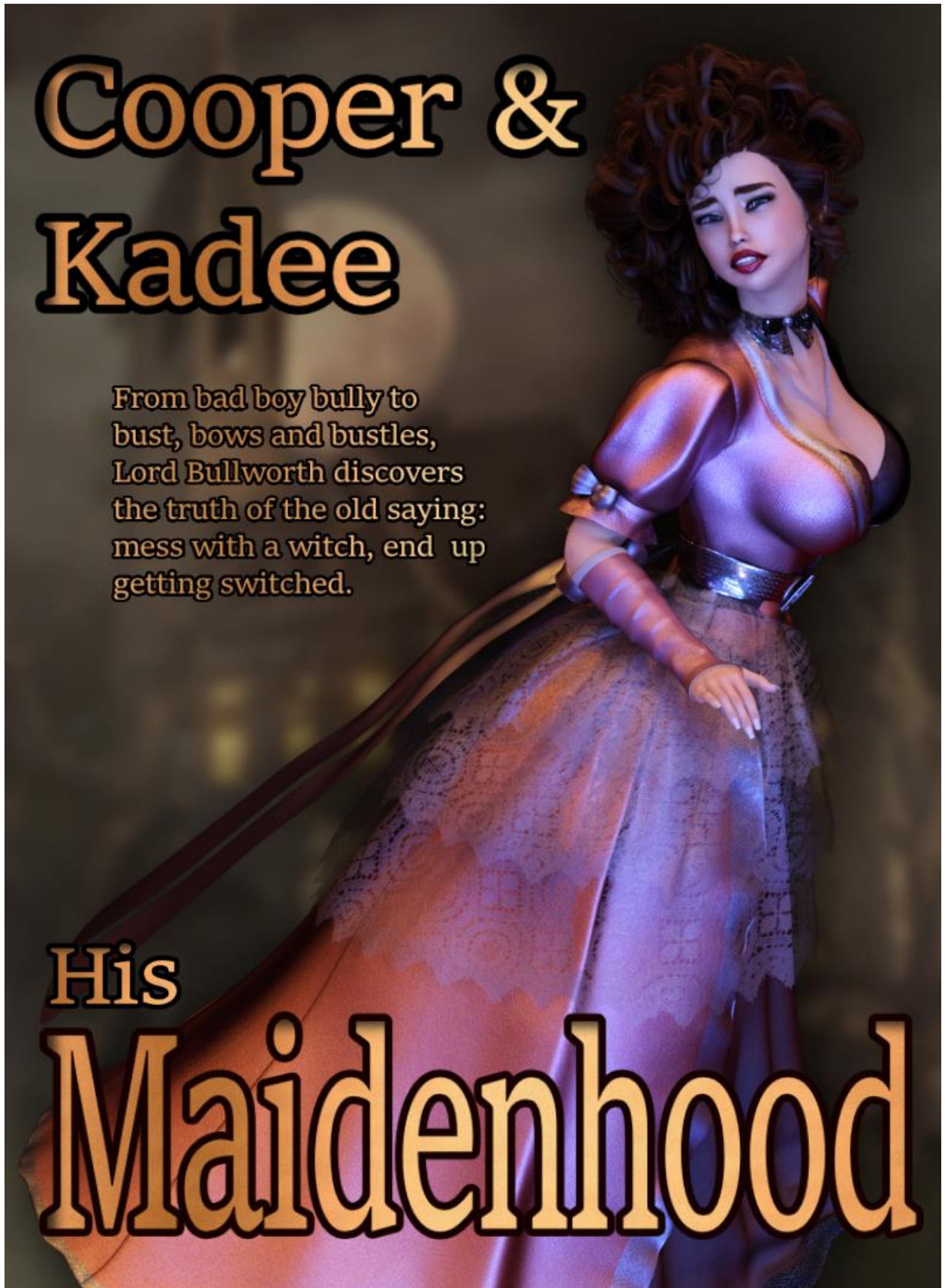


Cooper & Kadee

From bad boy bully to
bust, bows and bustles,
Lord Bullworth discovers
the truth of the old saying:
mess with a witch, end up
getting switched.

His

Maidenhood



The following material is rated

X

Mature Readers

Notice: This material should not be read by, given to or downloaded by anyone under the age of 18, or viewed in a jurisdiction or area that prohibits the viewing of nudity, illustrations of naked men and women or the portrayal of sexual situations. You should also not view this material if you find such portrayals offensive. Any sexual situations involve characters over the age of 18.

Lady Penitence Everspell inspected her drawing room, nodding with approval at the job her servants had done; not a mote of dust could be found anywhere, every book in its proper place on the shelf, a generous fire roaring in the hearth, and tray of cakes arranged on the table in perfect display of refinement and good taste. Now, if only her guest would arrive, she could get down to understanding the mysterious letter she had received.

"Excellent work Gearsandall," she said. "You are excused."

Her servant bowed, his springs and gears rattling and clattering, small jets of steam escaping from various pressure release valves at his joints. "Milady," he said in a mechanical voice that still resembled the one he'd had when he'd been a living man.

Everspell thought to read the letter again, to puzzle over its strange wording: We must discuss the King's wishes for you. What did it mean? She wondered, but the letter remained in her study, and just as she started to make her way up the stairs, she heard the drumming of approaching horse hooves. The sound surprised her; it sounded very much like a single horse and not the team she expected to draw the carriage of the infamous Lord Elgin Bullworth, who had created such a stir when he had suddenly taken possession of and moved into the neighboring estate of Falcon Court not two weeks past.

Lady Everspell pulled aside the curtain and looked through the heavy, lead glass of the window to see Bullworth arriving, not in a carriage as she had expected, but alone and on horseback. A Lord riding about the country alone, without so much as even a groomsman? The audacity!

As Bullworth brought his horse to a halt and effortlessly swung one leg over the saddle and then dropped gently to the ground, Everspell saw that he more than lived up to all that she had heard of him; he was tall. Very tall. And he had broad shoulders. Most broad shoulders. Thick, powerful legs. A mighty wedge of stone for a chin. Indeed, he looked to her as the most physically perfect man she had ever seen, and she no longer doubted all the chatter she had heard from women in the village as to what a marvel the man was; indeed, Everspell herself had never seen such an impressive man on the material plane. His clothes, too, spoke of his power and conquests, an array of fine cloth flashing with silver, gold and metals and alloys unknown on this world.

Flashy dress quite excessive for a nobleman paying a curtesy visit to a new neighbor, Lady Everspell noted, souring further on the man's obvious tackiness and lack of social graces.

Lady Everspell took her seat, strategically placed so that Bullworth would see her the moment her servant let him into the drawing room, and smiled to herself in anticipation of their meeting. It was not often that she met anyone who was as much a living legend as she, and she looked forward to the chance to meet this man who had suddenly come into her peaceful little corner of the North Country and created such a stir. Perhaps they would exchange tales of adventures, compare their experiences adventuring in the Elven Lands, or the Frozen Caverns.

She did not have to wait long. She heard him stomping his way down the hall, trailed by the imploring words of her serving girl, "You really should leave your coat, sir! It is most uncouth to wear it indoors!"

"Blast your couth and your absurd standing on manners," Bullworth bellowed. "I have no time for such nonsense!" The door slammed open and Bullworth stood there, filling the entire

space, his legs spread wide, a horsewhip in one hand, his riding gloves in the other. "Lady Everspell," he bellowed. "It is damn fine to meet you."

Lady Everspell felt herself sour instantly on the man. Lack of manners appalled her. "Do you use such vulgar language in my home?" She asked, coldly.

Bullworth strode in as if he hadn't heard her, glancing around the room and then absently taking the hand Everspell offered him and brushing it with a kiss. "Lord Bullworth. The pleasure is all mine, blah, blah and ...etc...."

"Your manners are appalling."

"Mind if I sit?" Bullworth asked, dropping down onto the chair without waiting for an answer. "Thank all that is holy this chair is soft and comfortable because after spending an hour in the saddle my backside is aching." He smiled. It was a cold smile. A threatening smile.

Lady Everspell smiled back in just the same manner. "Clearly, this is no social call, and your letter was full of mysterious allusions. Why are you here?"

"Well, you just get right down to business, don't you?"

"When my guest seems rude and intentionally coarse and insulting, yes."

"Let's get right to it, then. I am taking possession of Everspell Castle and all the surrounding lands. You are now my tenant, Lady Everspell, and I came to establish terms of your remaining here on these lands."

Lady Everspell almost laughed, but retained her composure. "By what right do you believe you can claim these lands? My family..."

"Has lived here for over 500 years. I know. I know. The Richard, the King, explained all that to me when I laid claim to the land, and he warned me you would not be pleased, but I insisted and well, the King said yes."

"The King?"

"THE King. You see, maybe you heard about the recent battle with Professor Havok and his Iron Dragon? I brought my knights down there just before London fell, and we went toe to toe, me and Havok. I killed him, and the king had promised me I could have anything I wanted as a reward. Well, I wanted Everspell. And, well, you know, your ability to own property is questionable, given that you are a woman and all, so relying on a somewhat ancient and arguably outdated law, the King is in his rights to place your land under the ownership of a man."

Lady Everspell smiled as she probed Bullworth's defenses, and his reasons for keeping his coat on became clear, as it had all kinds of magic barriers shielding him from spells, and beneath that she sensed additional magical defenses. When it came to magic, he was a walking fortress. "You are well protected."

"I wouldn't walk into a witch's castle if I weren't."

"And why do you want a witch's castle? Why would you claim this estate of all the things you could have asked for? Your actions make little sense, Lord Bullworth."

"I don't care so much for the castle. I am after the witch."

"Me?"

"These are my terms. You work for me when called upon. Do magic as needed. I let you keep on living here and getting up to whatever witchery pleases you the rest of the time."

"You want me to be your servant?"

"Let's not get all mixed up and complicate things by putting labels on this and that. Let's say I want an ally, and I am willing to make a fair exchange for your alliance."

"By letting me remain on the land which you stole from me?"

"You can make this all ugly if you want, but I prefer to say I just wanted to have something pretty to offer that I knew you'd like."

"How does it truly serve you to have me as a reluctant ally, when you could have won me over more easily in other ways? I held no enmity towards you before today."

"I find the best allies come with levers firmly attached, my darling. It is a philosophy that has served me very well over the years."

"You like pushing people around, don't you, Elgin?"

"I like being on top, Penitence. I do my best work in that position."

"Your vulgarity shocks me."

"Yes, I am sure it must be appalling to the delicate ears of a woman who is known to have consorted with demons."

"You need to watch your tongue!"

"And you need to learn some humility, woman!"

They stared at each other. Neither looked away, but they exchanged a small nod as they silently agreed: the war had begun.

"You wouldn't object if I asked for some time to consider your proposal?"

"How long would you like?"

"A week. That will also allow me sufficient time to substantiate your claims and fully consider the ramifications of your offer."

"Fair enough, fair lady." Bullworth grabbed one of the cakes and tossed it into his mouth. "It has been a pleasure."

"I'm sure you can find your own way out."

"Indeed," Bullworth said, getting to his feet, grabbing more of the cakes and shoving them into the pockets of his coat. "For the ride home, darling."

"Enjoy them, Lord Elgin," she smiled, her words dripping acid.

Lady Everspell watched Bullworth ride away. An insufferable man, coming to her home, threatening to take her estate, all in the name of putting her in the position of becoming his vassal. Well, if he was expecting an easy victory, it would be his first mistake.

But Lady Everspell was not the only one who watched Lord Elgin's exit with interest. A gnarled old creature lingered in the shadows beneath the great, twisted limbs of an ancient oak along the forest road also watched. Her fingers were made of twisted bark, and her body of straw and wire. She looked like a living scarecrow, with shiny button eyes and a mouth of threads overflowing with cotton stuffing, and she was known as Scarecrow, or Scarecrow Witch.

She sent out her own dark magic toward the stranger, and immediately withdrew as she sensed powerful forces arrayed to defend him and entrap anyone who tried to cast a spell on him.

Curious, the old creature thought. He is very powerful. Could he spell trouble for her old foe, Lady Everspell? Could he be used for vengeance? The Scarecrow withdrew slightly into the forest, in the shadows, and she began to think of how she might use this newcomer to finally destroy Lady Everspell!

Back in her castle, Lady Everspell climbed the long, winding stone staircase leading to the peak of her witch's tower, eager to begin her work. Opening the large, cold iron door, she walked into the rounded space, candles flickering to life and illuminating 500 years of magical power in the form of arcane spell books and all manner of artifacts gathered by she and her ancestors over the course of their 500 years' mystical adventures. Every generation of her family had included spell-casters, and the room fairly bulged with staves and scrolls, skulls and feathers, demon horns and succubus teeth. In the center affixed to a pedestal engraved with magic sigils, rested the Eye of Horus. Everspell approached it now, raised her hands, and the image of Lord Bullworth riding along on his horse appeared, a smug little smile on his stupid face. With a series of infinitesimal gestures, Lady Everspell carefully probed all of his magic defenses, cautious not to trip any trap spells intended to snare those who pried unwarily, and there were many.

Clickity Cat rubbed her metallic body against Everspell's leg as she worked, her gears whirring in a purring noise, and Lady Everspell, as was her habit, spoke idly to the cat as to a

friend. "Incredible work," she said, duly impressed with the array of spells protecting Bullworth. "I've never seen anything like it, but we will find a vulnerability, my dear. Oh yes, we will."

Hours passed. Darkness settled. Everspell worked and worked, probing, prying, as Bullworth ate his dinner, then grabbed one of his serving girls by the wrist and dragged her upstairs for some fun. "Come on Fawn," he growled, strip and dance for me!" Everspell grimaced in disdain at the display, but kept working. She worked right through the man's crude and selfish love making, and when he finished and sent the Fawn off to sleep in her own bed with a slap on the ass, Everspell saw the relief on the girl's face, and thought, "I feel your pain, girl."

Bullworth fell asleep and began snoring. Everspell put her hands on her hips and said, "Impossible! He is too well protected!"

She went over and sat down, her body aching, her mind exhausted from the hours of effort. "I have a week," she said. "I will find a way to put that man in his place!"

"I am sure you will," Clickity Cat whispered in a soft, feminine voice before hopping into Lady Everspell's lap. "Just as you did me."

Everspell stroked the cat's metal skin, letting little electric charges escape from her fingertips as she did so, and the cat purred contentedly.

"You were quite the scourge of hell once," Everspell said. "Weren't you, Dagon?"

"Once. Perhaps you can turn him into another cat? I wouldn't mind having a sister to play with."

"Perhaps," Everspell said, amused at the idea. "If I could get through his defenses."

Days passed. Nights. Once Lady Everspell latched onto a problem, she lacked the ability to let it go, especially when it threatened her and her family's estate. She poured over ancient books of magic, looked through her collection of scrolls, consulted with demons and fellow witches and wizards. Bullworth had so many allies in the worlds and was known to be so vengeful that few wanted to even speak of helping Everspell, and those who did mostly just complained about the ways in which Bullworth had bested them.

"He is protected by an invincible shield," Lady Everspell marveled. "No weapon can harm him, magical or mundane!"

She had nothing. With only one day remaining, she despaired. Sitting down on her enchantment chair, she sighed and said, "Should I serve this oaf for now, perhaps? Bide my time until I can work myself out of this situation?"

Clickity Cat shook her head. "I have never known you to surrender."

"I know, and it pains me more than words can tell to even think it, but I have found no way to place any sort of spell on him."

"Perhaps I may suggest a lesson from demon school, mistress?"

Everspell smiled. "Please."

"Once there was a righteous man named Simple. He observed all the human virtues, scrupulously avoided all the vices, observed all the holidays and sacraments of his religion. This man also did something that the Lords of Hell found intolerable; he inspired virtue in others. They sent their best demons to tempt him and corrupt him, but one after another they failed.

“Simple wants nothing,” they reported, one after another. “He needs nothing! He cannot be tempted!”

Finally, Asmodeus awoke his oldest and most killed demon, a demon known as Tangent who had slept for a thousand years, so boring did he find it to tempt mortals to their ruin.

Asmodeus explained the situation, and Tangent yawned and said, “Give me a day.”

The very next day, Simple’s soul was stained black as sin, and his soul plunged into the depths of hell, screaming in agony. Asmodeus sought out Tangent and said, “Congratulations. You have proven your mastery once again, old one. How did you do it? All of my other demons told me it was impossible to get to him.”

“They were correct.”

“Then how is it that he is now condemned to hell?”

“Since I could not defeat him directly, I encircled him. I placed an illusion upon him that made all in town see him as the town’s wanton whore, while she in turn was made to appear as him. He watched in horror as she was treated with respect while he was subjected to the scornful eyes of the just and the shameless advances of the fallen. He became what he appeared to be; a sinner. I tempted him to kill the prostitute in an effort to regain his former life, and he was only too glad to risk it all rather than live out his days, to all the eyes of the world, a fallen woman.”

