

# ***Hell Hath No Fury...***

## ***Siggy Commission for PandaKnight***

Valentine's Day was a well known festive celebration around the world. A day for lovers to come together as one, with the men receiving a gift of chocolates from their significant others as a symbol of their unwavering affection, reciprocating in kind with their own heartfelt thanks and good wishes.

But not many were aware of the origins of Valentine's Day, much less the man behind the myth; Saint Valentine himself and the fact that the celebratory period was meant to commemorate his martyrdom with a feast. It was only when embellishments began to spread about the tale did the Valentine's of today begin to take shape. Romanticizing the Saint's sacrifice with suppositions that he had sent a letter to the daughter of the man who jailed him signed 'Your Valentine' while other, more grounded beliefs told of him performing wedding rites for Roman soldiers forbidden from being wedded under the rule of then Emperor Claudius II despite never issuing such an order himself.

It wouldn't take much afterwards to transform the day of respect into one of love and passion, with the majority forgetting the original intent of Valentine's Day itself amongst other things as time went on, but some of those who remembered and wept for the Saint saw this new trend as an ignorant blasphemy of their religion; taking advantage of a man's death to propagate a fairy tale, blaming greedy businessmen and the faithless fools who stood to profit from the business boom Valentine's Day now offered them as lovestruck waifs spent their money on extravagant gifts and treats.

One among these zealots was an accomplished knight known simply as Germaine, taking pride in his accomplishments that saw him through a successful career as a captain of a garrison of knights. Germaine had once been a man of the cloth before deciding to take on the sword in an effort to defend his homeland and the faith, believing that everything in his life wasn't his own, but the work of his one and true God, never feeling self gratified and only ever sharing his beliefs with one another, his closest friend and second in-command; Eustace.

But if there was one fault Germaine was infamous for, it was his inability to hold a proper conversation with women, finding them a bother to talk with stemming more from his mind unable to think of anything a fine maiden would engage with moreso a hate for them. Of course, no living man alive could read another's mind, so when people saw the deep furrows in his brow and the sweat beading his forehead, they naturally assumed the knight couldn't stand people of the opposite gender, it was something he had learned to brush off as petty insults by jealous fools. But while they claimed Germaine was nothing but a grump, the rabble had never seen the man angry in the truest sense of the word. For Germaine, there was no such thing as mild annoyance or irritation, there was only righteous fury.

He could take insults, beatings, reprimand, stressful working hours, but the slightest peel of an insult against his faith was enough to incite his wrath, known for his awe inspiring tirades and energetic movement, the man was not to be trifled with when it came to religion, so those who knew of his temperament were careful with their words.

And as expected of a man as devout as he was, Germaine was no slouch when it came to the history of Christianity, memorizing everything from the Bible down to each individual Saint whose name was preserved in the annals of time as martyrs, Saint Valentine included.

Incidentally, the very day celebrated in his name was soon to come, and a certain young maiden hailing from a well off family of nobles had heard of the spreading tales that spoke of the Saint, tales of romance that had immediately enraptured the heart of Sophia, who has found them endearing. Wasting no time, she had put her confectionery skills to good use, and with some of the finest ingredients in the country, had managed to bake and prepare a cake for her beloved, putting all her love and effort into producing the homely little treat small enough to box into a present. A staunch believer in Germaine's unwavering faith, Sophia had high hopes in her heart that the man would open up to her.

And when Saint Valentine's Day came rolling by, Sophia stood waiting patiently by the entrance to the church she knew Germaine frequented, awaiting his arrival with her gift in hand and her proposal in mind, feeling her heart leap into her mouth at the sight of the tall, black haired knight marching down the street accompanied by his fellow knights.

**The romantic and happy occasion Sophia had envisioned however, would never come to pass...**

The instant the man saw the cake in hand as she bowed her head, Germaine's blind rage had kicked in, only managing to hold back because the unwitting 'offender' was a dainty little girl, smacking the thing from her hands with a frown, uncaring even with the soft splat of the cake smashing into a sorry lump on the floor ringing out in the empty town square. In Germaine's eyes, Sophia was yet another fool who knew naught of Christianity but depravity, sighing in disgust while claiming he would never love someone like her, spitting the words right in her face.

One could only imagine the pain that streaked through Sophia right at that very moment, with some eyewitnesses claiming the young lady's eyes had gone dark then and there, as if she'd seen something terrible.

