

# Seducing a Paladin

For Waarghan

By TheSpiralledEye

*Rose, Morgan and Audrey's youngest sister is now all grown up and training to become a paladin. But with the bimbo Briar as her teacher and a little magic, Rose may learn more than just swordplay.*

~

Rose looked at the sun overhead and cursed; she was so late. As expected, she rounded the corner to find Briar standing with her hands on her wide hips, made all the wider by her armour. Her demoness tail was lashing in frustration, the tiny metal tip she wore on the end clinking against the ground as it tapped out the seconds.

"Miss Briar! I'm here!" She called, awkwardly fumbling to get her sword out of its scabbard. "Sorry, I was studying magic and I-

"Lost track of time. Yes I know." Briar sighed, "It's always the same. You're late to training because you're studying magic and you're late to study because of training."

Rose winced as pink dusted her cheeks.

"You're a princess, Rose." Briar added. "You can't keep doing this, you have to make a choice and focus on your studies."

Rose pouted, most people wouldn't dare speak to her like that, except maybe her sisters but Briar was an exception. As her unofficial aunt Briar had just as much authority over her as her elder sisters do and her word was law.

"Come on, we're already late."

When Morgan had become queen Rose was still young; she remembered her parents but for the most part she had been raised by her sisters. She had sat at Morgan's heels during

court, spent days watching her apprentice weave magic and followed Audrey on many adventures. Now she was an adult it was time to choose her path; magic or might. The choice had kept her up at night until eventually she remembered her Auntie Briar, a paladin used magic and martial skills; it was the best of both worlds. Or it would be were it not for a handful of very large, pointy thorns in her side. The first being Briar's status.

They walked in lockstep toward the Temple of the Protector where they trained. As they walked up the steps the warriors guarding the door bowed but not low. Rose could feel eyes upon them as they walked through the halls.

"Remember, my life here isn't easy." Briar said softly, "It's hard enough being a commoner in an order full of blue bloods but being a demoness makes life extra difficult. When we're late it does not help me and my image."

Rose nodded, whispering a small apology. She knew it was an open secret Briar was sleeping with her sister. A lot of people assumed her position as Paladin had been gifted from the crown when really she had to claw her way to the top. **Audrey** had hoped having the youngest princess as her apprentice would help but instead it had just made things more awkward. The leaders of Briar's temple were hardly going to turn her down though, having a princess in their order was a high honour, even if the Queen insisted she train with their most scandalous member.

They stepped out into the training yard and heads turned, Rose blushed deeply as they passed the other apprentices and their teachers; she could feel their silent judgement crawling up her back.

"At least one of you got here in time." Briar smiled and Rose soured.

Lady Penelope, Briar's other student, was waiting for them, already half way through her motions. Rose scowled, Lady Penelope was a member of a minor noble house. She had shocked many when she admitted to wanting to become a paladin of the Protector and started training with Briar. What had been Rose's private lessons turned into a shared class with her and it had always rubbed her the wrong way.

It didn't help that Lady Penelope was arrogant with reason. She seemed to have a natural affinity for the blade, swinging it like an extension of her own arm. Rose had spent hours secretly watching her train in the late evenings, watching the moonlight gleam off her long blonde hair as her ponytail whipped around her. It made her heart ache with envy and irritation, just seeing her smug face was enough to make her feel oddly tense.

Morgan had insisted Briar take on a second apprentice to help her image issues and no matter how much Rose complained or begged her to pick another the Queen's word was final and she was stuck sharing her lessons.

"You should follow Penelope's example, it's not often another woman wants to learn the martial arts, you shouldn't take advantage." Briar added before greeting Penelope with a smile.

They two began working through their drills; Briar was adamant they master basic sword skills and heavy armour before they added magic into the mix. Rose had hoped that when they started there, her years at Morgan's side would put her ahead of Penelope in some fashion. She had only cast a handful of spells successfully so far but it was more than Penelope had done. If she could just get one up on something, then she was sure her other skills would click into place.

Once they were done with their warm up Briar ordered Penelope to take a break while she and Rose sparred. The princess was already sweating and panting with exertion and scowled as Penelope got to take a break.

"Penelope got here in time and has been working far longer," Briar said shortly, "Now come at me."

Rose grit her teeth. She was determined, Today was the day she did something right. She lunged forward and her ears rang as metal clashed. Over and over she tried to break through Briar's defence only for her to giggle and dodge with ease. She hated that giggle, it meant Briar wasn't being challenged at all.

"You're overthinking." Briar sighed as she easily parried the blow.

