

Fantastic Destiny (Man to Princess Isekai TG)

By FoxFaceStories

When Ethan dies, he's shocked to find himself not dead but given new life as Elora, a beautiful fantasy princess in a warring world. She has been summoned to defeat a powerful prince from an opposing faction in order to return to her ordinary life, revived and with her girlfriend once more. But what if Elora finds a reason to stay?

Fantastic Destiny

Ethan realised too late that he hadn't looked both ways before crossing the road. He had time only to turn his head and see the incoming car, and hear his wife Jessica's scream of horror as the car collided into him. The last thought that crossed Ethan's mind was-

"I don't deserve this!"

Elora sat upright. She was in a grandiose palace room, one with strange magic runes glowing upon the walls and floor, and great tapestries and ceiling frescoes depicting a great royal lineage. There were images of elves and wizards with mighty powers and short furry men from the forest, and a radiant spear that glowed with fantastic light.

"Oh, that is impressive. It seems she is immediately cognizant of her new situation, your Highness. This bodes well."

Elora looked around and let out a gasp. She had been lying on a plush long-hair carpet, taking in the immensity of this chamber, but only now did she notice a blue-robed man with a long white beard, a man who looked as much like a wizard as one could possibly imagine. Beside him was a figure who could only be a king. He wore rich blue and red medieval garb and had a trailing ermine cape, and upon his head was a diadem with a prominent golden jewel. He appeared to be in his forties, with a cropped brown beard that was just going grey at the edges.

"Elora?" the man asked. "Can you hear me? What do you know?"

The woman suddenly realised she was a woman. She looked down at her figure, encased as it was in a lovely light blue princess's dress, and though it covered her form modestly she could certainly tell from the shape of her form and her own heavy breaths that she now had a pair of plump female breasts. Her dark hair was like a curtain, and she had to part it in order to fully take in the sight of her delicate and feminine form.

"This - this is a dream."

“Ah, perhaps she is less up to speed than I thought,” the wizard proclaimed with a booming voice. “Her earlier comment may have just been her last thought from her previous life, your Highness.”

“Hmm,” the king murmured, even as Elora clutched her head and checked her body over, shocked by what she was feeling. Shocked by the fact that she was *thinking* of herself as Elora. As *female*. “She appears to be of my lineage. She has my light blue eyes and her mother’s raven-dark hair, certainly. You’ve picked her form better than you did with Sabrielle. The match was good. And everyone will remember her as such?”

“Yes, your Highness. With the exception of the Witch-Queen Katya’s inner circle, all the world will believe you have always had your daughter Elora, and that she was bred and groomed to unite our rival kingdoms and end this abominable war through marriage.”

There was so much information and almost all of it was going over Elora’s head. Slowly, she stood up, only to wobble a little because in whatever past medieval fantasy universe she suddenly found herself in, women wore heels here, *too!*

“Woah! Oh my God!”

“Gods,” the wizard said, helping steady her by the shoulder.

“Who the fuck are you!? Who the fuck is he!? Where am I!?”

The king took a sharp intake of breath, his nostrils flaring. He looked to the wizard with a gaze that could only be described as *withering*, and in response the blue-robed man held up a calming hand.

“She is new to this world. As I told you, my King, one cannot create life from nothing. One must substantiate it, in this case from a mortal soul from another realm and another time, one who was on the brink of death and thus could be pulled through the veil between worlds before they met the Dark Hand himself.”

The king narrowed his eyes. “See to it she is properly trained and ready to see me as a father. If this is another failure, Aharad, see to it she becomes a maid far away from my presence!”

The man stormed off, his cape dragging upon the ground, leaving only a very confused former man in a princess’s outfit, and the man who had apparently brought her here.

“I apologise for all of this,” the wizard said. “His Highness is truly a good king, but great men oft lack the patience we without royal blood are accustomed to bearing. Though I suppose it is indeed royal blood that now flows through your veins. Nevertheless, I should have insisted that the ritual be conducted with just you and I present, in order to better help you adjust.”

Elora cupped her breasts. They were easily C-cups, perhaps D’s. Not small, but not horrifically big. But still far, far too large. Breasts of any size were too large, really. And her

body was so frail and petite, her entire centre of gravity shifted further down towards her hips. And between her legs-

"My - I don't have!"

"Of course not," the wizard said. "You are a woman, of course. Listen, you must be confused about all of this. Let me get you some fresh air so you can understand. Take in my words and let them settle."

Elora gaped about in confusion, but followed the wizard, clinging to his arm almost submissively as he led her out of the vast chamber and down a flight of stairs. She almost tripped several times on her heels, but the old man was stronger than he looked. Several servants moved to open a pair of grand doors, and soon they were outside, and Elora gasped.

This was *not* her world.

Firstly, she could see two pale moons in the sky. *Two*. Secondly, she was now on a grand balcony that overlooked an expansive fantasy city, one that had grand marble buildings and enormous statues of mysterious gods and strange creatures flying through the air; ones that looked almost like little winged lizards. The trees were not even green; their leaves were a mix of purple and blue, providing an almost alien atmosphere to this world.

"Wh-where am I?" Elora stuttered. She was only just now realising how soft and demure her voice was, like the archetypal feminine princess, regal and dutiful yet dainty all the same. The new woman touched her throat and looked up at the aged wizard, who was clearly much taller than her . . . or perhaps *she* was shorter. "And who am I?"