There was no quarrel, no shrill screaming. Instead, Sophia had simply turned away from Germaine, looking sullen as she rubbed the hand that been rudely brushed aside, picking up what remained of the ruin cake she had worked so hard to make before walking away, leaving the band of knights to chastise their ignorant leader while muttering under her breath.

For as much love as Sophia's heart could hold, so too could it contain anger, sadness, all the negative emotions imaginable were now festering within, adding weight to the words seething from her lips as she cast one last sidelong glance at Germaine with a tear in the eye before turning the corner around the street, vanishing from his life altogether.

**"You'd do well to apologize my friend, for as much as I understand your personal beliefs, wounding the heart of a maiden such as Sophia is unthinkable! An outrage!"**

But Germaine hadn't listened to a single word from Eustace as they proceeded into the Church, brushing Sophia off as a blind girl who knew nothing of faith if she thought a cake would turn him. To submit was to admit that the rumors were true in his eyes, and that was the last thing he wanted. He was supposed to be a bastion of his faith, and a bastion did not allow even one speck to break through its dominion. Clasp his hands in prayer as the sermons began.

As he prayed however, the powers that governed the world could not accept the boorish behavior of the man who had so rudely cast aside the love of a pure hearted maiden right outside a church no less, working to right Germaine's wrong by answering Sophia's heartfelt curse to the man who had so brazenly insulted her love for him.

Curses back then worked in strange ways, never taking immediate effect, waiting instead for an opportune moment in the victims life to take hold, subjecting them to a variety of effects that were almost always negative and detrimental to their current lifestyle, like say a singer having her voice stolen from her or a carpenter losing touch with his skills. But the curse hanging over Germaine's head was something much more powerful than those comparatively minor afflictions. Waiting for the right moment to take effect as the knights finished their morning routine before preparing to head off into the woods to take up their latest assignment; clearing out an encamped group of bandits who had taken to pillaging from the surrounding villages and towns before slinking back into the cover of the overgrown forest. They knew the place like the back of their hands, so it was no surprise no one had been able to take them out.

Until now that is, with Germaine and his garrison called forth to deal with the threat, the bandits' days were numbered.

Or so that was what everyone believed, unaware of the divine retribution soon to be meted out on Germaine's head.

Going to sleep that night in full armor leaning against the crates that stored their supplies, the man remained blissfully unaware as his mind drifted off to blissful rest, only to come to with a start after a sharp jolt over his entire being, feeling as if he'd been plucked from one realm of existence into another. Looking around dazedly with heavy plate armor clanking loudly with his sudden movement, finding himself alone

and trapped in a confined space that was beginning to feel unbearably warm. Feeling the smooth interior of a strange spherical chamber all around him.

Cursing loudly to himself while muttering a quick prayer, the brawny knight wastes no time in pounding away at the walls, bashing with all his might using the shield he had thankfully held onto in his sleep as a cudgel, smiling as a satisfactory crunch resounds, the sounds of the prison walls giving way to his assault.

But after another hefty swing, something warm and thick sprays forth from the crack in the wall, splashing over his helmet, accompanied by a strangely aromatic scent that seemed familiar to the stunned knight captain. Undeterred, Germaine continues his assault, pushing past the discomforting spray of more of the thick liquid gushing forth from the walls, as if the cracks were wounds inflicted upon the body of a beast, the liquid, its blood. It reminded Germaine of the tales his mother had once told him about brave men killing monsters by cutting them apart after purposefully letting themselves be consumed.

While he continues to daydream and pound away however, something strange was beginning to happen to his actual body back in the conscious realm of reality, lying limp against the makeshift backrest as armor begins to shift and loosen, no longer fastened properly as muscle begins to fade from the captain's physique with no one in the camp noticing anything off as they slept soundly in preparation for the offensive tomorrow.

Back in the dream however, Germaine was beginning to feel alarmed and exhausted as his furious thrusts and swings slow in rhythm until a singular bash could be heard within the space of about a few seconds, panting to catch his breath before a droplet of the unknown fluid falls into his open mouth, spreading a tantalizing, sweet flavor across his tongue that almost had him forgetting the predicament he was in, smacking his lips at the delicious sip...lips that had blown up into radiant pink pillows free of the mustache that had once adorned it.

This was highly unusual, in his long standing career as a knight and plentiful experience as a captive in his earlier days, never before had he ever heard of an enemy using chocolate of all things to encase their prisoners in. If it was heated to searing hot temperatures enough to scald, he could understand, but this was barely hot enough to call a threat unless there was enough of it waiting just beyond to drown him in.

