

Royal Duties (Medieval Princess TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for aabcehm

Peter is a learned enthusiast of history and fantasy who likes to read old tomes from the medieval ages, as well as fiction books set in magical fantasy worlds. However, when Peter picks the wrong book to read one day, he is magically transported into a fantasy world in which he is now a beautiful red-headed woman, one who is being trained up as a princess to be married off and produce heroes. Peter must try to use all his knowledge to fight against his fate, but can he escape it?

Royal Duties

Act 1: New Life

Peter Arrend gasped when he saw the old tome. He had always been an enthusiast for older things - he was a historian, after all - and so visiting garage sales was a frequent weekend hobby of his. He had been told he even projected the air of someone who went to garage sales, and he sort of knew what people meant by that. He had quite the professorly look about him, despite only being in his early forties, likely due to his slightly peppered hair and finely-cared for moustache, along with his academic-looking glasses. At 6'1, he had a looming teacher's presence as well, matched by his preference for brown suits and ties even for informal occasions. It all combined to make him exactly the kind of person you'd imagine would be searching for old tomes and historical trinkets at casual sales.

And what a tome he had found.

"What are you?" he said, fascinated as he examined the aged leather cover and yellowed paper within. It was wonderfully preserved, but with his historical eye he could easily determine that this iron-clasped text was likely far, far older than the owner imagined, possibly dating right back to the renaissance period, perhaps even earlier! He looked at the cover, which had a medieval-period portrait of a woman with long red hair in a fine courtly dress.

Recordings of the Life of Princess Caroline Wilding of the Paladian Kingdom

A mouthful, as older texts often were. But he'd never heard in any of his extensive studies of a Paladian Kingdom.

"A work of fiction, then," he said to himself, carefully examining the tome. "Even better, a work of fantasy!"

Like a lot of history nerds, he was also a big fantasy fan, and readily absorbed detailed worlds such as *Lord of the Rings* and other similarly well-constructed settings.

“How much?” he asked the owner.

“Say, twenty dollars?” she said.

He could have laughed. She had no idea how much the text was worth. Of course, he wasn’t interested in selling it, though he definitely was going to be the first to study it! There was certainly no recording of such a text he’d ever heard of.

“Done,” he said, handing her the money. He carefully bagged the medieval text, practically giddy with excitement. He felt like a schoolboy again.

“It could be the High Middle Ages period,” he murmured to himself. “Or even earlier, judging from the type of script used. Definitely scribe work, very much pre-Gutenberg press alright.”

He eagerly drove home, occasionally glancing at the tome and trying not to smile like an idiot. Historians are generally known to be a dry bunch, but Peter had always carried a sense of academic enthusiasm about him, even if it meant some bad luck in his love life from those who found it boring or didn’t understand.

Oh, I am definitely reading this when I get home, he thought to himself. *Just have to get the tweezers out.*

Recordings of Caroline Wilding, as he was mentally contracting the title to, was seated carefully upon his desk at his home. Peter retrieved his instruments, approaching the tome with the same gentle historian’s care as he would a manuscript from the archives, the very archives that would likely house this text soon. He took several careful photographs, and using gloves unclasped the metal brace, and used a set of plastic-tipped tweezers to carefully open the tome.

And then he began to read.

It was indeed a work of fiction, and a daringly elaborate one at that! There were numerous hand-drawn illustrations within, individually drawn, and quite faded. They ran throughout the piece, accompanying the story, which he began to take in, entranced. The Princess Caroline Wilding, daughter of King Dorian Wilding according to the opening, was indeed the central figure. She was depicted as a gorgeous woman with fiery red hair and a strong, tempestuous personality at odds with her role. From what he could grasp, this fictional setting was a world known as Lasandris, a continent of some kind containing numerous European-style kingdoms, though they practised Sun worship instead of any

Christ-metaphor. Interesting, given that such a work could entail controversy. It made him think of Thomas More's *Utopia*.

He continued reading, practically *breathing* in the detail. She began life as a peasant, surprisingly, but was discovered at that age to be the 'lost princess' seized from the kingdom at a young age. Caroline was only nineteen years of age, and her saga revolved around being taught court etiquette, and her attempts to avoid marriage to her betrothed, one Prince Alphonse of the neighbouring kingdom of Wendell. Such a marriage was evidently fit for a lasting peace between the kingdoms, but she wished to remain free.

Peter was fascinated. It was all quite progressive for a medieval text, the central character acting more like a modern woman than one of her age. He was so utterly engrossed in her journey that he almost didn't notice the strange tingling feeling that began to course over his body. He tried to scratch his leg, but suddenly found his limbs frozen.

"What the -!?"

The book began to glow, expanding before his eyes. The words on the page grew larger and larger, separating from the tome to dance around him, glowing gold. He tried to run, escape from this strange, dreamlike experience, but he remained frozen. He felt his hair shift, a curtain of red descending over much of his vision. His body shifted and trembled, a pressure pushing out from his chest, his rear expanding.

"What's h-happening to m-me?" he cried, his voice becoming higher and softer. He felt his height reduce, his waist contract sharply, even his shoulders shrink down. The glowing words danced, some of them falling like snowflakes made of light onto his clothing, and that too changed, becoming a brown woollen peasant tunic that ended mid calf, his shoes becoming ankle high leather with wooden soles. His manhood went numb, and he felt it recede, causing him to gasp.

"No - no! This has to b-be a dream!"

But the book only grew larger and larger in his vision, expanding magically like a great portal, glowing ever brighter. His body continued to transform, the pressures on his chest continuing as what could only be a pair of ripe breasts continued to fill out his tunic. Somehow, he was becoming a woman. A peasant woman. A peasant woman with red hair.

It hit him all at once.

I'm Caroline Wilding.

And then the brightness became too much to see, and everything went white.

Caroline woke on a straw mattress to the sound of a rooster giving a loud cock-a-doodle-do. She jolted upright, clutching her head, trying to come to terms with the strange and terrible dream.

And then she saw her surroundings: a small wooden room with a dirt floor.

She looked down at herself, the feminine shift, the two heavy weights upon her chest, the bright red hair that fell in tresses over her shoulders.

She realised she was thinking of herself as a *she*. Not only that, she was thinking of herself as *Caroline*.

“Oh God,” she said in a melodic and very female tone. “I’ve b-become her, haven’t I?”

“CAROLINE!” shouted a loud male voice. “GET YER ROUND ASS OUT HERE, GEL! YOU GOTS WORK TO DO!”

Her eyes widened in terror as she pulled herself upright. She wobbled on her feet for a moment, struggling with her new centre of balance. It was a lot . . . higher, than it used to be.

“C-coming!” she called. “Just need to get changed!”

There was a loud gruff from whoever else was in the house. She realised it was probably the one called Garv, who had taken her in as a harsh uncle/stepfather figure, and was planning to marry her off to a farmhand.

“I’ve entered her life,” she groaned. She’d always been quick on the uptake as a historian, and always been annoyed in those films where someone time travelled and took forever to realise what was going on. There was no doubt she had become Caroline Wilding - there was a painted woodcut of a glorious golden sun god on the shelf opposite her mattress, one that exactly matched the faded picture of the sun god on the tome. But as much as she realised her new situation, she almost wished she was as daft as a movie character, because the truth was too much to take.

The new woman felt over her body, her dainty hands feeling her new form through her baggy shift. Well, baggy in all but *two* places. The medieval narrative had been understandably quite conservative on this point, but her ‘beauty in body’ was evidently referring to an impressive bustline.

“God, these must be Double-Ds at least,” she said to herself. Certainly, they wobbled quite heavily on her form, tugging at her shoulders. The rest of her was just as shapely: she had a rondure rear, and a wonderful hourglass figure that nevertheless had a little more meat around the waist than modern models did. After all, whatever fantasy location this was, it had similar sensibilities to many medieval societies most likely: a woman was healthy and desirable with a big bust, wide hips, and impressive behind, but an itty bitty waist could denote poverty and hunger.

Damn, I've turned into a fantasy found princess and I can't switch off my historian's mind. At least I still have my mind.

She cupped her chest again, sighing a little in response to their surprising sensitivity. She lifted her shift and then immediately lowered it. She wasn't ready to deal with that particular absence between her thighs yet. Her priority was finding out what was going on and getting out of here. Because this wasn't natural. This wasn't like anything she'd ever imagined possible.

Thankfully, she was a medieval historian, even if the land of Lasandris was entirely new to her. She was able to change her shift out for a sensible peasant long tunic with some undergarments beneath, and some working boots over her woollen socks. Her hair was another matter: it was long and fiery red, and she didn't have a mirror to try to put it back in. She settled on a scarf to tie it back and keep it out of her eyes. She was desperate to see herself fully, but once again she heard Garv call for her to come out, and so she hesitantly did, trying to ignore the bouncing of her bosom and sway of her feminine hips as she moved.

"This is insane," she said to herself. "It has to be a dream, but I know it's not."

Garv was exactly as the book had described him: a large, hard-faced man who worked as a miller and had taken on Caroline for exactly one reason: cheap labour and the prospect of getting a dowry when he married her off.

"Took ye long enough," he grumbled. "If yer done getting your britches sorted, I need yer to see to the hens and the pigs, and then help me ready Old Esther for turning the mill.

"Esther?" she said, completely lost.

"The ass, you fool girl! The donkey!"

She winced. "Ah yes, of course, Garv. Uncle, I mean. I'll see to it immediately. I just have one thing I need to -"

"Unless it's yer blasted time of the month you'll do it now, gel. 'Tis hard work and I expect you to pay your board with me by doing it. Now snap to it."

He waved her off as he set off to carry his own loads of grain for the mill; hard work on a man's back. Caroline could only sigh as she set to work.

"How could this happen? Was it a magic book? It must have been!"

Her 'Uncle' gave her a number of hard stares as she looked at her surroundings: she was in a wide valley region with several other dwellings. The air stank of piss and leather, which could only mean a tannery was nearby. A number of signposts were thankfully in English - whatever they called it here - and one showed the direction to Paladia, the capital.

Maybe my answers lie there, she thought to herself. She made her way to the small set of cupboards that contained the animal feed, having sorted through several wrong locations first, and saw to the chickens and then the pigs. The whole time her mind raced, trying to take in the fact that she had been impossibly, magically transported into another

realm of existence, one in which she had become a future Princess of the kingdom, as yet undiscovered.

“God, and I never saw the ending,” she said while feeding the pigs. “I need to assess the situation, find a way out of this place, before I follow her trajectory. Caroline was rebellious, and I don’t want her to be rebellious because she’s *me*, trying to escape!”

But still, her new body distracted her as she tried to take on an objective perspective. Her heavy bosom wobbled beneath her tunic, unsupported by any modern bra design. They outlined against the fabric slightly, though the looseness of the tunic thankfully hid the true extent of their fullness. As a man, she’d never been lucky enough to date a woman with a chest like she now possessed. As much of a stuffy historian as she had been, it hadn’t stopped her from being a red-blooded male, after all. But now, *she* was the woman with the large bust, and she could already see why women complained about large chests: they were heavy and constantly moving!

“Darn things. I need better support,” she grumbled. She tried to keep a steady head on her shoulders, but it was too insane. Garv continued to demand further tasks of her, and she had to put up with the fact that her hips swayed in a womanly fashion, her long red hair waving in the wind. She had to try and deal with having a light, musical voice, and being so much weaker and shorter than she was.

“Maybe the book is around here. I have to find it.”

But she couldn’t. It was nowhere. Not in ‘her’ room, not hiding around the storeroom, and certainly not in Garv’s possession: as a humble miller, the man was clearly largely illiterate. She was stuck, as far as she could tell, and it was made all the worse when she saw herself in the reflective surface of the wash tub. She had managed to deal with the donkey Old Esther, but she had tripped in the mud and scraped her knee - a possible death sentence in the medieval age if it got infected. After running water over it and applying a crude bandage, she saw herself in full for the first time in that still water.

She was utterly, entrancingly *beautiful*.

“Holy shit,” she said in her new voice, her accent sounding almost a little English. “I’m the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen, even without makeup.”

