



The Sorceress and The Knight
- A Short TG Fantasy -
By Razmagurk

“This ends here, fiend!”

I could see her now. The source of all this madness. She was standing in the center of the vaulted chamber with her back to me, pondering the strange pink orb before her. There could be no doubt. This

was the woman who had warped and changed so many good men. She was the one responsible for all this!

And she was completely naked.

I averted my gaze as she turned. Not enough to take my eyes off her completely - I wasn't that much of a fool - but enough to hold at bay the hot flush of redness in my face.

Not only naked, but beautiful as well.

"Fiend?" She turned.

Were I a weaker man my eyes would have been lost in the valley of her breasts and the firm rolling hills of her curves. She had a mien of impossible perfection, like a painting come to life or a lurid dream made flesh. It would take more than that to stop me however, especially after all the vile magics I'd endured to get here.

I steeled my heart. I gritted my teeth. No real woman was so perfect.

"Me?" Her delicately sculpted brow furrowed. She tilted her head in confusion. She looked around, as though there could be anyone else here I could be talking about.

"That's right!" My voice echoed off the stone walls of the strange cathedral. "It's over, villain!"

"Villain?" She blinked in doe eyed innocence. Then the situation finally dawned on her. "You're calling *me* a fiend?"

"You consort with devils!" I cried, sword raised dramatically before me. If I was to do this it was important I did it properly. "And defile the natural way of things with your foul magics! In the eyes of my order that makes you no better."

"Oh honey, I don't consort with anything that doesn't ask first." She put her delicate hands on her wide hips as she cocked them out provocatively. "And since when does your order know the first thing about the natural way of things, huh? I've done nothing wrong! I'm the picture of innocence."

She was like nothing I'd ever encountered before, I had to give her that. Her voice was like the purring of a cat. Sultry and warm and able to dig deep into your brain. For a moment I almost wanted to believe her, but I chastened myself. Things that were beautiful were rarely good. I had learned that the hard way.

"You tried to drive out the industrious people of Saintswoods with your threats!" I accused. "You made it a place of howling nightmares!"

"Threats? I tried to warn them! Those trees they were felling were Nymphs-heart! They have incredible aphrodisiac properties."

She waved a hand and a vision appeared in strange pink light above the glittering orb. The people of the forest, as they had once been. Axe in hand and eager. But this woman was there too, they were casting her out despite her pleading.

"But would they listen to me? Of course not."

The vision shifted to those same people, but now hypersexualized and given over to an orgy of animalistic rutting.

"It's not my fault they're now too horny to finish the king's little deforestation plan. And listen, honey," she smiled at me like I was some kind of lost lamb. "If there's howling going on in the woods at night? It's the people who live there who are to blame, not I."

Heat flushed through my face as I averted my gaze. I wouldn't fall for her magic so easily.

"Any who face you end up as women! You turned the king's son into a giggling tart!"

"Okay, yes." She laughed and waved a hand dismissively. "*That* I am responsible for. And she's far happier this way, let me tell you."

"You stole him in the middle of the night and tortured him with your foul magics!"

"Is that what they told you? Oh honey, no." Her eyes glowed pink with menace. "She came to me. She needed something only I could provide. Something she couldn't talk about with anyone else. Everybody who comes here, comes for a reason."

"He's been running around the castle flashing those... those... *breasts* of his at anyone who passes! We've had to keep him locked up! What would his subjects say if they knew?"

"Well," the woman pursed her lips. "You can't blame a girl for cutting loose a little after living a repressed life like that. Girl was proud of her body, I wasn't going to get in the middle of that. Mm, I'm sure there's plenty of people around the castle who'd be more than happy to help her... *acclimatize*." She purred the last word and winked. "You know I gave her the option of making it retroactive, but she wanted to show you all what she was made of. Shall we see how she's been faring?"

She waved a hand and again pink smoke rose from the orb. This time it formed an image of the prince, now *princess*, wearing a... well, I'd call it a ball gown, but the modifications the prince had made were causing his curves to spill out in all the most scandalous of places.

"Oh no," I groaned.

"Oh ho!" the woman grinned. "Seems like she's faring well indeed."

The prince was not alone. A dick plunged in between the prince's milky bosom as the king's son-turned daughter licked around the traitor Count Qurro's turgid cockhead. From behind, a stern young maid had hoisted the train of the prince's dress and was working some sort of long hard medical device into the prince's quivering, twitching, *dripping* pussy.

