he is quite well, Sir Knight. I even bestowed upon him a boon in return for the use of his chambers.’ I cupped one of my tits meaningfully, just in case the innuendo wasn’t obvious enough for the stuck up old man. ‘As a token of his appreciation, he kindly appointed me to lead the Order in his place.’

‘Impossible! Adrian would never treat with a witch like you.’ Sir Geoffrey spat at my feet and pulled his sword from its scabbard. ‘Enough talk, I’ve seen enough today to know you are to be executed, even if I had not heard of your debauchery from Alfonse.’ He waved his men forward. ‘Kill them all, even the servants. Let the Three judge them in the afterlife.’

There was the metallic slither of many swords being unsheathed, and the crowd of knights marched forward to flank Geoffrey. A dozen knights in two rows, their rigid formation recalled to me my own strict training in my past life. I stood my ground, refusing to be cowed by this overwhelming show of force.

‘Attack!’ Geoffrey cried, and as one the six knights in the row behind stepped forward and smashed the hilts of their swords into the heads of their unsuspecting brothers. Six men crumpled to the floor, leaving Sir Geoffrey alone as Alfonse stepped up beside him.

‘My apologies, Sir.’ His apology seemed sincere, but regardless he pulled the sword from Geoffrey’s stunned grip and threw it at my feet. ‘I’m afraid we all serve the Lady Selene now.’

‘You traitor! You won’t get away with this,’ Geoffrey sputtered in outraged indignation, before Alfonse grabbed him by the arm and forced him to his knees with a crack, and the man’s face went white for a moment before he screamed with pain.

‘Don’t move,’ Alfonse ordered him sternly. ‘We do not wish to harm any of our brother’s more than necessary.’

‘I’m afraid you’ve fallen for our honey-pot, Sir Knight.’ It felt good to play the villain, explaining my plans to a helpless hero. I leaned down to pick up Geoffrey’s fallen sword, the muscles in my arms straining to hold it aloft and pointed it at the fallen knight. ‘Alfonse has been running a little resistance for me, attracting any attentive individuals that grow suspicious before they are, ah, ‘initiated’. I hope you can appreciate that this way the chance of bloodshed is far, far lower. My predecessor would not have been so merciful.’

A nod to Alfonse and he stepped back from Geoffrey. I let the sword clatter to the floor and stalked closer. Since my rebirth I no longer needed such crude instruments of war. Now that he kneeled, I

could look down on him as he had dared look down on me. He glared up at me in outrage and fear. His eyes darted to my bared breasts hanging over him, each rivalling his own head in size, and back again. I smirked. 'Do not fear, good knight. All are welcome in my service, after a small ceremony.' I reached out and cradled his head gently in both my hands, then pulled him forward and buried his face in my cleavage.

At this range, not even the powerful armour of the Order could hold at bay the magic in my breasts, as one taut nipple pushed unerringly past his lips. I sensed him then. A powerful yet aged figure, once he would have been quite the catch. But now he was long since past his fertile days, never having fulfilled his true potential by finding a mate.

'Poor dear,' I crooned. 'Would that I had found you decades ago, before your seed was dry.' His eyes widened, staring up at me in horror over the ripe swell of tit-flesh pressed in his face. 'Still, I can find a use for you. A blessing in return for bringing me these six young men to join my new order.'

Magic surged forth, arcing from my nipples directly into his mouth. 'Mmmhmm.' I moaned as deep throbs of pleasure flowed through my teats, feeling some little remorse as the globes lost some measure of their great girth, shrinking from the size of Geoffrey's head to merely the size of watermelons as the horde of power within them streamed through my rock-hard nips and burst into the aged knight's mouth. When I finally I pulled away, the remnants of the magic flow left a white, sparkling trail across the floor between us.

'You asked what became of our beloved High Priest Adrian. Have no fear, for you shall join him soon.' Indeed, Khadila would have culled both these depleted men from her ranks, but the idea of discarding those of my former family was abhorrent to me. Thus, I had devised another way for them to serve me.

Geoffrey was groaning. His wrinkled face contorted with pain as the magic took hold, the deeply furrowed skin becoming smooth before the room of watching eyes. His complexion took on a youthful pallor, a healthy pink glow suffusing his old grey skin. The steel hairs on his head began to lengthen, and at the roots the colour was long-forgotten light-blond of his younger years. He stared at his hands in disbelief as the callouses of a martial lifetime faded away, leaving behind slender hands that had clearly never touched a sword.

'What have you done to me, witch!?' Geoffrey cried, before doubling over in pain. 'Arggh!' When next he raised his head, his course, greying beard had vanished. Now bereft of the hallmarks of age, he might have been mistaken for one of the Order's young initiates.

'Eternal youth, Geoffrey. Just like your High Priest here.' I beckoned to my maid, a buxom redhead wearing a maid's apron and scant else. 'Help him free of his armour, Adriane.'

Geoffrey stared at the busty maid as she stepped forward and bobbed a bow at me before kneeling down beside him. 'Adrian?' Disbelief edged his voice as he looked up at the gorgeous maiden with Adrian's fire-red hair. 'No, that can't be you!'