"I can't help it!" Rose hissed, trying again and again to get through the demoness' defences, "You always tell me to mind my footwork! Mind my grip! Mind my stance! My thrust! My angle!"

Suddenly she was knocked off her feet and onto her ass as Briar easily knocked her sword aside and pushed her off balance with a bump of her hip.

"How am I supposed to focus on all of that and not over think?" Rose pouted.

"You need to let your body move of its own accord." Lady Penelope cut in, "Fall into the rhythm of the fight."

She flicked her wrist, swore spinning as though it were a reed rather than a heavy stick of metal. Rose felt her cheeks go red looking up at the other young woman, that damn confident smile; it made her blood boil.

"Well that's easier said than done." She spat, getting to her feet.

"Only for some." Lady Penelope chuckled with an arrogant smile.

Humiliation burned in Rose's cheeks and she threw down her sword in frustration, stomping across the field back to the castle. As she turned to look over her shoulder she could see the blonde giving her a wave, proud smile still plastered on her face. Just the sight of it made Rose's blood boil and increase her pace away.

"Where do you think you're going?" Briar yelled, "We're not finished!"

"I am!"

She didn't turn around; Rose didn't care that Briar was sleeping with her sister, she was done listening for the day. If she had to look at Lady Penelope's smug face for one more second she was going to scream.

~

Rose pouted, stabbing her fork into her food and sighed as Audrey lectured her.

"Do you have any idea how embarrassing that was for Briar?" She growled, "Her pupil, the princess of the realm, throwing a hissy fit and walking out after being late in the first place? If you are serious about wanting to protect our realm as a paladin you cannot keep acting like a spoiled brat!"

"It was Penelope's fault."

"Do not blame others for your own shortcomings, rose." Morgan said curtly, "It is unbecoming."

“Well I’m sorry I’m not as amazing as my two perfect older sisters!” Rose scowled, “You two have no idea how annoying it is being paired with a training partner who is better than you at everything without even trying.”

“I think you’ll find Lady Penelope tries quite hard.” Morgan replied, “That is where her skills come from, effort, not luck.”

Rose just stabbed her fork through another carrot and grumbled to herself while her two older sisters shared glances. It was clear something was going to have to be done, but what?

~

Stella and Morgan were still as a statue, both waited with baited breath as the potion before her simmered before finally turning a vivid pink. Stella smiled widely and had to resist the urge to squeal; finally! It had taken her weeks to get this concoction right but now they may finally have a cure for the poisoned well in one of the surrounding villages.

Briar and Audrey had saved the town by slaying a manticore, unfortunately, its blood had leached into the ground, poisoning the well and making the water undrinkable. Now, with this, the farmers would finally be able to return to their fields and they wouldn’t have to drain their ration stores feeding them any longer.

A sudden knock made her jump and the bottle with her precious creation almost toppled. It was only her long, dexterous Elven fingers that kept it from smashing upon the ground. With a sigh of relief. She placed it safely back on the table before glaring toward the door.

“This had better be important.”

The door creaked open and Princess Rose’s head appeared, her dark red hair falling around her face. She and Morgan shared looks; the queen had already informed her of Rose’s little outburst at dinner that night and she could see the concern on the Queen’s face as her sister entered.

“Princess, what can I do for you? If you are wanting another late night lesson I do not recommend it. I know Briar wants you up at the crack of dawn to run drills tomorrow.”

The princess scowled; she often did that and it was a shame. She had a pretty heart shaped face and delicate features; if Stella was honest she was probably the most beautiful out of all the sisters when it came to natural good looks. If only she didn't pout and scowl so much other people might notice.

"I know about the drills," She muttered, "I was hoping you could help me with them."

Vague memories of her Dwarf life flashed before Stella's eyes; the idea of hefting a hammer now rather than using magic felt so wrong and alien.

"I am not one to lift a sword." She said simply with a raised eyebrow.

"No, I was wondering if there was a spell you knew that could make me...like Briar."

For a moment there was a flash of panic, there was no way Rose remembered who Briar used to be, surely?

"I read once that there were spells that let you take on the traits of other people." Rose continued, not seeing the brief panic flash across Stella's face, "If I was to use Briar's hair as a conduit, do you think maybe I could learn to fight like her? She's so...sensual, in her movements and I am so stiff, I keep overthinking everything."

"I see."

"Briar isn't the smartest and she can be a bit giggly, but there is no denying she's a good paladin. I want to be like that."

"Honestly, you could stand to smile more as well, being a bit giggly might help you." Morgan said under her breath.

Rose stuck out her tongue and Stella forced it back into her mouth with a flick of magic from her wrist.

"Don't be childish." She snapped before lapsing into thought.