God! And I thought, I'd been flushed before. Did the smoke have to be so vividly detailed? Did it have to get so close?

"Oh, damn girl," the witch commented. "Get it!" I could see the excitement in her own face, the flush of her body this time. Her nipples stiffened luridly. She chewed her lip as the prince ran his tongue along the thick ridged shaft of –

"Enough!" I swiped my blade through the pink smoke, parting the image.

"Aw, what's the matter?" She turned, a lascivious grin still plastered on her face. "Jealous? Perhaps you'd like to see some breasts of your own to play with, hmm?" She leaned forward to draw attention to her heavy melons.

I stepped back, affirming my footing, blade ready. I would not fall so easily to her temptations. Even if... my eyes fell once more to the snow-white valley of her fair flesh. To the way it lay framed by her blonde hair like the cascading light of the noonday sun. My breath hitched, my heart fluttered.

"Ah, he sees something he likes." The woman smiled. "Come now, knight. There is no reason for violence. Sheathe thy blade."

"You will not tempt me with your evil wiles, sorceress harlot."

"Harlot?" She balked. "Wow, that's just hurtful. Most girls working those kinds of jobs really aren't there of their own volition. A lot of them are in bad spots. Using the term as an insult really degrades their struggle and places the blame for it on –"

"Enough!" My blade shook in my hand. "You prattle on too much, witch."

"Oh my god." She rested her face into her palm. "I'm not a witch, either! Seriously." She gestured down to her artfully crafted body. "Do I look like a witch to you?" She hoisted her creamy melons. "Are these a witch's tits?"

I turned my gaze once more from her, not giving her the satisfaction.

"You have entirely the wrong idea about me, knight. I do not consort with demons, I do not take payment for sex - though I freely give it - and what I am trying to do, above all else, is to help people."

"Enough talk! I will not be swayed by your words. You've admitted your guilt! Have at you!"

I charged forward across the hall, the heavy steel of my boots clanking loudly against the hard stone of the floor. She stood dumbfounded before me. The confused look on her face would be her last.

I delivered my steel in a long wide arc. A powerful strike right to her center. With it went all of my rage, all of my frustration, all of my insecurity. She was bare and defenceless. It would be a quick death. I just hoped I could live with the memory of slaying so beautiful a thing.

Steel struck towards skin. She scarcely flinched. She didn't even step back. No, all she did was *sigh*.

My sword crashed so hard into her tits that it shattered. Shards of metal went exploding off in every direction.

"Oh honey," she tutted, as real fear flooded into the back of my brain. "You simply don't know who you're messing with, do you? Haven't you heard? I'm cursed. Nothing can mar this beauty."

"Witch!" I stumbled back.

"Come on," she tutted. "We just went over this."

"W-what are you?"

"That's more like it! Use that head of yours." She smiled, her eyes flashing pink. "What I am, sir knight, is someone who helps people."

I threw a punch, but my mailed gauntlet was caught in a flash of freezing pink light. I pulled it away as though from a cold fire, only to find my steel gauntlet gone, a slender bracelet in its place, drawing elegant attention to the equally delicate fingers and ruby-tipped nails now gracing my hand.

"Sometimes, whether they like it or not."

Her eyes glowed all the brighter and I was pulled into the air. There was an aura now about her, like light dappling in gentle water. Her hair blew in an unfelt breeze. My nose was assaulted by smells, strange, not unpleasant, but powerful. None of the stink of corruption I'd expected, just... lavender and other flowers.

It would be nice were I not drowning in it.

"Even when it's more than they deserve."

I gasped, struggling for breath, my lungs suddenly full of her seductive poison. My body racked, whatever force keeping me aloft spread my arms and legs apart, holding me like a child's plaything. The cold fire that had started in my hand was spreading across my body, flesh tingling as it was consumed, as the licking fire worked towards the very core of me.

And in the flame's wake, my flesh changed. Softer, thinner, not a hair or blemish left behind.

I braced as the fire consumed the heart of me. I screamed out in the expectation of pain. But it didn't hurt. What I found made me scream a whole other way.

It felt - *good*.

And suddenly it was over.

I fell to my knees as she released me. I clutched at my neck and my face, looking down with horror. Some of my armor still clung to me but it seemed suddenly so big compared to my body. No, not *my* body. What I saw was small and weak, as though all of the muscle had melted away.