“Ensorcelled and encircled,” Lady Everspell said, musing.

“I suppose Bullworth has protections against such spells?”

“He does, but you have given me an idea as to how I might reach him, nonetheless.”

“Can you turn him into a piglet?”

Everspell nodded. “You are a wicked little thing, aren’t you?”

Clickity Clack purred as Everspell scratched him under his chin.

Her plan taking form in her mind, Lady Everspell hopped to her feet and hurried over to The Eye, which she immediately turned upon Falcon Court. Her heart leapt with joy!

Bullworth had only taken possession a few weeks before, and the only magic in place was a simple alarm system to warn against intruders. She then sent The Eye from room to room, and again found herself growing giddy with excitement; the servants Bullworth had brought in from the village to work in his new estate were free of any enchantment whatsoever! "Oh my heavens and hells, but Lord Bullworth is in for a surprise!"

Clickity Clack rubbed against her legs, growing excited as well, while Lady Everspell went to work conjuring a couple of old friends of hers: the air sprites Breath and Sinew. The two swirled gleefully into the room, giggling wildly as they took their corporeal form as two naked young women with pale pink skin. "Penitence! We love you!" They sang in unison.

"And I, you, my naughty little ones! Would you like to help me with some mischief?"

"Would we!" They sang, giggling.

"Good. Now, here's what I need you two to do! I want you to attach yourselves to one Lord Bullworth, seen here in The Eye. You shall create an illusion around him, just outside his protective spells, which causes the world to see him as a beautiful young peasant woman."

"What fun!" They said, looking at image within the stone.

"Yes! Feel free to play as much as you like. He has been very rude to me, and I am teaching him a lesson. Off you go!"

The sprites vanished in a swirl of air and raced off toward Bullworth's Estate.

"You are so very cruel," Clickity Cat said.

"When provoked. And now, as my sprites get to work, some spells on the estate, and spells on the servants!" Lady Everspell grabbed her staff, raised it above her head and felt the power crackle along its length as she laughed, and directed her attention the Falcon Court. "If I can't make Lord Bullworth smaller and weaker, I shall make everything around him bigger and stronger!"

Part II: Looks Like a Girl.

Bullworth woke and reached to the left, and then to the right, hoping that maybe he'd let whatever girl he'd taken the night before stay in his bed. He felt like a little wake me upper to get the morning started out right, but the bed was empty. His head hurt. Too much booze the night before. Luckily, he'd had a wizard create a hang-over curing balm, so he rose and stumbled as he got out of bed-- did it seem to be higher off the floor for some reason? Blearily over to his dresser, got on his tiptoes and found the container, feeling like something was off, and then he rubbed a little of the sweet oil on his forehead, his mind immediately clearing and becoming alert, his headache vanishing. "Ah yes," he murmured, going over to the basin and splashing some water on his face, then pinching a little snuff, and finally relieving himself in the chamber pot. Something did seem wrong to him. Slightly. But, looking around the room, and inspecting himself, he couldn't see anything the matter. Odd, but he had business to attend to.

A week had passed and today was the day Lady Everspell would be accepting his offer. He looked forward to riding over to her estate again, seeing the look on her face as she accepted her new status as his vassal. It would be good for her to learn her proper place, gain some humility. He went to his armoire and dressed himself, making certain to select different clothes than he had worn on his first visit. It wouldn't do to let her see him wear the same outfit twice. Finally, grabbing his comb, he stepped in front of his looking glass and... dropped the comb in shock as the image of a young woman looked back at him, her mouth open in shock as she stared at herself.

Bullworth looked down at his body, put his hands on his flat, hard chest. Looking in the mirror, he saw the girl put her hands on her full, round breasts. Bullworth looked down. Looked up. Clearly, some sort of trick of Everspell's. He laughed. Amusing. The girl in the mirror was beautiful, with long, black hair and bright green eyes, full, sensuous lips and a body ripe with child-bearing promise. It surprised Bullworth Everspell had been able to manage any sort of spell at all, but what did she think to accomplish with such a silly illusion?

Would the servants see this form? Well, it didn't matter. He would tell them who he was, demonstrate if necessary, and then go over to the silly witch's place and spank her if necessary to show her who was boss. Bullworth pulled on the chord that summoned his valet and then went back to the mirror. The girl was dressed as a commoner, with a loose fitting white blouse and a brown skirt that went to her ankles. Bullworth, using the mirror, opened the blouse and looked at the firm, rounded breasts and the wide, brown nipples, and smiled. I suppose it is a bit perky, but I wish I could sleep with myself right now! He thought.

The door opened and Bullworth turned to face Hogan, the valet, whose mouth dropped open in shock as he looked down at Bullworth's full breasts and said, "Cover yourself up, you ridiculous girl!"

Bullworth laughed and shook his chest, imagining the show he was giving to his shocked valet. "You sure you don't want to grab a handful before I do?"

Hogan stepped forward, furious, and Bullworth found himself looking up at the man, who now stood a full foot taller, though he'd been at least a foot shorter the day before. "You insolent wench," Hogan said, grabbing Bullworth's arm.

"Hold on, Hogan! I can explain...."

Hogan yanked Bullworth's arm and threw him toward the door as if he didn't weigh an ounce. Bullworth stumbled and fell. On his knees, he looked up at Hogan. "How dare you put your hands on me?"

"I'll put my belt to your ass if you don't get to work, Patience Mallory! Now get to the kitchen and not another word!"

"Patience?" Bullworth got to his feet. "No. Hogan. Listen. I am Lord Bullworth. The witch has placed a spell on me."

"I warned you," Hogan said.

"Me? I am warning you."

Hogan strode toward Bullworth.

"I do not want to hurt you, Hogan, but you will leave me no choice. Take one more step, and you will feel my manly wrath!"

Hogan saw a little woman raise her tiny fists. "Are you mad?" He stepped forward.

"You asked for it!" Bullworth punched the man in the stomach. Hogan didn't even flinch. Bullworth looked up, shocked. He punched him a second time. Again. And Again. But his blows had no effect.

"You punch like a girl," Hogan said, then grabbed Bullworth, lifted him off his feet and tossed him effortlessly over his shoulder. "Off to Miss Garrison you go," Hogan said. "I don't have time to deal with madwomen."

Bullworth, stunned, pounded Hogan on the back, but his blows seemed to have no impact, nor could he twist free from the man's grip. "Let me go!" Bullworth yelled, feeling like a helpless child. "I command you!"

"Hahahahaahahahaha," a booming voice called out, and they both looked to see Lord Bullworth emerge from behind the mirror. "I put the girl up to this prank, Hogan! Hahahahaahaha."

Hogan set Bullworth down, and he stared at the image of himself with wide-eyed disbelief. "That's not me," Bullworth said.

"She is such an actress that one. And quite skilled in the ways of sex as well. The things she can do with that mouth!" The sprite appearing as Bullworth bellowed.

"Very funny," Bullworth said, certain that Lady Everspell was somehow watching this whole thing.

"Yes," Hogan said. "You are indeed an endless well of hilarity, my lord."

"Take that pretty little thing downstairs and put her to work in the kitchen." The sprite then gave Bullworth a meaningful look. "If she is a good little girl, I will restore her."

"As you wish."

Bullworth was furious, but when Hogan took him by the arm he followed. The man had already proven he was now far stronger, and in his years as general Lord Bullworth had learned very well the necessity of retreat. *The witch is going to pay for this*, he promised himself.

"I am sorry I got rough with you, Patience. Of course, I did not know it was all some sort of prank."

Bullworth started to explain who he was, to try and convince Hogan, but it seemed futile for now. He would just go down to the kitchen, think things through. In the meantime, he saw a chance to make an ally for himself as he now appeared. "It was a cruel prank, and I am ashamed to be a part of it," Lord Bullworth said, meaning every word.

"Am I forgiven?"

Forgiven? The man's sincerity and concern for another surprised and touched Bullworth. "Of course you are forgiven," Bullworth said.

Bullworth soon found himself in the kitchen, now standing a full half a foot shorter than the women. They immediately put him in the barren room intended to be the pantry, and handing him a wooden bucket and a scrub brush, tasked him with scrubbing the floor and the walls. "Be thorough, girl. Or you will feel my switch."

Bullworth's mouth dropped open. "Does everything have to be done under threat of abuse in this house?"

"Shut your mouth, and do your work," Gretchal said.

Bullworth started to object, but the woman raised her hand as if to strike, and remembering how powerless he'd been in the conflict upstairs, Bullworth decided not to press matters and said, "Fine."

"It's, Yes, Miss Gretchal."

"Yes, Miss Gretchal."

"And I'll have a curtsy for your insolence."

Oh, the witch is going to pay, Bullworth promised. She is going to pay. He'd seen his servants curtsy, but seeing as he couldn't even see the illusory skirt, he did his best to reach out where he thought it was, and then bent his knees in as close an approximation to what he'd seen as he could manage.

"Appalling!" Gretchal said, walking away. "Appalling!"

Bullworth sighed, took his bucket and scrub brush, and carried them to the far corner, getting to his knees and starting to scrub, thinking about various plans of action. As he scrubbed, he heard giggling sounds, and then a sudden gust of wind, and a slender pink girl seemed to materialize out of the thin air and hover above him.

"Good morning, Miss Patience Mallory!" The sprite said.

"I suppose you have a message for me?" Bullworth said, refusing to rise to the bait.

"I suppose you're right." Giggles. "The witch said to tell you that you make quite a fetching young miss. She also said she thinks she likes you better now that you are --on the bottom."

"Yes. Yes. But other than taunts, I am sure she must have something more substantial?"

"Perform your tasks as a serving girl, show you have learned some humility, and she will remove the illusion, restoring you to your rightful place."

"That's all she wants in return for restoring me?"

"And withdraw your claims on Everspell Castle, of course."

"Naturally."

"Shall I tell her you agree?"

"Tell her I would like to consider it."

"You must decide by sundown, Miss Patience. Or, get used to being a maid!"

"But what.....?" Bullworth started, but the sprite vanished before he could finish his sentence.

Bullworth went back to scrubbing. He knew that old hag would be checking in on him, and he didn't want to be bothered with more of her nagging. He was gaining more and more respect for Lady Everspell, and not just for her magic, but her tactics. The illusion making him appear to the world as a girl was impressive given his protections, but to make him smaller and take his strength? He would have said it impossible, and yet here he was, scrubbing floors, physically too weak to contest with even an old woman. Yet, all Lady Everspell asked in return

for restoring him was that he surrender something he didn't much need anyway. She did not want to make an enemy or leave him with a taste for further warfare. It struck him as a shrewd move on her part.

It would be fairly easy to give her what she wanted now, as it only returned things to the status quo, but Lord Bullworth loved a challenge and hated a defeat. No, he decided. It would not end with him simply giving in to the witch. He would find a way to come out on top in the end. And when he did, the story of how he, appearing as a mere maid, had defeated Lady Everspell, would just add to his legend.

Bullworth worked all day under the cruel and demanding eye of Gretchal. He scrubbed and swept, folded and washed, dusted and weeded the garden. The pathetic morsels he was offered for lunch and dinner left his stomach rumbling, but when he asked for more, Gretchal said, "That's more than enough for a skinny little girl like you!"

Perhaps it would have been, had he been a skinny little girl, but his man's appetite, fueled by his day of work, left him ravished. At sundown, right after eating, he went out to the still wild and unkempt garden looking for some privacy. The sprite appeared once again. "What have you decided, Miss Patience?"

"I have served all day as a maid, and I will relinquish my claims on Everspell Castle. I see no other choice for myself."

"Then tomorrow, you will be sent to Everspell Castle. Once you have signed an agreement, the spell will be removed, Miss Patience."

"I thought it would be removed tonight....?"

"Sleep well, young miss!" And with that the sprite vanished.

"Damn it!" To leave him trapped like this, forcing him to sleep in the common quarters with the maids! That wretched little wench! Well, he would win in the end, and then perhaps Lady Everspell would spend some time serving him!

He decided he did not want to sleep with the common maids, and so he went to the pantry he'd so recently scrubbed clean, pulled together some burlap sacks and made himself a little place to sleep. He lay down on his side, and felt himself drifting off to sleep, but then he heard footsteps and turned to see Fawn, his current favorite with her long legs and big, innocent eyes.

"Something told me I would find you here," Fawn said, getting down on the floor next to him. She seemed to have gotten even larger, now almost making Bullworth feel like a child as he knelt next to her, but still Bullworth felt himself getting excited at the presence of his favorite girl. Had she somehow seen through the illusion? In a fleeting moment of hope, he dared to believe that Fawn could see through the spell, to the man trapped within the image of the girl.

Then, Fawn took his face in her hands and said, "Patience. You are such a pretty girl." She kissed him before he could answer.

Bullworth shook his head. "I'm not Patience, Fawn..." But Fawn smothered his lips with kisses even as she pulled open his shirt and began to move her hands across his chest in an odd, awkward manner. Bullworth realized she was seeing him as a woman, with large breasts, and he knew Fawn thought she was playing with his breasts. It embarrassed him, and he struggled to free himself, but Fawn pushed him onto his back and settled in between his spread legs even as she pinned his arms above his head and kept kissing him, their chests now pressing together. Bullworth had never been overpowered like this, had never been held down by a woman, and he

hated the feeling of powerlessness. He fought against it, which only seemed to excite Fawn all the more, and she kissed him relentlessly. She was so much stronger than him he couldn't do a thing but struggle to get words out and surrender.

Finally, when Fawn stopped kissing him for a moment to catch her own breath, he breathlessly said, "Get off me. I am not in the mood."

Fawn did not hear what Bullworth said. Instead, she heard pretty Patience say, "Slap me!"

"You want me to slap you?" Fawn said, smiling wickedly.

"Get off me!"

"You wicked slut," Fawn said, slapping Bullworth across the face.

"Stop it!"

"Yes. I do want to feel your lips on me," Fawn said.

She lifted her skirt and began to wiggle up Bullworth's body.

"What are you? No. That's not...."

But then Fawn's wet nether lips were on Bullworth's face, and she was whispering me, "I need to feel your tongue inside me."

Bullworth tried once more to free himself, but Fawn was too big and strong. He was trapped there, powerless, with his head firmly buried between the woman's legs, and so scalded with shame and humiliation, he began to lick, suck and please the woman who was dominating

him, all the while knowing the wretched Lady Everspell was watching and laughing. Bullworth had never gone down on a woman-- he considered it a sign of submission, and he took no pleasure in being forced into the act now. When Fawn finally gasped, a shudder seeming to pass through her body, and then stood up, Bullworth sighed with relief and exhaustion, wiping her juices from his face with his shirt tail. Meanwhile, he had a raging hard on and no place to put it.

Fawn stretched, then came and sat down next to Bullworth once more, putting a hand under his chin, lifting it and then kissing him sweetly before pulling his head in against her shoulder. Bullworth didn't bother to fight. He knew it would be futile, and the worst was over. "Your tongue is pure magic," Fawn said.

"Thank you," Bullworth answered, mechanically, struggling against his own unfulfilled needs.

"Sleep well, Patience," Fawn suddenly said, giving Bullworth a pinch on the cheek and standing up. "You are a sweet girl."

Bullworth lay down, glum and frustrated, and when Fawn left, he finally finished himself, an act that relieved the tension but left him more disappointed than he had ever felt after sex. The Lady Everspell has now gone the one step too far, he decided. To have me... taken... by one of my own maids? There will be no peaceful end to this. She will pay ten-fold for this. Ten times ten-fold.

He rose and crept as stealthily as he could up the stairs. The house was quiet. He felt the air stir, and suspected the sprites were with him, watching him on behalf of their foul mistress, and indeed as he arrived at the doors to the armory he heard his own voice shouting from down stairs: "Intruder! Intruder!"

Bullworth raised his hands, chanting passwords and making intricate gestures, and then... the door did not move. Did not open. No. No! He repeated the words, the gestures, making certain to get them right. He heard footsteps on the stairs, and hurried the rest of the incantations, ready to race through the door and slam it shut the moment it opened, and just as Hogan appeared on the landing, the door trembled, started to open, and then slammed shut again!

"Patience!" Hogan shouted angrily. "What the devil are you up to?"

"Hogan. I am not Patience! I am Lord Bullworth! Lady Everspell has placed a spell on me to make me look like a common serving girl!"

"Not this again," Hogan sighed. "Did you think I would fall for the same trick twice?"

"No. Hogan. You must believe me!"

"Hahahahahahaah!" The booming voice of Lord Bullworth called out as the door to his room opened. "You are too clever for me, Hogan! Hahahahahahaaha!"

"You almost had me, Lord Bullworth. Well, off to bed for me."

The illusory Bullworth fixed his eyes where the real Bullworth's breasts would be and leered suggestively. "Care to join me in my bed tonight, Patience?"