She had a face that, while a little dirty, would still make men launch a thousand ships for, and make women fume with jealousy over. She had a perfect oval shape to her face, with full lips and a cute, dainty nose. Her eyes were large, a pale icy blue in colour, and they seemed to sparkle with innocence, demureness, and even hidden sultriness, despite her every attempt at putting on a more dominant expression. Her cheekbones were high, though not overly prominent, and her eyebrows were a darker shade of red, fine and feminine, and only hindered by the dirt and lack of modern care. And, of course, there was her hair: long

and bright red and thick. It was currently in quite the tangle due to her lack of expertise, but even as it was, it gave her a sense of character. A rebelliousness.

“It better not come to that,” she murmured to herself. She felt a well of emotion bubble up within her, far stronger than she had ever felt before. “D-damn hormones.”

Tears welled up in her eyes, and she pulled back away from the wash tub to wipe them away. She sniffled, sounding like the princess that her current self was apparently destined to become, and it took a long time to control her breathing, by which point Garv was issuing orders again.

“Come on you foolish gel! We ain’t go all day. I need your help lugging this grain and working Old Esther, as much as that little body of yours can take! I don’t have time to be dealin’ with whichever boy rejected you at the Mayflower dance.”

She held in her emotions as best she could, and continued in her duties. She adopted an almost dreamlike manner, as if sleepwalking through this strange new life, until it was time to pack in for the night, the sun going down, and rabbit stew prepared for them both. When she was asked to say a prayer before they ate, she improvised something in honour of the ‘Great Sun’, and while they gave her an odd look, it seemed to satisfy. She ate the stew readily, found it hearty but filling for her small body, and then retired back to her room, still in a daze.

I think I’m in shock, she thought. It was fully hitting her that this was real, and she truly had been magically turned into Caroline of Paladia. Once again that well of emotion overflowed, and she began crying and whimpering, trying to keep her voice down so as not to wake the miller she now called ‘Uncle.’

“H-how could this happen?” she sobbed. “I’m a d-damn woman! A peasant woman! It’s not even a society I recognise or understand.”

With each sob, her heavy chest trembled, reminding her once more that she was not only a woman now, but a well-endowed one too. Somehow, that made it all the worse. She tried not to think of the loss of her manhood, or the loss of her body as a whole, but it was impossible. She was out of place, out of time, and out of body. Powerless, and with no idea of how to return.

I just wanted to investigate a new text, she thought to herself as she lay in her uncomfortable straw mat. Even the historical fascination of the medieval setting around her was not enough to dull her pain; living it was all discomfort and misery.

“Please let me go back,” she said, as she slowly fell to sleep.

She prayed to God - whether the one of her world or the sun god of this one - that she could be returned back to Peter Arrend.

Unfortunately for Peter/Caroline, she did not turn back the following day. Instead, once more, the rooster woke her, and Garv called for her to get to her duties. Her day progressed much as the previous one had, with her only becoming more beaten down by this strange new reality, and her womanly body. She went to bed that night weeping once more, overcome by her new hormones - not that they would call them such in this time - and tried to ignore the unfamiliarity of her new body once more.

The day after that was different, however. Her body and situation had not changed, but her outlook had. After all, if there was ever a way back to her proper life, then only discovery and logic could possibly achieve it. She set about doing her utmost to learn all about the land of Lasandris, its beliefs and religions, its cultures and technological level. As she expected, her 'Uncle' Garv was not much forthcoming, being proud of his ignorance as a humble miller, and providing a lot of quite biased opinions of the 'lowlife Wendells' from the neighbouring kingdom. Nevertheless, she learned much of the worship of the Sun God Iliros, who seemed to be the primary deity on the continent, and whose main domains were those of the passing seasons and agricultural produce. Caroline did her best to absorb it all, and in the following days when she was allowed to travel (sadly by foot) into town to purchase supplies and vegetables, she made sure to catch all the possible gossip.

In doing so, she found mental safety and security in applying her historical lens to the land. It was very much like medieval Europe - no dragons or elves in this fantasy land - but clearly did not map to it exactly. Unfortunately for her, it was clear that it was still a rigidly hierarchical and patriarchal society in which men held all the power, and women were expected to be modest, submissive, and producers of children. She became well aware of this simply by the way she was treated when she travelled into the local town, which was named Carthrow. As a lone woman, she was subject to intense leers from the younger men, and even many of the older ones. Even the respectable village boys attempted to court her, much to her shock and horror; some of them had evidently grown up with Caroline, and had eyes to bed her, particularly since she overheard a number of villagers talk about her supposedly 'ample chest for a maiden' and 'fiery hair that's a blessing from Iliros.'

It gave her no end of frustration, and while she was hungry for knowledge, she was certainly not in any rush to try to adopt feminine wiles to gain more. In those times, she simply strained her feminine brain to think of herself as 'he' and 'him' and above all as 'Peter', and while she could only achieve it temporarily, it did provide a modicum of self respect she sorely needed in this new life.

Still, each day was difficult work, and it was wearing her down. Her body was not tough, and her looks continued to cause others to comment on when she would 'offer her

hand.' Garv was clearly weighing up his options; as the most beautiful woman in the local region, Caroline attracted increasing offers, and he was certainly wanting to catch a big fish.

"You'll be out of my hair and in a man's bed soon enough," he said after too many drinks one night. "A shame really, you are a pretty thing. Wish I'd known how pretty you were gonna be, else I'd not have claimed I was yer Uncle, and instead jus' an older cousin. We could have a couple of critters born in this mill already by now."

Disgusted and more than a little troubled, she went to bed early that night.

"I've discovered so much about this place," she mused, a dark mood settling over her. "And I'm still no closer to getting out of here."

She decided to run away the next day, and see where that could take her.

She never got the chance. The next day she was woken by Garv shaking her. She was briefly terrified - already the fear of being taken advantage of due to her new sex was present - but instead the hard man was barking orders at her.

"Get yourself dress! Clean your face, gel! King Dorian Wilding himself is coming to see you!"

"What the hell? Why the fuck would Dorian be visiting? I don't understand."

He smacked her lightly on her hips, remonstrating her. "Don't use such a foul tongue, gel. And don't forget your place! Whatever reason, I will *not* have you looking in disrepute. Get dressed and cleaned!"

She did so with alacrity, her heart pounding in her chest.

So it's true, she thought as she hurried, my life is now following the text. If I truly am the lost princess in these lands, then that means I'm going to be whisked away. Shit! I'll be betrothed as well!

She took a moment to breathe, even as she put on her best tunic, the one she took to town. It hugged her form even moreso, allowing her attractive figure to be witnessed by others. She also did her best to place her hair in a style that the local peasant women had impressed upon her, though she wasn't sure it was entirely correct. But she had little time to do anything more, because suddenly there was the thunderous sound of many hooves and a great carriage adorned in gold and silver filigree, the symbol of a stag with antlers made of lightning displayed on the side. She recognised it as the Wilding crest.

"Bow girl! Bow low!" Garv snapped.

She did so, lowering herself deeply. There were several horses accompanying the carriage, and numerous knights in shining armour with their own fine crests. The moment dragged on as a servant dismounted, opened the carriage door, and bowed as a figure who

could only be the king exited. He was dressed in a fine ermine cloak and purple tunic, the colour of royalty. His hair was auburn, and he had a well-trimmed beard. He couldn't be older than forty five, and upon his head was a fine gold and silver crown. He stepped forward, and despite herself, Caroline felt like she was in the presence of absolute majesty. Her bow became unexpectedly sincere.

"This is the girl?" he asked. "The one whose name is Caroline?"

"Yes, your majesty," Garv spluttered.

"And you have raised her as her uncle, though you are not related by blood?"

"Yes, your majesty. I found her in the aftermath of a battle with bandits, and took her in and cared for her."

She rolled her eyes where no one could see it, still bowing as she was. The king seemed to consider the man's words.

"You may rise, both of you. I wish to inspect her."

They did, and she briefly met his eyes. They were a light blue, just like hers, and while his hair was not nearly so red, it still carried a ginger aspect to its auburn colouring.

"It is wonderful to meet you, maiden Caroline," he said, though his voice was impersonal.

She gave her best attempt at a curtsy. "You do me a great honour, your majesty."

"More than you know," he said. He clicked his fingers, and an attendant unfurled a scroll, reading from it in an imperious voice.

"Let it be known by the King's word that the lost Princess Caroline Wilding, firstborn child of Dorian and Mallandra, who was taken from her sleeping bed by raiders in the night some seventeen years ago, has been found."

Garv spluttered, looking at Caroline as if she had grown a second head. No doubt he was imagining all the torment and hardship he had put her through for years, even though in truth she had only known him for less than two weeks. As it were, she had to act surprised.

"Your majesty, I don't understand," she said, her acting not exactly up to par.

"You will, my daughter," he said, reaching out and pulling her in for a deep hug. "You have been found, my dear Caroline. After all these years of searching, you have been uncovered. And now, you must gather your things, that I may take you back to the Castle of Paladia, and officially restore you before our people to your rightful place as a princess of the realm."

Caroline could only swallow. She had followed the story so far, but she only knew a little more to go. Would taking this adventure to its end bring her back to her form? At the very least, she could pragmatically benefit from greater comfort, and access to higher technology and education.

"My King - my father. I will go with you."

He gave a fatherly grin. "She recognised me already, doesn't she? Is this not meant to be? Gather your things, we will leave immediately. A prize befitting this fellow who took care of you will be given also."

Garv bowed so deep his face could have landed in the mud.

"I am not worthy, your majesty."

"Perhaps not, but a king's word is a king's word. Gather her belongings, good miller. We have a long journey ahead of us."

I can only hope it takes me to the end, Caroline thought.

The journey by carriage was indeed long. Dorian seemed to be a good king from what she could tell, though his patronising manner towards the lower classes was absolutely indicative of the classist systems Caroline had studied all her life. It was a struggle not to roll her eyes as he lectured her on all the ways her manner needed to be "uplifted and improved after a lifetime of peasantry and dull education," or that "the handmaidens would need to see to your caretaking: you have a beautiful royal aspect hidden beneath the muck and toil of miller girl work."

She could only nod, bow, and be demure.

"Yes, your grace."

"Yes, my king."

"Indeed, father."

Already, the tempest of rebellion was brewing inside her, an anger at the need to play along, to be spoken at, not to, to have to hear first and answer when allowed, rather than be considered an equal. She had been given travelling garments to be fitting for travel with a king, and allowed to wash herself enough for transport, but humiliation of another sort had begun: the hidden noblewoman was a wonderful fantasy, until it turned out she had an entire lifetime of upbringing to catch up on.

"I will endeavour to do my best, father," she said, trying not to visibly grit her teeth. "I am just so glad that my lineage has been found. I never felt I truly belonged."

"Indeed," he said with a dashing grin, "I imagine you did not. Truly, a noble's true aspect will shine through even when they are condemned to live among the muck. My beautiful daughter, I am so, so overjoyed to know that you are with us again."

He clasped her hands in his, and his smile was genuine enough that she felt a strange compulsion to smile earnestly back. She couldn't quite say whether it was a result of the magic that had changed her, or genuine feeling, but a few tears appeared in the corner of her eyes.

“I am overjoyed as well, father,” she said. “I truly hope I can find all the answers I’m looking for.”

It wasn’t entirely a lie, truly.

And at least I’ll be able to take advantage of my new situation. Not to mention any ignorance of this world I’ll be able to feign through the lens of ignorant peasant upbringing.

Indeed, a plan was forming in her mind. She would become Peter Arrend again. She would become male again. She would return to her world again. Caroline took a heavy breath, her impressive chest pressing tightly against the more regal tunic she had been given. Her red hair spilled a little further over her shoulders, and she felt the need to place her hands in her lap in a very ladylike fashion. And yet despite all these reminders that she had somehow become a woman in a middle ages society, she now had hope to get out of this.

“Yes, it is an act of the Sun God that you have returned to us, and at such a fortuitous time,” King Dorian said.

“Oh, father?”

“Yes, for the truce between Paladia and Wendell. A marriage is needed to secure lasting peace, and now my daughter is returned to aid us.”

Suddenly Caroline felt like a pit had opened in her stomach. She took a sharp intake of breath.

“Aid . . . how?”

King Dorian smiled, as if the matters he spoke of were of total normalcy.