"What - what have you done to me?" My eyes widened at the flute-like timbre of my voice. I let out a whimpering moan of trepidation.

She conjured a mirror to float in front of me. I stared, stunned. My face was as delicate as a doe's, but with a playful glimmer beneath. My hair was soft and downy and red-blond as the morning dawn. It cascaded down my face like ripples of gold, perfectly framing my stunned sea-blue eyes.

I was beautiful.

I was too stunned to even retch. I wasn't the same impossible - supernatural - beauty as the sorceress but I was certainly cut from the same cloth.

"Honestly honey? Isn't this so much better?"

I could feel the cold blazing away still within me. Within my heart, I could feel the tightness in my chest, the apprehension stuck in my throat.

This couldn't be real. This couldn't be happening. I struggled to breathe. The weight of what was happening was going to crush me.

And then my breastplate popped off, falling with a clatter to the ground, taking the last vestige of my denial with it. Below, I was clad in a lacy bodice, prominently displaying my huge heavy tits. They were so round and prominent it was no wonder I'd been struggling.

I gasped in a deep lungful of perfumed breath, my bosom rising and falling, trembling as I boggled down at the sight of those things hanging so huge and heavy from my otherwise slim chest. I reached a hand up to cup them and -

"Oohh...." I let out a very different sort of moan. This body was sensitive! Every brush, every touch, every squeeze seemed to send a shiver right through me.

"See?" The glow of her eyes had receded to pink rings. "Told you you'd enjoy it."

A flush boiled through my face. With great effort I withdrew my wandering hands.

"It is a shame about your dick though." She waved a hand and something flew over to her from over my shoulder. A small wand of flesh and - I suddenly blushed harder than I knew I was capable of. My once proud manhood was now magically swollen and swimming laps in the air around her. "You know," she smirked. "Were I the sort of person you seem to think I am, I'm sure we'd be having quite a bit of fun with this, right about now."

It swam up near her face and she gave it a little kootchie-koo below the head. It wriggled like an excited puppy.

"Hypocrite!"

"Oh?" she turned her attention back towards me. "Now there's something new."

"You speak of agency? Of choice? Of doing the right thing? And look at what you have done to me."

"Oh no," she put her hands on her hips. "You don't get to go all high and mighty on me missy, you attacked me! This was self defence. You're lucky this is all I'm doing to you. I could have turned you into a toad, or a dildo, or a giggling mindless slut barely smart enough to lick my pussy! God knows then you'd at least have some use."

"As though this is any better!" I gestured down at my bountiful curves.

"Do you really think so lowly of women?" She rubbed at the bridge of her nose. "Fine. I'll spell it out for you. Do you know what you and the princess have in common? What trait you share with everybody who enters my tower?"

"Huh?"

"You came willingly." There was another pink flash, the wind began to swirl once more around her. "You entered of your own volition and choosing. Despite all warnings to the contrary, you stepped forewarned into my domain. Yes, I speak of agency, of desire, of willingness - it is only the latter that you are lacking."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'm saying, honey, that out of all the knights who knew about the tower, all those who had heard my reputation, you alone volunteered. Knowing full well what you think I can do, you volunteered. I wonder what that says about you."

My blush deepened.

"There it is." she grinned. "You knew exactly what I was capable of. And you were counting on it."

"I never -!" I stumbled back as the wind caught at my hair and made it dance.

"You must." she rolled her eyes. "Or you would not be here. That is the magic of this place. Besides - " She gestured broadly towards me. "The spell only brings out what's deep inside of you. The sort of person you've longed to be. The sort of person you'd have been in a better life. Well..." I gasped as she flicked one of my sensitive nipples. "With a few exaggerations. This *is* a punishment, after all." She winked.

I crossed my arms over my chest indignantly, but the pressure of my tits squeezing against my arms just made it all the more apparent, all the more *there*.

"Honestly?" she smirked lasciviously. "You turned out pretty cute."

I tried to grit my teeth, to swallow it down, but nothing would subdue the rosy flush of my now pale skin. Cute? Me?

"Ooh, not used to the attention, huh? Don't worry, you'll have lots of practice, I'm sure. The guys are gonna eat you up."

I should have felt embarrassed at the notion - a hot corrective rush of shame. I didn't.