'It's me, Geoffrey,' The woman breathed in his ear as she worked the straps binding his armour. 'Don't fight it! It's like heaven, true heaven, if you don't fight. Mistress Selene has shown us the true faith! A new purpose!'

‘No, it cannot be!’ Geoffrey groaned, his cheeks suddenly flushing red as the next phase of his transformation took hold. ‘Mhmm – No, I will resist this... this corruption!’ His armour fell to the floor with many a clink, and before long he was left kneeling in just his under-shirt and breeches. The clothes hung loosely from him, already the muscular form he once possessed was gone, leaving them several sizes too large.

‘It’s impossible to resist, Geoffrey,’ I taunted. ‘You might as well enjoy it. Adriane, you may guide him in his initiation.’ I added, seating myself on the edge of the bed to watch.

‘Oh, thank you Mistress!’ Adriane was ecstatic, diving forward eagerly. The busty bombshell that had once been the wizened High Priest of the Order threw herself onto the increasingly youthful man, straddling his waist with her legs. She pulled at his breeches, hands reaching under his belt and pulling out the rigid cock that swelled once more with the virility of long lost youth. ‘Oh, Geoffrey! Look, look at the gift our master has given you!’

Geoffrey was in no position to answer. His eyes were closed and his whole body trembled as my magic worked upon his flesh. My loyal maid wasted no time in sliding the newly revived shaft deep into her wet slit. ‘Mmmhm, oooooOOOHHH!’ The wanton cries of the priest-turned-slut echoed around the room as she began to bounce up and down on the knight’s captured cock. ‘Ahh-Ahh-aHH-AHH!’

The poor old knight could do naught but gasp helplessly as his former master plunged his manhood deep inside her young, eager sex. Somehow the maid’s apron had ended up on the floor nearby, so nothing blocked our view of Adriane’s tits jiggling directly in Geoffrey’s face. She leaned forward, smothering him ‘Oh Geoffrey- Ahh! How does it feel for you? It’s like- mhmmmMhm- all of heaven- Ahhh- the Three’s love, is inside of me! OOOOH!!’ she cried, ‘I’m so happy I can be your first... and last!’

Geoffrey’s legs kicked desperately, from somewhere between the giant breasts of the corrupted priest came the muffled cries of his anguished pleasure. His hands were pulling at his shirt, grasping frantically at something. It tore apart just as the last vestiges of his once manly chest disappeared, leaving only hairless, unblemished skin from hip to shoulder. Smooth and flat, but for the two grape-sized bumps at his breast.

‘Oh, they are so cute!’ Adriane crooned, ‘I just want to eat them all up!’ True to her word, she leaned forward, taking one of the pink nips in her mouth, sucking eagerly. ‘Arggh- HYAAAAH!’ Geoffrey’s voice broke mid-cry, the grizzled shout of a veteran soldier morphing into something far more effeminate, wailing in excruciating pleasure as his over-sensitive nipples were tweaked and sucked roughly. None could have mistaken the young sissy figure for the hulking old knight that had barged into this room mere minutes before, save for the very male penis still buried inside Adriane’s crotch.

‘Ahh- AhHH- AHH!’ Each of Geoffrey’s cries coincided with a subtle swell in her chest, a rhythmic thrusting of her torso as the new breasts filled out steadily. Her legs kicked the air, hips jerking in time with the tempo of her transformation. Adriane sucked happily at one turgid nip, while she tweaked the other swelling breast with her fingers while it grew out into her cupped hand. From the size of walnuts pinched between her thumb and forefinger, they throbbed larger and larger until they were as full as the most ripe grapefruit and her hands began to sink deep into the fresh, yielding flesh.

Shifting position, Adriane pressed her own tits against the growing pair of Geoffrey. For now hers were still the larger, but the rippling flesh on Geoffrey's chest continued to swell valiantly outwards, gaining mass and pushing against the larger woman with every moment that passed. Adriane began to writhe again atop the cock inside her, sliding back and forth, plunging in and out with a satisfying wet smack each time she bottomed out, while she fondled the owner's burgeoning breasts.

The dual stimulation of tits and penis flipped some switch inside the former knight. The look of anguished protest on his face shattered, to be replaced by the lolling tongue and sparkling eyes of one drowning in the purist pleasure. 'Ohh- yeshhh- YESSH' Geoffrey's words slurred, his legs kicked wildly, hips bucking beneath Adriane, driving the last evidence of his dwindling manhood further into her. Just as the new breasts on his chest reached their final melon-size, his penis unleashed its terminal load, expelling the final vestiges of his manliness into Adriane's waiting womb.

'AAAHHH!' Both woman cried out in harmony as they climaxed together. Adriane shared in the moment of ecstasy, her head thrown back, crying out in glee as the last male remnants of Geoffrey spurted into her womb. It was not long before the place where they were joined began to overflow, their thighs becoming drenched with the cum and juices from their lovemaking.

They separated with a wet slurping sound. Geoffrey eyes rolled up into her head as she slumped sideways to lie upon the floor, tongue lolling from her drooling mouth, senses numbed by the pleasure racking her body. Where his manhood had stood moments ago there was now only the swollen pink lips of an eager pussy, already soaked with her fully feminine arousal.