Thinking for a moment, Germaine hesitantly removes his armor, unbuckling straps, pulling off gloves before undressing the chainmail and tunic beneath, leaving him nimble and mobile just in case his prison really did end up flooding with chocolate. But this itself was a mistake, a big one.

For within the obscuring dark, wherever the chocolate touched, Germaine's body seemed to bend to its unknown properties just like his lips had when he accidentally imbibed a single droplet. And with his entire being now exposed to the transformative substance, the changes were free to progress rapidly with his bare

legs soaking in the mud, instantly reduced to slender pillars lined with supple fat instead of muscle, lowering Germaine's towering height from an impressive 7 feet to a measly height barely passing the 5 feet mark mid swing, sending him sliding deeper into the pool of chocolate already reaching up high enough to grace his thighs, dipping his exposed privates into it as he curses yet again in frustration before finding stable footing to resume his assault, unaware of the flaccid member coming under an assault of its own, prodded by invisible hands that mold and push the receding penis back into Germaine's body, coupling his testicles together as they slink back up into a hairless slit that had widened just below his already tiny nub of a pecker as it settles into a warm blanket of moist flesh atop a plump set of lips between a salacious thigh gap, drooling an excretion of cum that no longer served any purpose in Germaine's future unless it was from another man, shot directly into the freshly formed womb nestled snugly between the former pair of nuts that had become active ovaries, wasting no time in pumping estrogen and other feminine hormones throughout the rest of the knight's barely recognisable body stripped clean of muscle and scars with supple flesh, petite arms, spotless skin colored a creamy vanilla and a dainty neck supporting the knight's last remaining vestiges of his former identity just before another punch shatters a large portion of the canopy, dousing his chest in a healthy spray that instantly sags his proud pecs, reforming them into twin peaks that jiggle around with the slightest movement, bloating until a hefty set of eye catching mammaries hung off Germaine's chest, tipped with perky pink studs as the chocolate slides off their shiny exterior, letting out an effeminate gasp of effort and surprise as a swing goes interrupted by the sudden jolt of electricity from his newly erect nipples.

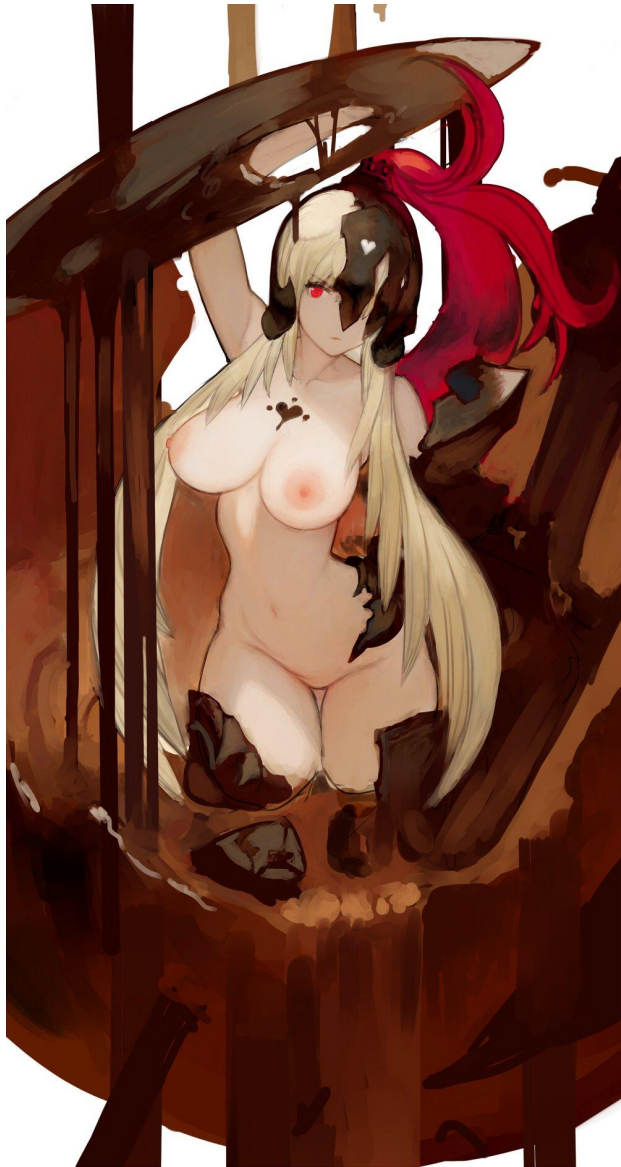
Even though he couldn't see, by now the changes were far too drastic to ignore, feeling exhausted and out of breath when he knew he shouldn't, and even worse; disgraced by how 'hot' he was beginning to feel, as if the very sweat exuding from the pores of his highly sensitive skin trickling down his lean body was turning him on. Coupled with the heavy weights pulling down on his shoulders, the disturbing need for something between his legs and an ache in his nips, Germaine was beginning to feel feverish fighting off all these urges in combination with his ongoing efforts to break free.