"No," Bullworth said, crossing his arms over his chest and following Hogan down the stairs.

As soon as he heard the door close above, Bullworth tugged on Hogan's sleeve and said, "You must believe me." But, the mischievous sprite played her tricks, and instead Hogan heard the young woman next to him say, "I would share your bed, Hogan."

Hogan turned and looked at Patience, who was looking at him with wide, desperate eyes. "Go to sleep, Miss. And if you share a man's bed, it will have to be the Lord's."

"What?" Bullworth said, but Hogan turned and walked away. Bullworth thought about his encounter with Fawn, and how her responses to him had been insanely unrelated to the words he spoke. Now the same thing with Hogan. Clearly, somehow the witch's magic was keeping people from hearing his words whenever she chose, and turning his attempts at communication into invitations for sex and abuse.

Not only had she taken his strength, she had also taken control of his voice. And she seemed to have eyes on him at all times; those infernal sprites and god knew what other magic. What to do now? He couldn't get into his armory to call for help. Couldn't get help from within the household. It seemed he would have to surrender to the witch's demands. He could not imagine a path to victory, reduced as he was, so voiceless, weak, small and appearing to the world as a serving girl.

Bullworth arrived back at the pantry, and seeing as they had failed to provide him with any protection anyway, he stripped off his outer clothes and lay them to the side. Wearing only his underthings, he then lowered himself back down onto his makeshift bed of burlap sacks, and exhausted, drifted off to sleep.

"Are you thinking what I am thinking?" Breath said, smiling wickedly.

"If you are thinking we should make him pretty, than yes! Yes! Yes!" Sinew answered.

The two sprites immediately went to work, gathering all of the things they would need, while also gathering up all of Bullworth's male clothes and tossing them into the armory. The

door stood open, of course. But it had been child's play to cover that opening with the illusion of a closed door. Then, placing a sleep charm on Bullworth to make sure he remained asleep, Breath held up a frosting pink corset with white lace trim and said, "Shall we give him a proper figure?" The corset had a tiny waist.

"He'll barely be able to breath!"

"Yes!"

The two sprites slipped the corset around Bullworth's bulky body, pulled the strings tight and watched gleefully as it pulled his waist in, making it tiny and feminine even while pushing his chest up into the semblance of small breasts. This was soon followed with petticoats and then a pink ball gown with a full, flowing white shirt and puffy white shoulders, and then long white gloves that came up to his elbows. They slipped a black wig on his head piled high and adorned with a tiara, curling strands coming down around his face, which they now painted in an array of pink and purple pastels, finishing it off with wet pink paint on his lips. On his feet they slipped a pair of glass slippers, like from the tale of Cinderella.

"The serving girl becomes a princess!" Breath said, looking down at Bullworth. The illusory version was the same young woman, all dolled up like a princess, while the real Bullworth simply looked absurd with his big, burly arms, thick neck and square jaw now all glossed and feminized.

"Something is missing," Sinew said. "She doesn't look complete."

"I think she looks divine!"

"No, there's something...." Breath looked at Sinew and said, "Jewelry!!!!"

"Yes!"

Soon, Bullworth had flashing bracelets on his wrists, delicate necklaces around his neck, and a pair of chandelier earrings in his newly pierced ears.

"Now, she's perfect!"

"Yes!!! I can't wait for morning!"

And the two sprites crouched, holding each other, waiting for Bullworth to wake and discover their latest prank.

"What in the name of all the gods and goddesses!" Gretchal shouted, causing Bullworth to wake from his peaceful sleep.

There was something in his face, and he pushed it away, realizing it was hair at the same time he looked confusedly at the white glove on his hand, the flashing bracelets. "Now what?" He wondered, struggling to sit up, becoming aware of something extremely constricting around his midsection.

"Where did you get these absurd clothes? How dare you dress in this manner?"

Bullworth rolled onto his side, trying to push himself up so he could at least get into a seated position, and becoming aware of the long hair dangling around his face as well as the dress he now wore, he swore. "Damn it all!" He could feel his manhood being crushed down below, so he didn't have to fear he'd lost that, but he was shocked and embarrassed at what he could see of his clothing.

Gretchal struck him on the back, sending him collapsing back to the ground. "You insolent whelp!" She yelled in fury, then slapped him on the face. "I should take my belt to your backside!"

"Stop it!" Bullworth commanded, raising his arms to fend off the woman's blows. "You will not strike me!"

"I'll do more than that!" Gretchal hissed, grabbing a broom and raising it above her head as to smash it over Bullworth's head.

Lord Bullworth, barely able to move in his gown, covered his head and said, "No!"

"Stop this nonsense immediately," he heard Hogan command. Bullworth looked up to see Gretchal lock eyes with Hogan, start to speak, then stop.

"Look what this ridiculous girl has done now," Gretchal said.

"She didn't do this," Hogan said, looking at Bullworth all pretty and scared on the floor. "How do you think a serving girl could get all this finery and put it on herself?"

"I... well... who did, then?"

"Lady Everspell, it would seem," Hogan said. "She has requested the presence of our Miss Patience this morning."

"Lady Everspell? Miss Patience?" But why?"

"I am a mere servant," Hogan said, offering Bullworth a hand. "No one tells me anything."

Bullworth took Hogan's hand and Hogan helped him get to his feet. Standing uncertainly on his glass slippers, he looked down at his dress, saw the swell of his fake breasts, the diaphanous white skirt and pink bodice. "I feel ridiculous," he said.

Hogan gave Gretchal a look and said, "Off you go."

Gretchal made an annoyed little noise and marched off.

Hogan was looking curiously at Bullworth. "Is that really you in there?"

Bullworth nodded, knowing his words would probably only be warped by the sprites.

Hogan made a frown. "Well, I suppose it would be best to get you to the carriage, then."

Bullworth nodded, but when he took a step he stumbled and fell against Hogan, clinging to him weakly. "I don't know how to walk in these... things!"

"Hang on to me, and I'll get you there," Hogan said.

Bullworth reluctantly clung to Hogan's arm and let his servant help him along his way. He felt so small and weak, so humiliated to find himself corseted and dressed as a woman. It was worse than appearing as a woman, to find himself bound and hobbled in these feminine clothes.

Rumor spread fast through the castle, and soon all the servants were contriving to find themselves along the way to the front hall and the carriage, eager to get a glimpse of Patience all dressed up like a lady. Bullworth actually found himself feeling relieved that they saw him Miss Patience now, and not as himself draped in these absurd women's garments.

Yet, he still felt himself blush with shame as they looked him over and gushed over how pretty he looked. He knew they were seeing that girl from the mirror, and he heard them murmuring words like "sweet" and "pretty," "lovely" and "divine." He had never been described with words like that, had always been rugged and handsome and bold, and it surprised him how much it shamed him, on top of his clothes, to be described in such words, especially as he minced along, clinging to the arm of a man for support, too helpless to even walk on his own.

Hogan helped Bullworth get into the carriage the Lady Everspell had sent, and as Bullworth was settling into the carriage, smoothing and arranging his skirts, he suddenly said, "Come with me. I should have you by my side."

"Are you certain?" Hogan asked.

"Yes," Bullworth said. He didn't want to be alone, especially in his hobbled state, and it comforted him to know that Hogan believed him.

"Very well," Hogan said, climbing into the cab and sitting across from the beautiful young woman he now believed fully was his master, the great warrior general, Lord Bullworth. For his part, Hogan had been struggling with his feelings toward young Miss Patience ever since the girl had shown him her breasts. The image had planted itself in his mind, and he had found himself many times imagining her naked body, those firm, young breasts his for the taking. He had imagined the two of them together, naked, making love, Patience digging her fingers into his back as he thrust into her.

It was all very wrong and something a head servant would never allow himself, but now seeing that same young female dressed as she was, radiant and stunning and pure, he had to

concentrate very hard to prevent himself from getting an erection, which confused and unnerved him all the more now that he knew this dewy young flower of a girl was actually his master.

Bullworth could feel the tension. Not that he was feeling any physical desire for his servant, but he could sense the disturbing waves of masculine hunger coming off the other man. It disturbed him, once more, to feel himself the object of another man's lust, but he looked out the window and ignored it, feeling he could not blame Hogan for this feelings. When he thought of the woman he'd seen in the mirror, Bullworth himself grew a little horny. They were all victims of this witch's ridiculous magic.

The carriage arrived at Everspell Castle and Hogan helped Bullworth down. The witch had obviously decided to have some extra fun with the whole thing, as two serving girls greeted them as they exited, tossing rose petals on the ground before Bullworth, who found to his shame he still needed to cling to Hogan for support as he made his way into the castle. "You may wait in the hall," Hogan was told, by a clanking robot servant, who then helped Bullworth to a chair outside Lady Everspell's study, where he was kept waiting, fidgeting with his bracelets and pulling at the top of his dress, trying to hide some of his fake cleavage.

Finally, the servant came out and said, "Lady Everspell is ready for you now."

Bullworth raised his arm. The servant stared down at him. "Can you help me, please?"

"Of course," Gearsandall said, helping Bullworth to his feet, then taking his hand and leading him into the room.

Lady Everspell snickered when she saw Bullworth enter, then recovered herself and put her hands in her lap. "Lady Bullworth. You do look lovely this morning."

"Why thank you," Bullworth answered, acidly. "And you are just a sight for sore eyes yourself, Lady Everspell. May I join you for morning tea?"

"Of course, my dear! Please help Lady Bullworth to her seat."

Bullworth sat, gasped for breath, and then smoothed his skirt. "I can barely breathe in this garb. It tires me to walk across a room."

"Well, you are a delicate young lady."

"Do you insist on continuing to humiliate me?"

"Oh, just for a little while longer. You do look darling."

"Do you see me as me, or her?"

"Oh, as you. The illusion is gone."

"I would prefer if that you saw me as her right now."

"Well, that can be arranged, and for days and weeks and maybe even months if you'd like to continue to explore your feminine side?"

"No. A day has been quite enough. You have won, Lady Everspell. I will withdraw my claims and leave you in peace."

"Good. I felt certain you would come to see things my way." She produced the documents. Bullworth read over them.

"All very straightforward."

"Yes," Everspell said, holding out a quill.

Bullworth signed. "And that is done. Can you get me out of these wretched clothes now?"

"If you insist," Everspell said. "Though I was hoping you would keep them on for tea."

"Haha."

"Stand up, and say, 'I'm ever so sorry!'"

Bullworth frowned. The witch! He had to admire her audacity, and in fact were she not such an obvious threat, and had she not so easily emasculated him, he might even have had a run at her.

Bullworth stood and said, "I'm ever so sorry."

Everspell waved her hand, and the sprites swirled around Bullworth, spinning him in a furious wind that left him dizzy and unbalanced, and once again dressed in male garb, though not his own. He sighed with relief. "I wish you a good day," he said.

"Yes. I do hope that, now that we have settled this little unpleasant business, we can be good neighbors to one another. I hold no ill will." Lady Everspell held out her hand, like a man.

"Nor do I, Lady Everspell. I started this whole thing, you bested me, and now I put it behind me." He took Everspell's hand and shook it.

Outside, Hogan was visibly relieved to see his master, returned to his old self, stride from the room in male clothes and without the need for assistance. "Let's go. Hogan," Bullworth said. "I have had enough of witchcraft for now."

"Very good, sir."

"Let's not tell anyone about this whole thing, right?"

"Of course."

As Bullworth and Hogan walked out, the Scarecrow woman watched. The man had arrived under the illusion that he was a woman, dressed like a princess on her way to the ball, and now he walked out as his old self. What was happening? She carefully sent out her magic, and this time found no resistance! His magical defenses were gone?

She cast a mind-reading spell and scanned the man's memories as to who he was and what had happened, and instantly the witch had a plan for vengeance. She would use this Lord Bullworth as a pawn against Lady Everspell. He'd gotten into his carriage, and the witch didn't know if she would get another chance, so she cast a spell upon him, one she was certain would turn him against the witch, and then she slunk off into the forest, eager to escape any risk of detection from her enemy. Unless she was much mistaken, Lord Bullworth would be back very soon, and when he attacked, she would be ready to take full advantage.

Part III The Maiden Makes The Man

Bullworth felt off all day. Uncomfortable. Uncertain. He assumed it was just some kind of residual tension after having been through his whole strange and embarrassing ordeal. He felt particularly uncomfortable around Fawn, who used to excite him as much as any woman ever had, but now brought back memories of his being dominated and powerless. He went to bed right after eating his dinner, and he went alone.

Strange dreams came to him, then. He found himself running in a field of daisies on a sun-drenched spring day, his long trailing behind him, his skirt whipping in the wind. The air was thick with pollen, and turning to look back he saw Fawn chasing after him, a hard, hungry look in her eyes that sent a thrill of excitement through his body. Bullworth shrieked, lifted his skirt and ran faster, glancing back over his shoulder, and he saw that Fawn was steadily gaining ground. She wore a man's clothes, and her hair was cut short, and Bullworth thought she looked so masculine and strong!

No, Bullworth thought, aware it was a dream. Not this!

He ran, his breasts heaving, and as Fawn grew closer he felt more and more excited, but started to make quick, zig-zagging cuts as if trying to escape her. "You'll never catch me!" He called in his soft, pretty voice.

"I'm going to ravish you!" Fawn answered, reaching out and almost grabbing Bullworth's slender arm.

Bullworth screamed excitedly and leapt away, running, turning, spinning and laughing. "I'm faster than you!"

"Oh, really?" Fawn said.

"Yes!"

Lord Bullworth, the part that was watching himself in this dream, wanted to stop it, to wake up, but he couldn't. He was being drawn along, forced to participate, and worst of all he was liking it.

Fawn lunged at Bullworth, and he shrieked again, then stumbled and fell among the flowers. Fawn was on top of him in a second, straddling him with her thighs, looking down at him, her face framed by daisies, the sun bright in the sky above her shoulder. "Get off me!" Bullworth said, struggling, and Fawn grabbed his wrists and pinned his arms, just like she had done before, but this time Bullworth struggled, reveled in his helplessness, then smiled up at her and said, "Kiss me!"

"You don't give orders to me, little girl," Fawn said.

"I'm sorry," Bullworth said in a small voice.

"Take off your blouse," Fawn said, releasing Bullworth's arms.

Bullworth bit his lip and began to unbutton his blouse, smiling up at Fawn, who sat back, her legs still wrapped around Bullworth's ribcage. She ran a hand through her short hair and stared down at Bullworth as he slowly undid the buttons of his blouse.

"Show me your breasts," Fawn commanded.

Bullworth pulled open his blouse and proudly displayed his full, white breasts to Fawn, slightly arching his back, pushing his hard little nipples toward her.

"Play with your breasts," Fawn said in a gruff voice.

Bullworth giggled and reached up with his small, soft hands, cupping his breasts, squeezing his fingers around his nipples, and then pinching his nipples, closing his eyes and moaning softly while Fawn put her hands on his ribcage and ran them up his side, eventually planting them under his breasts, squeezing them at the same time he did. Bullworth trembled

with the pleasure, had never felt such pleasure, and he could feel the tension building inside his body, his hunger for release growing more and more powerful.

"Yes," Fawn said, putting her hands on top of Bullworth's hands now, the two of them squeezing his breasts together, finding a rhythm, slow and sensual as a jungle cat. "Yes."

"Oh," Bullworth said, and then licked his lips. Fawn slid her hands off his, down to his soft belly, but Bullworth kept his hands firmly on his breasts, continuing to knead them in the same rhythm Fawn has set, while she slipped her hands down the front of his skirt and let her fingers slide down between Bullworth's legs and through the bristly hair on his vagina.

Bullworth squirmed and moaned, and Fawn started to slip her hands up and down, up and down, not penetrating but just on the surface, matching the rhythm, the two of them now grinding together, Bullworth feeling himself getting so hot, so wet... the tension building with each passing moment, with each stroke, and then he whispered, "Please slap me."

"What's that, you dirty little slut?"

He loved when she talked to him like that, called him dirty, and he whispered again, "Please slap me."

Keeping one hand between his legs, Fawn slapped him across the face. Hard. And then again. With each slap Bullworth made a high-pitched scream of pleasure, thrusting his hips in the air, and when Fawn grabbed one of his breasts and viciously pinched and twisted his nipple he gasped and said, "Yes. Yes! Oh, gods, yes!"

"Do you want me to fuck you like the dirty little whore you are?"

"Yes!"

"Do you want me to fuck you like a nasty slut?"

"YES! Oh, yes, PLEASE!"

And then she was gone. Bullworth opened his eyes and looked up into the sun. "No. Oh, please. You... can't do this to me." He needed her to finish him so badly; he was so wet and hot and horny and he lay back, helplessly, his nipples throbbing with pleasure and the space between his legs wet and hot and begging to be filled and called out, "Fawn! Fawn! Please!" He made a soft, whimpering noise as his desire threatened to unhinge him.