She knew the spell; in fact, it was that spell that Morgan had used as a base for the one that changed them. Her enhanced version was wildly complicated and not at all what Rose was

asking for, thank goodness but it was still a big change. The spell involved using a potion and a piece of the person whose traits you wished to copy.

If they used Briar's hair it was likely that Rose's body would change and her personality would take on more of those ditzy traits Briar was now used to using to her advantage. But did they really want the princess of the realm acting like, well, a bimbo?

"Are you sure about this?" Morgan asked, it took all of Stella's self control not to gape, was she seriously considering it?

"Yes." Rose nodded, "I want to be a Paladin, I want to help our kingdom but I'm just not suited to it."

She looked to the floor.

"I know a lot of people look down on Briar, they don't like her fighting style even though it's effective. I know if I can learn to be more like her I can do it!"

Morgan looked to Stella for a moment, even now after years studying under there the dark elf found the Queen hard to read.

"Alright, give me that hair and I will help Morgan make the potion, understand you could go through physical changes as well as mental ones"

"I know." Rose grinned, "Thank you!"

"Go to your room, we'll bring it to you when it's finished."

Stella waited until the young princess had left the room before turning to the queen with an incredulous look.

"You really want your sister acting like Briar? Do you have any idea how many times I have walked in on her and Audrey? She can barely keep her hands to herself."

"She is a skilled fighter though," Morgan said as she gathered ingredients, "She'd learned to use that sensual body of hers to her advantage, admit it, have you ever seen anybody move quite so fluidly in heavy armour as her?"

She had a point.

“And you’re okay with your sister being like that? Begging your pardon Morgan but Rose is...impulsive. Lowering her inhibitions might lead to more scandal than help.”

“I’ll add my own flare to it.” Morgan said simply, “Giving her aspects of Briar will undoubtedly make her a flirt, but I can at least make sure no bastard children are born from it. Now pass me that willow root, would you?”

Stella did so, watching Morgan's focused gaze and she worked on the potion. Somehow, in the years since they were transformed she had forgotten just how calculating Morgan could be.

~

Rose held the tiny phial in her hand. The liquid was clear and golden, Briar’s hair having fully dissolved within it now. She had slept fitfully waiting for it and when Morgan appeared she had hugged her sister so tight in thanks. Now she was alone and ready to take the next step. She popped off the cork and was surprised to find there was no odour at all. It was like holding an open bottle of water.

“Now or never.” She breathed taking a deep breath and drinking it all down in one go.”

She coughed and spluttered; despite having no scent the liquid was unbearably sweet. It almost made her gag but somehow, she kept her mouth closed and her stomach settled. Carefully she placed the phial down and waited. Morgan had said to expect some physical changes right? So she sat, tapping her foot against the cobblestone floors impatient as nothing happened.

Nothing continued to happen all morning and as the sun rose and the rooster crowed Rose couldn’t help but suspect Morgan was playing some kind of sick joke. Did she expect to give her some useless potion and placebo her into getting better? Did her sister really think she was that stupid?

The sunlight poured in the window and Rose grabbed her training armour with a huff, picking up her sword on the way out. She’d barely slept but at least she could try and take out her frustrations on Penelope.



At least being awake this early meant she wasn't going to be late; maybe just this once she would be first to the training yard. Normally, she walked with Briar to the temple but this time she went alone, leaving a message with the temple guards to stop Briar when she left to go pick her up.

Her hopes of being first in the yard were dashed though when she heard the sound of metal on wood. Despite the sun only just rising, setting the whole yard in dusty pink lights; there she was. Penelope. Up and practising early because of course she was. The blonde turned to her in surprise as she wiped the sweat from her brow.

"Princess, you're here...early." She blinked, Rose ground her teeth in frustration.

"Is it really so surprising?" She reapplied haughtily, unsheathing her sword and taking her place a few steps to Penelope's side to practise her footwork.

"Well...yes." Penelope snorted, Rose gave her a withering look.

"You know I am your princess right? You're supposed to do what I say and not speak down to me."

"Or what?" Penelope smirked, "Everybody knows Queen Morgan holds all the power and unlike you, she doesn't let her status go to her head."

Rose hated that Penelope was right; honestly she suspected Morgan intentionally placed Penelope in Briar's care to motivate her little sister to do better.

"Well, you....shut up."

Dammit, Briar could have thought of a witty come back she was sure. Damn that stupid, fake potion. She tried to focus on her swing but she kept getting distracted. As Penelope worked next to her her eyes kept sliding over to watch her; the noble lady's form was perfect, her swing swinging silently through the air. How did she do that, dammit!?