“Why, to marry their Prince Alphonse of course. My dear daughter, you are going to be the bride that creates hope for the future, once we have trained you for the position. We have so much work to do.”

The pit became a black hole, and Caroline felt suddenly faint. She thought she was thinking pragmatically, but her new ‘father’ was as ruthlessly pragmatic as any kind from her history. A horrible nausea overcame her.

“Marriage? I feel - oh God, I feel I-lightheaded.”

And with that, she fainted on the spot. The last thing she saw was the city of Paladia, capital of the kingdom of the same name, looming in the distance beyond the carriage.

Act 2: Princess Problems

Caroline woke in the most resplendent room she had ever seen. It was like a parody of medieval splendour: the bed was vast and layered over with numerous multicoloured blankets, and the ceiling was high and vaulted, with great tapestries displaying the kingdom's strength and history lining the walls. Numerous finely crafted and engraved cupboards filled the room, and yet there was still vast space.

"Time to be up for the day, your Royal Highness."

Caroline looked over and sighed. A young woman, one roughly equivalent to her new age of about twenty or so, was standing over the bed. She was quite pretty, with long brunette hair that had been braided into an elaborate bun, and a red dress that fit her fine figure. Caroline realised with a bit of annoyance and amusement that as beautiful as this woman was, she herself was beyond her compare.

I must be in the castle of Paladia, she thought.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I don't quite remember how I got here, or how we met."

The woman smiled. "Of course, how silly of me. I forget that while I have seen you, you did not see me. You swooned at the sight of Paladia's mighty walls and splendour, so I'm told. After such a long journey, it was determined you rest until the morning to recover your strength. The King is a fine man, but men often forget we of the fairer sex have a weaker constitution, don't they, princess?"

"I suppose," Caroline said, not really agreeing with the sentiment.

"Princess? Ah yes."

"I imagine it is quite a change for you, your Highness. I am Isabella, daughter of Lord Gerald, and your Lady-in-Waiting. I am charged with providing you a tour of the castle and its grounds, and preparing you in your role as the lost and found princess of the realm."

Caroline groaned mentally. She had chosen to go along with this ridiculous 'plotline' as laid out in the tome that changed her, all in the hopes of changing back. But that was before she remembered that King Dorian planned to marry her off. A found princess was a pretty concept in fiction. The truth in this strange, sun-worshipping realm was that she was a serendipitous piece of statecraft. She had to escape, or find some way to tank the wedding. But for now, she needed knowledge, her historian's instincts told her as much. She pulled herself up out of bed, trying to ignore once again the heavy wobble of her fine breasts, and smiled in a deliberately demure fashion at Isabella, who seemed so excited at the prospect of her new job.

"It is a delight to meet you Isabella," she said. "Maybe Illiros light your way."

"And yours as well, your Highness," Isabella replied, giving a curtsy. "Shall we ready you for the day?"

“Yes please. I find myself desperately hungry after such a long sleep.”

Isabella snapped her fingers, and several maids entered, to Caroline’s astonishment.

“A small set of pastries for the princess, at once!”

“Yes, my lady, your Highness.”

One of them left immediately, but the others remained. Caroline found herself a little nervous. She was starting to recall some of the elaborate routines female members of royalty had to go through each day.

“We will prepare a greater breakfast for you also, your Highness. We shall work quickly to undress and ready you before it is finished.”

Caroline tried not to sigh. *God, I’m going to be dressed up and displayed like a Barbie doll. This is going to be humiliating.*

“Great,” she said, mustering an enthusiasm she certainly didn’t feel. “Let’s, uh, make haste.”

Isabella beamed, clearly excited.

It was the biggest makeover of Caroline’s life, as well as Peter’s. Even more than when *he* had fretted over what suit to wear for the Medieval Revisionist Studies Convention of 2003. The newly found princess found herself being undressed, washed, bathed, and perfumed by a veritable army of maids and servants, each of them calling her variations upon ‘Your Highness’ or ‘Princess’, and treating her as if she were some delicate dove that might snap at any second. Clearly the gossiping of Ladies-in-Waiting were as legendary as the records of Henry VIII’s court claimed: Isabella thought she was pleasing Caroline by constantly commenting on her body.

“So beautiful and shapely!” she proclaimed, “your royal blood has shone through, Princess. Despite your unjust upbringing you are a figure of divine beauty. I’m sure Prince Alphonse of Wendell will appreciate those breasts as well. I feel quite jealous!”

Caroline could barely squeak a reply, because at that moment she was soaked by a water ladle by another maid, and her fine red hair clung to her back.

“And that hair!” Isabella continued. “So fine and perfect! We will do it up well Your Highness, that you may be transformed for the royal court’s eyes.”

“Great. That will be . . . great.”

She was then practically tied into an elaborate costume. Gone was the bare but at least comfortable peasant’s shift and dress, now she was doomed to wear ridiculously overdone dresses. To match her strikingly icy blue eyes, she was adorned in a courtly dress of the same colour, with golden linings upon it. She was shocked to realise that in this world

of Lasandris, while women were still subject to a strongly patriarchal system, that they were not covered up as much. In fact, in this place at least, the fashion for women was quite figure-hugging, at least from the waist up, with a long gown that grabbed over her legs. A v-neck in the dress displayed her marvellous breasts and the deep line of cleavage between them, and with each breath they seemed to rise dramatically. Isabella sighed at the sight.

“Ah! You look gorgeous, your Royal Highness. How does it feel to finally wear a dress of the court, as you were always destined?”

Caroline looked over herself. The only saving grace was that her long red hair had been braided into an attractive set of buns, in a way that kind of reminded her of a less over-the-top Princess Leia, as some of its still trailed down her shoulders. But the rest of her was far too shown off: she felt like a piece of attractive meat being put on display, which was likely Dorian’s intent.

“It feels very . . . showy.”

She wasn’t wrong: the new Princess Caroline not only looked stunningly gorgeous in her blue dress gown, but also incredibly alluring, her elaborate curves prominently outlined by the thin material. Her arms were mostly bare, and while the gown obscured her legs, it outlined her wide, childbearing hips rather well. She had become the kind of woman that Peter might have lusted over, had he seen her at one of the renaissance fairs he occasionally visited.

“All the better to catch the eye of a good nobleman, Your Highness. If you’ll pardon my ill humour, my mother often said that if you have the virtue of a pleasing shape, you should also have the virtue of pleasing others with it.”

Caroline actually chuckled in her sweet soprano voice. “We have something similar where I come from . . . the, uh, peasant’s village. It was ‘if you got ‘em, flaunt ‘em.’”

Isabella absorbed this. “Well, that is a fine saying, I suppose. We’ll make sure to . . . adjust your speech, your Royal Highness, in preparation for events. But I am so glad the dress suits your supple, shapely figure. Wonderful, isn’t it? You’ll certainly capture Alphonse’s eye when he eventually arrives.”

“When is that, exactly?”

“A month from now, almost exactly in fact. At the start of Fostet’s Feast.”

“Ah yes, Foster’s Feast.”

“It gives us not much time, Princess, but we will train you up, I assure you. I have always wanted to be married to a fine lord and to bear his children, as I know it is any girl’s desire. I promise you I will not let you or His Majesty down. I know how important this wedding is to the future of our realms, and no doubt you are excited too.”

“Supremely.”

“Then shall we be off to breakfast? I am to give you a tour afterwards, and introduce you to your tutors. You have a grand education and training to commence, and we must begin. And, of course, you are to be formally introduced to the court in two weeks, which is why we are trialling the outfit immediately to ensure it fits well.”

“Wait, I’m being introduced to the court In *this!*?”

Isabella’s eyes widened. “Of course. Why ever not?”

“Well, because my damned *tits* are up to my clavicle!”

The Lady-in-Waiting was clearly startled, and sent several maids away. She blushed deeply, trying to figure out what to say next.

“Well, I can see we have some work in language and etiquette training to commence as well,” she mumbled. “In the meantime, may I suggest not referring to your pleasing breasts as ‘tits’, your Highness?”

Right, I shall call them my ‘chest’ or my ‘bosom.’ It’ll just be every man in every room that thinks of them as ‘those big perfect tits on display.’

What followed was a positively ludicrous week of training and study. Caroline had been thrust into the role of sudden princess, and rumours swirled through the city and keep about not only her miraculous appearance, but her supposedly beautiful *appearance*. Despite having not learned the proper etiquette, having been a peasant all her life, her numerous tutors and ladies-in-waiting, chief among them Lady Isabella Gerald, were shocked at how quickly she trained up in her expectations. None of them had any inkling that she had been, until recently, a professor of medieval studies, which gave her an incredible edge.

Nevertheless, it didn’t halt her embarrassment at suddenly being a beautiful noblewoman in a deeply patriarchal feudal system. She was bathed and dressed by servants, during which Lady Isabella oversaw the choice of gorgeous fashion, regal fashion and subtle makeup. The woman was lovely, and deeply enthusiastic, but constantly blabbed about how jealous she was of Caroline’s marriage prospects, and how she too wanted to be married off. The thought of being made to not only have sex with a man, but bear his children, made Caroline want to vomit. Her mind lingered on the idea, a man thrusting deep inside her, and to her horror her large pink nipples actually hardened, her tunnel moistening a little.

Oh no. I put those thoughts well out of mind at the village, I can do so here!

It was irritating that a woman could not only accept her lower status in such a society, but even greatly look forward to the shackles of marriage and the birthing bed, as Isabella did. It was a terrifying prospect for the former modern male, and the only thing that helped

calm her down was putting her agile mind towards learning the political systems, history, and cultural norms of Lasandris and the Kingdom of Paladia. It eased her historian's mind, and the Masters of Learning were incredibly impressed at her rate of progress.

Still, her training was not complete when she was announced to the court. She had asked twice for delay, but the week passed by so quickly that by the time she was getting cold feet, it had to be done. As Isabella had said, Caroline was once again adorned in that lovely blue dress, the one that hugged her breasts in a manner that would make every man 'stand' to attention. Her fiery red hair was braided beautifully, the remainder of it falling behind her shoulders. She looked gorgeous as King Dorian presented her in the throne room to the court, and she had to stand there and look nervous and pretty and demure and modest - all things she hated being - as nearly a hundred nobles and important merchants applauded her. Afterwards, the crowd and many others retired to the feasting hall. She was presented upon the balcony of the castle to the assembled crowd of thousands of 'her' citizens, who roared and cheered for her, praising her beauty.

If my studies are right, they'd just as easily cheer for my head if free pork was passed around the crowd as it is here.

Then she was led back to the halls with the royal family, which consisted of King Dorian and his son Arthur, who was distant and cold towards her. Evidently, he was not a fan of the attention she was receiving.

Neither am I, 'brother'. Neither am I.

Upon entrance, the crowd rose, and the King toasted her with the audience.

"Presenting my returned daughter, the lost Princess Caroline Wilding of Paladia, and the future Princess Wife of Alphonse of Wendell!"

King Dorian raised a cup, as did the crowd, and they drank to her "beauty and virtue, and the peace her future marriage bed will bring us."

It was humiliating, and all the more so to overhear the many, many compliments about her beauty and figure that day. The word 'blossomed' was used a lot, a tired cliché that was oh-so-clearly referring to her well-developed chest, though other parts of her new figure were commented on as well, particularly her fiery red hair.

"Yes, yes, a gift from Illiros, I well know!" she complained to one merchant, who appeared shocked at her nature.

"Well, I suppose one touched by him would have a . . . fire to her," he muttered.

It was Arthur that pulled her aside. "Sister, just because you were raised a peasant doesn't mean you must act like one. Father has put a lot of effort into not only finding you, but in making you acceptable to the realm. *Do not undo this.* Understand?"

"And what authority do you have?" she asked him, anger in her heart.

“You should well know, as a former peasant. An elder brother carries near as much authority as a father over the women of a household, particularly ones that act in a hysterical manner. You have insulted three guests at your very announcement night. You will *not* upset a fourth, or else I shall have your considerable rear receive a hiding. Understand?”

She nodded, giving a lazy bow that all but offended him further.

“That would be most painful, so long as you were not giving the hiding, ‘brother.’ With your unmanly stature, I might not even feel a thing!”