He heard her laughter, her voice receding. "Finish yourself, slut."

"Jackal!" Bullworth cried out in feminine fury even as he lifted his skirt and put his hands between his legs, finding his own soft, wet, slit and starting to slide his fingers in and out, in and out, in and out. Tears came to his eyes, and he knew she was watching, and it enraged and thrilled him as he worked and worked until finally he felt the explosion of release and screaming out, he lay back and put his arms over his eyes while the relief washed over him. "Oh, god. Oh, god. Oh, god," he murmured, panting, calming, getting fuzzy headed and dreamy in the hot noon day sun.

He heard rustling, footsteps, felt Fawn's shadow fall over him, blocking out the sun. "Get on your knees," Fawn said in a flat, emotionless voice.

"Go to hell," Bullworth said, invitingly.

Fawn grabbed his arms and yanked him to his knees, and he looked up at her, smiling. "Don't ever talk back to me."

Bullworth licked his lips and stared into her eyes defiantly. "I said go to hell."

Fawn grabbed a handful of Bullworth's hair, twisted it around her fist and yanked. Bullworth shrieked and said, "Go to hell!"

Fawn yanked harder, lifting Bullworth's knees off the ground and sending sweet pain shooting through Bullworth. He loved it when she grabbed his hair, controlled him, and he laughed and said, "Bitch!"

Fawn slapped him with the back of her hand. Then again. Finally, she let go of his long hair and Bullworth fell forward onto his hands and knees. "Stay there," Fawn said.

"No," Bullworth said in his best frightened little girl voice. "Please. No."

Fawn laughed and lifted Bullworth's skirt, then yanked down his undergarments exposing his naked ass to the breeze. He playfully wiggled it and again said, "Please. Don't. Stop."

"You've been a very naughty girl, Patience."

"I'm sorry," Bullworth said.

"You have to be punished."

"No! Please!" The girl Bullworth had become in his dream didn't mean it, but the man who was watching all of this did.

He felt Fawn shove something into him, and he squealed as the strange pleasure filled him. "Stop," Bullworth whispered. "Stop."

"Tell me you're naughty," Fawn said, thrusting it into him again. "Tell me!"

"I'm a naughty," said, unable to refuse Fawn. "I'm a naughty girl!"

"You're a nasty little slut!"

"I'm a nasty little slut!"

Fawn slapped him on the ass then, even as she continued to work him, and Bullworth stared at the ground, on his hands and knees, his breasts swaying back and forth as Fawn worked him from behind, and he felt it building in him again, stronger and stronger, until he orgasmed again, screaming in pleasure as Fawn finished and shoved him onto his side.

Bullworth rolled onto his back, stunned and confused, his hair in his face, and then Fawn was at his side, brushing his hair from his face, cradling his head under her arm and kissing him gently on the cheek.

"You okay?" She said.

Bullworth nodded, taking one of her hands in his. "You?"

"Yes. I love you so much," she said, caressing Bullworth's cheek. "I don't want to hurt you."

"It feels good," Bullworth whispered and touched by her concern and wanting to reassure her, he said, "I love it when you play rough."

"You're such a perfect girl," Fawn said. "So perfect."

"I just want to please you," Bullworth said. "That's all I need is for you to be happy."

"That's a good little slut."

Bullworth smiled. Gave Fawn a kiss, and then...

Bullworth opened his eyes and stared up at the ceiling of his bedroom; bronze plates carved with images of a great wolf hunt, men armed with spears and bows in the forest in pursuit and then capture of a dire wolf. The blunt masculinity of it comforted Bullworth after his night of maidenly visions. What a terrible dream, he thought, relieved to be awake, but disturbed at what he's experienced. Was it some sort of after-effect of what had happened? Had his day as a serving girl somehow changed him so much? And if he were dreaming of being dominated, did that mean it was a part of who he had become, or was becoming?

Just a dream, he thought. Nothing to worry about. Here in the real world I am still my same old self with... breasts?

Bullworth had reached up and put his hands on his chest, and he now found them cupping a pair of soft little breasts. What in all the hells? He leapt from his bed, feeling his small breasts bounce, and went over to the mirror, immediately seeing the little cones of his breasts poking out the front of his night shirt, his nipples hard. *Everspell*, he thought in disgust. *She double-crossed me*. He looked himself over. He had lost some muscle, and putting his hand to his cheek he found the skin smooth and devoid of any stubble. He still looked like a man and much as he always had, other than the fact that he now had small breasts like a young girl.

"This is too much," he thought, his blood boiling. He had gone to her and surrendered, and they had shaken hands in good faith, and now to fill his dreams with that... ugh!... and to give him breasts? If was a betrayal of honor and decency and everything else. Was this all, he wondered. Was she now going to try and turn him into a woman?

Bullworth dressed. He looked absurd with his small breasts poking out from the front of his shirt, but once he slipped on his coat and buttoned it up, his girlish new features were well-hidden. The other changes were so minor that he couldn't detect them himself once he was fully dressed, and so he marched boldly to his armory, unlocked the door and once inside, found the Horn of Calling, raised it to his lips and blew it three times, sending a mighty blast out into the world, one that was heard by all his knights, who knew the call meant war. Wherever they were in the world or worlds, they heard the call and prepared to finish whatever their business and gather round their lord and general. Three blasts meant they had but three days, the briefest call time possible, and so they all knew it was urgent.

Bullworth, meanwhile, gathered what additional charms and wards he could, draping them around his neck, anointing himself with oils. When Bullworth came out of the armory Hogan waited for him. "You have summoned the knights, my Lord."

"Yes, Hogan. We prepare for war."

"Your breakfast, sir?"

"Bring it to my study. I have urgent business to attend to."

Bullworth strode into his study, took a bundle of blank parchment from the desk, wetted his quill and dashed off a series of quick letters to wizards he counted as allies. He had no way to contact them through magic; they were all extremely guarded and refused to allow any sort of magic access to themselves or their fortresses, a decision which Bullworth now understood more than ever. He urged each to come to Falcon Court for urgent business and promised generous rewards and eternal gratitude. He did not need them to bring the witch to heel, but he needed to

know that someone could reverse the spell upon him, and also raise up protections for he and his household.

“What a fool I was to enter the witch’s lair unprotected!” He cursed his foolishness.

Hogan arrived with a tray containing a large bowl of steaming oats, tea, a cooked slab of bacon and a basket of boiled eggs. Bullworth’s stomach rumbled at the sight of the food, but he grabbed his parchments and bolted from the room. “Leave the food. I will return for it as soon as I am able!”

Bullworth hurried up the steps, discomfited by the bouncing of his breasts, and putting one arm across his chest in an attempt to keep them still he made his way to the roof, where he found his flock of Iron Eagles. They began to make cawing sounds as he approached, turning their heads to the side and idly flapping their wings, loosening them up. “I have urgent work for you, good fellows!” Bullworth said, attaching a scroll to each of their legs and informing them of their destinations. The birds opened their beaks and smoke and fire poured out as they heated their engines, then flapped their mighty wings and rose into the air, flapping into the distance.

Excellent. Bullworth felt the old thrill come over him as he prepared for war. Nothing excited him more, and he looked forward to seeing his men again, drinking with them, leading them into battle.

Heading down the stairs, strategies playing out in his brain, he didn’t even notice Fawn until she was practically in front of him. “Lord Bullworth,” she said, and he looked up in surprise, immediately feeling himself flush with embarrassment as memories of his dreams from the night before washed over him.

“Fawn,” Bullworth said, his voice cracking.

Fawn smiled, a hungry, predatory smile, and she let her eyes drop from Bullworth’s face down to his chest, and he suddenly felt naked and exposed, as if she could see right through his clothes and was staring at his firm little breasts. “I dreamt of you last night,” Fawn said.

Bullworth crossed his arms over his chest, looked away, flummoxed. “I don’t think that’s appropriate for us to... discuss...”

“Look at you. So suddenly bashful.”

“I am sure you have work to do,” Bullworth said, trying to gain control of the encounter.

“Yes, I do” Fawn said, stepping past Bullworth, but so closely that her breasts brushed against him, and as she passed she whispered, “Dirty girl.”

“Pardon me?” Bullworth said even as he felt his nipples get hard, his skin tingling with excitement.

Fawn just laughed, looking back over her shoulder and raising an eyebrow.

Bullworth felt light headed, confused, stumbling down the stairs flush with pleasure, excitement and shame, feeling the same way he had in the dream. Had Fawn been there? Had it been some sort of shared vision? It had to be the case. Why else would she have... spoken to him like that? Looked at him like that?

Oh, gods, he thought, leaning against the wall, his hands to his cheeks. He loved it. Loved it so much. The way she looked at him. The way she spoke to him. He wanted her to

slap him, push him down between her legs, call him dirty and slutty and anything else she wanted.

Keeping one hand on the wall for support, he made his way to his study and collapsed into his chair, eating voraciously. I have to fight this, he thought. I must. I have three days, and I cannot let myself turn into a dirty little slut before my army gets here and I regain my manhood.

Bullworth felt jumpy and nervous the rest of the day as he supervised work on his new estate, both to simply clean up and repair as well as, now, to prepare to house his knights and stage a war, however brief. Each time he crossed paths with Fawn she gave him the same predatory stare, and he felt the same giddy girlishness rise within him in response. As night settled and he retired to his quarters, he turned the lock and sighed with relief that he'd gotten through the day. Shedding his clothes, he felt his breasts sway free in the cooling evening air, and slipping into his night shirt he felt his nipples rubbing against the material. "Ugh!" He murmured. Surely women grew used to these things at some point and were not always conscious of their endless swaying and bouncing, but he, of course, hoped he wouldn't have them long enough to get used to them.

He crawled into bed, pulled the sheets and quilts up to his chin, and tried to fight off all the anxiety he felt over another night of dreaming, and what changes it might bring to his body and mind.

A knock on the door. Bullworth groaned. A second knock. "This had better be an emergency," he said as he threw his covers aside and went to get his robe so as to hide his perky little breasts.

“I assure you it is,” he heard Fawn say from the other side of the door.

“Ugh! Go away!”

“Open up. I must see you.”

Bullworth went to the door, his hands over his chest. “I... order you... to go sleep with the other serving girls!”

“Open up,” Fawn said, pounding louder now. “I have a secret I need to tell you. Open up!”

A secret! Bullworth found himself turning the large brass key in the lock, not even sure why he was doing it, and as soon as the lock was open Fawn pushed the door open, slammed it shut, grabbed the key from Bullworth and locked it, slipping the key into her pocket and turning to face Bullworth, a hungry grin on her face as her eyes dropped to his breasts.

“So it was more than a dream!”

Bullworth kept his hands protectively over his breasts. “What do you want?”

“You,” Fawn said, stepping forward and grabbing Bullworth’s hands, which she now settled right over his breasts and started to massage them along with him, just like in the dream.

Unlike in his dream, Bullworth was bigger and stronger than Fawn, but he found himself unable to say no to her, and so he followed her lead, squeezing his small breasts while she smiled up at him. “Please,” Bullworth heard himself say. “Don’t.”

“I need you so bad,” Fawn said, leading Bullworth back towards his bed, pushing him onto his back.

“Fawn,” he started to say, feeling vulnerable as she crawled on top of him.

“Keep playing with your breasts,” Fawn said as she pulled her own blouse off, letting Bullworth see her own full, white womanly shape.

“There’s some kind of spell on us.” Bullworth said, feeling himself getting hard.

“I don’t care,” Fawn said, leaning down to kiss Bullworth, and now putting his hands on her own breasts while she started to play with his.

Bullworth made a pretty whimpering sound. “Oh gods.”

“It feels good, doesn’t it?”

“No,” Bullworth lied, and Fawn viciously twisted his nipple.

“Tell the truth!”

Yes!” Bullworth screamed. “Yes! But it’s a spell. It’s magic!”

“It is magic,” Fawn said, kissing Bullworth and this time lingering, their noses almost touching as she cupped his cheek and said, “Your tongue is magic. Pleasure me with it.”

Bullworth stared into Fawn’s eyes. “I don’t want to do that,” he whispered. “Please.”

“I don’t care what you want,” Fawn said, patting his cheek.

She started to move forward, preparing to lower herself onto his face, but Bullworth summoned his will power, grabbed her by the hips and lifted her in the air, rolling over and pinning her under him. Fawn struggled, her eyes wide with surprise, and when she went to slap

Bullworth he caught her wrist and then her other, effortlessly pinning her arms above her head as he leaned down and kissed her on the neck.

Fawn struggled, kicked at him. Bullworth leered down. "I'm going to make you remember that I am the man," he growled.

"Do it," Fawn said, accepting the submissive role again. "Take me!"

Bullworth pushed her legs apart and settled in, letting go of her arms as he thrust inside her, his breasts bouncing on his chest with each move.

Fawn's eyes rolled back in her head as Bullworth started to work, and she wrapped her legs around him, pulling him deeper into her. Bullworth was thrusting, just as he used to, his breasts bouncing with each thrust of his hips, his nipples hard and desperate for attention, but he refused to grab his own tits and play with them, instead putting his hands on Fawn's full breasts and squeezing them roughly, but it only made his own breasts ache the more.. He worked and worked, Fawn making little noises under him, and he could feel all that pressure inside him, waiting to burst free, to explode into Fawn, but it wouldn't come, he couldn't get any release. They were both covered in sweat, desperate for release, straining to reach some sort of climax, and Bullworth heard himself cry out, "Do it! Do it already!"

Finally, Fawn reached up and put her hands on his tits, squeezing them, and with the new surge of passion arcing through his body Bullworth screamed in a high-pitched voice as he finally felt himself explode into Fawn, who immediately orgasmed herself, answering Bullworth's feminine scream with her own, the two of them entwined as they climaxed as one.

Bullworth pulled out and then collapsed onto the bed, sweaty and spent. He felt... relieved... relieved that he'd been able to perform as a man, still, to take control, to dominate, but also confused and embarrassed that he'd finally only come when Fawn had squeezed his breasts, that he'd screamed like a woman.

Fawn lay panting next to him, her long hair across her face. She felt a warm, tingly glow throughout her body, both frustrated and defeated, pleased and satisfied. She wanted Bullworth to please her, to obey her, to be her dirty little girl, and he had refused. And yet, she was sure it was only a matter of time before he became the obedient little slut she wanted him to be. In the meantime, she decided to tease him, to plant a few seeds. "You're tits are amazing," she said softly. "So pretty and small. Like a young girl."

"Stop it," Bullworth said, drowsily, sleep coming over him.

"No. I just think you are so cute with your own little boobies! It's adorable."

Bullworth pulled his sheet up over his breasts and tucked it into his armpits as he began to drift off to sleep. "You're being a bitch," he said.

Fawn smiled as she got up off the bed and dressed, leaving Bullworth to drift off to sleep, his little boobies rising and falling. It would be interesting to see how he looked in the morning, but for now she leaned over and kissed her sleeping beauty goodnight before heading down to her own quarters for the evening.

Music. Bullworth heard fiddles and pipes, the jaunty dance music of the servants. He knew he was dreaming as he looked down at his pretty dress, the swell of his full breasts. His long brown hair had been braided into a long, thick ponytail tied up with a big, pink bow, and he had it slung over his shoulder, where he was idly stoking it while standing off to the side behind some hay bales, watching as other men and women, boys and girls danced.

Bullworth's heart fluttered with excitement; he loved dancing! And he found himself swaying his hips and tapping his feet to the music, glancing around, looking for Fawn, hoping he would see her, and of course she would ask him to dance! Bullworth was too shy to ask her or anyone else himself, but he did smile and wave prettily whenever someone looked his way. He wanted people to like him very badly, and so she was always as sweet and accommodating as he could be!

Finally, his eyes were covered, and he bit his lip excitedly, but then a boy's voice said, "Guess who?"

"Torvald?" Bullworth said, hiding his disappointment behind a smile.

"Yes!" Torvald said, taking his hands off Bullworth's eyes.

Bullworth turned and gave the boy a quick, sisterly hug. Torvald was skinny and short—a little shorter than Bullworth in petite girl-form, and very awkward and uneasy around people, especially girls. But he did have the kindest brown eyes, soft and sweet, like a puppy's. "Will you come and dance with me," Torvald said softly.

Bullworth looked away, blushing. "I was waiting for someone," he said.

"Dance with me while you wait," Torvald said. "Please?"

Yuck, Bullworth thought. Stop pleading! He didn't like boys, and especially not ones who seemed more like girls than even he did. He shook his head, trying to think of some nice way to refuse, but then Torvald took his hand and said, "Come on!" Dragging Bullworth toward the ringed in area where the dancers were all gathered.

Bullworth's eyes went wide with surprise, and he found himself powerless to resist as the scrawny boy dragged him into the ring, then took one of his small, soft hands while slipping his other around Bullworth's slender waist.