She started to feel hot under the colour, a cool sweat running down her back until it got caught on her tight armour. She kept checking the buckles of her chest piece, it felt so much tighter this morning and she was sure she must have done it up wrong but each time she checked she found her belts in perfect position.

Still, by the time Briar and the other apprentices and teachers arrived her whole front felt as though it were aching. At least Briar seemed grateful for her punctuality and

immediately put them to work sparring. Rose did her best but the tightness of her armour was spreading now, she swore she could feel her ass pressing against the back of her leather pants as she desperately tried to parry Penelope's perfect attacks.

A slice took her off guard; it was coming right for her exposed side; she gasped and then to her amazement...dodged. Her body seemed to move on its own, almost like a dancer, bending forward, poised on her toes so that her nose almost brushed the ground. As her pants stretched over that tightness around her bottom she felt something give, the seams in her pants ripping before she bounced easily back into her standing position.

Penelope gaped at her, as did Briar. Rose felt pride swell inside her at the realisation; that was one of Briar's dodges, and she'd done it perfectly! That potion had worked after all! She had a moment of celebration before a cool breeze made her shiver and the sound of giggles echoed out behind her.

With dawning horror she remembered the ripped seams and she slowly turned, twisting her body to look down at her ass to see exposed skin. Her pants had torn, even her undergarments, exposing her creamy skin to the world. To her shock she could see the skin turning pink as it continued to press against the torn shreds of clothing; her butt was still growing!

The tightness in her chest suddenly made sense and without a word she turned and fled inside. Ignoring the calls from Briar and Penelope as she found the first empty room she could find and slammed the door closed behind her.

Rose grabbed at the clasps holding her stiff, leather training chest piece in place and yanked them loose, breathing a sigh of relief as her ballooning chest was freed. She could feel her undergarments ripping as they failed to contain her swelling chest. She had always had a girlish figure, small and waifish; now she could only watch in wonder as her figure grew more pronounced. Not quite as curvaceous as Briar's but still impressive nonetheless.

She could hear people outside rushing about, probably looking for her but she ignored them. She was far too curious about this new body to worry about them. Making sure the door was locked and the window shut, Rose carefully stepped out of her ruined clothing and armour, standing naked in the middle of the room gazing down at herself.

Her soft pale skin seemed smoother, or perhaps it was just that the skin was now stretched tighter over her new curves. Her hips were wide, her ass peachy in shape and bouncy. Her breasts were large yet somehow pert and round with no sag at all. Experimentally she bounced on her toes and giggled as she felt both her breasts and butt jiggle. It felt so funny, tickly almost.

“This is...sort of fun!” She giggled to herself, her smile felt so much more genuine now, the idea of hiding her pretty mouth in a scowl seemed like such a waste she couldn't believe it was her default expression before now.

Gently she slid her hands down her sides, feeling the curves and shivering at how sensitive her skin felt. Despite the extra weight on her chest and butt she was surprised to find the rest of her body looked surprisingly delicate. Her thighs had thickened slightly but the rest of her legs and arms were still thin and delicate. As she stretched one leg out to admire it her eyes moved towards the patch of red right at their top. She could see the hair glistening slightly with moisture; the sight made her insides tighten in excitement.

The hair there was brighter, a more luminous red that it had been before and made her pussy look almost cute. Her long red hair fell over her face as she bent down to inspect it and to her delight she realised the colour matched.

Rose had never felt ugly; in fact she was quite aware she had always been quite pretty but despite that she had never felt sexy before. This new body couldn't be described any other way.

“Rose? Are you in there?” Briar called. “WHy is the door locked?”

Excited butterflies raced in Rose's stomach and she rushed for the door, flicking the lock open without thinking.

“Briar! Look!” She grinned, only to blush profusely as several other members of the order who were standing in the hall shrieked in shock at her nakedness.

“Rose!” Briar hissed, pushing her back into the room via her shoulders and slammed the door closed. “Where are your clothes? What on Earth are you doing?”

“I just wanted to show you my new body.” Rose pouted, “What's the big problem?”

“What's the big-Are you drunk?”

Rose couldn't help it, she laughed.

“I'm s-sorry!” She tittered, “It's just y-your face! Oh my gosh I have never seen you so shocked!”

“Yes well, I've never seen my apprentice standing naked in the middle of the room acting like a complete twit before!” Briar chuckled, “And...wow, okay yes, cover up please.”

She draped her cape around Rose's shoulders and tied it closed. The princess couldn't help but feel slightly disappointed; her body was so hot now, it felt like a crime to cover it up.

“Come on, I think we'd better go talk to your sisters.” Rose sighed, “I feel like they have a lot to explain.”