She headed back to her table, breathing heavily out of nervousness, avoiding Arthur’s furious gaze. Another man had clearly overheard her comments, and she couldn’t help but smile at the way he nodded in approval. He was against the wall, largely keeping to himself, and wore no special colours. A merchant, then.

“A fine, fiery spirit you have there, Your Highness, if you don’t mind my saying.”

“So long as you accept I *have* a mind,” she retorted, smirking slightly, “and am not just a prop for some political game.”

“Well, to be fair, you are a lovely prop, Your Highness, one with a visage that is undoubtedly royal. All can see that. Plus, you gave Arthur some embarrassment, exploiting the prideful chink his armour quite severely. That alone would endear you to me.”

“And what is your name?” she asked.

He bowed. “You may call me Pensloha, princess.”

He took her hand, and gave it a kiss, gently and gentlemanly. She shivered, shocked at what she was feeling. Her nipples stiffened, just a little, and something stirred in her in response to his charming smile. He had a manly square jaw, and while he covered his head in a rounded cap, he had fine blonde hair and mesmerising grey eyes.

“It is . . . good to meet you, Pensloha.”

“Far better for I, princess. I look forward to seeing you again.”

She withdrew, but looked back for a moment, biting her lip in response to his grin. King Dorian looked at her with irritation.

“Daughter, you are a vision in your dress, one that belonged to your departed mother. And you have performed admirably, despite some slip ups. But do not spend your time gallivanting about by yourself with mysterious men, even other nobles. They are not to be trusted, and we cannot have your reputation sullied.”

“But father-”

“It’s for your own good.”

She sighed, trying not to look too obviously infuriated by his condescension. God, she hated him, and his paternalistic ways. The whole patriarchal system was full of men like him. But still, her female hormones coursed through her system, making her feel emotional. Isabella was called to help her retire early. Apparently, she was ‘overwhelmed.’

To be fair, she *was* feeling overwhelmed, as she lay awake in the middle of the night in her expansive bed. She was now Princess Caroline Wildling, soon to be betrothed to Alphonse Darnellis of Wendell. After a whole week of study, she had failed to come up with anything approaching a way out of her horrid situation. The magic of the tome wasn't evident anywhere, it was like she'd been sucked into a new life with no way out!

I'm starting to think that might be the case.

She pulled her arms around herself in bed, and felt her soft curves and heavy breasts. She still wasn't used to those large, wobbling mounds, or the space between her legs. She'd done all she could, in fact, to avoid touching them where possible. But now, as she had increasingly experienced in her more comfortable bed, a warm flush was coming over her. She closed her eyes, trying to ignore the neediness between her thighs, attributing it to the long day. But instead, she could only imagine that handsome man; Pensloha.

Handsome? God, but he was. Those big, muscled arms. The square jaw and moustache . . .

She shivered reluctantly, trying to turn her thoughts to other things. To the strange creation myths of Iliros, or her old life as a man that she desperately needed to return to. But the handsome Pensloha continued to appear in her mind's eye, and slowly she felt herself becoming more and more aroused. Her nipples hardened and her vaginal passage became more and more moist. Her breathing tightened as she imagined him looming over her, his hard cock -

No! No, I am not thinking about this! I may be stuck as a princess, but I do not have a princess' lusty thoughts!

She evidently did though, as even as she had that thought, she lowered her hand between her thighs. She gasped at the sensitivity.

"J-just one little t-touch," she moaned, continuing to rub her engorged clit. She felt utterly turned on, and she began rubbing her huge, sensitive tits as well. Soon she was gasping and moaning, trying to remain silent as she pleased herself.

How did I wait this long? Oh God this f-feels so damn good!

Her body had been so aroused lately, but now she finally gave in to her wanton needs. She openly imagined being fucked by Pensloha. It was wrong, yet so right, to picture him having a huge hard cock that slid between her thighs. She shook and trembled in her bed just to imagine it, the pleasure growing as she played with her lower lips, slid her fingers into her wet entrance.

Suddenly she squeaked, and clasped her hand over her mouth as her entire being shuddered in unimaginable bliss. In that moment, she imagined that man cumming inside her.

“MMhhmm oh God! Oh f-fuck!”

She silenced herself before she made any further noise. In the post-bliss aftermath, she couldn't believe what she'd just done.

That's the first and last time I do that. Or imagine . . . that.

The weeks continued on in the leadup to Prince Alphonse's visit. Caroline's patience wore thin after that first major upset at the court introduction, and only became thinner as she became less hopeful of getting her old life back. This was combined with the increasing restrictions and expectations set upon her by the king. Isabella sensed this, and continually tried to set her on the 'right path to marriage.' More than once Caroline made snappy comments about never desiring such in the first place, at least in the role of a submissive noblewoman.

“And you can forget children! No way. I will *not* get knocked up.”

“*With child*, Your Highness. We say 'with child' in among civil society.”

“Let's be completely honest, Isabella. It'll require Prince Alphonse to *fuck me*. And hell can freeze over before I let that happen!”

Her Lady-in-waiting gasped, unbelieving her foul language. It made Caroline feel a bit awful: her friend hadn't done anything wrong except welcome the expectations put upon a women like her.

Caroline did her best to fit in after that, and gain any knowledge she could of Palantine and the wider land of Lasandris, including the neighbouring kingdom of Wendell. She threw herself into the study of the land's chief deity, Illiros, learning all she could about their strange religion, which was not too far removed from Zoroastrianism, in some ways. It gave her release from having to learn which fork was which, what cup to hold, how to properly curtsy before a lord versus a lady, and what manners to use. But her academic interest only caused further trouble, particularly with her tutor, Master Porter.

“Insolence! You, a divine royal, are questioning the very wisdom of Illiros himself?”

Caroline exhaled in exhaustion. “I'm just saying that if it is true that he is the sun, a claim that I'm not entirely certain of, then that does not mean he is the centre of the universe. The universe is ever expanding! Not to mention your claim that the moon is the same size as Illiros, serving as his wife. The moon is only about one-quarter the size of earth!”

The Master's eyes widened in shock, and not too long after the King was brought in. He looked her over, astonished.

"You are preaching heresy!" he snapped. "Do you really think this is wise, daughter?"

She folded her arms, trying to ignore how it compressed her large chest. She pouted, even though she knew it gave her a petty, girlish look as well.

"It is not about wisdom, 'father', it is about fact! Besides, we should always be questioning the truth - doesn't it say so in that big yellow book of yours?"

She was referring, of course, to the Oraculum, the most holy of texts. She had done so deliberately due to her father being present. The King went red for a moment. He reached out and grabbed her hand by the wrist. She tried to resist but she was powerless in her new weakness.

"Do *not* say such heresies. You are to be introduced to the court on the morrow, and it must be done right. You are my daughter rediscovered. Yes, this is a great leap for you, but you must make it, for peace depends upon it."

"And if I don't wish to be married?"

His eyes narrowed. "Ah, that is what this is about. You are not questioning the Great Truths of the world, you are sabotaging the betrothal."

It was an epiphany. She hadn't been intentionally doing it. But the prospect was there. If she could be the classical rebellious princess in the time which had transformed her, gain a reputation as someone that no prince or nobleman would ever want to marry, then she could escape the fate set before her. Escape being reduced to a submissive medieval wife and broodmare for her future husband's little royal heirs. The thought alone made her horrified . . . and a little turned on. The fact that her body had such a reaction was warning enough to avoid it.

From that day, over the following weeks, Caroline continued her education into the role of princess, only now she wielded it against the role itself. She failed at curtsies and bows, ate food directly with her fingers, and burped during meal times. She drew upon her best peasant act, continuing to show a vulgar sense of humour that would have made even Peter Arrend blush. She was accused by one nobleman seeking a royal interview, apparently desiring a position among the ladies-in-waiting for his young daughter, of being "little better than a busty tavern wench in behaviour!"

It was a humiliation of another kind, and the rumours that flourished around court still reduced her to her body, connecting her poor behaviour and ill manners to her fiery hair, her eager womanhood. She was outspoken in a deliberate fashion, debating matters of metaphysics with the priests, historical theory with the Masters, and geology with the alchemists. Many were flummoxed, caught between realising her genius and calling her a madwoman simply because of her sex. Sadly, the latter mostly won out. What allowed them

to go with the latter impression was, most embarrassingly, the strange sounds at night coming from her bedchamber. Her moans had become the gossip of the castle servants.

Yes, despite her best efforts she continued to tease and pleasure her own body, revelling in its incredible sensitivity. Despite finding her large breasts a nuisance in her outfits, in the way men gazed at them, and woman looked jealously at them, they were nevertheless wonderful to touch. Her nipples caused pulses of ecstasy when she rubbed them, and the multiple orgasms she received from rubbing her wet clit was beyond anything equivalent as a man. As hard as she tried to keep the icy blue demeanour inherent in her eyes, the fiery passion that matched her hair won out, and she would moan and groan far more loudly than she wanted to. Sometimes, she was able to adopt the mindset of Peter Arrend, and imagine a beautiful librarian or some such woman as the object of her affection. But in truth, those times were few and far between: far easier to imagine the handsome Pensloha from mysterious faraway lands. Especially since he still came to the castle during small festivities, and even managed to converse with her while her carriage passed through the streets of Paladia. His bold, brass voice did things to her body, and his strong, gentlemanly manner aroused her against her will.

“Your Highness, I hear that you are as untamed as the wild wolves themselves. I imagine the servants and nobles are tying themselves in knots trying to tame you.”

She giggled - actually giggled! - in his presence while out in the town square. She knew it could be potentially scandalous - but was that not better to dissuade Alphonse from becoming interested in her.

“Oh, they have seen little yet,” she said in her refined voice. “I should like to meet the man who thinks he can tame me. I will prove more than he can handle.”

The handsome man just rubbed his chin, nodding. “A challenge indeed,” he said.

She imagined that very smile as she pleased herself nightly, until finally King Dorian himself visited.

“Shameful lusts! Wanton lusts! Do you want me to be the fool of the castle? Of the city and kingdom?”

Her fiery temper rose. “I am doing little more than what is natural for a young woman, father. If Alphonse is turned away by my nature, so much poorer the match, isn't it?”

In response, she was placed in a stone room of reflection for the most turgid six hours of her life. She masturbated there as well, just for the hell of it.

But still the wedding approached, and despite the horrid rumours that resounded of the lost princess being cursed with the estrus of a rabbit and the manners of a boar and so forth, Alphonse continued to indicate by letter his interest in wedding the princess. It astonished Dorian, who had become increasingly frantic and strict in his treatment of her.

“You are indeed lucky, daughter. I love you, you can’t imagine the pain of losing you, but you are fulfilling a woman’s ultimate purpose in life. You will have your wedding night, you will lie back, and only then will you give into this sinful lust of yours. And hopefully, if it is in your manner, you will birth him many fine children and that will be the end of it.”

She could only pout, muttering under her breath in her usual outspoken fashion.

No way. I’ll have to resort to more drastic measures.

Three days before she was set to marry, she decided to escape. She had memorised the rotation of the guards, and convinced Isabella to retire for the evening so she could have time for herself.

“I know you don’t want it yet,” her friend said - for she was indeed Caroline’s friend by that point. “But I just know that you will be happy with Alphonse. They say he is very handsome, strong, and kind, and knows how to treat a lady.”

I’m sure he does, if the lady lives according to patriarchal custom and gives him many strapping sons.

“Thank you Isabella. You retire for the night. I wish to prepare my mind for it.”

“Very well, Your Highness. I wish you luck.”

“And . . . you too, Isabella. I hope you find a husband who will allow you the life you desire.”

Her lady-in-waiting bowed in thanks, and left. Caroline waited a couple of minutes, and then immediately dashed for the window. It was a little cliché, but some clichés exist for a reason: a tied series of blankets really do provide an excellent escape route. She cursed her weaker physique as she lowered herself out of the stone building, and the chill of night. Thank God at least that in this world she was a princess and not a peasant anymore, because the heated rooms of the castle were much better. Still, she had to leave them. If nothing was dissuading Prince Alphonse, then she simply had to remove herself from the picture.

She had packed as much as she could, though it was little. Her bleeding had already come and gone two weeks ago, so she had the awful experience of that, but at least it meant she had time to prepare again while on the road. She’d travel as far as the horizon took her if it meant escaping this world. If such a thing was possible. It certainly couldn’t be done by being stuck in some unequal marriage in which she would be forced to get pregnant.