"Oh my!" Bullworth said, feeling awkward, their bodies so close together that his breasts almost brushed against the boy's chest. "I've never danced with a boy before."

"I don't believe you," Torvald said blushing furiously but feeling triumphant that he had had the nerve to drag this pretty girl into the dance.

"Really!" Bullworth said. "Cross my heart!"

"Well, I never danced with a girl as pretty as you." Torvald said, looking away bashfully.

They moved together, Bullworth feeling bubbly and confused, and then as they moved suddenly a bigger, taller boy cut in, grabbed Bullworth around the waist pulled Bullworth into his body, so that now as he danced Bullworth felt his soft breasts against the boy's ribcage, and he felt a lump in the boy's pants pressing against his thighs.

Bullworth looked up at the boy's face, his heart racing. He was very, very tall and had a rugged, manly face, with an unruly shock of jet black hair and the cutest little mole on his cheek. He stared down at Bullworth, his eyes dancing with mischief, and he let his hand slip down to touch the top of Bullworth's behind.

"Oh!" Bullworth said, wiggling uncomfortably, but unable to move away from the boy.

"What's your name?"

"You have pretty eyes," the boy said.

Bullworth fluttered his eyelashes and looked away, his cheeks blushing, and he said,

"Thank you!"

The music stopped, and Bullworth sighed with relief, but instead of stepping back and making a little bow as Bullworth had expected, the boy put an arm around Bullworth's waist and began walking him off the dance floor. "Let's go find someplace to 'talk,'" the boy said.

"I was... um... waiting for a friend," Bullworth said, looking around desperately, hoping to see Fawn, hoping Fawn would save him from this bossy pants boy!

"Yeah. I know a good place."

Bullworth just smiled awkwardly and followed along as the boy led him away from the crowd and to a small lean to, where the boy practically pushed Bullworth down onto a pile of hay and then sat down next to him. Bullworth tried to scooch away, but the boy soon threw his arms around Bullworth and held him close, staring into his eyes.

You're a man, Bullworth reminded himself. Stand up for yourself! But he felt locked into the scene, unable to do anything but surrender to the desires of the big, strong boy who now held him, who was staring into his eyes.

He wants to kiss me! Bullworth realized. Say no. Slap him! Scream! But instead he found himself tilting his head back, parting his lips, closing his eyes and then the boy's lips were

on Bullworth's, and Bullworth felt a tingle right down to his fingertips as his body lit up with excitement.

"Oh!" Bullworth whispered as soon as the kiss ended. The boy had one hand behind Bullworth's head, was holding their faces close together, and Bullworth stared into the boy's eyes, passively waiting for him to make his next move. The boy pulled Bullworth in for another kiss, and this time one hand went to Bullworth's thigh, and it reached down and pulled and pulled, dragging his skirt up and up until Bullworth felt the boy's hand against his bare thigh, sliding inside, slipping up toward Bullworth's vagina.

Now, suddenly terrified, Bullworth broke off the kiss and said, "No!" He tried to pull down his skirt, but the boy kept slipping his hand up Bullworth's thigh, higher and higher. "Stop!"

"I just want to touch it," the boy said. "A finger pie. Haven't you done it before?"

"No," Bullworth said, struggling helplessly to get free.

"All the girls do it," the boy said. "It isn't bad."

"Please let me go," Bullworth said. "I'm scared."

"Just relax," the boy said, calmly, kissing Bullworth on the neck, sucking on his skin.

The boy's hand was now almost touching Bullworth's nether lips, and Bullworth slapped at him and writhed, twisting, desperate not to let another man touch his vagina, and then just as it seemed he was going to lose, to fail, to be fingered by another male, he heard Fawn say, "Get the hell out of here."

The boy stopped what he was doing, but still held tight to Bullworth. "What did you say to me?" He said.

"You heard me. Let go of her before I smash your face."

The two stared at each other, then the boy let go of Bullworth, stood up and walked away, mumbling.

Bullworth ran to Fawn and threw his arms around her, tears streaming down his face.

"Thank you," he gasped. "I was so scared!"

Fawn held him, patting him on the back like a child. "There, there," she said. "It's okay now."

She started to lead Bullworth back toward the dance, but he hesitated. "Can we wait until I stop crying?" He said. "I don't want everyone to see."

"Yes," Fawn said. "That's okay." She took Bullworth's face in her hands and kissed him gently, brushing his bangs back from his eyes and then looking at him. "Are you okay, Patience? Did he... hurt you?"

"No," Bullworth said. "You stopped him before he could."

"Why did you go with him, anyway? You shouldn't go off with boys like that."

"I know. I know. It's just... I can't..."

Bullworth's lip started to tremble, but before he could cry again, Fawn kissed him, and then again, and then she kissed him on the cheek and the neck, and she held him to her and she

said, "Don't cry. Don't. You're with me now, and I'll keep you safe. You believe me when I say that, don't you?"

Bullworth nodded. "Yes," he said. "Yes. I always feel safe with you."

Fawn kissed Bullworth one last time, then took him by the hand and said, "Do you want to dance with me?"

"If you want to dance, then I do, too!" Bullworth said, all the tears and fear going away. Fawn led him back to the circle, and the two danced beneath the full moon, smiling and laughing and loving. Fawn then led Bullworth out into a field, and when she lifted her skirt, he didn't hesitate, but put his tongue between her legs and started to lick.

Bullworth woke, immediately reaching up and putting his hands on his breasts. They felt larger today. He was sure they were bigger, and he climbed out of bed and stood before his mirror in a ray of morning sunlight, gasping at how changed he was on his second day. Even with his nightshirt still on, he could see his breasts were clearly bigger; they were now the full, rounded breasts of an older girl rather than the little cones he had the day before. Still not as large as the illusory ones he'd once sported, but breasts nonetheless, and their blossoming humiliated him to no end. He would probably have stood there aghast at his swelling breasts longer, but the other changes in his body shocked and appalled him, drawing his attention to new humiliations.

His face. He had full, plush lips and eyebrows that now arched prettily over eyes that looked bigger and were now ringed with full, curly lashes. And his hair now came down to his

jaw line, with a distinctly girlish roundness to it. The total effect was that he now looked like a younger, prettier version of himself, much as he'd looked as a teen-ager but with a distinctly maidenly energy, and he was sure that if he were to put on a dress now people would likely mistake him for a girl.

He'd lost more muscle. His arms and legs now looked like those of a common man on the street, not yet as lithe and rounded as they seemed in his dreams, but embarrassingly diminished. He pulled off his nightshirt and gasped again at how much his shape now resembled that of a female. His hips now had a distinctly girlish roundness to them, swelling out from a now narrow waist, and his skin had the soft, feminine glow of a woman. Between his legs, he had shrunk to an embarrassing degree, having only a tiny little manhood that could almost be lost in his feminine triangular thatch.

He looked at his hands and saw they, too, had gotten both smaller and more delicate, his palms soft and devoid of any calluses.

It's happening too fast, he thought, cupping his blossoming breasts, lifting them feeling their weight. I may be no man at all by the time my army arrives. Curse that blasted witch. What in the nine hells was she planning to accomplish with all this? Did she just mean to humiliate him? To destroy him? To turn him into the meek, helpless love slave of his own serving girl for real and forever?

He stomped a foot in frustration, causing his breast to bounce, but he now also felt the soft, jiggly quality of his body in his hips and behind. He turned to the side and saw that his butt now had the round, curved and lifted shape of a teen-age girl's, and still cupping his breasts he went to his wardrobe, determined to do his best to hide his shameful new curves. He pulled on a

shirt, which clung to his outthrust breasts, and pulled on a pair of pants, which of course were too wide for his narrow waist and hung low on his round hips, threatening to slide off. He had a clasp belt that could fit, and cinched it in enough to keep his pants from falling down, but it celebrated his curvy new shape, and he had to roll up his pants legs and shirt sleeves since he'd lost height and reach.

Finally, he pulled on a pair of boots and one of his great coats, buttoning it to the top, and brushing his bangs out of his eyes went to the mirror to see how he looked, shaking his head in despair as he realized that the clothes had the unexpected effect of drawing attention to how feminine he now looked. The masculine cut and size the clothes did hide his curves, but they were so large and baggy and his face so feminine that they gave him the look of a mischievous girl dressing up in her husband's clothes as a prank. *I am doomed*, Bullworth thought. *There is no way I can face my men, lead them like this! They will laugh at me!*

But what choice do you have, the man in him answered. To slip into a dress and live out your life as Fawn's submissive lover? To find a man and bear his children? Face this trial, and triumph. That is what you must do.

And so, pushing up the sleeves of his coat, Bullworth pulled the bell chord, and then paced nervously about the room, wringing his hands as he waited for Hogan to arrive.

When Hogan did arrive, he slipped open the door carrying a tray laden with food, took one look at Bullworth and nearly dropped the tray as his mouth fell open and he cried out, "Patience!"

"Lord Bullworth," answered Lord Bullworth, for the first time hearing a higher, more youthful voice come from his changed body. If it was not a woman's voice, it was more a boy's than a man's.

"Of course, Lord Bullworth," Hogan answered as he composed himself and carefully set his tray down. "Your forgiveness for my lapse."

"Of course," Bullworth said as Hogan stood at attention. "As you can see, the witch has betrayed my trust and placed me under a new spell."

"You look very much as you did before," Hogan said.

"Yes, but this time it is no illusion."

"I see," Hogan said, masking his feelings, as he had been trained to do since childhood.

"I did not expect it to progress so quickly. I do not wish for people to see me... like this... just yet. I want a guard on the door. Other than you, no one enters this room. You will have to serve as my liaison. Let me know as soon as my knights begin to arrive. I expect we will start to have them here this evening."

"Yes, Lord Bullworth."

"Do not tell anyone of my transformation. Do not speak of it. I will reveal it to my knights in due time, but tomorrow we assault the witch's castle, and I will be restored to full manhood once and for all! You are dismissed."

"Of course, Lord Bullworth," Hogan said, bowing and then taking his leave.

Bullworth sighed, relieved to have gotten that over with. He had felt so grateful for Hogan's loyalty and self-control, for the man's quiet confidence and stalwart nature he'd wanted to rush over and give the man a gushing hug. Bullworth knew he would have to be on guard against such feelings. *Neither a lord nor a lady behaves in such a manner toward the servants,* he reminded himself, *and turning into a maiden does not mean I should start to hug my servants as if I were their sister!*

So, now what? Bullworth wondered, sitting down and idly picking at the food Hogan had brought. A man of action, he had never liked the dull waiting before a battle, and he would normally have paced around the staging ground, checked on all the preparations, spoken with every person he could, done anything and everything to stay busy, and now here he was confined to his room, isolated. Like a maiden in a fairytale, he thought, chuckling to himself. But for the fact that this maiden has an army!

Bullworth pulled down his journal, a quill and ink, and he began to write: *I find myself taking on the shape and thoughts of a woman. With each day, the man I was recedes, and he is replaced by a girl who is impulsive and emotional and most of all dependent, terribly dependent, on others-- I cannot day I hate her!!!! She is a delightful girl, but I do not wish to be her! I must record now the dreams I have had since his spell was placed upon me, though I feel my cheeks flush with shame at the very recollection of them!*

He continued writing while idly picking at the food Hogan had brought, and then he heard HER outside his door. "I must see Lord Bullworth," he heard Fawn say.

"Lord Bullworth is not to be disturbed," the guard at the door answered.

"He will want to see me. Ask him!"

Bullworth kept writing, a little smile on his face. *Fawn is outside my door this very moment! She is so bold! She insists on seeing me. Thank goodness I have a man at the door to protect me from her advances!*

"Move along, Fawn," the man said. "I have my orders."

"Bullworth!" Fawn yelled. "Come out here and tell him to let me in! I must see you!"

Bullworth set down his quill and, biting his lip, started to rise. *Maybe I should see her,* he thought. But no, the man in him said. No. You know where that will lead.

"I have a present!" Fawn said. "A secret, too!"

Bullworth clasped his hands under his chin, fighting back his need to see Fawn, to be held by her, kissed. To feel her hands on his breasts. Oh!

"Take her away," he heard the guard say, and then Fawn shrieked. Bullworth ran to the door, but then turned his back to it and put his hands in his face. Be strong. Be strong! The man in him said.

"I'll be back!" Fawn cried out, her voice growing distant as she was escorted away.

"You know you must see me!"

Bullworth sighed with relief, ran to his bed and threw himself on it, curling up around a pillow and hugging it to his chest. "Oh, thank the goddess!" He cried out loud. His skin tingled and he could feel his nipples getting hard at the very sound of Fawn's voice. How helpless he would be in her arms now if she were to get to him! He thought to nap, sleep, hide from the world in his dreams, but in his dreams he was always all the more a woman, and Fawn was

always there, and he would not be able to escape her power in his dreams, so he stood, light-headed, and started back toward his small desk to write more in his journal.

He heard a rattling and clanking, a great roaring noise, and his heart leapt! Rushing to the window, Bullworth looked about until he saw it-- the great furnace powered flying ship of Sir Fullerton Steed! His knights were arriving, and soon the witch would know the error of her ways! Bullworth hurried to his mirror to check his hair, and grabbing a brush began to fluff it out, then stopped, looked at the brush and thought-- on guard. I must be on guard against these maidenly impulses! And then, with a great mustering of his will, he forced himself to stop worrying about whether or not he looked pretty.

Sometime before, Scarecrow Woman had been tending to her cauldron in the forest, tossing a little eye of newt into the mixture she was preparing. There was a great clattering, as one of Bullworth's iron eagles smashed its beak and claws furiously against the cage into which it had been imprisoned. The others joined in, shaking the leaves with the ferocity of their struggles. "Hahahaha," the woman cackled. "Beak and claws are no match for my magic, stupid creatures."

The eagles began to caw, and caw, making a might noise, and Scarecrow Witch grabbed her broom and prepared to jam it into the cage and stun them one at a time, but just then she heard the rumbling approach of Fullerton Steed's mighty airship. Immediately, knowing the Lady Everspell would likely hear it as well, she hurried into her little moss hut and examined Bullworth's Falcon Court in her skrying mirror, pleased to find it obscured by swirling clouds of

arcane magic: his own devices enhanced with Scarecrow Witch's power. It didn't take long before she detected Lady Everspell's own attempts to look to the Bullworth and see if she could find out what he was up to, and Scarecrow tossed all her magic power into the obscuring spell she'd cast, and held it strong against the eyes of Lady Everspell.

Back in her tower, Lady Everspell strained as she stared into the Eye of Horus, seeing nothing but swirling murky clouds. She tested the magic barrier to seeing, attempting to look through it in different ways, but having no luck. She pulled back and with a took a look at Sir Fullerton Steed, and then her woman's intuition kicked in and she began to scan the skies and roadways leading to Falcon Court, making a small, clucking noise as she saw the gathering forces. Clickity Cat, sensing Everspell's tension, hopped down from the window sill and paced over. "Something amiss?"

"Bullworth seems to be gathering all of his knights to Falcon Court," Everspell said. "And the hall itself is now clouded thoroughly with an extremely intricate spell of obfuscation. I am curious."

"Do you think he means to strike back at you now?"

"I wouldn't have thought it after our meeting," Everspell said. "He seemed to have accepted our accord, and as a matter of honor I would think he would keep to it."

"And yet his knights gather."

"They are too many, and too powerful," Everspell said, absently, and very much aware of the list of entities that had been taken down by Bullworth and his knights-- demi-gods, demons,

wizards and warlords with far more power than she could muster. "If he means to attack..." she let her voice trail off.

"Let me go and take a look," Clickity Cat offered. "I will spy out what is happening."

"Better than that, get to him and ask him directly how I might assist him in his adventure. Let's see how he responds to that."

"The direct approach. You are so human in the way you do things."

"It's just the way I was born. Now, go!"

Once Scarecrow Woman sensed that Everspell had stopped trying to spy out events at Falcon Court, she sighed and then almost fell as she found herself lightheaded and weak from the strain of all her spell work. Her dry, thin body of straw and wire tired so easily! She made her way outside and down to the twisting creek that ran near her hut. Plunging her feet into the cool water and letting them sink deep into the mud, she drank in the water and nutrients, feeling her energy restored. She would need to grow stronger than, as strong as she could, because when the attack happened, she would need all of her power to break into Castle Everspell, steal Lady Everspell's power, and get her revenge!

As for Bullworth? He didn't matter. Maybe she would keep him as her perfect, pretty little pet.

Back at Falcon Court, Hogan entered Bullworth's rooms and bowed. "Sir Fullerton Steed insists on seeing you, Lord Bullworth."

“I expected as much,” Bullworth answered. “Prepare him, Hogan. Tell him what has become of me, and swear him to silence. Then, bring him in.”

“As you wish.”