"We all have paths in life that we take. Some are more blessed on their path than others. Consider this my blessing. To be the you that lay buried in your dreams. I hope it gives you a chance to see the other point of view.

"You know about my dreams?"

"Lucky guess." She grinned.

"No." I shook my head. I broke my gaze from the mirror, from this *fantasy* before me. "No! I have spent my whole life denying such things. I have been taught -"

"They teach you many things. But I teach otherwise. Hear both arguments and decide for yourself. You fear that you'll lose control? That you'll give in to your dark desires? Good!" The wind flared. "I've brought those desires to the fore. Punishment, remember? But now you can see just how misguided they were. How misguided you have been. I can show you another way. I can show you another life."

The pink gem behind her began to ripple with light again, projecting visions once more.

A farm. The farm I grew up on. The home I had to leave behind. People I'd had to leave to protect. People I had to steel my heart for. People I couldn't let down.

But in the visions things were different. There was this false me, this female figure there as though I had been that my whole life. But she wasn't letting them down. She was strong in her own way, not someone who defended, but someone who supported, who nurtured. Someone who was there to see my sister's first steps, someone who was there to care for my aging mother rather than going off to war, someone who would have noticed the fire and got them all clear.

"What- what is this?" My voice was cold.

"A new life. A better one. If you are so bold as to claim it."

"I... I..." My head was pounding. How could I say no to this? What was I fighting for if not them?

"Shh..." There was warmth suddenly surrounding me. Like the softest of blankets. It was her. She was hugging me. Holding me close. "It's okay. It'll all be okay."

"But why? Why do this to me, why show me this? Why give me this... chance?"

She shrugged.

"Maybe I really am the monster you think I am. This certainly makes things difficult for you, doesn't it? You can't grit your teeth and chop this one in half with a sword. Can't stab at the estrogen pounding away in your heart. Maybe I really am a witch, and this is my terrible curse. But, honestly? I like to think it's because, honey," she flipped her hair. "I help people."

I tried to respond, but only tears came.

She held me until I stopped trembling,

I had to be strong. I had to find a way out of this. I had to find a way through this.

My conviction, once the armor of my heart, was shattered. The surety that what I was doing was right, the resultless with which I carried out my task. If she had seen my failure as a son, as a brother, undone, how could I hate her?

If I'd been given a second go, even like this, maybe it wasn't so bad, after all.

I pulled myself away. My whole world was spinning.

"It can take some time to come to terms." Her voice was sympathetic, sisterly. "But you'll see. This is more mercy than your blade would have had for me."

"Mercy!?" I steeled what I could of my courage. "Some mercy."

"Mm, though speaking of blades..." The dick whirled around her as she stepped back. It hovered in front of her crotch as though she were wielding it herself. "Such a shame to get rid of this one without even giving it a go, isn't it?"

That dick. I'd forgotten all about it. Had it always been so *big*? Through all my swirling emotions a fresh tremble ran through me. What was happening to me? My mouth was watering and my traitorous new maiden's heart pounding.

War erupted on my face. I couldn't look away. Did I... want it? I did. God, somehow, I wanted it! I wanted it more than I'd ever wanted anything. There had been idle thoughts before, sure, wonders and curiosity, but always washed out by a torrent of masculine shame. Lust was a woman's business.

But what else was I at that moment?

I shook my head. Ordinarily everything was so rigid, so sharp. But now... my head was bubbly and bouncy and full of feelings and thoughts I'd never had before. No rigid conformity or dogma to fall back on, no cloister walls to hide behind, no blade of shame to cut the feelings out.

I fell to my knees.

"Oooh, you like this do you?" She raised an eyebrow and gave a scandalous giggle as she took my manhood in her hand. "Were I half the temptress you seem to think me, I'd have half a mind to use this on you here and now." She giggled again.

"You mean -" I stared at her, mouth gaping. "You mean you're not?"

"Oh?" There was a purr to her voice as it surged in her hand. "Is that curiosity in your voice?"

She stepped closer, unhanding it so it hovered closer and closer with each step. My eyes widened. It occupied the entirety of my vision. Had it always been so masculine? So *powerful*? How could women resist an advances such as this?

I opened my mouth, but no words would come.

"It's just a dick, darling." She winked. "Nothing to fear. If you're curious, why not give it a lick? See if you like the taste."

I hesitated.

"Or not." She waved a hand. "The choice is yours. To each their own."