Caroline put on her cloak when she reached the ground, and made her way to the easternmost gate. There was little time. She had memorised the guard change, and if she moved quickly then she would certainly be able to make it through.

Just have to avoid making too much noise and -

“Lovely night for a stroll, isn’t it?”

She nearly shrieked, but a hand came over her mouth, and she was pushed against the wall just in time for a guard to miss her presence. The hand left her, and in the dim light she could see her ambusher.

“Pensloha,” she said. “What are you doing here?”

“I think a better question is, why is a princess trying to escape her kingdom?”

She blushed, feeling weak in his presence. She could feel his gaze upon her bosom, as the cloak had come undone a little, and her cleavage was pushed up perfectly in her dress to form two enticing cantaloupes of flesh. Somehow, his stare at her feminine chest excited her, somewhat.

“I’m - I am choosing not to get married.”

“You do not wish to marry the prince? I hear he is a valiant man.”

“I do not care if he is the most heroic, kindly, noble man in the realm. I refuse to live a life as some cooped up noblewoman, doomed to serving as little more than an ignorant broodmare for his children, bereft of education, passion, artistic and educational pursuits. That may be as the world is, but it is not the world I wish to live in. I’ll return to poverty if need be to escape it.”

He chuckled. “Such strong feelings, such passion. I will not lie, a humble merchant such as I am intrigued. You have an icy determination, yet a fiery passion of your Illiron flame hair. I can just about almost believe you can do it. Almost.”

She felt something in her deflate. “Almost?”

He shrugged. “It is a cruel world out there, and your face is known. You face far worse than marriage if brigands get ahold of you.”

“But - I have some money.”

“They will take it from you. Then ransom you anyway, if they care to take the risk. If not . . .”

He left the implication hanging, and she shuddered in fear at *that* prospect. The historian in her knew much of the cruelty of the times she lived in, even if this was more of an analogous alternate dimension or timeline. But she had wanted to ignore them.

“I - I should return,” she said.

He nodded. “I think that would be best, Caroline. That doesn’t mean you have been tamed, though.”

She grinned, trying not to be too obvious about how she was checking out his muscles, her female body turned on by his masculine presence.

God, he’s so tall too. I can just imagine him taking me in his arms and - no! No that!

“No,” she said. “That would be a great challenge, right?”

He smiled. "The greatest."

She gave him a curtsy, and was ready to go, but a sudden impulse came over her. A sudden daring to push even further against her role. Faster than the speed of her own thought she stood on her toes and kissed him briefly on the lips, before pulling back. He tasted like a real man, and smelled like one too. She blushed in the wake of his generous, slightly-surprised smile.

"I'll treasure that."

"You should!" she said awkwardly. She took off, and walked around to the entrance of the castle, heart still fluttering. Her father would be furious when the guards had to accompany her back to her room, but at least it would only seem like an act of rebellion. She breathed a little more heavily, her buxom chest rising and falling like an empire, as she thought of the man who had potentially saved her life.

She was going to have fun imagining him the following night.

She didn't have to imagine him for long at all. After the punishment by her father, she was given over to the ladies-in-waiting to prepare for Alphonse's arrival. The Prince would be arriving with a great caravan of diplomats, nobles, guards, guests, artists and masters. Wendell was showing off its finest treasures to the court as a show of power and splendour, and Paladia had to match it. They put up decorations, cleaned the castle and locked up the usual criminals. They dusted off old treasures. But most of all, they focused on the central star of the show: Princess Caroline Wilding herself.

"I feel like a damn Christmas bauble," she muttered as she was fitted into a resplendent green dress. It revealed her cleavage in a quite prominent way, and it was clear this image was meant to entice. Indeed, the dress trailed off her form like that of a ballroom dancer's outfit, made for dramatic spins. She was adorned with a golden necklace that dipped low into her cleavage, drawing further attention to a bosom which was lifted so high in the tight bodice of the dress that she looked like she had damned F-cups. Her lobes had fine ruby earrings, and her hair had an admittedly gorgeous silver netting, though as usual a curtain of her hair fell down behind her shoulders, as if demonstrating the more 'wild' aspects to this Wilding.

Why does every damn dress have to show off these big tits? At least the last one wasn't trying to emphasise these hips too. Oh, look at me, I'm so breedable! At least if I'd landed in 15th century Bohemia, I could have adapted with more leverage.

"Ready to meet your prince, Your Highness?" Isabella asked.

Caroline twirled her elaborate dress in the mirror a little. Her arms, as per the fashion in this world, were largely bare, but she had courtly gloves upon her fingers. Apparently, they were to be removed by a suitor in a romantic cultural ritual. She wasn't set on letting that happen.

"As ready as I'll ever be, as they say."

"Who says that, princess?"

Isabella sighed, taking in the view of her gorgeous, elaborately dressed form once more. "No one you would know, Isabella."

She moved, a confused Isabella following, and the other attendants too. She tried her best to keep a sensual sway out of her hips, but dressed as she was - hell, with *hips* as she had - it was impossible not to. Her breasts bobbed with each step, pushed up by her bodice and yet large enough to have their own pendulous movement. She almost wished she could stay in this world as Peter Arrend, just to look at her and witness her beauty from a male perspective.

As it was, the crowd in the ballroom received that particular blessing, as she descended down the stairs to a magnificent applause led by her kingly father. Dorian gave her a nod of approval, but there was also a hardness to his look, a clear warning to behave, dear daughter. She just rolled her eyes as she passed him on the dais. It wasn't like he'd got to know her at all: she was a convenient pawn, though he did seem to love her, in a distant sort of way.

"The lost Princess Caroline Wilding," the speaker announced, and there was more cheering. She gave a polite bow to the audience, which numbered in the resplendent hundreds, including the Wendell congregation. Her heart beat a little anxiously. She was about to meet her betrothed, and she was intent on making a bad first impression. No doubt they were already regretting the choice to marry her, and would abandon it quickly once word of her kiss with Pensloha came out.

"And announcing her betrothed husband-to-be, Prince Alphonse of Wendell, first of his name and heir to that royal throne."

The crowd parted as a congregation stepped forward, led by a man who was tall, dashing, fit, and blonde. Caroline felt the wind leave her lungs, and a knife drop into her stomach as she saw who he was. He gave her a very familiar dashing smile, bowed before taking her hand, and kissing it with an even more familiar gentleness.

"It is a pleasure to finally meet you, Your Highness. You are more beautiful than words could express. A creature of fire and ice that I could not desire more to form a union with."

He bowed again, and the audience clapped. But Caroline was frozen with shock, feeling completely outplayed as Pensloha, AKA Prince Alphonse, looked over her curvaceous form in its regal gown.

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck. Pensloha! How did I not realise? Pensloha . . . it's just an anagram for Alphonse. He's been secretly here, checking me out the whole time: and I've been wooing him without even knowing it! Damn!

He smiled again at her, his eyes hungry at the sight of her, and once more she felt that shiver of unwanted delight.

This was going to be difficult.

Act 3: Wedded and Bedded

Things got worse pretty much immediately. The great ballroom's crowd quickly filed into what could only be pre-practised lines and rows, all of them standing with amused smirks upon their faces. Caroline saw this out the corner of her eye, but she was too taken with the presence of Alphonse, who had his own smirk as well.

"Surprised?" he said.

"You - you asshole!" she spat under her breath. "You lied to me!"

"Such language, Your Highness! But then, you *are* a Wilding, and a wild one even by their standards. But no need for vulgarity: I have only practised a long tradition that is common among our upper classes here in Lasandris: the 'secret' courting of a woman from under her father's gaze."

She didn't miss the sarcastic emphasis on *secret*. She blushed, knowing how cute it looked on her face and cursing that as well.

"They all *knew*?"

Not all, but King Dorian and his advisors, of course. And high members of the City Guard. I couldn't exactly stroll in, after all. But I have successfully courted you."

"You well *have not!*"

"Was it not *you* that kissed *me* the other night? Have we not shared romantic moments this whole time? You all but confirmed this matrimony tonight."

She froze again. "M-matrimony?"

Oh no. Fuck. No, I was meant to have more time!

But already the priest of Illiros was positioning himself between them, opening the Oraculum to the chapter on marriage rituals. A chapter she had not been given access to, or she would have seen this coming.

"Of course," Alphonse said, taking her hand and turning his body to face the assembled crowd. "Why else would you be dressed in the forest greens of a bride? And with the silver netting that symbolises devotion? Or the ruby earrings that speak to a bond of blood we shall form between us in the creation of little heirs? We are to be married at this moment, share a brief dance, and then . . ."

His implication drove the red in her cheeks to such a point that they threatened to pull all the blood from her body. She was about to pull herself away, when she noticed the castle guard blocking the exit, and her father's hard gaze. She was about to say something, when the priest began to speak, and two handmaidens wove a red fabric around their hands, tying them together.

"We gather at night, away from the gaze of Illiros but forever in the gift of his light. A royal wedding between two realms shall take place this day, to flourish both peace and

prosperity upon the kingdoms of Paladia and Wendell. The great Prince Alphonse Darnellis and the beautiful lost Princess Caroline Wilding shall wed this night, and in doing so shall fulfill their divine duties to their people.”

I can't believe this is happening. How did I fall into it? Even Isabella would have known from the earrings!

She caught her giddy gaze among the crowd, practically bursting with joy for her friend. Caroline sighed. The woman probably thought Caroline was playing along with it all.

“Does this please you?”

She realised she had zoned out, and refocused on the priest.

“Sorry?”

“I said, does this please you?”

“Um, it does?”

“Very well! Then by the light of Ilios your union is bound, just as you are bound by ties of future blood. Alphonse, your duty is upon you.”

Wait? That's it!? That quick! Where is the pomp and ceremony and - Mmph!

Alphonse pulled her into a deep kiss, and she was helpless to resist. The red in her cheeks redirected to other, more private parts of her body as he held her, his passionate lips upon her and his strong arms around her waist and back. Her large breasts pushed against him, and already she felt the strong tingle of arousal coursing through her.

D-damn this body! Damn it!

Finally, after a long, *long* time, he pulled back, releasing her. She felt quite light-headed. Evidently, this world didn't mind longer displays of passion. She almost missed the roar of the crowd and approval of her father Dorian, who commanded an extended cheer from the assembled crowd. She stood there, feeling like an object on display, her beautiful form on display as a celebrated bride.

“And now,” the King declared, “let the feasting and dancing begin!”

Caroline pretended to be more interested in the elaborate food that was brought out, but in truth she had no hunger. Countless nobles from both kingdoms came to offer gifts and congratulations, and the words ‘beautiful’, ‘elegant’, ‘fiery’, and ‘destined’ were thrown about when referring to her appearance and wedding. Isabella found the time to gush over her.

“You are beautiful beyond words, Princess, and your dress, it would capture any man!”

Caroline looked down at her own pushed-up cleavage.

“It's a mystery why.”

“And best of luck tonight! I hope it all takes!”

She didn't want to think on what would be 'taking', though she had a terrified notion. She could barely believe she was now married, but Alphonse was clearly over the moon. His presence was like a magnet, capturing her attention. She could not stop looking at him, and sometimes a smile even escaped her lips before she clamped down upon it.

No. No I am not okay with this. I don't care how much this universe wants me to follow Caroline's story. I am escaping this!

But instead the only escape she found was upon the ballroom dance floor. She'd had limited dancing experience, but Alphonse and the crowd were insistent as the orchestra played. He was patient with her poor efforts, laughing heartily and causing her some embarrassment. Still, he twirled her about like a pretty flower.

“And just like that, we are bound, my love,” Alphonse said as he held her close to him.

“You are not my love, and I did not intend upon this,” she whispered to him. “I don't intend on following you to any marriage bed.”

He grinned. “I told you, I like a challenge. Besides, I got you this far, my beautiful princess, didn't I?”

“I - I didn't know. I was too -”

“Naive? Born a peasant? I do not believe *that*, my beautiful bride-to-be. I think you have simply been too rebellious.”

“It's because I was trying to stall this marriage!”

“And that is *precisely* what took my interest. What captured my heart, in fact. I fell in love with you the moment you broke all etiquette. I saw in you a woman of feisty fire that only I could tame.”