On the flip side, his body wasn't faring well either, already having succumbed to much of the same changes that had already run their course in the dream, resulting in an ill suited figure draped in heavy armor, awakening the others with the loud crash of steel hitting the floor with shouts of panic soon following.

**"The captain's been poisoned!" "Someone call the nurses!" "Germaine's fallen!"** They hollered, running to the gallant captain's aid, only to pull back in shock as the crowd falls silent once they manage to undo the man's loose helmet and breastplate, watching as voluminous amounts of golden blonde silk pours forth from their prison, cascading down around and sticking to a fierce, yet lovely face that stirs the hearts of the men viewing it.

With a final war cry that overlaps with two voices screaming as one; Germaine's and that of a boisterous young lady, the imprisoned knight breaks free of his prison, dousing his face in a thick downpour of sweet

chocolate that washes off the last physical remains of Germaine, revealing a stunning visage composed of



sleek sharp eyes with crimson irises flanking a cute slant nose atop a slim line of luscious pink for lips, framed by a long flowing mane of blonde hair that extends all the way down to her plump derriere and tickling the graceful arch of a flexible spine...

It was like watching a maiden of war emerge from a cocoon, with the crimson tailend of her helm flicking in the wind and framed by her striking blonde hair, Germaine remained oblivious to her inverted gender, bearing her firm bouncing breasts, a tight tummy and child birthing hips for all to see, still under the assumption that she was still the big burly knight she remembered herself to be.

Until the chocolate raining down from her shield drips onto her creamy teats, alerting Germaine to the sensitive protrusions extending from her chest as her eyes go downward, widening in shock at the sight of the nubile young body of a beautiful maiden before her, dropping her shield as her arms hesitantly begin exploring her body before the truth sets in as the liquid running down her torso slithers across her skin, forming into a heart shaped symbol right as her mouth opens for a womanly scream to erupt, throwing herself up in shock as she awakens from the nightmare, naked and exposed before her men who

were all trying their best not to stare at the wrong places as they held their trembling captain.

By the time Eustace had managed to push his way forward through the crowd, the worried man was confused at the sight of the naked young woman surrounded by pieces of his captain's armor with Germaine nowhere in sight, was she some sort of spy? An assassin sent by the bandits?

While he pondered the facts however, he hadn't realized Germaine had fully awoken to a new nightmare, surrounded by her suddenly enormous men with wild eyes and hands cupped over her exposed privates, shivering in the chilly evening air before exchanging worried looks with her comrade. It was all he needed to put the pieces of the puzzle together; why his comrades had fallen silent, why Germaine's clothes and armor lay everywhere and where the man himself had gone as he shook his head at the sight of the sorry woman.

His friend had, at the behest of a great curse, been turned into a woman.

The rest of the night would remain a sleepless one for many in the camp, with their afflicted captain offered privacy in a tent and her belongings kept aside, the rest of the men began to engage in hushed whispers about what the supposedly honorable man had done to deserve this. With the few men that had accompanied Germaine and Eustace to church that morning spilling the beans, spreading the tale of the captain's folly, publicly shaming, humiliating and no doubt harming a poor maiden in ways that no physical blade could ever hope to.

While there was initial talk of the maiden being a witch, all talk of it had dropped the moment they spoke of where the incident had taken place; right outside a church...

**"The man's finally getting his comeuppance if you ask me! Man's worse than a bandit when it comes to treating women I tell you!" "Don't speak harsh of him like that...but I can't disagree...I've seen how the poor girl looked after she had her work dashed aside...even had to carry it back with her looking all-"**

But the gossip would fall silent as the right hand man of the captain; Eustace returns with a bucket of freshly drawn water in hand, glaring at the backhanded talk going on around him. While he knew the man was at fault, gloating about his fate was unacceptable.