My brain was aflame, struggling to come to terms with what she had said, what she was saying. Had I really always wanted this? I thought back to all those times when I was fresh to the dormitories when I'd taken shameful peeks at the other men.

Had that been real? Or just a dream? Was this her magic tainting me further?

I let out a hot breath.

My whole life I had suppressed. I had resisted. I had overcome! I had to resist now, too. Now, when it meant most of all.

But the me I was now wasn't that same person, was I? I looked down at my yearning womanly body. It was wet and warm and hot and ready. My nipples were achingly stiff and my pussy - my pussy! - was so wet I could feel it dribbling down my leg.

My whole body was trembling. Feverish, I was! Pounding with newfound need.

Focus! The person I was wouldn't give in.

But - but I wasn't that person any more, was I?

Who was I?

I looked in the mirror. I thought back to her visions. This could be the start of a new path. A good path. The princess seemed happy, didn't she? If this woman was telling the truth (was she really?) then there was no shame in it. The better path. No need to ever be ashamed of these hidden desires.

And if she wasn't telling the truth - if she really had changed me... Well... I smiled. Then I could hardly be blamed for my actions could I?

I laughed.

Everything seemed to fall in place. There was something freeing about that. About being able to act the way I'd always wanted. Being this new person. Trepidation? Regret? No. Instead, excitement. Eagerness.

And if I could be anything, I would be bold!

I flexed my tongue and gave a lick.

"Ooh!" the woman cooed. "Good girl."

It sent me shivering.

I wanted more.

I did what came naturally. I did what this body wanted. I kissed, I slurped, I licked. I gave myself over to carnal abandon. Soon it was thickly filling my mouth, as, with the wiggle of her fingers, the woman caused it to move about and press into my mouth.

"Ready for this?"

I nodded more eagerly than I had intended, a thin trail of drool connecting me and the floating dick.

I felt myself raising up in the air once more, as though unseen hands were putting me on display. And oh~! That wasn't all they were doing!

"Ah~!" I couldn't help but gasp. The hands were warm and soft against my tender flesh, rubbing, tending, exploring. They were inquisitive and they were skilled. My whole body quickly welcomed the sensation. I didn't know anything could feel so good.

"Oh, yes!" She flicked her fingers and my straining nipple received a playful pinch. "You turned out quite well indeed. You see what you've been missing this whole time?"

"M-more!" I begged. I'd never begged for anything before in my life.

"Mmm." She licked her lips. "Eager to oblige."

She spun her finger in the air before her and the dick flew toward me, it stopped moments from me and traced a sloppy path down my body, taking particular care to circle the sensitive flesh of my jiggling breasts.

But soon it found its real target.

I moaned, the dick at the lips of my maidenhood was wiggling, rubbing, doing things to that sensitive spot that no real person could ever do.

God! It was insistent. It was ready. It seemed to know exactly what I wanted before even I did. It took control. Good. I'd let it. I spread my legs to open up for it. There was a time I'd have decried a woman for such things and now here I was, becoming everything I'd once thought girlish and weak.

I couldn't wait.

Oh god! It filled me up, pleasure tingling through my body, flooding into me. Gentle at first, then firmer and firmer. God, and I thought the invisible *hands* had felt good! Even through the discomfort - the stretch - of the first few strokes, it was something I wanted, needed, with every fiber of my being.

I cried out from the sensation. I didn't have to hold back. I didn't want to.

It was very freeing, very right. No apprehension, no second or tripled doubting of myself, no holding back.

The woman grinned over me, running one hand along her body sensuously, clearly loving the display. Her other hand was dancing in the air like a conductor at a symphony, each swish in time with the pulsing pleasure driving into me.

And with every thrust, - Ah! - it felt like I drew closer and closer to something grand.

"Having fun?"

I intended to say I could grow to like this, but all that came out was a carnal moan amidst my panting.

She grinned harder. With the snap of her fingers I was seeing nothing but stars, like my body had been cast into the heavens. I was trembling, clenching, but was I falling or flying?

I was blossoming, blooming. These fireworks were to celebrate the new woman I'd become.

"And we're just getting warmed up," she winked. "Lots more where that came from. The first of many"

The first of many? What wonder! What magic.

And then suddenly the pink orb, forgotten in our revelry, chirped.

"Oh come on!" she whimpered. "I was so close."

It chirped again, more insistently.

"Ah - she gasped. "I'm afraid we have to cut this short.