With her head held high Rose followed Briar out of the room and the temple, not bothered at all by the wide eyed stares of the other members of the order. As she passed Penelope she couldn't help but smirk. The blonde's jaw was on the ground and Rose noticed her eyes dart all over her body's new curves, visible even with Briar's cape covering them up. There was no question that of the two of them, she was the greater beauty now. If nothing else, she had that.

~

It was rare for Morgan and Audrey to argue, over the last few years they had become thick as thieves; something Rose had always been jealous of if she was honest. It was as if they had some secret bond, one she had never been able to forge herself. Now though, she could hear them yelling down the hall, they had been at it for half an hour now.

Normally it would have bothered her but since the potion took effect the world seemed so much...lighter. She found it easy to smile, even easier to laugh. She had always tried to emulate Morgan with her stern, unreadable expression. Yet on her it had always come off as a scowl. Becoming more like Briar had lifted a weight from her shoulders, she even found fun in practising her forms.

She expected to find it difficult to adjust to her new centre of gravity; after all she was much heavier in certain regions than she had been this morning. But to her surprise, it was easier. She could use the weight of her rump to help her balance on her toes, even in heavy armour. Her breasts were more of an issue but already she was getting used to moving her arms around them.

She skipped across the room, waving her arms as she pretended to cast a spell while twirling her sword in the other hand. She felt like an adventurer like Audrey, for once she could not wait to get to training! She grinned at her reflection in the mirror, the new, roomier, armour that Briar had leant her looked good. It hugged and supported her new curves beautifully.

Rose was so caught up in admiring her new, sexier reflection she didn't even hear the knock at her door until somebody was clearing their throat. She whirled around, almost tipping over before catching herself.

"Penelope?" She gaped, "What are you doing here?"

The blonde's gaze was icy, her lips pressed into a thin line. Rose had never noticed how pale the noblewoman was, it made the pink of her lips all the more notable, even when they were thinned out like that.

"*Lady Penelope, your grace.*" She said tersely, "For somebody who is so used to throwing her weight around you do forget to afford other nobles their due respect."

"Opsie, sorry." Rose giggled, "Speaking of weight to throw around..."

She skipped across the room stopping just in front of the other apprentice.

"Don't I look fabulous now?"

She did a little twirl and Penelope's cheeks went pink to match her lips.

"Yes, you look...nice."

"Just nice?" Rose pouted.

"I did not come here to discuss your appearance, as strange as that might seem." She sighed, "I came here to tell you to stop being stupid."

"Stupid?"

"Yes! Unlike you, I have been taking my training seriously from day one." She hissed, "And now you're gallivanting around acting like a ditzzy idiot even worse than our teacher!"

"You're just jealous." Rose stuck out her tongue.

"We'll see about that. Tomorrow, sparring, I'll show you that even magic can't make you better than me!"

She turned on her heels and slammed the door behind her. Rose felt a funny tingle go through her, perhaps the vibrations from the heavy wood hitting stone? It made her skin tingle and her insides feel warm. She'd seen Lady Penelope angry before but she had always kept her cool and remained composed. Something about that domineering attitude made her stomach flip in a way it never had before and that night, no matter how hard not to think about them, those pink lips kept appearing in her dreams.

~

Rose bounced on her toes, she'd never looked forward to sparring with Penelope before but now she couldn't wait! There was an odd, fluttering feeling in her stomach as she watched the other apprentice from across the ring as the others all gathered round to watch them.

“Alright, this is just about swordplay and footwork, understand?” Briar said with a grin, “No magic, and no outside help. First one to land three hits with a wooden sword wins.”

The Demoness was doing her best to look serious and stern but Rose could tell she was buzzing with excitement; clearly she was eager to see what further effects this spell could have just as much as Rose was.

She stepped into the ring, feeling confident for the first time in her life and held out her sword. Briar had barely finished starting 'start' when Penelope was rushing forward. Like a dancer, Rose twirled, tossing her sword to her off hand and smacking it across the back of Penelope's knees with a giggle.

The blonde returned in kind, with lightning fast reflexes she brought the flat of her training sword down, smacking Rose's ass hard. The hit hurt, but it also felt wonderful; Rose couldn't help it. She moaned. The sound mingled with the yells from the small crowd but the way Penelope's pale cheeks turned bright pink told the princess she had heard and knew it wasn't a groan of pain.

Something about Penelope's face made laughter bubble in Rose's chest. It was a nervous kind of laughter, half embarrassment, half genuine and she felt compelled to turn the tables. Normally it was Penelope doing the teasing, now it was her turn. She continued their fight, taking every opportunity to move her body in the most sensual way possible; accidentally bumping her hips into Penelope's to knock her off balance once or twice.