*'Or I suppose it's her now...and on the eve of the strike itself...blast it all!'*

Slowly opening the flap of the tent before heading inside, the former knight on the bed recoils in surprise as her hands dart out of the sheets, fingers slick with something shimmering in the dark at the sudden entrance of her comrade, bashfully looking away with a fierce blush on her face, brushing aside a loose strand of blonde behind her ears in a overly feminine manner that catches Eustace off guard for a moment as his eyes longer on Germaine's flushed face, biting her lower lip in shame while clutching the sheets over her tender feats, showcasing her voluptuous figure through tents in the fabric while remaining oblivious to the growing wet spot between her legs. Offering her the water to wash up with and soothe her nerves along with a towel to dry off with a fresh change of clothes of the smallest size possible.

**"G-Get washed up alright? That must've been a harrowing experience...but..regarding the attack...it's fine if you can't make it, no one will think any less of you for it...I don't think we have a suit of armor to fit you as you are currently my friend...so umm...rest up, is what I'm trying to say...good night."**

Spinning around in a hurry with boots clomping against the makeshift floorboards, Eustace takes his leave from the tent, leaving Germaine alone once more to ponder her fate and role in the coming battle, feeling a

commitment to return to service, to fight alongside her comrades even if she had no armor to clad herself in. But more importantly and far more distressing, was the strange sensation this new body seemed permanently enraptured with as her hazy red eyes lock on to the towel, snatching it off the bucket before stuffing it up to her face, inhaling strongly as her eyes roll back up into her skull, falling over onto the bed as her other hand continues its ministrations beneath the sheets, flicking at her clitoris while pistoning in and out of her dripping wet snatch, stifling her needy moans with the towel all while breathing heavily like a drug addict, high not on stimulants but on the scent of her friend, fueling the vivid images of her former self; Knight Captain Germaine strapped to a bed as an ethereal image of Eustace forms behind him, readying an erect pecker as it runs across the surface of his bum before committing to an act of heresy, treason against his faith.

But with each thrust, Germaine's mental image screaming in pain and resistance begins to pulse like a beating heart, with each throb taking away who he was, beating and beating until he was man no longer, moaning in the melodious voice of the blonde haired beauty she was, complete in both body and mind as her conjured partner slips his manhood free from her aching ass before sliding it into the gaping folds of her virgin pussy in time for her to reach climax, releasing a jet of transparent fluids all over the sheets while screaming her ecstasy into the towel, moaning Eustace's name before slumping over still, slender limbs twitching in the afterglow as her breasts squish beneath her still body.

She knew it was wrong, to harbor feelings like this for a man no less. But not long after the initial shock and fear of her sudden transformation had died away after being ushered into the privacy of her tent, Germaine's mind had begun to fill with dark thoughts, thoughts of treachery she refused to accept, unwilling to give in to the curse that had taken her body and her manhood.

The curse and its function was simple, following after the instructions provided by Sophia's silent whispers as she left Germaine behind just a few hours ago earlier in the morning;

*'I curse this man to suffer like I have...to feel the burn of unreciprocated feelings...for every second this fool resists...the temptations plaguing him will only grow...the pained heart of a maiden unanswered...'*

And so with the curse now running its course over Germaine's mind feeding off of her memories, Eustace's place as her one and only friend was beginning to become warped, beginning to view him as something more than just a friend. Now she wanted him all to herself, to have him tell her she loved him as much as she did, to feel his embrace in bed, to weep with joy when she finally bore his children in her aching womb. Every single iota of her existence was screaming with love for Eustace, but whenever she laid eyes on him, she had found herself unable to speak, as if something had placed a lock over her lips until he was far from earshot. Another effect of the curse.



Because for every second Germaine's new fluttery thoughts of love remained unspoken with Eustace failing to recognize her body language, the proceeding pang of pain she felt in her chest was enough to drive her over the edge, breaking her stalwart resolve as a devout religious follower to satisfy herself, it was like an automatic response just like the way she had taken to masturbating immediately after another encounter with Eustace, feeling ashamed and excited at the same time with her disgraceful act of getting off to the faint scent of her friend already being enough to drive her to orgasm...her first female orgasm. It was a depraved sensation that left her dead inside as she finally gave in to the exhaustion of it all. Falling fast asleep in an effort to fill the empty hole she felt inside her; the humiliation, the desecration of her faith, the sudden love she now felt for Eustace and the hesitation to admit it was all her fault...