The man gave her a comforting smile. "*You* are the Princess Elora Elwind of the High Kingdom of Mighdall. The sole heir to King Edmund Elwind, ruler of this great kingdom. A sole heir who, as I'm sure you are aware, did *not exist* until twenty minutes ago, and yet to all the great world of Praithe you have *always* been around, at least for the last twenty years."

"I'm . . . only twenty years old?" she murmured. "But I'm thirty six."

The wizard smiled comfortably. "That was your previous life, in another realm. I'm sure you were a lady of similar renown there, and-"

"What? What are you talking about!? I'm not even a woman!"

There was a pause from the wizard. "You . . . you're not?"

"No I'm not!" she exclaimed, though it sounded far more whiny thanks to her sweet soprano tone. "I'm a *man*. My name is supposed to be Ethan! Ethan Hardwicke. I have a whole life in another world. There's cars and airplanes and the internet and electricity and-"

"We have electricity in the world of Praithe too, you know. Great lightning storms sent by the Stormlord to remind us of his power, and of course some mages such as myself can conjure-"

"I'm not talking about that!" Elora said, utterly exasperated by this point. "I'm talking about - shit!"

"Shit? My lady, such coarse manners in your world. But if you require a privy, then perhaps-"

"No! Oh God-"

"Gods."

"Shut up!" she snapped. "Change me back! Send me back! I'm not from this world! I'm just a damn musician! I play the guitar, that's all! I was with my wife! My Jessica, the real breadwinner of the two of us; she's a successful accountant, alright? I just stepped onto the road because I thought the traffic bell was ringing, but it was for the group walking the other way. I'm not supposed to be here and I'm certainly not supposed to have breasts and a vagina, so send me back to my time and my 'realm' right this instant!"

The wizard, for the first time, looked at a loss for words. He ran his hand through his beard and then scratched at his cheek. The dark-skinned man made a grunt of consideration.

"I feel I have made a grave error."

"No kidding!"

"The magic between real planes of existence is like a thin membrane; piercing it can be easy, but getting what you want from the other side? Fixing it up afterwards? That is far more tricky."

"Well, fix it up now! I'm short and female here! Jesus, my hair goes almost all the way to my ass!"

The wizard winced at her language. "Truly, you have the tongue of a bawdy bard. You must indeed be a musician. Still, I must work with what I have, as must you."

Elora, who was trying to ignore how dainty and female she now was, looked back up at the wizard. "Come again?"

"Allow me to start again; I am the Wizard Aharad," the man said. "It is truly a pleasure to meet you, Elora. I am sorry to say, but you are dead in that other world. Or at least, you would be, if not for my intervention. You were in some calamity, and I snatched you just prior to your death. That is the only moral way to transplant a life to a new plane of existence, I find, but it is not an exact magic. I had intended to grab a woman with a regal, organised, and highly practical mind."

"Sounds like my wife," Elora said. "Wait - was it my wife? *Wait*, don't answer that, answer this: did you just say I'm *stuck* like this?"

The wizard smiled, then gestured for her to come with him. She did so, stumbling a little on her heels and hitching up the skirt of her dress awkwardly.

“Observe,” Aarahad said, gesturing to a hallway of grand paintings. “See the violence that the Kingdom of Mighdall has suffered across entire generations, thanks to our perpetual war with the Queendom of Galaran.”

Indeed, many of the images portrayed valiant heroes, mighty wars, and commemorated fallen armies and destroyed towns.

“What - what has this got to do with anything?” Elora said, running a little faster to catch up with the wizard’s long strides. Even with her rather modest dress, her breasts bounced quite noticeably, reminding her of her changed state, to say nothing of the way her silky thighs brushed against one another with nothing male between them.

“It has to do with *everything*,” Aarahad said. “Ours are the mightiest civilisations in existence: Mighdall, ruled by lines of great kings, the most recent of which is the Elwind Dynasty, the portraits of which you see here - ah, the magic has ensured you have one too.”

Elora paused, momentarily struck into silence. Between a mighty father (the one she had already met) and a woman with dark hair and striking blue eyes who was clearly his wife, there was an image of their ‘daughter’ Elora. She was perhaps the most beautiful woman she had ever seen, and the artist had done the image in such a realistic style that it captured exactly how she no doubt looked.

“Oh my God, that’s . . . me.”

“It is indeed.”

“But I’m beautiful.”

“And a good thing too, because sometimes the only thing that can end decades of terrible war is a beautiful royal maiden’s face.”

Elora turned to face the wizard again. “Explain. Explain all of this!”

Aarahad gave her a sympathetic smile. “The Witch Queen Katya and the Elwind Dynasty have been at war for so long that it has practically become part of their respective national identities. But the world is changing, and we must change with it. Other kingdoms and states are rising. The blood-moon worshipping beastpeople beyond both of our northern borders are gathering strength, and the faefolk demand new contracts with ever greater sacrifices in exchange for their lumber. It is all too much, and both parties can see the ink upon the scroll. It is time for war to give way to alliance.”

Elora was not stupid. She was a musician - as Ethan she had even sung bardic style songs at the local Ren Faire - and so she figured it out quickly. Not that it made her feel any better.

“Wait, you want me to *marry* someone, don’t you?”

The wizard nodded. “We cannot wait for a royal nephew or niece to come of age. This was the best way. Our diplomatic emissaries to Katya the Witch Queen of Galaran have managed to form this agreement. As a woman long-lived, and one with no interest in

marriage, she too had to produce a royal relative, no doubt using the same means as we have used to bring you here.”

Elora took a step back. Her bosom was heaving with each anxious breath.