She could see frustration in the other apprentices' faces but also something else. It was the way she bit her bottom lip that made Rose realise she was getting to her in more ways than one. The realisation made warmth bloom in her nethers and the distraction gave Penelope the opening she needed.

A moment later they were both on the ground, Penelope straddled across her hips, her fake sword stabbed into the ground next to Rose's head. Both of them were breathing heavily and Rose's eyes were glued to that pretty mouth. Her lips were slightly parted, she could feel the noblewoman's hot breath on her cheek.

Their faces were barely an inch apart, so Rose could see the irritation and arousal in her eyes. That fluttering sensation in her stomach got stronger; she'd never had feelings for another woman before. She knew Audrey and Briar were of that inclination, perhaps the spell had made her that way as well. What's more, she could tell Penelope could feel the sexual tension in the air and how much she despised it. Rose panted, feeling her chest rise and fall and trying desperately not to get any more turned on.

"Penelope wins, but that was a great effort, Rose." Briar praised, "You are really learning how to let go and let your instincts take over."

She was right; normally her mind was so full of thoughts she couldn't focus on everything at once. Being a little dumber was actually helping her, she hadn't thought once about the best way to move, her body had just done it! With an excited squeal she grinned ear to ear, she didn't even care that she'd lost; that match had gone far better than any other in the past.

Penelope's eyes met hers in an angry glare for a second before they looked away and she flushed. The butterflies in her stomach went haywire and Rose realised she was in some serious trouble.

~

Rose was in turmoil. Ever since taking that potion and taking on some of Briar's traits she had become one of the most proficient apprentices in the temple. Her unorthodox fighting style, her fluid movements and her striking appearance meant others struggled to beat her in a fight. There was of course, one exception though and it was the cause of her turmoil; Penelope.

Rose was sure if she could focus, she could beat Penelope in a fight now. But every time she was close her skin began to grow hot and her hands went clammy. Every time they spoke she felt as though butterflies were racing in her stomach. All that she could manage if it wasn't for her damn impulses. She couldn't stop herself, she was flirting with the other woman. She just kept setting her up for witty lines and for some reason she was desperate to prove she wasn't completely dumb now.

Every time they parted ways she would smile and wink before blushing profusely and hurrying away before she could do something even more damning. She just couldn't help

herself, Penelope was so pretty and cool and that hard attitude made her weak at the knees. It would be bad enough if she was still as rude and superior as she had been before but something worse was happening. She was flirting back.

She had started flicking that long blonde braid of hers over her shoulder in such a way that it flicked Rose on the nose when she turned. She would stick out her tongue teasingly whenever she knocked the princess on her ass and grip her hand just that little bit too tightly when she helped her back to her feet. Rose was spending every night after training desperately trying to wash the evidence of her arousal out of her undergarments before it stained. A near impossible task as all it took was a well timed smile or meeting of the eyes to get her wet now.

It had been a particularly trying day. It was almost as if Penelope was trying to taunt her by wearing such a short battle skirt. Rose had been so distracted she had been knocked on her ass so many times it was actually aching. Along with other parts of her close by. She was eager to get back to the castle and take care of herself when she rounded the corner of the temple and came face to face with Penelope.

“Where do you think you’re going?” She smirked, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Back to the castle.”

Rose swallowed, her eyes couldn't stay focused on Penelope's eyes, they kept ducking down to her mouth.

“Seriously? How long are you planning on leading me on?” Penelope said with a wry grin, stepping closer and closer.

Rose winced as her sore ass pressed against the wall, a small squeak escaping her lips as Penelope's hand came to rest beside her head and she leaned in close. She could smell Penelope's skin; her scent light and undeniably sexy. It was almost like a drug, constantly distracting her and making it hard to focus on anything but the woman in front of her and how she was making her feel.

“I'd never lead you on,” Rose whispered, unable to keep the flirty lilt to her words, “Not on purpose.”

“Oh? So you're too dumb to know what you're doing now, is that it?”



“Ummm, maybe?”

They were close enough that Penelope’s breasts were pressing against her own now. They were in nothing but their simple clothes; designed to be soft and thin under armour. Rose tried to think straight but all she could focus on was the hard feeling of Penelope’s nipples growing hard against her own.

“You know, I was sort of annoyed when you took that potion and became prettier than me.” Penelope whispered, “But...if I am honest, I have a thing for ditzzy girls. It’s not often I find another woman who’s interested in...playing house.”