---

A few days after the raid on the bandit camp had gone off without a hitch, Germaine's troop had returned without a single casualty as the knights paraded themselves through the city on horseback on the short ride back to the capital where their barracks and warm food lay ready and waiting for them. Curiously however, the captain himself was nowhere in sight with only Eustace present at the lead, waving reassuringly at the people with a brave smile on his face to assuage any fears that Germaine had met with an unfortunate fate. And while that was true in some form or another, the captain her current state could not be presented to the public lest she be ostracized and made fun of since her act of shaming Sophia had become common knowledge almost overnight amongst the common folk. If they knew the man had been cursed, it would bring shame bit only upon Germaine but the entire religion and order of knights if the people knew one of their greatest was a sinner who had fallen from grace, with Eustace casting one uncertain glance at the transport carriage behind him where the despondent blonde now sat in shame, having slept through the assault and keeping to herself, having to suffer what he could only assume was the greatest shame in her career with the other men now shamelessly speaking ill of her out loud without fear of reprimand as the general consensus became clear;

Germaine was no longer suited to lead them, and even if she somehow returned to her former self, that last incident of blind rage stemming from an absurd devotion to Christian beliefs would leave very little left who would be willing to follow her into battle. A fact she had to tussle with after her childish refusal to admit any wrongdoing had been shattered after hearing constant accusations and ill talk all around her. And from the very men she had served with no less.

All except Eustace, who seemed to be the only one genuinely concerned for her wellbeing. Clicking her tongue with her knees huddled up close to her bosom as the thought of her friend summons forth that wave of arousal she felt whenever she was around him. Only one day had passed and already her false love for her friend had escalated into an irrational lust, stirring her loins and prodding her chest into a doozy as she collapses to her side, panting in heat with her hands no longer able to restrain themselves, drifting downward to tend to her privates. While masturbating seemed to clear her mind, it was only a temporary fix,

and within the span of these two short days as a woman, Germaine had already tasted the forbidden pleasures of the act more than a dozen times, unable to resist the otherworldly pleasure of release.

But the more she grew to love the act, the less effective it became at containing her feelings. In fact, it seemed to be spurring her imagination further in addition to worsening the pang of need she felt for Eustace. And with her inability to confess which she had surmised was the only way to break the curse, it seemed as if her suffering would remain for the foreseeable future.

Worryingly however, what little remained of Germaine's indignant manliness was beginning to crack, losing her very identity the longer she remained this way. Unlike the very moment she had awoken to feelings of disgust, regret and anger upon viewing her womanly figure, feelings of pride, lust and a want to share it with Eustace had begun to take hold of her. If she didn't find a way to confess to Eustace on her own, she feared the sinful thoughts would soon become her own.

Unbeknownst to her however, those feelings weren't technically the work of the curse but rather her own, amplified and tuned to the most extreme; the pained heart of a woman in love, unable to profess her feelings for the man she felt most drawn towards in life. That was Germaine now, whether she knew it or not. With her inversion from male to female, her mind has followed suit, thinking like a girl her age would, reacting appropriately and behaving as such with her body language showing no hint of the brash confidence she once walked around with. Where seeing spilled blood and gaping wounds left no reaction before, now she wanted to puke whenever her eyes graced the blood streaked swords and armor of her former comrades, no longer viewing them as soldiers to be proud of but scary men who seemed to revel in the bloodshed of war. Coming to realize why distraught villagers seemed to view them as monsters in some cases where they had turned up to secure places beset by conflict.

Once the knights were safely back behind the walls of the barracks, Eustace had immediately left to explain Germaine's circumstances, or at least that was what she had thought until he returned, requesting she pack up her belongings immediately before anyone else came by much to her confusion and silent longing. Left without much choice, she had agreed, nodding silently before tugging at the hem of Eustace's tunic, muttering under her breath that she was ready to go. Ever the minimalist stemming from her origins as a humble farm hand, there was nothing here for her to take along. With that bit of business done, Eustace ties a hooded cloak around his former captain before leading her out of the barracks in secret, moving swiftly through the streets until he had arrived back at his estate with Germaine in hand, ushering her inside and upstairs into an unused bedroom before offering her a cup of tea to calm her nerves before breaking the news of what the sudden rush was all about, oblivious to the severe blush on her cheeks as she shivered in place.