“No! I won’t do it! Send me back, or if I have to stay for a bit, then make me a musician at the wedding, or something!”

“I’m afraid there is only one way out, my dear. Time works differently between our worlds. If you marry, and commit to your duties, once a peace is established for a few years, we can quietly shuffle you back to the moment where you were set to die, and return you in a safe place adjacent to the danger.”

Elora sagged. “That’s my only option?”

“Indeed. For what it’s worth, you will be saving many, many lives.”

The new princess looked over her body, barely able to believe that this was who she was now. Female. A female *princess*. One wearing a *dress* and living in a *fantasy world*.

“Do you have alcohol in this world?”

Arahad smirked. “Yes, indeed. I’ll see if I can convince the king to allow you some, and then your lessons can begin once you have your senses back.”

“My - my lessons? Can’t we just hurry this marriage along?”

“Oh no, certainly not! Appearance is everything, Princess Elora. You must not just *be* a princess, you must *act* like one as well.”

Elora sagged further and groaned. Arahad scoffed.

“And that is just the kind of bad slouching and poor manner we’ll need to correct!”

After a great deal of drinking some of the king’s finest wine, and a long drunken rant in the privacy of her own grand chamber (during which a lot of tears were shed), Elora was finally ready for her lessons the very next day. She was still missing her Jessica, her dear wife who might already be mourning her if Arahad was wrong about the time-dilation thing. She missed Jessica’s practicality, her no-nonsense approach to life, the way she could be so bold and decisive while Elora was busy dealing with creative flourishes when it came to her songs and instrumentals. She knew how to play the guitar, the drums, the flute, the clarinet, the violin and the cello, but play the part of a princess? That, she certainly wasn’t prepared for.

Nor was she prepared for a flurry of handmaidens to suddenly burst into the room not long after sunrise and begin cleaning up the room and helping her out of bed.

“Wha-? The fuck is going on?”

“Calm your tone, Princess,” one woman said, a beautiful woman with red hair and green eyes. She had a slightly different dress to the handmaidens who were moving Elora to

the bath and helping remove the many stays of her clothing. They moved her to an adjacent room, where a warm bath had already been poured. Reluctantly, Elora got in, though she shivered a little, not from the cold, but rather how sensitive her skin now was thanks to the heat.

"Don't tell me to calm my tone!" she snapped. "I don't want to have my tits out in front of everyone!"

The servants all looked at one another, but their leader waved them off so that she was the only one left in both chambers. She leaned over rather imposingly.

"If you are to believably be the Princess, you *must* develop your manners. You must speak politely, but with authority. You could have commanded them to stop, but instead you had a feeble outburst. This is *not* the way, and people will see right through to the man you really are if you do not catch up *quick*."

Elora blinked. "You - you know who I am?"

"I do," the beautiful redhead said. "Because *I* was you. My name is Sabrielle. I was going to be the princess. But I did not . . . meet the King's standards."

Elora briefly forgot her nakedness, though she still cupped her breasts out of a strange sense of modesty. "And you weren't returned?"

"Nope. I'm stuck here. Imagine me, standing on the edge of the freakin' *Grand Canyon*, taking a photograph in the year 1988, and then I just topple over and - *whoop!* Here I am."

"Oh my God. I'm from 2026."

"Well, that would be interesting if I still cared about stuff like that. I've been here for two years now. My failure apparently caused a big hullabaloo and delayed negotiations with the Witch-Queen up until now. You see, the first time around they were trying to trick her! So now I'm head of the new princess's handmaidens, and I'm one of the few who the spell to conjure you doesn't affect. I know you appeared out of nowhere. They all just think you're having a bad day."

"I am having a bad day," the new woman pouted.

"Well, it's going to get a lot worse if you don't marry this Prince Jonas in a couple of weeks. You'll end up a servant like me, only lower down the rung. So my job is to make sure you *are* ready."

"What's in it for you? Does Arahad send you back?"

Sabrielle scoffed. "Would that I was so lucky! Unfortunately, my death is a bit too tricky for the wizard to revert. Too much 'momentum' apparently. I'd splat if I was sent back, no matter where I landed. So all I have is the promise that if you get wed, and the peace is made, then I get to be *Lady Sabrielle*, a noblewoman of the realm with riches and finery."

Elora understood. "So you really want this to go through, then?"

"Yep. And since you were a man - very weird, by the way - I'll just have to do my best to make you a woman, and a princess, and get you on your way."

Elora nodded slowly. "I don't really have a choice, do I?"

"No, you don't. And I'll be barking at you if you push back. We've both been dealt poor hands, Elora. At least we can make it out as a princess and a noblewoman. Now, I'm going to clean you, and you're going to get used to it, and also the ladybits you've got now."

"Oh God, I haven't even . . . I haven't even looked much. Not even when I went to the privy."

"Well, no time like the present!"

And then she dumped a bucket of hot water over Elora's head.

The training was rigorous, and Sabrielle was a hard taskmaster. Elora found her standoffish, unfriendly, and often quite snappish. When she found out that Sabrielle had been fifty-eight years old when she'd toppled off the Grand Canyon back in '88, a lot of things made sense. Despite her youth and obvious beauty, Sabrielle clearly had a snappish Baby Boomer-esque personality. It was something Elora had to put up with as she went through her princess lessons. Posture was something she struggled with.

"Stand up straight! Shoulders back! For goodness sake, you were an artist or a musician, weren't you? You'd know the importance of a good performance!"

Another was her walk.