Adriane crawled free from the twitching body of her former Knight-Commander. More accustomed was she to the intensity of the hyper-erotic sensations of the beatific bodies I had bestowed upon them both, yet the quivering of her hips betrayed her own lingering pleasure from accepting a man's seed inside her.

Seated on the bed, I too had felt the fiery rush of power in my own sex at the moment of their climax. 'Mhmmm,' Moaning, biting my lip, I folded my arms under my chest and lifted them as they swelled ever so slightly larger, regaining some tiny amount of the mana spent turning Geoffrey.

'Mmm. Very good, Adriane.' I stood and wobbled over to the twitching body of my new servant, a little unused to the gait of my recently reduced bust. "'Jennifer' has turned out quite nicely indeed.' I looked over at the silent audience of our little play. My knights shifted uncomfortably in their armour, desire writ large upon their faces. Some of Geoffrey's followers had regained consciousness and looked on in aroused horror at the fate of their commander.

'Perhaps a good test for our new sister will be to see to the initiation of some of her former conspirators.' I held a hand out to Adriane and pulled her to her feet. 'Tend to Jennifer, and between you arrange a suitable reward to my knights.' I waved a hand at the gathered throng. 'They have done well this day to avoid shedding the blood of our former brothers.'

I gestured to Alfonse, beckoning him to my side. 'We shall celebrate this victory together, just you and me.' I breathed in his ear.

A few minutes later we were alone in the next chamber, lit by only the small fireplace and a candle left on the bedside table by one of my thoughtful servants. The flickering light cast a golden glow over the massive swell of my tits as they smothered Alfonse's manhood. 'They were even bigger before I turned Jennifer, but still they can swallow you up.' I teased him. His entire shaft from balls

to head was engulfed in the tender flesh of my melon-sized breasts, with the tip of his cock just poking out. I leaned in, placing my lips upon it, kissing softly, before taking it into my mouth. Wet slurps echoed around the dark chamber.

‘I don’t understand one thing.’ Alfonse muttered between his gasps of pleasure as my tongue caressed his head. ‘Why do you turn others to be like you? Why share that power?’

‘They’re not- **sslllrp**- like me- **ssslrp**’ I took my time answering between sucks of his cock. ‘The seed they collect- **shlurp** the power **sslllrp** flows back to me.’ As I spoke, I felt the heat in my womb that heralded the first climax of the orgy starting up in the adjacent room. Muffled shouts and cries were audible through the thick stone walls, and I moaned softly as the swelling began in my breasts.

‘I- I can feel something!’ Alfonse exclaimed as the flesh enveloping his manhood pressed in harder around him. ‘So hot!’ he gasped, his body tensing up. ‘Gods... it feels good!’

‘Mhmm. That’s right- **sslurp** the power that flows into to me- Ohhh...’ The growth in my breasts intensified as each of my maid’s conquered their lover’s cocks. I tilted my head back and howled in glee at the intensity of pure sexual energy that flooded into my chest. ‘AAH! Hah... Hah... I will send them out... to spread their legs wide for every fertile man in the land. Ohhh- Mhmm! Between them they will gather more power for me than Khadila was ever able to achieve with her single pussy!’ I crowed, basking in my victory, kneading my swelling tits around Aflonse’s cock as the tip slowly disappeared between the deepening gulf between them.

‘Oh dear, it’s gone! However will I reach it?’ I feigned despair, smirking up at him. ‘Ah! How about this...’ Magic surged in my chest. The supple flesh surrounding his cock buzzed with energy as I channelled some of that power into him. Alfonse’s eyes widened, then he threw his head back, gasping in sudden pleasure. ‘Urgh... Ahh! AHH!’ The lost tip of his penis poked up through my cleavage once more. The head throbbed and twitched, while Aflonse grunted and thrust as though in the throes of ejaculation, yet no semen emerged. Instead, with each jerk of his hips his cock gained some little girth, an extra millimetre of length, bulging wider, longer. Alfonse cracked one eye open and stared in wonder as his manhood steadily swelled larger and larger.

‘That’s more like it. A much more suitable weapon for the leader of my knights.’ I grinned, licking my lips, my gaze following his cock as it grew upwards from my cleavage. ‘Don’t tell the others yet, or they’ll all want to be... mhmm, ‘enhanced’.’

Releasing his augmented cock from my breasts, I leaned back so we could both admire its awesome size. It stuck out almost a foot from his crotch, swaying before my eyes hypnotically. Reaching a hand towards it, I curled my fingers around the shaft, the tips of my nails just barely unable to touch my thumb. My pussy clenched with eager anticipation. I couldn’t wait to get it inside me.

‘Well, what would you like to do with it?’ I asked innocently, already knowing the answer.

To be continued?

Authors Note

Thank you for reading! I have been working on this story for a long time. I was initially inspired by seeing some suits of armour in a castle, and wondered what it would be like to transform while

wearing it. After writing the transformation in of Act II, the rest of the story grew around that sequence.

I would love to hear any feedback! Please leave a review where you found this piece, and if you like my work please check out my website for my other stories and captions: ashtg.home.blog