“Good luck.”

He chuckled as he spun her about. She struggled with the steps, having only learned the rudimentary ones. Other nobles clearly noticed this, and several of the women snickered.

“Ignore them,” he said. “There is only us here. I want to see that feisty spirit while we dance.”

“I'll show you a feisty spirit alright.”

It was a pathetic last ditch effort, really. She tried to embarrass him, dancing deliberately poorly, even using modern dance moves - well, modern in the eighties, when she'd last truly danced as Peter. She bumped into other noble couples, tripped on her feet, giggled in a high fashion.

She should have seen coming what a disaster it would prove to be. For one, Alphonse was simply delighted by her continued rebellious streak. And for two . . .

“Alright! Someone’s had too much to drink! Time to get these two to their wedding bed!”

She didn’t catch who said it, but another cheer rose up, and King Dorian clapped his hands and motioned for the doors to be opened. Before Caroline could react, Isabella and her congregation of ladies-in-waiting lifted her up, giggling all the while.

“No! Stop! What are you doing? I demand you put me down!”

But Alphonse shouted the same as several young noblemen friends of his lifted him. Clearly, any protestations were part of this game. She struggled, but the crowd only laughed in approval as she was carried from the room beside her new groom, and further down the hall. Her heart beat heavily in her chest as she was deposited in a fine room with an expansive bed and readied wine. The handmaidens and noblemen left, and the door was shut and locked with a giggle from both parties, leaving them together.

Alphonse poured them some wine as he removed his jacket, leaving his undershirt on. Still, he undid several buttons. It made Caroline’s gaze linger on his chest.

God, women really do like men’s chests, don’t they? And arms - forearms!

That thought came as he rolled up his sleeves and passed her a glass of wine. She took it and gulped it down instantaneously.

“Ha! Good! I take it you are nervous, my beautiful love. Don’t be. I shall be gentle.

“More wine first!” she said. Part of her hoped on some stupid scheme to outdrink him, but in truth her body was flushed with incredible arousal. She had eyed men in the village, enjoyed the view of a handsome noble, but Alphonse was an Adonis-like figure that made her feel weak at the knees. It was humiliating to feel so helpless and horny. Her nipples throbbed, and she was having to resist rubbing them. Her crotch was wet as he removed his shirt entirely. She gulped down another drink. Maybe if she was tipsy she could excuse herself from the act, or . . .

His arms came around her, he kissed her deeply. She lost herself in that kiss, and then before she could even think her hormones took over, and she was kissing him back. He moved down to her neck, and she gasped in bliss as he kissed it softly.

“Oohhhhh . . . this - ohhhhh - this isn’t meant to be . . .”

“And yet it is,” he said. His arms reached around to help slide her out of the dress, undoing the clasps of her bodice. “I would like to see these: I can barely keep my eyes off them as they are.”

She trembled as he untied the stays of her dress, letting her bodice come free. She breathed heavily, and her breasts rose and fell, trembling. He reached out a hand and felt one through the fabric. She couldn’t help but shiver in delight.

“Mmmmm . . . oohhhhhh that f-feels g-good.”

“It will feel better once your dress is fully removed, my bride. May I?”

She wanted to say no. Wanted to *command* no. Wanted to wield the icy objective gaze that still spoke to the objective historian and academic within her. But her inner fire of arousal and desire won out, symbolised by the moment he removed the silver netting from her flame-red hair.

“P-please,” she pleaded, nodding. “But b-be gentle.”

“I shall be more than that. I have wanted this from the moment I first saw your perfect body.”

“F-fuck, that’s s-so f-fucking hot!”

He chuckled. “I like a woman who can be so vulgar in the bedroom.”

He removed the rest of his clothing, and she her own. She practically tore it off, revealing her large, wobbling breasts, with their perfect teardrop shapes. He commented on her “wide, child-bearing hips”, and as much as it should have horrified her, his compliments only turned her on all the more. Within moments they were both entirely, and her eyes were wide with shock at his incredibly large, incredibly erect penis.

“It is very princely, is it not?”

She nodded, shocked. “H-how will it-”

“I’ll show you.”

And with that he was upon her, making love to her, groping and squeezing her, gripping her rounded ass and licking her perfect pink nipples.

“Your bridal dresses did well to emphasise your breasts, but even your corset could not do justice to them fully unveiled!”

She moaned as he squeezed her sensitive tits. *It’s too good! It’s too damn good!*

“Sh-shut up and just f-fuck me already! I feel like I’m on f-fire!”

He grinned that handsome grin. With his strong arms he lifted her up suddenly by her waist, cradling her hips as she wrapped her legs around him in shock. To her embarrassment, she squeaked in surprise. He pressed his face into her breasts as he carried her to the bed, eliciting yet further whimpers of delight from her. Every jostle, every press against her lovely chest was like heaven. It almost made her glad to be a woman.

And then he placed her on the bed, her legs already wide to receive him.

“I can’t - oh God, oh fuck - I can’t believe I’m doing this!”

“I shall be gentle. But I warn you, I shall also be quite . . . virile.”

She licked her lips, not wanting to want it. And yet she did. She looked at his enormous cock, and she almost wanted to *taste* it.

No! Even if I have sex, there is no way I’m doing that. I’m a damned historian, not some redhead royal broodmare who - NNGHHH!!”

He slid his hard cock into her, and it was a feeling as pleasurable as it was alien. She let out a high, keening groan as he entered her womanly tunnel. Her loins tensed, her vaginal muscles clamping down on his manhood, and increasing the pleasure.

I'm being penetrated. Oh God, I'm being fucked by a man! I never wanted this b-but - it's too good!

She mumbled as much to him, and he grunted in satisfaction. And then he began thrusting, and she let loose a series of cries as her wet pussy was stimulated over and over again by his huge manhood. He caressed her breasts, which were bouncing up and down on her chest with each thrust. He was so big - so fucking big inside her she couldn't believe it. It was like being split apart, only in a raw, sexual way that made her feel utterly dominated. Utterly *submissive*.

"OOhhh! Oh d-don't stop! K-keep going!"

"You do love this, don't you, my princess?"

She bit her lip, intent on saying nothing more. But even that rebellious streak ended. His cock was too wonderfully big inside her, penetrated her with ever heightening pleasure and enhanced by his ministrations upon her breasts. She wrapped her legs rightly around him, willing him to plunge ever deeper to the point just before her cervix.

"I l-looooooove iiiiiiit! NNGGGGGHH!! AAHHHHHH!!!"

She pulled him into a passionate kiss, slipping her tongue inside his mouth and moaning as if she truly were the needy, lusty wench the kingdom took her for. An incredibly tremor hit her body as she orgasmed, and it was far, far better than any female (or male) orgasm she had felt before. Far better now that she was being pounded by his huge manhood, as wrong as it should have been.

"OOHhhhhh f-fuck! Fuck fuck yes! Fuck yes! YES FUCK YES!!!"

"Your sounds are l-lovely! I'm going to b-burst!"

"PLEASE DO!" she cried, unable to help herself. The thought of him spilling his seed inside her was too erotic to resist. Peter Arrend screamed in her head, but in this moment, she was all Caroline Wilding, now Caroline Darnellis.

"AAGGGHH!" Alphonse groaned, and with that she felt the wonderful and strange tensing of his huge girth within her, followed by a wet and wonderful warmth that flooded up towards her womb. She orgasmed all over again as he shuddered, ejaculating stream after stream of his sperm into her. She could barely believe how high and loud her voice was, and the only way to clamp down upon it was to bite his shoulder and claw at his back. He bucked several more times, still spurting within her. Evidently, her throes of rabid pleasure pleased him.

Finally, after what felt like minutes, he slid out of her, eliciting another gasp from Caroline. Her large breasts flopped as she curled to one side, and he around her, caressing her large chest softly.

“That was beyond all measure, my love. I can tell I pleased you. I’m happy also to say that you are far, far better than I could have imagined.”

She said nothing, simply wiping her tears.

What the hell have I done? I gave in to this awful lust. What if I’m . . . I can’t do that again. No matter if I have to live as his wife, I shall be known as ‘Caroline the Chaste’ from now on.

And yet not half an hour later, her lust rose again, the memory of that large cock and those strong, manly muscles over her rising in her mind.

She begged him to fuck her two more times that night, and she came just as hard each time, even more so when she was bouncing on his lap with his face in her tits.

The door to the bedchamber opened, and Caroline glared at her husband as he entered. She was lying on the bed, wearing only her silken nightgown, the one that hugged her large breasts and revealed much of her slender legs.

“I love that look you give me,” Alphonse said in his baritone voice. “Like you want to stop what happens next, but you can’t help but give in.”

“I’m not some submissive, demure princess,” Caroline said.

Alphonse drew near, and she shivered at his presence. She had given him the glare of her icy eyes, but her inner fire was as red as her hair, demanding her bodily needs be met.

“I know you’re not, but as I’ve said before, it’s a wonderful challenge.”

“You’re not going to break me.”

He placed his masculine hand upon her soft cheek. There was a gentle care in his eyes that captivated her, despite her better judgement.

“My dear Caroline, I would never want to break you. I love your feistiness. But I do relish the opportunity of training you up to be a proper princess of Wendell.”

She sighed. He was so close, and her nipples were throbbing, aching for his touch. For his tongue upon them.

“Let’s talk about it later. You came to bed to fuck me, so hurry up and fuck me.”

“Don’t even pretend you don’t want it, my beautiful flower.”

But he did as she ‘commanded’, and she yielded to him. She gasped in pleasure as he nibbled at her breasts, caressed their heavy roundness, and she cried in greater ecstasy as he slid his hardness inside her dripping pussy as she bent against the dresser. It felt

wonderful to be so submissive. She knew she shouldn't feel that way, but when he penetrated her, she felt as if he owned her body. She hoped it was the magic that brought her here just making her slip into her role, but in truth, she suspected it was simply her bodily needs, and her own rising resignation to her role.

"OOhhhh!! Yes! Fuck yes! Keep fucking me! I'm so c-close Alphonse! I'm so close my prince!"

He used his long reach to fondle her bouncing tits as they dangled from her, before returning his strong hands to her wide hips. No matter how many times they did it - and they did it frequently - experiencing his cock widening her inner walls never got old. She whimpered, gasping as finally she came again. And again. And again. Her body was overcome with multiple orgasms, but the best always came when he shot his load inside her, as he did now.

"OOHHHHH!!! AAAIIIEEE!!!"

Still dripping cum between her legs, she lay back against him while he ran his finger over her round breasts. They were quite so lately, and so his caresses felt nice.

"My, you *are* more lusty as of late," he said. "A consequence of *this* perhaps?"

His hand trailed down to her belly, which was just starting to round out a little. She let out a feminine coo, not even meaning to, as he traced his fingers over the very slight dome of her belly.

"You would know," she muttered. "You did this to me. I've been trying not to think of it."

Alphonse kissed her on the back of her head, still massaging her form. It felt wonderful, and it was another thing that she had given up on fighting. It was too relaxing in that post-coital bliss.

"Well, it will feel more real when our child kicks, I imagine. I look forward to seeing you grow with child. I've always felt that expectant women were very beautiful."

She harrumphed. "Easy to say when you're not the one knocked up."

"An interesting phrase. Not one I've heard anyone else say before. But I like it. I love getting you knocked up, Caroline."

She sighed, placing her own hand on her firm belly. "I noticed."

And the worst part is, so did I. Or else I wouldn't be this way.

It was only three months after the wedding, and she was already pregnant. To her shame, she had in all likelihood become pregnant that very night. Certainly she had cried out in bliss as he came within her three times over, and then twice again in the morning. Her screams of ecstasy were the bawdy talk of the castle and town afterwards: evidently, this was a bit of a norm in this society, but unlike for other women, rumours of her lust did not abate, they were apparently so legendary.

It almost made her glad when she was taken back to Wendell. It was, in her opinion, not quite as nice a kingdom in aspect, being in the shadow of a valley instead of sitting upon a verdant hill, but the keep itself was more luxurious, and the people generally kinder to her. After all, she was not a pawn to these people, and the celebrations that heralded her arrival were vast. Certainly, Alphonse ensured she was paraded in a series of not only attractive but revealing outfits, at least by medieval standards. As per tradition for a recently wedded bride, she was adorned in colours matching either her hair or eyes, and so she wore rich royal red that clung to her figure, or pale expensive blue that gave her an elegance even as they emphasised her womanly hips with their tightness. She felt like a model ogled over by men, judging from the repeated glances at her cleavage.