Bullworth felt his heart racing as he paced back and forth, waiting for Hogan to return with Fullerton. He was conscious of the weight of his swaying breasts, hidden beneath his great coat, and he fought constantly with the compulsion to check himself in the mirror, to fix his hair. He sat, crossed his legs, felt awkward, and stood, leaned against the wall in a rakish manner. It all felt so wrong. He finally decided he would be standing, stride forward and greet Fullerton with a strong, manly handshake.

He heard the two approaching, stood with his legs wide, chest out in what felt like a masculine manner. The door opened and Fullerton shoved his way into the room, took one look at Bullworth and stopped dead in his tracks. Their eyes met, and Bullworth felt himself flush as a strange new fire lit his softened body. All plans to rush forward and offer a manly handshake vanished, and instead he felt his cheeks flush, and he looked away terrified that Fullerton would sense what he was feeling.

Fullerton, for his part, stared at the boy-girl before him, seeing clearly the face of his general and friend, but softened and made feminine, and the smallness of the frame in those oversized clothes filled him with a rush of virile energy that shocked and surprised him. “You are ravishing,” Fullerton heard himself say, as Bullworth blushed and looked away with maidenly modesty that fired Fullerton all the more.

Ravishing. The word was like a silk caress to Bullworth. It thrilled him and terrified him to realize he'd become the object of Fullerton's manly desire. "Sir Fullerton," Bullworth said, forcing himself to look the other man in the eyes. "I am yet your general."

"Forgive me, Lord Bullworth. Hogan told me of your curse, but he could not have prepared me for the angelic beauty of your face."

"Enough!" Bullworth snapped, turning away crossing his arms over his chest as he felt his nipples getting tight. "We must maintain decorum, Lord Fullerton."

"Yes," Fullerton answered. "Yes. I do not know what has come over me."

Bullworth continued to stand with his back to Fullerton, afraid of the feelings that were washing over him, not certain he could fight them off if he continued to look at the tall, powerful man with his thick, black beard and gnarled, muscled forearms. "I need you to be my captain, Sir Fullerton. As the nights arrive, get them settled, and I will address all of you once everyone had arrived. I don't want to have to repeat this awful scene again with each of them."

"Of course, Lord Bullworth."

Lord Bullworth glanced back from the corner of his eye and saw that Fullerton was edging closer, and he felt the hair on the back of his neck rise with excitement and fear. Part of him wanted to just stand there, to wait until Fullerton slipped his arms around his waist and pulled him on, turned him in his arms and held Bullworth close, demanding a kiss... but no! No. "You may go," Bullworth said, softly.

"Elgin," Fullerton said in a deep, calm voice that sent chills through Bullworth... "Look at me."

Bullworth couldn't resist, and he looked back over his shoulder to see Fullerton on one knee, and hand extended.

"Take my hand," Fullerton said, and again Bullworth found himself powerless to resist as he turned, reached out and took the man's strong, calloused hand into his own. Bullworth blushed from head to toe as an electric charge seemed to pass from Fullerton and into his body, but when he tried to pull his hand away Fullerton held it tight. "I pledged to serve you, and to that pledge I remain true. I will fight for you, to free you from the curse that has been put upon you. But know you this, Elgin. You are the most lovely woman I have ever seen, and it will pain me more than words can tell for me to see your face, the very vision of female perfection, removed from this world."

"Thank you," Bullworth said, shaken, confused, and on the verge of throwing himself into Fullerton's arms he sighed and said, "Oh, goodness. Please! Leave me now! Before I forget myself!"

"Very well," Fullerton said, standing and heading toward the door. "But know you this; each moment I spend outside your presence will be agony!"

The door closed, and Bullworth collapsed onto his bed once more. The blasted witch, he thought, punching his mattress in frustration. What a silly thing she has made of me, and now even my knights gush and fawn over as if I were nothing but a maiden, to wooed and flattered and goddess what's worst of all is that infernal had made me like it, need it even!

Bullworth remained hiding in his rooms as more and more of his knights gathered. Hogan brought more food. The sun set, and the evening air grew chill. Soon, the moment he'd been dreading arrived, when Hogan came to inform him that the knights were all gathered in the

Great Hall, and were expecting to meet with him the night before the battle, as was tradition.

Bullworth shook his head. "I can't face them like this," he said.

"I am only your servant, Lord Bullworth," Hogan said. "But you have always met with the knights on the eve of a new campaign. It is expected."

"Look at me. I am... unmanned," Bullworth said. "If the men see me like this? They will lose faith in me. They will lose faith in their leader."

"If the men think you are afraid, they will lose faith."

"I am afraid," Bullworth whispered.

"Very few people know of suspect this, but I know you have been afraid before," Hogan said. "And I also know that throughout your life you have always faced your fear."

"Yes. So what should I do? Tell me."

"Do now what you have always done."

This time, Bullworth could not resist his maidenly impulses, and he threw his arms around Hogan and hugged him tight, even giving him a kiss on his cheek. "Thank you, Hogan! I would be lost without you."

With that, Bullworth straightened his shoulders and marched out of his room for the first time that day. I can do this! Bullworth told himself. I can do anything as long as I have men like Hogan to rely on!

Hogan, meanwhile, trailed behind his transformed master, a storm of confused emotions swirling around in his head as he put his hand to his cheek and thought about the kiss. He would

have to repress these feelings he was having, of course, fight them back, because even if Bullworth did become a lady after being a lord, a relationship with her servant was no doubt out of the question. Wasn't it?

As for Bullworth, he focused on trying to clear his mind. He would walk in and he would talk to his knights just as he had always done, and then tomorrow they would take care of the witch, and they would feast and tell stories, and he would reward them all handsomely for their time, a man among men once more. He approached the door to the hall, listened to the loud talk amongst the men, took a deep breath and, with a glance back to Hogan for comfort, he walked boldly into the hall, glancing around the room and meeting the eyes of his knights, watching as their faces lit up with wonder and amazement at his transformed appearance, as well as lust. The room was thick with the smell of men, and Bullworth felt himself getting aroused again at the smell of them, at their strong, rugged faces and powerful shoulders and arms. He loved being the center of so much male attention, having all these men here to serve and admire him, but he pushed those thoughts aside and took his rightful place at the head of the table thinking be a man, be a man, be a man!

“My knights,” he began, ignoring the boyish sound of his voice. “As you can see, the foul witch Lady Everspell has placed a curse upon me. A curse! This, despite the fact that we had come to an accord of mutual peace between us.”

“Fie!” The men called out.

“Foul witch!”

“I thank you all for coming here in such haste to bring justice to this most egregious witch and all her foul servants. Tomorrow, we destroy her, and then we feast and revel in the manner of the greatest warriors on this planet or any other!”

The men roared, just as they had always roared, and Bullworth felt the old rush. “I leave you now, but feast and drink as you will. Enjoy the hospitality of my hall and grounds! Tomorrow, at dawn, we strike!”

Bullworth hurried out, Hogan at his side, and as soon as he was out in the hall he threw his arms around Hogan and said, “I did it!”

“Yes, Lord Bullworth,” Hogan said, keeping his voice as flat as possible. “An excellent speech.”

Bullworth hooked his arm around Hogan’s, and the two walked arm and arm back to his room, Bullworth feeling giddy, proud that even as a half-girl he’d been able to lead his men and more confident than ever that he would win his war against Everspell the next day. So caught up in his own thoughts and feelings was he that he never even noticed the strain he was putting on his love struck servant.

“Well, goodnight Lord Bullworth,” Hogan finally said as they reached Bullworth’s room, daring to pat his master gently on the arm.

“Goodnight, loyal Hogan,” Bullworth said, patting the man back and smiling prettily.

Bullworth went into his room, locked the door and turned around to see Fawn poke her head from under the covers. “Guess what I’m wearing?” Fawn said.

“Get out!” Bullworth hissed, hurrying over to the bed.

“Not until you kiss me,” Fawn answered, disappearing back under the covers.

“How ever did you get in here?” Bullworth said, lifting the covers and searching for Fawn.

“Window,” Fawn answered. “And it wasn’t easy.”

“Well, you’ll go out the same way!” Bullworth said, fishing around under the covers with his hands, trying to find Fawn, but Fawn grabbed his hands and pulled him under the covers with her, smothering his mouth in kisses even as she started to strip off his clothes. Bullworth play-struggled against her, but they both knew he couldn’t say no to her, and when Fawn got him out of his coat and put her hands on his full, blossoming breasts she gasped and said, “Your boobs are getting so big!”

“Don’t remind me,” Bullworth answered, trying to sound annoyed, but obviously loving the feeling of her hands on his breasts, teasing his nipples.

“And your skin is getting soooooo soft! Are you still even a boy?”

“Yes!” Bullworth said as Fawn reached down to find out for herself.

“Barely,” Fawn said. “And I love it!”

They kissed some more, held their bodies together, and then they found themselves on top of the covers in their usual positions: Bullworth on his back, Fawn on top. Bullworth sighed as Fawn moved, positioning herself above him, and then lowering herself onto his face. He didn’t want to do it, but he wanted to please Fawn, needed to please Fawn, and besides he just didn’t have the energy to argue—or even the strength to fight her off as he had the night before. Fawn was stronger than him now.

He put his hands on her firm, round ass and started to lick, getting in deeper and deeper, buried in the smell of her womanhood, her juices dripping all over his face and mouth. He worked and worked until she finally shuddered and made a small gasp of pleasure, then she climbed off him and collapsed onto the bed next to him, giving Bullworth a pat on the arm. “You nasty little slut,” she said. “Your magic tongue.”

Bullworth lay on his back, his nipples aching, a raging but tiny hard-on. He knew better than to ask Fawn to finish him. She either would or she wouldn't as she pleased without regard for what he needed. He felt dirty and used, and yet excited and thrilled all at the same time. They lay next to each other panting, and then Fawn perched herself up on one arm and looked over at Bullworth, taking her index finger and tracing it up and down his sternum between his boobs.

“Your new tits are so cute,” Fawn said. “They're still small, though. Like a girl!”

Bullworth looked down at his soft round breasts, gently rising and falling as he breathed.

“You know what I hope?” Fawn said.

Bullworth shook his head.

“I hope you grow big, huge tits. Giant ones like melons! And I hope you turn all pretty and sweet like in our dreams! Wouldn't that be wonderful, sweet Patience? Wouldn't you love to have huge boobs?”

“If it makes you happy,” Bullworth said softly. “I suppose so.”

“That's right, my filthy little slut. You just live to make me happy, don't you?”

“Yes,” Bullworth admitted. “It seems that I do.”

Fawn laughed. “I love having you for my little slut, Patience. Do you love being my slut?”

“Yes. Of course. I don’t have any choice.”

“So why, why, why do you want to go and fight that witch and go back to being a stupid man?”

“It is what I truly am.”

“Were. Now, you’re just my dirty whore.” She flicked his nipple with her index finger.

“Ouch!” Bullworth said, covering his breasts. “That hurt.”

“I know,” Fawn said, laughing. “I like hurting you.”

“You’re mean,” Bullworth answered turning on his side and then making a small, high-pitched scream as he looked right into the glowing eyes of Clickity Cat, who sat perched in the window, watching curiously. Bullworth put his arms shyly over his breasts as Fawn sat up and put her hands protectively on his soft shoulders.

“Watch yourself!” Fawn said to the creature. “Don’t come any closer.”

Clickity Cat yawned and looked up and down Bullworth’s changed form. “I am not a threat to you. In fact, I came to offer help in your coming conflict.”

“Help?” Bullworth said. “You lie! You are one of Everspell’s creatures.”

“I should destroy you now,” Fawn said, climbing out of the bed and putting herself between Bullworth and the cat, completely unashamed of her own nakedness.

“I wish you would,” Clickity said. “I’d finally be freed of this absurd shape.”

“Capture it!” Bullworth said. “It is a spy!”

“I assure you, I am only here to offer Everspell’s assistance in this... crisis...”

“Assistance? She is the cause of my... travails!”

“What? You think she did... this? To you?” Clickity Cat shook her head.

“Who else?”

“I don’t know,” Clickity answered. “But I assure you Everspell had nothing to do with this amusing change.”

Fawn started to creep towards the clockwork cat, and it hissed steam at her. Bullworth shrieked and said, “Be careful!” In his high-pitched voice.

“Don’t worry,” Fawn said. “I can handle myself.”

“Hold! Hold!” Bullworth said, still cupping his soft breasts in his hands. “Creature. If Everspell wishes to help, send word that I would be returned to my true shape. That is all I want, and the only reason I gathered my army. I don’t care whether she was or was not responsible for this curse, but if she will restore me, than we will have peace once more.”

“Do you agree with this?” Clickity asked, turning to Fawn, who clearly seemed to be the dominant member of the couple.

“Yes,” Fawn answered.

“Very well.”

“Make speed. The army attacks at dawn unless an accord is reached,” Fawn added.

“Of course.” And with that Clickity Cat hopped off the windowsill and hurried off into the night.

“Could she be speaking the truth?” Bullworth asked.

Fawn turned and saw him there, holding his breasts, his sweet face a mask of feminine concern, and her heart went out to her pretty lover. She loved him like that, wanted more, hated the thought that he would one day return to being the same old swaggering male he'd once been. “I don't think you can trust her,” Fawn said, climbing back into bed with Bullworth. “Who else would have done this to you?” She took his hands and drew them away from his chest, letting his breasts sway free. “You are so pretty.”

“Don't,” Bullworth said.

“I can't stop myself,” Fawn said, giving his breast a squeeze and then climbing out of bed and starting to dress.

“Can't you stay with me tonight?” Bullworth said. “Hold me for a while until I fall asleep?”

“I have an idea of something special. A present! For you!” She turned her back to Bullworth and said, “Tie me!”

Bullworth obediently began to lace the back of her dress up. As soon as he was done, Fawn gave him a quick kiss on the lips and then hurried out of the room to the surprise of the guard in the hall, who peeked into the room to see a disheveled Bullworth with a sheet pulled up to hide his perfect, perky breasts. “It’s fine!” Bullworth said, smiling shyly. “Goodnight!”

“Goodnight... um.... *Lord?* Bullworth.”

Bullworth fell back into bed, tired and confused with the news from Everspell, and his last thought before he fell asleep was, *I hope I don’t dream tonight.*

He found himself walking on a winding path in a dark, twisted wood. He was wearing a white dress with a full skirt that dragged along the ground, and he lifted it as well as he could, terrified that the pretty white hem would get tainted with the dirt of the forest. He had to look perfect for Fawn. Had to be pretty! Where was she? “Fawn?” He called out, his voice like a little bell. “Fawn?” He realized he was lost and scared, and that he badly needed Fawn to get him out of the scary wood. What was left of the man he’d been raged deep inside against the feelings of helpless dependence, against his scatter-brained focus on his dress, and the nameless fear and panic that gripped him.

“Fawn?” He called, and when he heard his voice echo back at him he jumped in fright, scared by the sound of his own voice.

He thought he heard a noise somewhere ahead, and he hurried along the twisting winding path with a slight decline, and he found himself walking extra pensively as his pretty silk shoes slipped on the damp earth. He slipped, and for a moment was about to scream in terror at the

prospect of falling and getting mud on his dress, and when he caught himself and didn't fall he put a hand to his full, buxom breasts and sighed. He heard quiet talking ahead, whispers, and he was sure one of the voice was Fawn's! So, he hurried forward, around a turn, where he found a small glen and Fawn, wrapped in the arms of a man, kissing him!

"Fawn!" Bullworth said, his mouth falling open. He felt like someone had just punched him in the stomach.

Fawn looked up, saw him, and laughed. "Patience!" She cried.

The man pulled Fawn in for another kiss, ignoring Bullworth, and then he draped a hand over Fawn's breast and looking Bullworth up and down said, "Come over here."

The man's eyes were hard and angry, and his voice deep. Bullworth started forward, shook his head and said, "No."

"She wants to watch," Fawn said, giggling and kissing the man again.

"Come over here!" The man demanded, and Bullworth felt compelled to listen to him.

Bullworth took tentative steps into the glen, shaking his head, his heart racing, breasts rising and falling. He didn't want to seem rude, and the man seemed to feel it was so important. "Fawn," Bullworth said in an almost whisper. "Can we go someplace else? Alone?"

"You're the dirty slut Fawn has been telling me about," the man said, and Bullworth blushed because he could feel the man was undressing him with his eyes. "She tells me you can work magic with the mouth of yours."

Bullworth felt shame and pride and disgust. He knew what the man was thinking. As he neared, Fawn reached up and took one of his hands and started to pull him down. "My dress!" Bullworth said. "I don't want it to get dirty!"

"A dirty dress for a dirty girl," Fawn said, yanking Bullworth to the ground and immediately covering his mouth in a long, wet kiss even while he felt the man come around behind him and cup his breasts. Bullworth squirmed and then man whispered hotly in his ear, "You are a goddess." Bullworth's soul sang at the compliment. He was a stunning woman, and he knew it! Bullworth's his mind grew cloudy, pleasure overtaking him, all his resistances melting away, the man in him surrendering to the woman, overcome with her needs. The man pushed Bullworth forward so he was on his hands and knees, and Fawn ran her hands through his hair, grabbing a fistful and yanking as she kissed him while the man grabbed Bullworth's behind and squeezed...