"What!?" My eyes widened as I fell gently to the ground. "No!"

"Alas," she scowled into the orb. "You are not the only knight who seeks to destroy me this day, it seems."

She waved a hand. The pink light projected the image of a band of knights riding towards the tower.

"Sir Quinn?" I balked. "They must have followed me. Did they not think I could handle this?" *Were they here to rescue me or to finish the job they knew I'd fail?*

I had intended to prove myself more than capable, to dispel all those rumors. Now it all seemed so foolish. What had I been thinking?

I looked at the projected face of Sir Quinn, grinning and rugged as he rode hard against the wind. Had he always been so handsome? Not that he'd have ever looked at me that way...

"This isn't right." The sorceress rose up in the air, light flashing around her as she incanted and cast magics beyond my understanding. And yet despite this, she seemed more real, more grounded than I'd ever seen her. "Men like that shouldn't even be able to find this place!"

The pink light in the orb faltered, and she stumbled.

"It's no good." She held a hand up to her head. "My power is too far gone. With all the energy I've spent on you, an entire patrol of knights is beyond my ability."

"What does that mean?"

"It means..." She started stirring the air with her arms, pink light spinning in a broad ring behind her. "The king may have his wish after all. Fine, they want me gone? I'll leave." The ring flashed and on the other end was somewhere else entirely. "None of you will ever see me again."

"Wait! Please." I stumbled to my feet, still unaccustomed to how top heavy these big swinging breasts made me. "You can't go."

"I appreciate the sentiment, but there's no choice, darling."

"No, there is." I put a hand on her shoulder. "I think I have an idea."

"Oh?"

"I'll show them what happened to me, what you did to me. I'll show them how powerful you are, that you effortlessly reduced me to a state such as this." I ran a hand down my naked feminine form. "I will beg them to turn back their charge, that they have no hope of overcoming your arcane might. I'll tell them it's all a trap, and that you're slathering for their arrival."

"Ooh," she purred. "I like that." She put a tender hand to my shoulder in kind. "You'd really do that for me?"

"Yes, please. It's the least I can do."

"There may be hope for you yet, darling." She smiled. "I will repay this kindness threefold. First, know that the enchantment upon you will wear off after a month."

"How -" My blood turned cold. I stammered for words. "How is that a kindness?"

"Because then you will be able to make a choice. You will have lived as the other half and you will have seen both sides with clear eyes. And so we come to my second kindness."

"Oh?"

"If the time comes and you wish to remain as you are now, you will have but to set your mind to it and you will have that wish."

“Thank you!” I pulled her into a hug. Despite all her fancy magic earlier, despite her light shows and her flying and her pink glowing eyes, she squealed in surprise. My breasts mashed into hers.

She grinned. “And if you need me after that, you have but to come here. If you find anybody who needs my talents. Send them to me. Those who come to me come to me with a reason.”

“What is the third kindness?”

“Oh,” she giggled. “Almost forgot!”

She snapped her fingers. Pink light flashed and fluttered around me like a chorus of butterflies, building up and billowing like a cloud before solidifying into a long beautiful dress of effervescent pink. It was as elegant as those of all the ladies in court, but on my buxom form it was far more daring.

I ran a hand over the fabric, grinning, then spinning to see the hem twirl. I caught myself and suppressed the grin — then caught myself catching myself and grinned all the harder.

“Thank you, my lady.” I curtsied. “You have done more for me than any can know. I will live in your example.”

“Just take care of yourself, okay?” She winked. “Those knights can be... rough.”

Didn’t I know it. I turned to go.

“Oh, and sir knight?”

“Yes?”

“If you ever want to take another round with this old sword of yours?” She blew a kiss. “You just come on by, you hear?”

“Ooh.” A horny giggle ran through me. “Yes ma’am!”

As I left the tower, the sun was golden and bright. Smells I had never known before danced along my nose, flowers on the fresh breeze that I never would have appreciated. My body may have been weaker, but my spirit was a thousand times stronger.

I took a deep breath as I started to work my way towards the road I knew the knights would be approaching from, pulling my cleavage down and the hem of my dress up as I went. I had to slut it up after all, if I wanted this to be believable.

Ooh, maybe I could get Sir Quinn to show me that big sword of his...

I let out a giggle.

The first steps of my new life.

I didn’t know what awaited me, but I was eager to find out.

The End.