Is this what it feels like to be a busty woman always? she had thought. To have men always pretend not to be looking, even though it's obvious they're staring at my boobs?

She was given a prized ancestral golden tiara of the kingdom to wear when in public or in court, and she couldn't deny it matched her lovely figure. However, she got the distinct sense it was another way of Alphonse being able to dress her, make her his own, since he was insistent on her loveliness while wearing it.

She met the King and Queen - his father and mother - and was announced at their royal court. His father was an aged, kind man at least, though his mother was suspicious of her manner, and not just for her peasant background either. She had heard rumour of Caroline's lustful manner, and told her in no few words what would happen if that lust was directed anywhere but her son.

"At least it will allow you to give us plenty of grandchildren," she noted.

I better be infertile then, Caroline thought.

It was one of her last hopes. This was because, despite her best efforts, Caroline's arousal for Alphonse did not abate. In fact, it had arguably swelled. Even among all the bustle and business of becoming accustomed to her new placed in Wendell, she continued to fuck and be fucked by her husband. She couldn't help herself: a heat had been awakened within her that would not go away, and she was helpless to prevent her loud screams of pleasure that could well shake the castle walls.

"I need this! I fucking need this!" she cried, and Alphonse was only turned on further by her demands. He enjoyed her manner, getting off on her feistiness. It was a game to him. But while he loved to play the dominant prince pleasing his princess wife, she couldn't deny that he truly did love her, in his own way. He adored taking her out in the carriage to see the grand meadows of the kingdom, or the work of its best artisans. And he was continually surprised by her intelligence and wit, and her quickness at picking up the history and culture of the region. She was, after all, still a historian at heart. He was also a hunter, and had a number of fine ermine cloaks made for her from his kills. She couldn't claim they didn't look

lovely on her when the cold mist of mornings came. To her surprise, after much begging to come along on his hunts, he actually relented and let her join . . . so long as it was by carriage instead of horse, and only in pursuit of pheasants.

“I’m just glad to be able to get outside. King Dorian never let me leave.”

“Because you would have escaped!” he laughed, as he strung his bow.

The decision to not let her ride by horse was a good one: just a few kills into the hunt on his part, Caroline began to feel strangely ill. In the end, she leapt from the carriage to run for the bushes in a very unladylike manner, startling Alphonse and his hunting entourage. She had barely made it to cover before she was throwing up her rabbit stew breakfast.

“Caroline, is everything alright?”

“F-fine! Just a stomach bug.”

“Pardon? A what now?”

“A slight sickness, nothing more!”

Alphonse helped her back into the carriage to clean up, her handmaiden at the ready. She noticed out of the corner of her eye, however, that the hunters were gossiping and giggling as they looked in her direction. One of them made a crude gesture of a large belly.

No. Oh please no, not yet!

She was, of course, pregnant. The hunting trip was cancelled due to her ill health, but none said a word of complaint, only meaningful pats on the shoulder for Alphonse on “doing his good work, and so soon too!”

The other signs soon manifested: her breasts became sore and bulged up another cup size. Her hunger surged, and she experienced strange cravings, sometimes for modern foods that could not be supplied. She felt tired all the time, and had to excuse herself from some royal events. That was enough to make it an open secret that she was pregnant.

And now it was three months later, and her belly was already expanding. Her tits were too large by half, at least for her: they wobbled even more now, and her nipples and areola had grown too. But Alphonse loved them even more, ordering further fine dresses to display both her slight bump and ample chest. Certainly, word got around court, and bards - much to her embarrassment - sang tavern songs to her figure:

*“Here’s to Princess Caroline, she is so kind and fair,
Her icy gaze is only matched by her flame-red hair,
She’s has an expansive wardrobe, and much a treasured chest,
So rich in figure she could burst, she’s certainly amply blessed!”*

She *hated* that song, and it was only becoming more played now that her bust truly was ‘amply blessed’ by pregnancy. It had been formally announced before the court by Alphonse

on a golden morning. Her handmaidens all knew, of course. They had been the ones to tell her of the likelihood, and surreptitiously call in the physician to check her body over - something he did with a bit *too* much relish.

The old pervert, she thought at the time.

And when it was determined, the announcement was made to the King and Queen, though of course, they already knew.

"I wish to inform my King and Queen that I have the most splendid news," Alphonse declared, standing before the thrones of his parents, Caroline by his side in a gorgeous pink dress that fitted neatly around her bust yet flowed at the waist, trailing to the floor. She tried to ignore how tight it was around her waist and posterior: Alphonse had been adamant in letting the court see the "wonderful maternal changes already happening to your body." The changes, of course, were making her hips look even more delectable, and she had a good feeling half the men seated behind her were appreciating her expanded backside as well.

"My dear wife, Princess Caroline, is expecting our first child."

The King rose to his feet in a practiced motion. "Wonderful news! We must celebrate! Tell us, dear Caroline, how far along are you? When can we expect to hear word of our grandchild's arrival?"

She bowed before the King, and spoke the words she too had rehearsed.

"The physician believes I am eight weeks from conception, Your Highness. Your son's seed is strong, as it has taken to my belly quickly. Already I am showing the signs."

There was a very slight snickering she could just faintly hear from the crowd. Someone whispered something to the effect of "*oh yes, we can certainly see some changes. If she gets much bigger she'll give more milk than the cows.*" And someone replied, "*fitting, since I hear she's like an animal in heat in the bedroom.*"

A quick stare from Alphonse reduced them, and the ceremony of celebration continued.

"Let us hope it is a male child," the Queen Consort added. "It is a sign of a good and fruitful marriage that you have fallen expectant so quickly. Now we shall see if you can provide a true heir to the throne."

Which left her where she was now, lying on the bed with Alphonse, him stroking her three month belly lovingly.

"I still can't believe it," she said, ending her reminiscing. "Pregnant so soon."

"I can easily believe it. Your appetite for my cock was positively voracious. As it still is."

"It's these damn hormones."

"What now?"

“Um, these mood swings. The imbalance of my humours due to pregnancy. They leave me horny for your presence all the time. I can’t stand it.”

Alphonse chuckled, bringing her closer. “Oh please, you *love* it, and I shall not accept a lie on this. You only dislike becoming the trapped pregnant princess, but you love the feeling it gives you to have me thrust deep into you. And to have me stare at you in your fine dresses.”

She blushed, knowing it was true. It was the compulsions of her body overpowering her, and the increasing inability for her to ever return back. Peter Arrend was still there, her mind was still male, but it was wrought by female desires now, and it was so much easier to resign herself to her new life, given that there were no signs of returning to her modern male one.

“I . . . I do admit it,” she said, turning to face him. “I cannot lie. It’s just . . . it’s not *me*. I cannot explain it to you, you would never understand it.”

“Women’s business?”

She chuckled darkly. “The opposite, would you believe it? Don’t ask, please husband. I accept many things, but not questions about my past. It’s too painful, and I’d rather focus on the pleasures where I can get them.”

“Such as that wonderful little heir you’re growing right now?”

He rubbed her belly, and she winced at its tightness. *God, I still can’t believe it. Me, born a man in the twenty-first century, now a pregnant princess. What will it feel like when I can’t bend over and the baby is actually kicking and moving around? Not to mention the milk!*

Still, it made her think of something.

“If it is a male heir, would you let it be the last one? The only pregnancy?”

He kissed her neck tenderly, gazing into her eyes as he shifted to face her.

“My love, you know that can’t be the case. We will have the children we have, and I do so hope and want a large family. After all, a royal family must keep the lineage strong, and that means siring not one heir but plenty: boys to inherit lands and occupy the heads of armies and churches, and girls to be wedded to important families.”

Caroline exhaled, her large chest falling. “I thought as much. This is just the first pregnancy of many, isn’t it?”

“I sincerely hope so.”

“Still . . . we can make another deal.”

“Oh?”

She could see the intrigued expression on his face, and knew she had him.

If I am to be stuck a princess, taking his cock constantly, and making babies with this ridiculous female body, then I might as well get a better deal out of it.

“Well, how about I give you all the babies you want. Be as good a princess and wife, submissive to her husband in public and . . . in private. Please you in ways even you do not know of. How about I do all of that . . . if you grant me some concessions.”

“You act as if our love is a business deal.”

I do not love you, she thought, though a part of her railed against that thought. She did love him, in a strange sort of way. She loved the way he made her feel, at the very least. And if he was moulding her to be his perfect royal wife, then why could she not turn the tables and mould him in turn to be a husband she *could* love, wholly?

“It isn’t, but my rebel nature, as you put it, rails against being caged. So uncage me.”

“Let you wander freely?”

“I am serious. Let me pursue a proper education with my tutors, equal to any man. Let me study the stars with a telescope, even if we have to send messengers far and wide to acquire one. Let me not be caged up when I’m big and round as a whale: let *me* decide when I need to be secluded. Let me have my books, and my studies, and my love of learning and travel - with you, of course. Always with you - and I shall submit to you. Completely. I will . . . I will even learn to love it in full. Perhaps even learn to embrace this.”

She traced her hand deliberately over her full breasts and down to her belly. Alphonse eyed her carefully, and she always knew his answer from his excitement. That, and the way his cock was slowly growing more erect.

“A deal, my lovely Caroline. Now, shall we seal it with another round in the hay?”

She scoffed. “You’re never going to let me forget I was once a peasant, are you?”

“Never!” he said with good cheer. He began to nibble at her neck, and she exhaled in her breathy way, already feeling moist and ready for his cock once more. As he began to grope and caress her more, and she in turn took his cock and guided it to her pussy, she amused herself with a thought.

Imagine if he knew I was not only once a peasant, but a man from another world too.

But then that thought was lost as he thrust into her, and she cried out in relief.

“Oh f-fuck! Yes! I need your h-hard cock in me!”

He thrust into her, mindful of her growing midsection, but paid special attention to her bloated breasts, much to her appreciation. She bucked and writhed, giving into the pleasure instead of fighting it. She was sick of fighting it. So much easier to *use* her new body, rather than forcing her old Peter persona into a life that no longer suited it. As they moaned together, she louder and louder as the ecstasy reached its limit, she cradled her small belly with her hand. *Maybe, just maybe I can come to accept this. So long as my husband keeps his word.*

He had certainly kept his vows to pleasure her each night: she was crying out deliriously only moments later, receiving his seed inside her once more.

Act 4: Royal Duties

Caroline cried out as another contraction came over her.

“Oh, by the light of Iliros, this is pure agony!”

Lord, I've even started using their slang now!

The time had come, as she knew it would. Nine long months she had felt her belly swell with Alphonse's child, her pregnancy becoming more and more real to her with each passing day. Her child had proven very active, doing somersaults in her stomach and causing her to gasp or groan at inappropriate times. Many a dress was made to accommodate and show off her gravid belly, a situation she never could have imagined as a man. And, of course, in the final month she had begun to leak as well, her breasts swelling up yet another cup size, becoming sore and full with milk for her impending child.

A child that was now arriving.

“OOhhhhhh . . . ah - ah - ahhhh! It - it huuurts!”

Alphonse was outside the room, as was custom. The midwife was seeing to her, and the chief physician on hand in case anything went wrong. She was deeply thankful that Isabella was visiting with her family, and so could be by her side at this moment.

“You're doing so well, dear Caroline. Soon you'll have a royal baby to hold! You're so close!”

Caroline screamed as another contraction ripped through her. Her distended belly trembled, still fully despite her waters breaking in the early morn. Her vagina felt like it was on fire as it contracted and dilated for its ultimate purpose; the delivery of new life into the world.

How could this have happened to me? A freak chance of bad luck, and now less than a year later I'm giving fucking birth!

It was humiliating and insane. It had been alien enough being cared for and pampered, her belly full of life and her every appearance regarded with care by others, as if she were utterly fragile. But now she was giving birth, and without the consolation of modern medicine or anaesthetic.

“God, I wish I had a fucking epidural!” she groaned.

For once, Isabella did not inquire further or correct her, simply whispered encouragements.