Bullworth wiggled his butt invitingly, and the man lifted Bullworth's dress, pulling it up over his hips and then yanking down his knickers down. At the same time, fawn lay back, yakking on Bullworth's hair and pulling his head down between her legs, causing his ass to rise into the air. Bullworth felt a thrilling sense of powerlessness as the two worked, Fawn pulling her face down into her wet slit while the man thrust into Bullworth from behind, pushing his member deep into Bullworth's vagina. Bullworth couldn't see, could barely move, pinned as he was between the two of them. He could hear Fawn softly purring with pleasure, hear the man's guttural grunts, but mostly he just felt his tongue flicking up and down the sugary lips of Fawn's sex, and then deeper and deeper, her juices smearing on his face, filling his mouth, the smell of her all over his face and almost smothering him even as he felt the strong, powerful stag of a man behind him grabbed his soft hips and start to pound deeper, harder, harder and deeper, the two

sending shivers of pleasure through Bullworth, bringing him closer and closer to a point of ecstatic pleasure, but again the tension built and built within him, and he wanted to scream out for release but could only lick and suck and silently beg for that explosion he needed and wanted and lived for...

"You nasty stupid slut," the man yelled. "I am fucking you just like the stupid cow you've become!"

"You are such a stupid slut!" Fawn screamed, yanking Bullworth hair at the same time the man slammed into him and then pinched both of his ass cheeks so hard he felt like he'd been stabbed, and finally Bullworth's body shuddered and spasmed as he orgasmed, and he found himself tossed on his side, staring up at the tree branches, and then the man stood over him and he was spraying his seed all over Bullworth's tits, and Bullworth gasped as he reached up with his soft little hands and started to rub the sticky mess into his breasts, and the sneering contempt on the man's face gave him a deep, desperate thrill, so when Fawn hissed, "lick your fingers" Bullworth didn't hesitate, but he put his fingers to his lips and began to suck the salty mess off them, licking them, and as Fawn and the man laughed down at him, he came again, a second explosion of pleasure that rolled through his body, and he put his hands on his breasts and squeezed while squeezing his knees together and crying out in his tiny little voice, "Oh, goddess. Oh, goddess. I love being a nasty girl."

Fawn and the man laughed, but Bullworth just lay there in his dirty, mud-stained dress, reveling in the afterglow and already wanting more. He pushed himself up on one arm, bit his lip and smiled mischievously at the man, who stood there nude looking down at Bullworth. Bullworth's hair was in his face, and he stared hungrily at the man's member bulging chest, rock

hard abs, and his member. It was the first time he'd looked at a naked man as a woman, and Bullworth whispered, "I want you in my mouth."

"That can be arranged," the man said, stepping forward.

Fawn started clapping and giggling, and she said, "I'll bet you'll make the best little cock-sucker in the kingdom!"

Bullworth woke, his head cob-webby with confused thoughts and feelings, muddled memories from his dream. He remembered how it had ended, saw the man approaching him, remembered the hunger he'd felt to pleasure the man with his mouth, and he murmured, "No. No!"

Part IV: A Maiden Full

Sitting up, Bullworth immediately realized his breasts were now much bigger than before as they swayed on his chest and he felt their weight yanking at his shoulders. He looked down at the full, white breasts and his hair tumbled into his eyes, just as it had in his dream, and reaching his soft little hands between his soft, round thighs he put his fingertips gingerly on his vulva, feeling the hairy outer curves of his new vagina. Bullworth something twist in him, a feeling of nausea.

I have a slit now, he thought. I am actually a woman. He started to slip a finger inside his new slit, to prove to himself it was real, but he remembered the sense of pleasure being penetrated had given him in his dreams of being a woman, so in terror he pulled his hands away and climbed out of bed, feeling all the strange new shifting and jiggling of his soft, new shape. Tossing his hair back over his shoulders and pushing it out of his eyes, he crept daintily to the

mirror, his heart racing, his mind warring against itself with two competing fears: *Don't be pretty! Please be pretty! I can't be pretty! I must be pretty!*

Finally, he closed his eyes and balled his little fists, stepped in front of the mirror and then stood there, the cool morning air bringing goose bumps to his soft skin. *Be a man and just look already!* He thought. *Okay. On the count of three then.* He counted three. Opened his eyes, and squeaked in terror and delight at the stunning female that looked back at him with her wide, innocent eyes blinking, her pretty pink mouth, with such generous and soft lips, hanging open, showing her white teeth and pink tongue.

Her hair was thick and curly, and it tumbled down over his slender, rounded white shoulder, little tendrils curling above her large, white and firm young breasts. Fawn had gotten her wish, and Bullworth now had a pair of breasts that would make any girl jealous, full and round, so firm they seemed to float in the air, sticking out from his tiny body what seemed like a foot! The wide brown nipples pointed up slightly, and as he let his eyes drift down to his tiny little waist and then bell-like hips, his old male mind kicked in and he thought, *I am meant to bear many children.* His legs were lean and long, his wrists and ankles delicate, and turning he confirmed that he had a high, rounded, inviting ass, and looking at it he remembered his dream and blushed slightly.

Bullworth ran his hands through his hair and then put his hands on his cheeks. He couldn't look away from himself, but just let his eyes play over his tiny arms, his long, slender neck-- and his skin! It was glowing with a kind of feminine vitality that made him flush with pride and shame because it, again, just seemed to celebrate how ripe and ready he was to deliver some man perfect babies. As soon as he finished enjoying the sight of the perfect girl in the

mirror, he started again... drinking in the sight of his perfect little upturned nose, his sweet, heart-shaped face, his delicate eyebrows and thick, curly lashes... the pretty little V between his legs, the rounded, pretty shape of his legs, the sway of his back, the elegance of his long, slender little fingers...

I can have any man I want, he thought proudly, burying his hands in his hair and arching his back, thrusting his full breasts out and smiling, glancing at himself out of the corner of his eyes and blowing himself a kiss. Watching himself, he felt almost frightened at what a perfect sexually irresistible female he'd become, and wondered if he would even be safe in the company of his own men unprotected. Yes, they were noble knights and men of honor, but he was a goddess now!

"Oh! My knights," Bullworth said in his breathy, little girl's voice. He put a hand to his cheek as he remembered the men, the war with Everspell. Looking back at the pretty girl in the mirror, he paused. Do I really want to change back? Couldn't I just stay like this? I'm so perfect now. Such a perfect girl!

But no. No! He had to fight this. He would not be a dirty slut no matter how much he liked it. He would get dressed, and then he would get Fawn to come with him and lead his men into battle! He went to his closet and looked at his clothes, becoming fully aware for the first time that he'd also grown much shorter-- lost at least half a foot in height. "What can I wear?" He said out loud.

"How about nothing?" Fawn answered.

Bullworth shrieked in fright and spun around, throwing one slender arm across his breasts and putting another over his vagina, his knees together. "Where did you come from?"

"The window," Fawn answered, but her mouth dropped open as she stared at Bullworth in amazement. "You are... a girl now. In every way." Fawn's mouth was hanging open, her eyes were wet with lust as she looked over the stunning girl in front of her.

"Yes," Bullworth said, feeling himself flush with pleasure at the effect he was having on Fawn. "In every way." He let his voice slip into an even higher register.

"Let me see," Fawn said, nodding.

Bullworth dropped his arm from his breasts, took the over from its modest placement between his legs. He put one hand on his hip, thrust it out, and buried another in his hair, turning slightly to the side to give Fawn a good look at his curvy profile.

Fawn made a deep-throated, grunting noise, then started to circle Bullworth. "Don't move," Fawn said. "Stand there just like that."

Bullworth obeyed, his skin tingling with pleasure as Fawn walked around him, caressing him with her eyes. She moved closer and closer, reaching out and moving her hands around him, almost but not quite touching his shoulder, his breasts, his hips and thighs.

"Touch me," Bullworth said, wanting to feel her hands against his soft skin. "Hold me!"

Fawn grabbed his hair, slapped him across the face, and said, "Don't ever tell me what to do!"

"I'm sorry," Bullworth said, struggling to get away from her, thrilled that he couldn't.

"Please don't hurt me!"

Fawn slapped him again, then pulled him in and kissed him, a hard, hot, demanding kiss, and then she pushed him hard and Bullworth stumbled and fell to the floor. He stayed there, staring up at Fawn from under his hair, licking his lips, his nipples getting hard, his slit wet. He forgot all about his men, the battle, Everspell. He just wanted Fawn to take him, slap him, make him her helpless little love slave.

Fawn stood there, legs straddled, looking down at the gorgeous little female Bullworth had become, his pretty eyes wide and eager for her, and then she turned and went to his wardrobe, and when she turned around she held a leather belt in her hands. Bullworth gasped prettily, started to crawl away from her. "No!" He said, glancing over his slender white shoulder. "Please!" His perfect little ass was wiggling back and forth as he crawled, and Fawn strode purposefully over to him and brought the belt stinging across that soft, round rear with a whack!

Bullworth shrieked closed his eyes, ready to surrender, but then nothing happened. He pulled his hair out of his face and looked around the room to see Fawn sitting down on the bed, smiling at him.

Bullworth shook his head. "Did I do something wrong?"

"No," Fawn answered. "But I just don't know what to do with you. You're so perfect and pretty now!"

Bullworth blushed at the compliment. "Do whatever you want to me," he squeaked, crawling over to sit at Fawn's knee. "You know I love to please you."

“Not anymore, pretty girl,” Fawn said, idly playing with Bullworth’s hair. “You got a taste of men last night in our dream.”

Bullworth gasped. “You were there again!”

“Of course. And I know how much you loved it when he took you, did for you the things only a man can do to a pretty little thing like you. I can never be that for you.”

“I don’t care,” Bullworth said, running his hand along the smooth cloth of Fawn’s dress. “I’ll do whatever you want, go wherever you want me to go, be whatever you want me to be!”

“As if you have a choice,” Fawn said. “No, sweet girl. You are well past the point of being able to think for yourself, and the first strong man who claims you will have you on your back begging for him in an hour.”

Bullworth looked away, his cheeks burning. He knew it was true!

“So tell me what I must do,” Bullworth said, feeling helpless and overwhelmed.

“Bring the witch to her knees, and then, demand that she make me a man!” Fawn said.

Bullworth tilted his head, bit his lip as the idea processed through his cloudy little brain. Make Fawn a man? Stay a woman? But if he went back to being a man, couldn’t they be happy together like that?

“Don’t think,” Fawn said, putting a hand under Bullworth’s chin and tilting his head back. “Just say yes.”

A bright, pretty smile spread across Bullworth’s face, as rosy and warm as a sunrise, and he giggled and said, “As you wish.”

Fawn kissed her pretty little man then, and stood up. “We need to get you dressed for your big day.”

“Dressed?”

On cue, there was a knock at the door, and Fawn smiled and went over to open it. Servants immediately entered carrying a shimmering silk dress in royal purple. Bullworth’s eyes went wide and sparkled with girlish delight. “For me?”

“Is there another Lady of the Manor here?”

The servants lay the dress out on the bed, and Bullworth touched the smooth, silky material with the tips of his fingers. It was the prettiest thing he had ever seen! “I don’t know,” Bullworth whispered. “Should I wear it? In front of my men? It’s ever so... so...”

“Gorgeous?”

“Yes. I mean, maybe I’m not pretty enough....”

“Hush,” Fawn said, “You are going to be the most beautiful girl in all the realms, and your knights will be falling all over each other to impress you! Now, Miss Patience, time for your corset! I believe you’ve worn one of these, and not too long ago.”

“I didn’t much care for it,” Bullworth said, looking at the silk and lace corset, white and purple, seeing it with new and delighted eyes.

“You’ll love it now.”

The servants left, and for the next hour Fawn laced Bullworth into his corset, draped him in petty coats and then squeezed him into his new dress, delighted as the pretty young woman

became more and more feminine and gorgeous, her little hands fluttering as she giggled prettily in her new clothes. Then, Fawn carefully wove Bullworth's long hair into an elaborate braid which she then piled on his head, keeping ribbon-like strands of hair free which framed his soft face, before she stained his lips a deep, wine-red and darkened his long, curly eyelashes. Finally, she pinned a pretty hat with ostrich feathers to his head and took his small hand, leading his blushing and excited to the mirror. When he looked at himself Bullworth shrieked with joy and threw his slender arms around Fawn's neck, shouting, "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!"

He looked back at the mirror, at his full breasts and soft round shoulders, his tiny waist and his pretty, painted face, and he screamed, clapping his hands. "I never thought I could be so pretty!" The vision before him was not just a beautiful young woman, but a beautiful young woman bound and primed and made more deliciously helpless and vulnerable and feminine and the sight of himself so deliciously hobbled gave him a thrill like he'd never felt before as man or a woman.

Fawn put her arms around his waist from behind and kissed him on the neck. "I love you, Patience. I love you more than anything, and you will be able to have this for the rest of your life! Pretty dresses and cute hair, and no more fighting and worries and war! Won't that be wonderful?"

"As long as I get to spend my maiden days with you, and when you are a man, when we can be together forever, I will love my new sex and my new life, and I will always do anything you want to make you happy!" Bullworth did a little twirl, his arms at his sides, hands open, palms toward the floor.

“Let’s go,” Fawn said. “The sun rises.” Bullworth started toward the door, but Fawn said, “No. The balcony. You must not descend and walk amongst the men. You are a lady now.”

The knights had risen, donned their armor, and roused the soldiers who served under them. The whole force was gathered in the courtyard and ready in formation. Fawn opened the doors to Bullworth’s balcony, and, his heart racing like a little bird, he stepped out into the cool morning air, the rising sun cool and golden against his soft skin, and he had one white gloved hand to his cheek.

“The Lady Bullworth,” Fawn called from inside the room, and all the knights stopped talking, turned and looked up to see the beautiful woman Bullworth had become standing above them, glowing in the golden rays of the rising sun. The men stared, stunned at the beauty of this newly made woman, and then one by one, they knelt down and lowered their heads.

“My noble and loyal knights,” Bullworth called out in his pretty little voice, a voice like a lark. “My heart swells with joy and gratitude as we prepare to storm the castle of the wicked Lady Everspell, who has cursed,” he voice faltered at the word cursed, it seemed such a lie to him now, “cursed me with this soft, female shape. You are the greatest knights a... lady... could ever hope to have, and you know all, each and every one of you, that it is our loyalty to one another that has made us all the mightiest gathering of men... and now ladies... in the kingdom! Ride now, and show no mercy!”

The men rose and roared, slamming their swords against their breast plates, and then they roared, and again a third time, and Bullworth felt a feminine thrill at their deep, manly voices and

their displays of strength and the fact that he was the most beautiful woman any of them had ever seen and he could feel the heat of their masculine desire as they gazed upon his womanly shape.

The army moved, airships and iron steeds, some riding old fashioned war horses and others, the scouts, moving quickly and silently on foot, vanishing into the countryside and forest, the whole mighty army that had defeated gods surging toward Castle Everspell.

Lady Everspell could see nothing, but she knew that the large, clouded mass that now moved toward her location could only be the mighty army of Lord Bullworth. She thought again of the images she'd seen through Clickity Cat's eyes of the feminized man, pretty and buxom, and his meek, retiring manner. If only she'd been able to speak through Clickity Cat, or send a magic message! But it had taken all her power to pierce the now powerful defenses of his estate and just to see his new shape and the reason for his vengeance. She had waited for Clickity Cat to return so she could send back her message, promise Bullworth a return to his true form, but the creature had not appeared, had vanished even from her sight only an hour before the sun was to rise.

Where was she? What had happened to her?

It didn't matter. Bullworth and his knights now came rushing toward her, and she had looked and looked about through her magic room, her spells and potions and ancient tomes, had sought aid from sources far and wide, but no one wanted to stand with her against Bullworth, and nothing in her own magic arsenal gave her hope of defeating a mighty host that had brought down demi-gods in three different realms.

She only had two choices: run, or surrender, so she decided she must surrender. Perhaps Bullworth would show mercy, especially if she were to prove able to reverse the spell that had

been cast upon him and given him the woman's shape she had only draped over him in the form of an illusion.

“What do you plan to do?” Her sprites asked, cowering nervously in the corners of the room.

“You two must run with the wind and get yourselves far from here and out of dangers way! I will be fine. Don't worry.”

“Lady Everspell, are you certain?” The sprites asked, speaking with one, quavering voice. “We love you and we will stand with you even unto death!”

“I know, dear ones,” Lady Everspell said, smiling. “But I want you to run, and don't worry about me. If I should die, wait a time, and then come back and make sure I am laid to rest in a proper manner for a witch. That is all I ask.”