"No, too fast! A princess is never in a rush! She should glide! And when she moves quickly, it should be as if she were floating upon water, advancing with the stream. Try again, and keep your ankles straight while you're in heels. I know they suck, but get over it! Welcome to womanhood!"

And another still was her hair.

"Stop playing with it."

"But there are so many pins! It feels like it moves all the time."

"It's meant to move a little, but it's an up-do. It'll stay together. The golden pins and all that jazz does the work for you. And don't touch your earrings."

"I'm just not used to dangly ones. I only had studs as a man."

"Studs! Ha! A lot has changed from my time."

Perhaps most vexing of all, however, was table manners. Elora had numerous lessons in the privacy of her room with Sabrielle, who played multiple parts, serving drinks and food and then sitting opposite her and beside her. She critiqued everything Elora did, and it made the woman tear up at times.

"No, no! That's the wrong fork! And never hold your teacup like that! How did you ever find a wife with such rudeness?"

At this, Elora blushed a little. "Jessica is a very . . . practical woman. Rough around the edges. It's what I love about her."

At this, Sabrielle actually paused. "Well, I suppose that's the kind of woman you want to hold onto. I had a husband, you know. Passed away when I was fifty-three. Maybe that's why I started taking more risks. Gerald was his name. Could tell the crudest jokes you've ever heard, but God, I missed him. I miss his touch."

Elora nodded. "I miss my Jessica. Being in bed with her . . . we're so different, we don't even have the same sense of humour, really. But when we made love, we spoke the same language, a language only she and I knew."

Sabrielle regarded her a little differently than she had previously. "Have you tried your own plumbing, Princess?"

"Huh?"

"Have you masturbated yet?"

"Oh, no!"

"What!? It's been five days and you haven't finger-banged yourself? What are you doing, girl?"

"You told me to be all refined and demure and not act crudely!"

"In front of others! Pick your nose in your room all you want. Better yet, flick that bean. Trust me, it's all that keeps me going some days. I'm not marrying any ordinary porter or manservant when I can be a noblewoman soon and have my pick of the rich fellas. If you're thinking about your lady love so much, think about her and have some fun."

It was galling advice, and yet that night, after Elora had been changed by her servants into her silky nightrobe, she lay back in bed and imagined her lover. She missed Jessica, but to her sorrow she reminded herself that this damn female body wasn't attracted to women. It was something she had been slowly coming to terms with ever since she'd spotted a male servant in a rush and noted to herself how handsome he was, and then realised that she hadn't thought of Sabrielle in any arousing manner, despite her obvious beauty and lovely curves.

"Fine," she muttered to herself. "Maybe . . . maybe I can think of Jessica, but . . . also as a man."

It was a ridiculous thought exercise, and yet . . . it *worked*. Jessica had blonde hair and grey eyes. They were piercing and intelligent, and she didn't smile much, being quite a stoic woman. With some imagination, Elora festooned her wife with some darker blonde facial hair, a more square-shaped jawline, and a kind of rugged handsomeness. She

imagined her smaller body growing wider, gaining muscle and strength, and even having . . . having a hard *cock* between her legs. Between *his* legs.

"Mhmm," Elora moaned. Her nipples were stiffening with arousal, and she could feel a moistness growing between her thighs. "Jessica . . . *James*."

Yes, James was the name. James. He was so handsome. A male version of her wife, a perfect prince to take her. Elora's loins tingled, and as she played with her breasts and stroked her sensitive nipples, the urge to take this pleasure further grew and grew. Finally, she lowered her hand down and felt her delicate folds, her finger brushing over her throbbing wet clitoris.

"Ohhhhhh!" she moaned. "That f-feels g-goood! Ahhh . . ."

And so the bliss began, so different from that of a man's.

And yet, in many ways, so much better.

By the time Elora was to be presented to her 'father' King Edmund Elwind of Mighdall, she had advanced in leaps and bounds when it came to her training. Aradan had been of great help in his private lessons with her, explaining the geography and history of the region, catching her up to speed on certain cultural practices she'd need to know, including the process of courting a man, though Sabrielle took over that last part when Elora felt all kinds of awkward about it. Best of all, she learned that part of that courting process involved a demonstration of skill to the man, in order to prove that a future wife was not going to be a useless trophy.

The world of Praithe had mostly different stringed instruments than those on Earth, but Elora was delighted to find that the harp still existed, which she had some skill in. Better yet, an instrument known as the *candishe* existed, which was very similar to a violin. She soothed herself by practising it, remembering her time working with concerts as well as her showing of original folk songs at various bars. Sabrielle even clapped at the end of one performance. Elora wasn't sure that they were quite *friends*, but they were, at least, getting along much more now. With her chief handmaiden's aid, the new princess had mastered the gliding walk, the demure manner, and the polite speech of a princess. She knew how to hold herself, how to command authority while still yielding to those with more power, and she could dine respectably. Even the act of commanding servants kindly yet assertively, and letting them dress her without feeling awkward was something that came more naturally to her.

The ultimate test, however, was this moment. King Edmund sat upon his throne in, appropriately enough, the throne room. Today he was to see visitors entreating him for

various blessings, boons, or intercessions. As such, the court was rather filled. Elora's heart beat nervously in her chest as she strode into the chamber, accompanied by her Sabrielle behind her. She had been masturbating like crazy lately to deal with the stress, in-between playing music, and she wished she had done either one before coming here.

"All rise for her Highness, the Royal Princess Elora Eldwind."