“Playing house?” Rose blinked, her eyes were firmly glued to Penelope’s lips now as they got closer and closer.

“You know, doing things between the sheets that are usually reserved for man and wife.”

As she spoke Penelope’s deft hands slipped beneath her shirt, slowly sliding up her skin till the pads of her fingers were sliding against her underboob. The tiny touch was enough to set Rose’s whole body on fire.

“I uh, I’ve never...” She giggled, and once she started she couldn’t stop, no matter how hard she tried. “T-that tickles.”

“I can do more than tickle, princess.”

Her hand grew bolder, reaching up to squeeze at her soft breast. Rose let out a shaky moan, any thoughts of stopping this fleeing her mind as Penelope started to play with her tits. It felt so good, nobody had ever touched her before now, and it felt so damn nice.

“I bet you’re a squealer,” Penelope said huskily.

“I ohhhh....I don’t k-know-ah!”

Penelope tweaked her nipple hard and Rose saw stars.

“You really are a virgin.” She breathed in awe, “This really is my lucky day. You never would have guessed it with the way you act.”

Had she been seducing Penelope without even realising it? Her mind flew back to the last few weeks, the flirtatious conversations and lingering glances. Perhaps she had. She didn't want to be attracted to Lady Penelope though! She was arrogant, she was a thorn in Rose's side, she was...so damn good with her hands.

With her breasts so huge and sensitive there was plenty of space for Penelope's hands to roam beneath her loose shirt and the sensations made her feel lightheaded. Somehow her hands found the other woman's hips and gripped onto them tight; pulling her in the press their fronts together causing them both to groan.

Rose let her hands wander, stroking down the curve of Penelope's sides and into her hair. She always kept her long blond tresses in a tight braid and Rose had always wondered what it would look like free. With a gentle pull the ribbons came undone and long wavy locks fell free around Penelope's face. It made her sharp features take on a delicate, softer look that took Rose's breath away just in time for Penelope to start moving things forward.

Her arms began to raise, taking Rose's shirt with them. Her heart was pounding as the clothing shed, she actually felt hotter as her bare skin was exposed to the air rather than the other way around. This was so risky; they were outside in the open, if somebody rounded the corner right now they would find a princess being ravished by another apprentice. Somehow that made everything so much hotter and only fuelled Rose's desperation as she let her own hands slip into Penelope's shirt.

Her breasts were smaller than her own and she couldn't help but give an arrogant smirk. Anger flashed in Penelope's eyes as she saw as Rose felt her nipples pinched almost painfully in punishment. The pain mixed with the pleasure until she couldn't tell one from the other and then it was the blonde's turn to smirk. Her fingers brushed the buttons at the front of Rose's pants.

“About time I got what you've been promising, don't you think?”

“Oh yes.” Rose gushed, “Yes please.”

Her hands were trembling as they undid Penelope's pants in tandem with her own. She had never done this before, but she knew how to touch herself and that in tandem with her new bimbo instincts drove her. She slipped a finger across the smooth skin of Penelope's lower stomach and into her underclothes, groaning when they hit rough, damp hair.

Penelope gasped as a single finger parted her folds and Rose found herself hungry with lust and curiosity. Penelope's folds were already slick making it easy to glide a finger over that sensitive bump that she knew was so sensitive. Penelope's whole body shuddered, she pressed her own hand against Rose's mound, cupping it outside her pants and teasing her with the knowledge that thin material was the only thing keeping them apart.

"N-no way you...you have to have done this before." She shivered, "Fuck you're fingers...they are s-so good."

Rose could only whimper and keep fingering, she wanted to feel what Penelope was feeling, but she knew if she stopped that would never happen. The noblewoman's hands found her hips and yanked down Rose's pants eliciting a shocked squeal that was instantly silenced with a kiss. The high pitched noise turned to a moan which Penelope swallowed as Rose's eyes fluttered close. She had been dreaming about those lips for so long; oh it felt so wonderful to finally have them against her own.

She didn't care if it was embarrassing anymore, she didn't even care that a part of her still hated the woman she was kissing. It felt too good to stop. She copied the other woman's actions and soon hands were flying, clothing slipping off in a frenzy between kisses and strokes of Penelope's clit.

The strong woman grabbed hold of her, pulling Rose to the ground until she was once again pinned down as Penelope sat across her hips. She ground down, pressing their mounds together and making Rose moan.

"Ever used your tongue?" She asked huskily, "We need to keep that mouth of yours busy or half the temple will know what we're doing."

Rose just shook her head, feeling her cheeks heat.

"No, but I am a fast learner."

"I thought you might be." Penelope grinned.