“Yes, yes. Of course.” The sprites began to weep, and they each hugged Everspell and then she kissed each of them on the forehead and the mouth, and they flew out, weeping into the morning breeze, and vanished, and Lady Everspell was surprised to taste her own salty tears and realize that she was crying, too, not because she might soon die, but because she might never see so many that she loved again.

Wiping her tears, she grabbed one of her magic staves, made her way down the stairs from her tower, and prepared to face her doom.

Bullworth's army rapidly surrounded the castle of Lady Everspell, and finding no resistance took positions and prepared to storm the castle. All remained tense and extremely cautious. Witches were known for their tricks and traps, and the lack of any resistance only raised the risk of some sort of diabolical trap.

Bullworth rode up in his open carriage, drawn by two magnificent white steeds and now driven by Hogan while Bullworth rode at the back, anxiously keeping his pretty hat from flying off. Fawn sat at his side. Bullworth pulled his goggles down and saw the glimmering layers of magic shields and protections surrounded Everspell's castle, but even as he prepared to direct his men to power up their engines and war and blast the magic defenses away, he watched the magic shields all drop away, and then the castle gates creaked open and the small, lone figure of Lady Everspell walked out, her staff in hand.

All grew silent, waiting for the witch to unleash whatever dread magic she planned to unleash on them, or perhaps to call forth some sort of undead host from her castle, but instead she just walked calmly forward, her head held high, as casual and unconcerned as if she had just decided to go out for a walk.

Bullworth watched, nervously, reaching out for Fawn's hand. Fawn patted him on the arm and then nodded for him to stay put, but as she stood and prepared to speak Fullerton strode forward, shield raised, sword in hand and bellowed, "Drop your staff!"

Everspell stopped walking, dropped her staff and then fell to one knee, calling out, "I throw myself on your mercy, Lord Bullworth."

Fullerton looked back at Bullworth who was sitting prettily in his carriage, his face a mask of feminine concern.

“It’s a trick!” Fullerton yelled. “Do not trust this witch’s twisted tongue!”

“I have dropped all of my magical defenses, both on my castle and on myself. Aim surrendering unconditionally. Name your terms, but know this; I am not the one who cast the spell on you that turned you into a maiden.”

“Then who did?” Bullworth asked.

Before the witch could answer Fawn said, “Lady Bullworth demands that you turn me into a man, a mighty, powerful warrior of a man.”

“What?” Fullerton and Everspell said in unison.

“Truly?” Hogan said, glancing back at the beautiful girl Bullworth had become.

Bullworth started to speak, but Fawn shushed him. “Lady Bullworth prefers to remain a woman, and once I am a man, I will claim her hand in marriage and make her my bride.”

“If Lady Bullworth remains in her current shape, then I would claim the right to seek her hand as well,” Fullerton said.

“And I.” Another knight called out.

“And I!”

“Lady Bullworth wants me and me only!” Fawn said, angrily.

“You!” Fullerton said, his eyes wild with rage and desire. “You are the one who cast this spell on him and made the man a maiden!”

“She is a witch!” Another knight called out.

“Kill her!”

“What? No!” Fawn cried. “I am no witch!” She looked around nervously. “Bullworth wants to be a woman! Tell them!”

“Well,” Bullworth said, looking around.

“You must let me court you,” Fullerton said, approaching the carriage. “I am in love with you milady! I only hid my true feelings because I thought you wished to return to your former shape, but if you want to remain this fair maiden’s form, I must have you for my wife!”

“Um,” Bullworth felt himself blushing again, looking around for help. He wanted everyone to be happy, wanted to please them all, but with them all wanting him, seeking his hand in marriage? “This is too much!” Bullworth gasped. “I am just a girl! Someone tell me what to do!”

“Marry me!”

“Marry me!”

“No, me!”

Bullworth started to cry, putting his hands on his head, confused and frustrated. “It’s the spell,” Lady Everspell called out. “Don’t you all see? The spell not only made Bullworth into a precious girl, but it had made all of you fall madly in love with him! I must change him back!”

Everspell stepped forward, and Fullerton spun around, sword in hand, and closed on her. “You will die, witch!”

Fawn meanwhile leapt from the carriage, withdrew her dagger from her belt and keeping it hidden at her side, strode toward Fullerton. The gathered knights and soldiers raised their own weapons and readied themselves even as Everspell defensively raised her hand and started to trace burning runes in the air while backing away from Fullerton.

Bullworth stood helplessly watching it all through his tears, trapped in his soft female shape and unable to think or act or do anything but whisper, “No!”

But then, just as Fullerton raised his blade and Everspell prepared to hurl all her magic energy into his face, suddenly there was a loud explosion from the tower of Everspell Castle, and dark smoke began to rise from the windows even as the ground quaked and the air filled with a shrieking howl of unholy glee.

Everyone turned their attention toward the tower, and as they did they saw a creature of wire and straw look at the window and then leap into the air, flying down toward the ground even as she seemed to grow and grow and grow until she was a huge, giant Scarecrow Creature that blocked the very sun.

“Mother!” Everspell hissed.

“Yes!” The creature said, and raising her hands she sent jagged bolts of lightning dancing among the knights, knocking most of them off their feet and leaving them sprawled on their backs, stunned and smoking. Fullerton’s shield blocked the lightning, and Everspell managed to deflect the bolts as well, but both of them were drenched in sweat and shaking, smoke rising from their bodies. “I have reclaimed my power, you ungrateful little bitch!”

She reached down and grabbed Bullworth who screamed as he was lifted up and held in the giant creature's hand. "Help!" Bullworth screamed. "Someone save me!"

Fullerton charged forward, and Scarecrow Witch swept him aside with her foot, sending him tumbling across the ground to crash into a tree. Everspell rushed back toward her castle, but Scarecrow Witch grabbed her and picked her up. Everspell immediately felt the old woman's magic seeping deep into her body, her very bones, and the witch began to drain Everspell's magic, adding it to her own.

The stunned knights were slowly recovering their senses, getting to their feet, and Scarecrow Witch shrieked and out of the forest emerged a small army of giant animated toadstools, racing forth and shooting spores into the faces of the knights then bludgeoning them with cypress stump clubs.

"Once I have your power dear daughter, I will be unstoppable. I just need to keep these knights busy a little longer, and then you die, and I rule this kingdom forever!"

"Stop this, Mother! You're mad!"

"I know, and I like it!"

Fawn, meanwhile, ignored by the creature, grabbed the sword that had flown from Fullerton when he'd been kicked across the field and, hurrying to the foot of the creature, she looked up at her terrified little girlfriend and, raising the sword with both hands she plunged it deep into the creature's foot.

Fullerton's sword was no ordinary weapon, but was known as Faustus, and had been forged from the black steel of a demon's sword. As it plunged deep into Scarecrow woman's

foot, its strange demonic energies ripped through her body and threatened to rip her apart. Immediately, Scarecrow woman started to shrink, one of her button eyes popping off and her straw scattering in the wind. She howled as she dropped both Bullworth and Everspell to the ground, and turning to spot Fawn she hurled a blazing ball of fire toward Fawn which engulfed her and sent her running toward the forest, screaming and then collapsing to the ground in a ball of blue fire.

Bullworth screamed and struggled to get to his feet, hobbled by his dress, he ran prettily toward his dying lover, but tripped over his skirt and fell to the ground. Pushing his hair from his eyes, he watched as Fawn struggled and then collapsed to the ground, and Bullworth knew that he was too late; Fawn was dead. Seeing his protector die filled Bullworth with a burning woman's rage.

Scarecrow Woman turned and threw a magic net of paralysis over Everspell who was starting to recover. Then, she prepared to unleash a death blow against the daughter that he betrayed her, only to suddenly find Bullworth lunging at her, trying to claw at her remaining eye with his long, painted nails. The witch laughed, grabbed Bullworth's slender wrists and forced him to the ground. "You killed the woman I love!" Bullworth screamed through his tears. "I'll kill you!"

"You couldn't kill a mouse you little slut," Scarecrow Witch said, shoving Bullworth onto his back. He lay back, looking up at her, his breasts heaving. Scarecrow Witch raised her arms and said, "Once I cast this spell of obedience, you will make a perfect slave girl for me, serving my every command knowing all the while that I made you into a helpless maiden and

murdered the woman you loved! And you will weep yourself to sleep each night, your fingers aching from your day serving the witch who stole your manhood and your life!”

“Never!” Bullworth screamed, and he tried to get up and attack the creature again, but she put her foot on his breasts and pushed him back to the ground, and he lay back, helpless as the witch prepared to turn him into her helpless slave girl.

But then, suddenly, a staff ripped through Scarecrow Witch’s chest, and her body burst into flames as she howled in shock and surprise, and Bullworth, looking up, saw Hogan standing above him, Everspell’s staff in his hand, and Hogan, looking down said, “Are you hurt, Milady?”

Bullworth blinked up at Hogan’s face, the sky deep and blue behind him, and he nodded. “I am hurt, Hogan. But I will live!” And with that he raised a delicate hand, and Hogan helped sweet, pretty Lord Bullworth to his feet.

The mushroom creatures collapsed to the earth, their life forces freed of the creature's magic, and moments later, Clickity Cat and all of Bullworth's maechanical eagles emerged from the forest, free of their imprisonments as well.

Bullworth clung to Hogan, one hand on the man's hard, flat chest, the other on his own round hip, and he said, "What now?"

Part V: Finale

That night the knights gathered amidst great roaring fires, drank deeply of wine and beer, ate goat and ox meat off the bone and reveled in their strange little adventure. Bullworth presided over the festivities dressed in gown of silver and gold, his bright, pretty face filled with

delight as one by one his knights approached him, kissed his hand and professed their love for him. At the end of the night, they raised their tankards and sang in honor of Fawn, who had fallen in service of The Lady Bullworth, but whose valiant acts would be inscribed in the knighthood's books of lore and whose remains would be interred in a place of honor in their crypt in the Great City.

Finally, Bullworth rose and, wiping the tears from his eyes, raised his pretty voice. "My noble knights. It has been a wondrous journey, and as flattered as I have been all evening with the attentions of so many handsome gentleman—and also Fullerton." Polite laughter. "My advisors have impressed upon me the necessity that I should give up my new sex and return to male form."

"No!"

"Marry me!"

"It is a crime."

Bullworth blushed, raising his slender white arms to call for silence. "It pains me now to ask this, but the only way Everspell can return me to my proper shape is for a stout man of courageous heart and masculine demeanor to volunteer to exchange his manly state for my fair, maidenly essence. I stand before you all now, and I ask if any one of you will volunteer to become a maiden, that I may once more lead as a man."

The hall was silent as knights quickly looked away from the gorgeous girl who stood before them. They imagined themselves in her dresses, with her soft voice, full breasts and

narrow waist, and they each cringed in fear at the thought which seemed to them a fate worse than death.

Bullworth glanced at Everspell, who nodded and with a look urged him to wait, and so he stood there, smiling prettily, fighting against his urge to withdraw his request and remove the discomfort he'd created in the men. He hated making people uncomfortable! The fire could be heard crackling in the great hearths, and there was a noise outside, like a branch scratching against the window, and then finally a voice said, "I will do it."

All eyes turned to see Hogan, dressed in his formal servant's clothes, a tray in his hands. "I will do this, if you consider me worthy, though I am a mere servant."

Bullworth looked to Everspell, who nodded. "He has shown himself to be a stout man with a courageous heart, and his noble offer prove his worth."

"Step forward, brave Hogan, and accept the adulation of Lady Bullworth and all her Mighty Knights!"

The men cheered, and Hogan looked down modestly, already seeming to play the part of the maiden he was about to become.

One week later, Bullworth and Hogan stood in the top floor of the witch's tower at Everspell castle. The two held hands, and both were blushing in anticipation of their coming exchange of sexes. The week they'd had together waiting for Everspell to complete her preparations to cast her spell had been of blissful exploration, with the two of them making love

constantly, sharing little secrets and talking of their future together. Bullworth had asked Hogan to marry him. Hogan had refused on the ground that he was not a noble, and Bullworth had giggled and said, “When you marry a nobleman, you will become a noblewoman, silly goose!” But then Hogan had insisted he wanted to be the one to ask, as it would be one of the last manly things he would ever get to do, and he’d gotten down on one knee and proposed, filling Bullworth’s girlish heart with joy.

“What is it like to be such a lovely girl?” Hogan asked one morning as they cuddled after a long night of sex.

“Glorious,” Bullworth answered.

“Then why do you want to give it up?”

“Everspell convinced me that I owed it to the world. That I could do more good as a man, even if I prefer being a woman.”

Hogan kissed Bullworth on the cheek, gently running a hand over Bullworth’s round breast. “There’s something more, isn’t there?”

Bullworth smiled, loving that Hogan seemed to know him so well. “Seeing Fawn fall, being so helpless to protect her. I never want to feel that way again. I will protect the ones I love, including you, sweet girl to be.”

Hogan grinned and pinched Bullworth’s nipple. “What’s it like having such large breasts?”

“You’ll just have to wait and find out for yourself,” Bullworth said. “Now no more questions. Make love to me!”

“Woman! You are insatiable!”

Now, a week later, Everspell could see how close the two had become, and it gladdened her heart to see it. “You must undress,” she said. “Do you prefer to do it in private?”

“I don’t have anything she won’t be seeing every day in the mirror,” Bullworth said.

“I’ve undressed her a time or two, and not just with my eyes,” Hogan answered.

And so the two giggling lovers undressed each other, and then they stood inside Everspell’s magic circle, holding hands. Bullworth gazed up into Hogan’s eyes, filled with love and gratitude.

“I’m scared,” Hogan said with an embarrassed little smile.

“Don’t be,” Bullworth said in his soft, pretty little voice. “I’ll take care of you, love you, and protect you. I’ll make sure you’re the happiest woman in the world.”

“I don’t know how to be so pretty.”

“You’ll figure it out.”

Everspell cast her spell, and Bullworth found himself growing taller even as Hogan shrunk, and soon Bullworth was looking down at a girlish looking Hogan and smiling in amazement as his red hair grew out, framing his sweet, pretty face and tumbling down over his slender white shoulders, curling just above the breasts that blossomed on his chest, firm, white round breasts as big as Bullworth’s had ever been. Bullworth pulled the newly formed woman to him, hugging her soft body against his, and Hogan tilted her head back and accepted her first kiss

as a woman, lifting one foot in pleasant shock as the kiss seemed to travel through her whole body and made his finger tingle.

Hogan felt good there, so small and soft in the big, powerful arms of her man, and as the kiss ended, she clung weakly, gazed lovingly into his eyes and said, "Oh my goddess."

Bullworth smiled down into her wide, innocent green eyes and nodded. "You have no idea little one. Just wait until I get you back home, and..."

"Please restrain yourselves for my sake!" Lady Everspell said.

"Forgive me," Lord Bullworth said, turning and bowing. "I forgot my manners."

When he stood up after his bow, Lady Everspell saw he was turgid and blushed in spite of herself. She glanced at Hogan, whose eyes had also fallen to Bullworth's "royalty" and the two shared a conspiratorial glance. "Lucky girl," Everspell said, then, "I will help our newly born and lovely young lady get dressed. You," she said, turning to Bullworth, "take your things and get dressed downstairs."

"She doesn't have anything..."

"Get! We girls need to talk!"

"Fine," Bullworth said, gathering the clothes that Hogan had been wearing. "For the first of what will be many times, Lady Everspell, I thank you."

"Get!" Everspell said, and the two women laughed as Bullworth made his bare-assed exit.

That night Hogan found himself on his back, his slender white body stretched out on Bullworth's great bed. He had his round, graceful arms over his head, his thick red hair spread out on the bed all around his preciously beautiful face. His full white breasts were thrust upward, the nipples hard, and he could feel his heart race as Bullworth stood above him, looking Hogan over like a lion looking over his prey. Tell me I'm beautiful, Hogan thought. Tell me you want me. He had never felt so vulnerable, so needy, so eager to please, and his new needs and feelings thrilled and terrified him.

Finally, Bullworth smiled, a hungry smile like a shark, and said, "Prepare to be ravished you perfect little slut." And then Bullworth climbed on top of Hogan, kissing him while also grabbing and squeezing his breast, and when Hogan felt Bullworth so hard and thick pressing against his thigh, he gasped and dug his long fingernails into Bullworth's back and said, "Take me!"

The End

Lord Bullorth, the mighty warrior, during his maiden days
Learned well the pleasure of surrendering to his lover's ways
To let her use him as she would, to tease him and restrain
So even when he once more assumed a manly life
He found he still needed some nights reveling in his girl's life

And so he once more into corsets did he have himself bound

And so donned wigs and paints and powders, femininity profound

And Hogan, lovely Hogan, the newly shaped young lass

Would mount mighty Bullworth and ride him to the past