The entire chamber stood from their seats but bowed their heads as she passed. Elora was nervous, but she nodded slowly, acknowledging the crowd on both sides as she moved up the aisle, walking with certainty despite her heels. She was wearing a gorgeous purple dress that, inexplicably, actually made her feel much more confident in herself, and her dark hair was pinned up rather glamorously. The end result was that she was a striking and beautiful woman, and while the dress was not revealing, it still cupped up her breasts and showed a line of cleavage, something she was still adjusting to. She tried to take pride in how good she looked in this (temporary) lifestyle, and moved to take a gentle seat beside the king.

"Very good," he whispered to her. "Just like a real daughter. Perhaps you will become one?"

"I shall play my part as you desire it . . . Father."

At this, Edmund smiled, clearly happy with her performance.

"Now, step forward!" he commanded. "I shall now hear entreaties and inquiries. Princess Elora shall aid in my royal guidance, that our decisions will be just."

Elora expected to be bored, but in fact she found herself oddly riveted, though still nervous when her 'father' turned to her and asked for her to weigh in on an unfair taxation on a farmer's fallow field, or concerns regarding poor-quality armour along the northern border, where the furred beast people roamed. Just fifteen minutes in, Edmund asked her to weigh in on a division of land between two squabbling nobles; Lord Eskin and Lady Parvis. Old legal scrolls had been discovered that proved that Lord Eskin, in fact, controlled land south of the dividing river between their realms, but Lady Parvis contested this on the basis that she had paid for the upkeep of that area for many years, and had funded entirely the restoration of a town there.

"What do you think, Elora?" the King asked. "How would you deal with this issue?"

He couldn't have asked this on a better case, for Elora had been doing her homework on this region, purely because she'd wanted to know where the *candishe* instrument came from, which was in this very debated area. In the end, the history of the area had proved fascinating.

"My King, Lord Eskin is in the right, legally speaking. The land belongs to his lineage, and Lady Parvis, while noble in her expenditure in this region, cannot simply control it because of her treasury."

Eskin grinned. "Thank you, my -"

The Princess held up a hand, and Sabrielle, further to the left, gave a slight grin as Elora exercised some regal authority.

"However, it is my understanding that the town had to be restored because a tribe of beastpeople attacked it five years past, did they not?"

Lady Parvis nodded. "This is true, my Princess."

"And Lord Eskin, did Lady Parvis reach out to you for aid in quelling this incursion?"

"She . . . there were letters, my Princess, however, my own forces were stretched thin at the time."

"Doing what?"

Lord Eskin hesitated, so Elora filled the space again.

"Our Kingdom's laws are clear on the matter. A Lord must defend his land. The Crown can be called for aid, and other Lords and Ladies of the realm as well, but if there is *no* attempt to defend the land, then the land can be revoked by the Crown. I consider, in this unusual case, this to be done. Lord Eskin, you technically held the land, but made no attempt to defend it, despite the timeline of events showing that with the length of this case, you believed the land to be yours by that point. As such, I hold that the land *was* yours, but now must be transferred to Lady Parvis, who *did* defend it, then rebuilt it, as is proper. If . . . the King agrees with the judgement of course."

Even Edmund was a little taken aback, but then he smiled and chuckled.

"It would seem my daughter's legal mind is correct, Lord Eskin. Consider your claim denied."

It was a marvellous victory, and afterwards the princess joyously played her not-violin in her room, working off her nervous energy. She was even considering pleasuring herself a little, since the female orgasm had proven so very lovely, when suddenly Sabrielle entered the room.

"Stand tall and whatever you do, don't fuck this up. The King is entering!"

Elora did so, placing down her instrument and holding herself in the correct posture. She still wasn't quite used to having a large pair of breasts, or having such a slim yet curvaceous figure, but the dress at least was very comfortable. She held her head high as the King entered and then bowed slightly.

"Be at ease, 'daughter,' the King said, trailed by Arahad. "You've done well. Hasn't she, wizard?"

"Exceedingly," Arahad said. "And she has been trained well by Sabrielle, too."

"Yes, yes, the deal still stands with you, servant woman from another realm. If the wedding goes well, then you shall be a noblewoman."

Sabrielle bowed deeply. "Thank you, my King."

“And you, Elora,” the King continued, advancing toward the woman. “You did very well today. The spitting image of what a noble princess should be. Intelligent, but creative. And I hear you have been playing many instruments. That is good; your husband will adore such pursuits. I hear that Prince Jonas is a stoic, pragmatic type. A wife with artistic talents will help temper such a personality.”

“Does that mean the wedding is happening?” Elora asked.

The King nodded. “Indeed it shall. Word has already been sent. Three days hence, we shall finally know peace between Mighdall and Galaran, and you shall have a husband. Quite a change, for a former man, I imagine!”

Elora gulped. She felt victory, and yet also humiliation. Could she really go through with this? She had to, didn't she?

“Quite a chance indeed, *Father*,” she said, just a hint of acid in her voice.

The King shrugged. “We must all adapt, my dear. You will do well. But be careful with your tone. A woman moved to passion by music should not be driven by it in front of her royal father.”

At this, Aarahad moved before Edmund. “My King, let us grant some time for the Princess to come to terms with this news. After all, she has done so well. The spell's work is nearly complete.”

“Indeed. Get her ready, Sabrielle, and you shall be a noblewoman. Stay the course, Elora. Soon, all will be well.”

They left, and Sabrielle actually placed an arm around Elora. She leaned her face into her own servant's chest and cried and cried. She had always been a bit emotional as a man - it was part of her creative personality - but now her womanly emotions finally got the best of her.