Suddenly she turned, exposing her rosy, pert ass and hovering it over Rose's face to better expose her pussy before lowering it down. Rose could smell her, sweet and wet and her mouth began to water. Before she could think though, she felt something between her legs, a soft tongue lapping at her folds and for a moment her vision went white.

With a shaky breath she arched her neck and dove her own tongue into Penelope's hole. Once again following her new instincts. The two feasted on one another, Rose doing her best to copy Penelope's practised movements; circling her clit and pushing the tip of her tongue deep inside her inner walls.

It was hard to concentrate though when her insides were beginning to coil. Her legs raised up, wrapping around Penelope's head and back to pull her closer and Rose approached the edge. Her moans were swallowed up by Penelope's pussy and she could feel the vibration of the woman's own sounds thrumming across her sensitive flower.

It was too much! She couldn't take it. She felt her pleasure come crashing down as she came, making her own movements shaky as she desperately tried to keep thrusting her tongue in and out of Penelope. The last thing she needed was another reason for the woman to call her a selfish quitter.

Turns out she need not have worried for a moment later she felt, more than heard, a deep moan from Penelope's lips pass through her and a gush of fluid coated her lips as she followed suit. Cumming hard and writhing above her until finally they both stilled.

To Rose's surprise, Penelope turned around and flopped down next to her on the grass, curling up close to her side as they both basked in the afterglow. For a while they simply existed there, naked, on the grass; not even caring if somebody found them.

She felt a small amount of shame building inside her for how she had just acted but it disappeared just as quickly. It had felt so amazing she couldn't bring herself to feel guilt over it. Embarrassment, yes, at her lack of self control but nothing more.

Penelope didn't seem all that bad anymore, if she felt compelled to flirt with somebody she supposed there were worse options.

"You know what?" She whispered with a wry smile, "I think I take it back, that potion was a great idea."

Rose couldn't help but agree.

~

"You do this to yourself you realise."

"Yes, Stella, thank you for your input."

"I'm just saying-"

“I know.”

Morgan rubbed her fingers against her temples.

“It was supposed to stop her jumping into bed and getting pregnant, I can’t decide if this is worse or not.”

Morgan’s head was pounding with stress as Stella giggled. It was bad enough keeping Briar and Audrey off each other, now she had another little sister to worry about.

“I wasn’t expecting her to want to stay this way.” Morgan sighed, “So much for marrying her to the neighbouring realm for an alliance, now I will have to spend weeks negotiating a trade deal.”

“Are you looking for sympathy? Because you’re not getting any from me.” the dark elf laughed, “No provisional heirs on the horizon for you, looks like you’d better start worrying about your own love life.”

“Don’t remind me.” Morgan groaned, it was a downside to being queen that she had been putting off, foolishly hoping she could make Rose’s child her heir in the future but of course, making her a lesbian had made that somewhat difficult.

“At least she’s happier now, I don’t think I have seen her frown in months.” Morgan said eventually.

She had hoped this would be a learning experience for Rose, that she would realise that magic wasn’t a shortcut to getting what she wanted but then...it had been. She was rapidly progressing through her paladic training and had scored herself a very attractive bedfellow. Though Morgan had to admit even she wasn’t certain what the nature of their relationship was. They seemed to bicker endlessly with their arguments ending in sex; very public easy to spot sex which was a nightmare for her.

She pleaded with Rose to just take Penelope into her bedchamber when the mood struck them but she had just giggled and shrugged.

“I can’t help it.” She pouted, doing her best to look guilty when it was clear she didn’t feel it at all. “We just get so caught up in the moment.”

Morgan sighed again, looking down at the papers before her. At this rate she was going to have to do some serious work to destigmatize same gender relationships if their family honour was to be preserved. Perhaps she could spin it as promoting unity; she was going to have to do something at the very least. She could only cover up so many scandals before everything fell apart.

As if on cue, the sound of giggling echoed up the hall and a moment later Rose appeared, long red hair in disarray from having fingers combed through it. Penelope followed, pressing her lips to the princess' hard only to fly backwards when she noticed who's room that had inadvertently stumbled into.

"Oh sorry!" Rose blushed, "We meant to get the next door down."

"Evidently." Morgan raised an eyebrow. "You do know the next door down in a storage room?"

"Yup!"

Rose grabbed Penelope's hand and gave her sister a wink and a wave before disappearing back out the door. For a moment there was silence before the muffled sounds of Stella's barely concealed laughter met her ears.

"Oh go on then." She sighed, letting the dark elf burst into a fit of laughter.

Morgan just leaned back in her chair exasperating, with the tiniest smile tugging at her lips.

"What the hell am I going to do with them?"