“You're close, the midwife just said! Did you hear? The Prince is just outside, awaiting word!”

“I want him in heeeeeerreee,” she cried, “I need him here. He did this t-to me after - after - after AAaaLLLLLLLIIII!!!:”

But some etiquettes were never breached, and this private area allowed only the physician as the intruding male upon this very female act. Caroline simply had to bear down and push, push, push as she was told. Her sex bulged, and she cried out again as something shifted, *descending* to her passage.

"I can see the head, dear," the midwife said. "Keep pushing. Big breaths now. The first is always the hardest."

Thank fuck for that! If - Nngghhh! - if the others were just as hard I'd snip my womb out myself afterwards!

She had known birth would be painful, but she was gaining a firsthand appreciation for what women for centuries went through without modern medicine, and what many bravely chose to do still.

"EERUUGGGGGH!!"

She spread her legs wider. She was matted in sweat, and Isabella was thankfully there to keep dabbing her forehead. She leaned against her friend, squeezing her hand as she closed her eyes and pushed.

"Push, dearie!"

"I am pushing! I am damn well - OOHHHHH!!!"

And then something exited her. It was horrifically painful, stretching her wider as the shoulders exited, and then it was out. Instantly a flood of relief hit her, and while the pain lingered, she had reached the other side. She gasped, breathing still rapid, and with her stretched belly she couldn't see if things were alright.

"Are they okay? Is my baby healthy?" she said, surprised at the emotion in her voice.

"He is," the midwife said. "Congratulations, Princess. You are the mother to the eventual heir to the kingdom. A little healthy boy.:"

Caroline gasped with relief as her child was passed up to her, the cord still in his belly. He was a small, bluish-purple thing, matted in blood and mucus. And yet he was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen. The midwives covered her, relaxing her legs as she cradled her baby. He reached out to her, his eyes closed and still struggling with the light, and by some motherly instinct she placed him against her chest, savouring the contact.

She began weeping openly, uncaring how emotional and feminine and maternal she was being. At that moment, regardless of her past, she was a mother.

The door opened after the physician went to retrieve Alphone, and there the Prince stood in the threshold, taking in the sight of the two of them.

"A son," he said, beaming.

"A little baby boy," she said, smiling and still weeping tears of joy. "Happy now, husband?"

“More than Ilios in morning,” he declared moving to her side. “You have already taken to motherhood well.”

“Give it till the first cry and see how I am,” she said sarcastically. Her husband leaned against her, looking at his child, now dried of the fluid that had covered him.

“Naturally, he will be named-”

“His name is Peter,” she said forcefully, shocking the other attendants in the room. “I have decided this. Name all the rest of our children how you want, but this is his name. I’ll be your perfect bride in every respect, Alphonse, but you will give me this.”

She cast her pale blue eyes upon him, keeping a steady gaze. He was indeed handsome, and his own eyes captivating. But this was a win she needed, at the very least.”

He considered a while, then nodded slowly.

“Peter it is. First of his name. Which means, I suppose, you’ll have to give me a few spare sons for the other names I was considering.”

She sighed as her son fed at her breast. It was a relaxing feeling, but her husband’s words sent a shiver down her spine.

“Please husband, give me even an hour’s break before you fill my womb again.”

He laughed. “I’ll give you two!”

A year shy of a decade later, and Caroline had come to accept and even embrace her lifestyle. She had no way of returning to her life as Peter, and would remain the gorgeous and voluptuous princess for life. It made her regret her earlier actions, because it left the public in Paladia and now Wendell with a distinct impression of her nature as one of wanton lust. There were numerous bawdy songs in taverns dedicated to her apparently voracious appetites, as well as to her impressive bosom and hips. One verse in particular at least got a chuckle from her.

*‘The princess is noble in all the right ways, but two in particular will stun you for days!
So don’t be embarrassed to stare at her chest, for that’s where Ilios has seen fit to
bless best!’*

*Just ask her children, they number by the dozen. But the best meals are reserved for
King and for husband.’*

The King line was deliberate: in the near decade that had passed, Alphonse’s father had passed away, and now he was ascended to the throne as King. Which meant she was now Queen Caroline, and at only the young, still-ripe age of twenty nine. The song was right in

other ways: her breasts were the features of her body most continually in use. Even more than her pussy, which was a mighty feat, given her husband's own high libido even when she was well into her final month of pregnancy. He adored her body even more when it was gravid and bearing his heirs, and so he fucked her even at her fullest point, often more so. It wasn't always a bad thing either: her legendary arousal did not peak in the second trimester like for most pregnant women, but became even more unbearably strong as she entered her fortieth week of gestation. He continued to squeal as she bounced on his lap, him rubbing her full breasts as she faced away from him, or as she bent over the bed so he could take his lustful wife from behind.

But as much as her womanhood had its workout, her breasts were far more used. They were continually full of milk now, and had never gone down in size since her first pregnancy. Indeed, since Alphonse loved seeing her bred, and she was clever enough to apply modern medicinal techniques and fitness regimens to heal her body, she had spent almost her entire life as a married woman continually pregnant with royal babies. Which meant, following her first arduous and painkiller-free birth, that she was feeding endlessly. Sure, there was the offer of numerous nursemaids, but Caroline refused to give the power of feeding up to anyone. As strange as it was, it was one avenue of control they could not take from her: her sons and especially her daughters would remain close to her and her influence.

Unfortunately, it did mean that she was continually producing milk in response to her endless feedings, and had done for nearly ten years now. She'd already had nine children - her fecundity was such that she had been 'blessed' with two sets of twins - and she loved all of them dearly, even if they were a continual burden on her body.

"As soon as one is weaned off my tits, the next one is on!" she complained to her husband's amusement. "Oh, don't laugh. I'll be full to bursting in a few hours, even after feeding three separate babies!"

"Well, I suppose I shall have to leave an empty stomach for myself, and drink deep of your wells myself."

It made her blush every time, because she knew she would moan in relief and release and pleasure when he suckled from her milky tits. He was a magnificent lover, and the more she embraced it, the happier she was, even if her screams of joy still filled the castle and made its denizens chuckle. Their Queen, so it was said, was always well-satisfied.

That act of embracing her role brought other pleasures too. Alphonse was a good husband, even if he had a habit of 'training' her to be submissive to his desires, like a proper wife and Queen Consort. After much pressure on her part, she was able to obtain a specially made telescope, in order to study the stars. He also filled the library with books from far and

wide. She spent much of her time there, reading happily while cradling her swollen womb, smiling at the gentle kicks as she turned the pages. He'd even paid for a lavish personal library near their bedchamber for when she was so full with child she could go into labor at any time: an experience she always dreaded. All of these were accomplished using her increasing talent at employing her feminine wiles. The greatest of these was introducing Alphonse to the supposedly 'dirty' act of giving him a long, pleasure-filled blowjob, after which she would swallow. To say he became addicted to the experience afterwards would be an understatement, and soon she was able to wield that as its own carrot in order to make him go down on her from time to time. She would never tell anyone, but she had been shocked to find that sucking on his hard cock and stroking it with her fingers as she did so was a highly erotic experience on her part, and swallowing his sperm just as much so.

It certainly tasted much nicer than I imagined, she thought after the first time.

Unlike many women in such societies who were expected to be cloistered away while heavily pregnant, she was able to convince Alphonse to let her remain active and in public. It gave her a semblance of freedom in her new role, and even led to changes for other noblewomen. Chief among being her former chief lady-in-waiting Isabella, who by good fortune was married off to a Count of Wendell, and so able to see Caroline often. She had born four children to her husband, three boys and a girl, and was delighted to be the submissive, dutiful, and fertile wife of a man she clearly had come to love.

"I'm just jealous of you, Caroline!" she exclaimed recently, as the two sat together with round bellies. "Four children has been a blessing, but you are twice as blessed, with a tenth on the way!"

"Tenth and *eleventh*, actually," Caroline sighed. She rubbed the great dome of her belly that her fine blue dress contoured to perfectly. "I'm as far along as you, my friend, and yet look nearly twice as damned gravid."

Isabella awkwardly hugged her friend. Given how far along the two of them were, it was always going to be a bit awkward to manoeuvre around their bellies.

"I'm glad you finally found your place," she whispered in Caroline's ear. It made the Queen blush as she looked over herself. A mother to what would soon be eleven children, and at the mere age of thirty.

God knows how many that lustful brigand of a husband will put in me before I finally hit menopause. I swear I've had more pregnancies than periods!

But at least she would pass on good health to her children. While modern vaccinations were out of the realm of possibility, she was certainly able to use eighteenth century cow pox scab techniques to bolster her many children's immune systems, and moreover to use her understanding of cleanliness and disease prevention and control to influence the hospitals of the kingdom, with the help of Alphonse's commanding word. She

was determined that if she were relegated to a life of being a famously fertile queen, then she would still apply her historian's arts, writing a book in her spare time on the history of the region in a modern empirical way. She had no idea if anyone would read it or take it seriously, but it would at least be preserved that the incredibly fecund Queen Caroline Darnellis also had a mind like a steel cage.

That same mind was something she passed to her children, and her daughters especially. While she was trapped by the desires and instincts of her needy body, that didn't mean she couldn't give them greater agency in the world. Yes, one day they would be married off, but she worked to instill in them, and would as they reached teenagehood, a sense of self worth, education, and outspokenness that could weather the storms of what this patriarchal world would throw at them. Yes, it would be hard - it was already clear that her red and blonde-haired daughters were inheriting much of her beauty, though time would tell if they also inherited her substantial curves - but she was determined to try.

She was musing on exactly that challenge, in fact, when Alphonse entered her chamber in the evening. She was down to just her shift, being overheated easily in her heavy twin pregnancy, and her breasts were feeling particularly sore and full of milk.

"Looking beautiful as ever, my flower," Alphonse said.

"As beautiful as a whale," she replied, gesturing to her form. "Why has Illos blessed me to be so fertile and you so virile? Between the two of our efforts, I fear I'll never see my feet again!"

Alphonse chuckled as he got up onto the bed, removing much of his clothing. Despite her incredibly gravid body, she started to get turned on just looking at her strong, kingly husband.

"I don't think you could see your feet before, my dear," he quipped, reaching out to fondle her bosom. She groaned in response to his care, and several spurts of milk released from her distended nipples.

"OOhhhhhhh . . . s-stop that. So f-full."

"Then why don't I help with that, my beautiful Queen. That, and other things too."

She bit her lip, wanting it as badly as him. After ten years of being the young, gorgeous, busty and desperately *needy* Caroline, she had no intention of fighting her continual arousal, especially when she was so full with her twins. She craved the relief. She craved him. And so she let him begin suckling at her full tits, lapping at her milk while she moaned in bliss. And after she felt considerably less engorged, he helped her atop his form as he lay back, and together they worked to thrust his cock far into her depths.

"MMMhhmm . . . I n-never get t-tired of this!" Alphonse stammered.

"M-me either, m-my king!"

She smiled openly as she rode him, one of the few positions she could manage while so far along. Alphonse held her large belly, rubbing it softly and sensually with his hands, before moving up to her heavy, wobbling chest. It was deeply alluring, and despite her incredible fecundity, she felt an odd sense of power from being the one to ride *him*. They continued to buck, their rhythm well-practised after all these years, and soon they were reaching the heights of orgasm.

“So close! S-so fucking close!”

“Me too Caroline! I want to hear your sweet song when you come!”

In a few short weeks her water would break, and she would give painful birth again. And then just a few months later, he would like as all get her pregnant all over again. In the early years she had some more time between her pregnancies, but it seemed that Alphonse’s virility and her fecundity were only increasing with age, because the gap was only closing between the times when she was with child versus those times she was not. It was her life now, and she was fulfilling her duty by providing heirs and spares, as it was said. It was too late to stop now, and frankly, if it meant she could keep being fucked the way her body craved so deeply, then so be it. She’d make babies, babies, and more babies like Alphonse desired of her. If she had to fulfil her royal duties for the rest of her strange life, then why not learn to just accept and enjoy it?

She did so now. Alphonse thrust up to meet her descending hips, and she cried out in the first of several orgasms to come. It filled her with joy, to be so filled with life in so many ways.

The whole castle certainly heard that joy as well.

The End