“There, there, kid,” Sabrielle said, despite being the same age in this world. “There, there. It'll be okay. You can do this.”

“I j-just miss my Jessica. She's the one I want to be married to, not some prince.”

“I know. I know. You're strong, Elora. You can do this.”

All the princess could do was take comfort in Sabrielle's words, and hope that they were the words of a friend.

The wedding day had arrived. It was the custom of this world for arranged marriages to meet just prior to the wedding; too late to back out, but just early enough to establish some chemistry and not make the actual event too awkward. Elora was in her waiting room, having been finely clothed in a wedding dress that was crimson red with a dark green cape and

ribbons. She thought it looked almost a little Christmassy, but it was the style of this fantasy land, and she couldn't deny that she looked very good, though she was surprised at how much her bust was shown off by the outfit.

"All the better to tantalise your husband, kid," Sabrielle said to her. "I'll be wearing one just like it when I snatch a rich hubby, I can tell you that."

"Not looking for true love, Sabrielle?"

"Pah! I've had my true love. I had my Gerald. Can't replace him, so I'll get a trophy husband this time."

Her words actually made Elora giggle. She looked out the window and saw the enormous procession arriving into the royal palace. Numerous Galaran guards, nobles, servants, and more were streaming in for this grand event. A nervous bubble ballooned in her stomach. Was she really going to go through with this? Would she really *marry* a man? She had only heard light descriptions of him, but apparently he was quite manly. Broad-shouldered and with piercing grey eyes.

"If I marry him," Elora said. "I'll have to . . ."

"Fuck him, yeah."

Elora turned, eyes wide. "Sabrielle! It was *you* who told me that I need to watch my tone and act properly!"

"And I still hold to that . . . but right now, we're just two ladies out of place and out of time, Elora. So I'm going to speak to you plainly: you'll definitely have to sleep with him."

"But . . . I was going to be sent back to my time."

Sabrielle gestured to herself. "You really think they'll be able to do that?"

"Arahad said-"

"Look, maybe they can in your case. But you and I both know it's going to be some years. They said 'once the time is right', yeah?"

"They did."

"Then that means they'll need an heir."

Elora felt herself become a little wobbly on her feet. She had to grip the back of a chair just to steady herself. She understood the meaning of Sabrielle's words. She'd have to fall *pregnant*. No, that was far too modestly put. She'd have to have a man thrust his hard dick up inside of her and squirt his seed in her and *knock her up*. She'd have to grow big with a baby, her tits getting even bigger, and she'd have to *birth it*. Breastfeed too, since in this world wetnurses apparently weren't a thing for noble women. They took pride in nursing their own children, viewing it as a sign of strength and motherly prestige. Her studies had taught her that.

"I - I don't know if I can do that," she said.

Sabrielle sighed. "Kid, I know you can. I turned all this down. I failed. I argued too much and didn't adjust in time, which is why I've been riding you too hard. Trust me, you can do this. Just think about getting back with your wife. I know you can do it."

And then, to Elora's surprise, Sabrielle actually *hugged* her. The princess hesitated a moment, then hugged Sabrielle back, blinking away the tears in her eyes.

"Thank you for helping me, Sabie."

"Ew. No, I don't like that."

"You can call me El if you want, as revenge."

The handmaiden chuckled, then patted the princess on the back. "Remember your posture. Remember how you're supposed to look at him. He'll be here any moment and-"

There was a sudden knock upon the door. Elora's throat tightened. She knew exactly what this was. It was tradition for societies across Praithe, of course. A groom-to-be should be able to see his bride-to-be very soon. Sabrielle went over and answered the door, and whispers were exchanged. She turned and politely bowed to her princess.

"Prince Jonas of the Queendom of Galaran will be with you soon. I must leave you, your Highness."

"I - I understand. Thank you, Sabrielle. For everything."

The woman gave a meaningful nod, a brief little smile of encouragement - a rarity for her - and then withdrew.

For the next five minutes, Elora circled the room. The bubble in her stomach had not gone away. Instead, it had expanded, and it was hard not to imagine that bubble being a child, growing and growing within her. The worst part was, she obviously had some kind of maternal instinct now that she was a woman, because her thoughts were almost curious on the subject, as much as they were also actively repulsed by the whole thing. She couldn't stop imagining Jessica if she were a man, much as she had become a gorgeously beautiful version of her own dark-haired, sharp-angled self (albeit there were now soft angles in the right places, she supposed). If Jessica had come here with her, perhaps she could even entertain the thought more seriously, provided her wife had become a man.

"I'm going to be married today," Elora said in her sweet, worried voice. "Oh God, I'm going to be married today and then tonight I'm going to have sex! I'm going to have sex and I'll be the woman. He'll be in me, and knowing this ridiculous body I'll probably be pregnant by morning. God, how did I end up like this?"

She grabbed her *candishe*, ready to play upon the balcony while she waited, overlooking the gorgeous blue-and-purple leafed trees of the gardens. Suddenly, however, there was a knock upon the door. She swivelled upon the spot, still holding the violin-like instrument. Elora's breath was caught in her throat as a servant opened the door and bowed to her.

“Your Highness, I present to you *His* Highness, Prince Jonas Galaran, son of Witch-Queen Katya of the Queendom of Galaran.”