**"I've informed our superiors of your...resignation...from the order...told them you had cut ties with all contacts before leaving. They were furious as to be expected for breaking the oath but...you realize this is necessary, yes? You'd be branded a traitor if they knew your real circumstances, even if the**

**others tell on you, you will be safe here in my home, that I can promise you! You're my friend Germaine, always will be no matter what you look like!"**

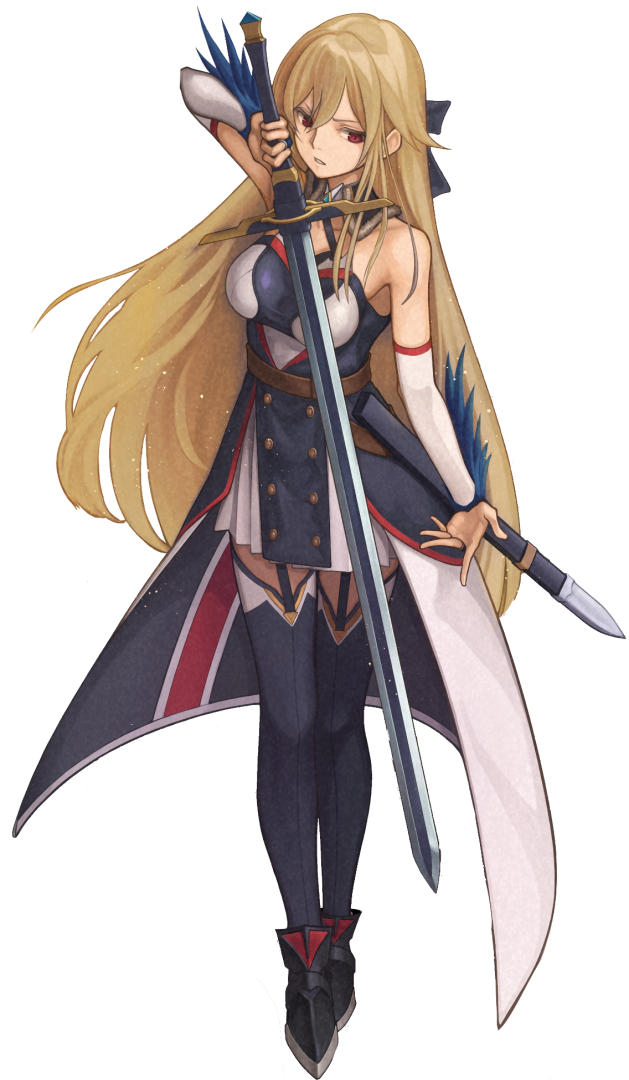
A simple 'Mm.' was all she could muster as she sat there in silent contemplation, feeling frustrated at herself for allowing her feelings to get the better of her. If only she'd listened and thought twice before rejecting Sophia so harshly like that, maybe she'd be back at the barracks celebrating with her troops...wishful thinking at this point now that her entire career, her reputation and life was left in ruin.

**"There should be a change of clothes here that could fit your new uhh...physique...but if there's anything else you need, don't be afraid to call for me, okay?"**

The loving tone in which Eustace had taken to addressing her with was driving Germaine insane, gritting her teeth as that unavoidable need came rushing back into her body at this most inappropriate time. She couldn't even be allowed to feel sad for a single moment without lusting after her friend now, and with the following pang of sadness streaking through her heart upon yet another failure on Eustace's part to realize her love as he stood up to leave, an uncontrollable wave of tears began to streak down the heartbroken woman much to her dismay and embarrassment.

Thanks to some prior visits to her friends luxurious estate for some quality training time together, she knew where the training hall was, and as much as she disliked it, the only clothes left available to her was an elegant dress that fit her all too well, cupping her sleek body perfectly while emphasizing her curves at the same time for a perfect ensemble between elegance and decency. Germaine was loath to admit it; she looked beautiful. Barely able to form her previous identity in her mind over the petite lady before her.

Making her way downstairs with her shoes clacking against the floorboard, the restless woman had wiped away her tears in an effort to silence the



voice of need in her mind, refusing to admit this was all real as she draws a decorative longsword from the armor before proceeding to hack away at the training dummy with furious, untrained swings. Grunting at the effort now needed to lift the blade before bringing it down in a huff, yelling in anger with each downward slice barely nicking the dummy at all. Compared to her old body being able to cleave through a dummy with one swing, it only made Germaine realize the futility of fighting at all as her swings began to grow wild and frenzied, no longer aiming for anything at all as her shouts devolve into screams, drowning out the concerned voice of Eustace demanding her to stop as he comes barrelling in through the doors, smacking the wild blade from her hands before gripping her shoulders firmly, preventing her from struggling despite the sweet voice demanding she be let go. Doing her damndest in an effort to break free.