He withdrew, and a man stepped into the room. If Elora’s breath was already caught in her throat, now she nearly choked on it, because the sight before her was straight up *impossible*. The man wore a regal princely tunic, navy blue in colour in contrast to her own wedding red, and it was gilded with golden filigree and epaulets that marked his station. A sword was at his side, and in the manner of men of that distant court, his tunic descended past his knees, becoming a long cloak of sorts that almost obscured his tan-coloured pants. He cut a very fine figure - broad-shoulders and muscular, tall and manly - and this was enough to make her heart skip a beat and her eyes to linger, fascinated by his sculpted male form. But this was not what was impossible.

No, what was impossible was the fact that this man was *exactly* like the male Jessica she’d been imagining for over a week during her most private and intimate moments. Prince Jonas had a blonde beard, slightly darker than the hair atop his head, and it was a cropped beard that added to his regal nature. His eyes were the same grey she’d seen on her wedding day when she took in Jessica’s beauty, and they had that same twinkle in them, the same expression of attraction. His hair was swept to one side, and even that was the same as in her imagination, for Jessica had often preferred her hair pushed over to one side when she was concentrating, a habit that often had Ethan teasing her.

Elora realised that they were both looking at one another. Gazing over one another, eyes lingering on each other’s very attractive bodies. Elora actually blushed as she realised that Jonas had been looking with particular attention at her breasts, though he continued to examine her face in a most fascinated and intrigued manner.

“I’m sorry, Princess Elora,” he suddenly said with a bow, his voice lower than expected, like listening to a trickle of molasses. “I . . . you look like someone I once knew, in a manner of speaking.”

“So do you, Prince Jonas,” Elora responded, bowing just slightly in response to his own motion.

“A friend?”

“Someone very close to me.”

“Ah, that is the same for me as well.”

Silence followed. They both had a distance of ten feet between them, and neither was closing it in any hurry. Prince Jonas coughed into his hand. “A lovely room here.”

“It’s the first time I’ve been in it.”

“Ah, I’m not familiar with your customs. Though I am picking up fast. I’ve been studying them recently and compiling a great deal of lists in order to memorise the events of today.”

Elora couldn't help but giggle. "Sorry," she said, holding up a hand and covering her mouth with the other. "It's just . . . you sound a lot like someone I know. Used to know. She adored her lists. She had a very pragmatic mind."

Prince Jonas took a step forward, then stopped. His expression remained serious, perhaps even a bit grim. "I have always preferred pragmatism. However, I don't know how else to put this, but . . . I once knew a . . . let's say a *woman* who was very dear to me, and she was quite creative. Artsy, I guess you could say. Jokey and a bit fiery. She rounded me out."

"What happened to her?"

"She was . . . taken from me."

His expression was sour. "I tried to save her, but I fear I only put myself in further trouble in the attempt. I hope to find her again one day. Ah, I shouldn't be saying this."

Elora took a step further, her interest piqued. "No, no! It's okay. This is an arranged marriage. I don't believe either of us have to . . . want this?"

She was testing the waters, but to her surprise Jonas actually exhaled in relief. "Thank God. I'm sorry, but you are not the one I love. I am doing my duty in the hopes of returning to the man - the woman, I mean - I *do*."

He wasn't fooling Elora. This man liked men. And yet he was also gazing at her tits and then blushing, his attraction. Bisexual then? But other ideas and suspicions were rising, ones that were too hopeful for her to dare entertain in any form longer than a single thought.

"Do you like jokes, Jonas?"

He gave a puzzled look. "Not really. Well, there's a few that make me laugh. I'm afraid to say they are rather - what would the correct word be here - bawdy? God, not for a princess's ears."

"You say 'God', but aren't there many Gods?"

Jonas coughed again. "A simple mistake. Do you play an instrument? I see a few there. The . . . person I love also plays instruments."

"This is a *candishe*," she explained, taking one into her hands. "Would you like to hear me play it?"

"You don't have to."

She stepped closer to him. "I want to. Please. I've often said that music is like memory. It can take you back to where you want to go, and can make you realise the truth that is staring you right in your face. Just listen."

The princess rested the *candishe* into the crook of her neck, and then she began to play, running the bow along the strings. As a musician, as *Ethan*, she had loved to experiment in the course of her playing, never committing to one scripted tune or sheet of paper. She couldn't even read musical notation in this world yet, so she played from the

heart. Slowly, she weaved a tale of sorrow, punctuated by sudden violence, and then a confusing melody that spoke of a loss of reality, of a world slipping out from under one's feet. It then turned courtly, full of intrigue and suspicion, and a vibrating uncertainty matched with a rising speed. This too gave way to a new theme; a confidence that flowered as the tune rose, gaining beauty and confidence, a determination that became almost heroic. Still a dramatic chord continued, an off-edge scratch upon the strings that communicated a coming climax, an antagonistic force or simply a grand decision to make. It became more classical, a piece one would hear in a historical epic that tied the themes of destiny and choice together, two forces forever matched and fighting against one another. And then, finally, just as the fear and uncertainty seemed to rise up again, it was banished, the princess literally dancing about and swaying dramatically with her music as it became a song of love, of passion, of reconnection and blooming connection. The world was restored and made right, and she couldn't help but smile radiantly as she ran her bow across that final string and let its sound echo through the room.

The piece was finished. It had been entirely improvised, and yet one could not mistake its meaning. It took her a moment to open her eyes. She hadn't even realised how much she'd gotten worked up, because her chest was heaving to get oxygen back into her system, and it no doubt made a lovely sight as the upper halves of her breasts curved up over the window of her dress.

Jonas was astonished. His grey eyes were wide, all pretense of princely stature gone from the man as he seemed to see her truly for the first time.

"I'd recognise that mad dance along to the music anywhere. I'd recognise that smile after a piece anywhere." He stepped forward, reaching out to her, as if trying to grasp for a dream. "Ethan? My Ethan?"

"Oh, Jessica!" Elora exclaimed.

They crossed the distance between each other in an instant, hugging and kissing and embracing and tearing up; the princess especially, who cried and cried with joy. She was literally lifted up by the muscled prince, his strong arms embracing her, and she had never been so happy.

"How?" she cried. "I don't understand?"

"I jumped out to stop you from being hit, and, well, I was hit myself, Elora. I woke up like this, in the Witch-Queen's court. She'd been trying to grab someone from the same area and time period as my 'future mate,' as she so crudely put it. I could barely believe it! I was a man now, but she liked what she got, because I had a good head on my shoulders and could fix up the Queendom's finances right away. She told me she could return me to that moment once my duty was done, if I wished. I - I never imagined you'd be here as well!"

“Oh God, Jessica - Jonas! - I was so terrified of marrying someone else. I swear I was only going to do so to end up with you.”

“Same, honey. Same. God, look at you! You’re beautiful.”

Elora grinned, cheeks burning a little. “I do look quite nice, don’t I? Took a bit of adjusting to. And look at you! So handsome. Your shoulders . . . in this body, I really notice them.”

Jonas kissed her. They had already done so, but this time the kiss was longer, more passionate. It lingered, and Elora felt like a woman in the arms of a prince. Her prince. It made her body respond, and she could feel her arousal grow, though not too much, thankfully. When they parted, Jonas wiped some tears of joy from her cheeks.

“I guess . . . this makes the wedding a lot easier.”

“Are you sure? I mean, I’ll be the woman this time, Jonas. And you’ll be . . . my husband.”

“It’s only practical,” Jonas said. “We have to make do. And so long as I’m with you, we can make it work. Besides, I find you very attractive.”

Elora almost snorted. “Always the pragmatic one! I bet you’ve already got a list of duties planned for once we’re married.”

“More like a list of *potential* duties, after I’ve researched our future roles a little more.”

Elora sniffled, still so overjoyed that she could barely contain herself. She rested her head against Prince Jonas’ upper chest and clung to him.

“Can we do this, Jonas? Be together, like this?”

“Of course we can. I’m adaptable, and you . . . you have a soul of music, honey. You can always change. Much more than me, in fact.”

Elora thought of her stomach round with child, her breasts filled with milk. Yes indeed, she *could* change much more, she thought. Much more literally than Jonas meant by his statement, in fact. It was still a thought that made her anxious, but now . . . it didn’t seem so bad. In fact, as fantastic as this new life of theirs was, it almost seemed like destiny. Slowly, she raised her hand and cupped her handsome former-wife’s cheek.

“We can do this,” she said, and the moment she said it, she knew it was true.

“Regardless of how we look and whether we’re male or female, so long as I’m with you, Jonas, I’ll be happy.”

He nodded. “Same,” he replied. “Together. Husband and wife.”

“Me the wife.

“And I the husband.”

Jonas actually smiled, and once more they kissed. A long, slow, romantic kiss, one that reassured them both of their current and future roles.

“Besides,” Elora said. “We can always go back to Earth when we’re ready, right?”

That was the thought, at least. The plan. The possibility that both Katya and Arahad had conveyed to them respectively. *They could always return, once peace was established.* Elora and Jonas were married that day, the princess and prince joined together beneath the sight of the gods in holy matrimony. After the reception, they entered their shared chamber for the night, and whatever hesitations either had about their gender swap evaporated once the passion began. Soon, Elora was crying out in relief as Jonas thrust into her, the pair perfectly matched once more.

It was not long after, of course, that Elora found herself growing with child. The kingdoms rejoiced. Peace was already established, but now it was *secured* with this fruit of the womb from parents hailing from both nations. It was quite an astonishing thing for Elora herself, but the more she swelled the more feminine and excited she became, just as her stoic husband liked to idly stroke her stomach as he looked over important financial scrolls and paperwork.

Elora eventually gave birth. Not something she ever expected to do, but as painful as it was, she'd never been prouder of herself. Jonas insisted on being present, and while he was fairly silent during her labor, he held her hand patiently, as was his way. And that was how their son Galen entered the world.

Peace was established. Peace was secured. Peace was *safeguarded* now, for generations to come. Which meant, once Galen no longer needed to breastfeed, that it was time to enact the plan. Time to return to their former lives and bodies. Arahad himself offered to do the deed himself, and Katya, though she had grown fond of her 'son,' agreed that a deal was a deal.

Instead, the Prince and Princess, the latter holding her infant son in her arms and feeling like an utterly radiant woman, simply shook their heads.

"Peace is a fragile thing," she said. "Better to stay around and make sure it sticks. Besides, I've gotten so good at the instruments here, it would be a shame to let all that talent go to waste."

"I also have more financial investments to ensure go smoothly," Jonas added in a serious tone. "And an entire tax reform to submit to both kingdoms."

"And besides," Elora said, smiling up at her husband, who offered a brief little smirk back. "I think we've come to embrace our fantastic destiny. A little too much, in fact."

Arahad and Katya raised an eyebrow each.

“Oh, couldn’t you tell? I thought you wizard and witch types would know on sight. It seems my husband and I will be presenting another little peace offering to the world . . . give or take eight months or so.”

Elora lowered her hand to her belly and smiled, so very keen for her next royal child already. She’d never been so glad in her life to have stepped directly into traffic.

The End