**"C-Calm yourself Germaine! I understand how you feel! But venting your anger like this will do you no-no!"**



But Eustace's concerned reasoning would be interrupted by the loud sound of fabric being shredded apart along with a final womanly scream from Germaine before her exhausted figure crashes against the stone wall of the training hall, slumping down to a seated position with her face flushed red, not out of sadness but something else entirely, trying not to look her friend in the eye as he glances between the torn top in his hands and at her exposed teats, finally dropping his gaze over the dripping wet loins barely hidden behind Germaine's trembling legs in a futile effort to hide just how horny she was, wasting no time in lubricating the cobblestone floor with her juices.

*'He must think me a shameless whore!'* was the line of thought running rampant in the humiliated woman's mind as she finally falls limp, finding no point in hiding how badly the curse had afflicted her anymore, wincing in fear as Eustace steps forward, prepared to receive a harsh kick or even a shout for her to get out immediately as her ruined dress flutters to the floor.

Only to gasp in surprise to feel strong arms gently raise her up to her feet before flipping her sideways, cradling her neck and tickling the bottom of her calves in a bridal carry, not even looking down at her once as he hauls her to destinations unknown, taking steady steps forward in awkward silence with a lengthy trail of droplets drying on the floor leading back to Eustace's bedroom. Many times she had tried to ask what he

had planned for her, but only stifled gasps and choked cries were able to escape her lips, for as long as the curse held until her love was realized, she could never say anything in the presence of Eustace in her heated state.

But only now did he seem to realize what her body was being subjected to, picking up on all the sidelong glances, the hesitant looks, the flushed face whenever he got too close, the times he swore he could've heard a womanly moan right before entering her personal space. While he had always been a devout Christian, Eustace, unlike his thick skulled companion, had always left space to question his orders practices, including their ostracism of 'unusual' and 'afflicted' individuals, claiming them to have been touched by the devil and left to be ignored as the dredges of society instead of finding ways to help them.

And as he looked down at the worrisome babe in his arms that he held no doubts about still being his friend one and the same, he just couldn't let that happen to her, fearing this place was no longer safe for either of them. But that could wait for now, judging from the dampness he could feel from the stains on his pants stemming from how wet Germaine had become, he could only guess how long she had abstained herself from acting this way whenever he came by. And like his mother once said; leaving a maiden unsatisfied was something a man had to fix, and Germaine was no exception.

Once all was said and done, the lucky maiden would find herself sprawled out atop her friend and unrequited lover's bed, suddenly feeling a spark of hope amidst the surprise and confusion at the dilemma she now faced. She had expected to be evicted as a freak and a nymphomaniac, not tossed into bed quite so literally as Eustace did before heaving a heavy sigh of hesitation before slowly undoing his pants, letting it flop to the bedroom floor as the setting sun illuminates the look of awe on Germaine's tear spattered face.

Whether or not the curse had been lifted that day, no one knew for sure. What was known however, was the fact that Eustace and Germaine had vanished, failing to report to the barracks the following day with the authorities finding the nobleman's estate empty and bereft of most of its precious items, leading many to believe the pair had absconded together, labeling them heathens and excommunicated from the church.

But somewhere far out away from the reach of any human settlements, rumors would begin to spread of a fabled cottage located far out in the wilderness, home to a lone couple consisting of a handsome gentleman and a mesmerizing beaut of a maiden, trailing a long flowing mane of golden locks behind her shapely body. Some said they offered any weary travelers a comforting abode if needed while others claimed the wife had a fiery temper at the faintest sign of disrespect shown towards her home or husband. Whatever the case, these tales would fade away as time passed alongside the age of where religion ruled with an iron fist. Knights, nobles, even the couple. All vanished from memory.

All in all it was a fitting lesson for unwary men to learn from; that on Valentine's Day, you'd best treat a lovestruck maiden with respect lest she flip your life upside down, for Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

*But even then, maybe things wouldn't be so bad on the receiving end of a feminisation curse if you had a special someone who understood everything about you...*

**THE END**