

## The Princess and the Potion

### Chapter 1

By DreamTales

Once upon a time in a Kingdom far away, there lived a beautiful princess. With hair of bright spun gold, and eyes like the clear blue sky, she caught the heart of every young man that beheld her. But our Princess was not easily swayed by promises of wealth and power - she chose to follow her heart; her quest was for true love. And so it was when a messenger arrived one fateful day...

“Oh dear! Oh no! This simply can’t be true!” The beautiful young princess shivered in anger as she unrolled the parchment, her blue eyes scanning the elegant calligraphy, still barely able to believe its shocking message. “It’s all lies! All terrible, awful lies! To even think that my father would ever have done such a thing...”

Shiela, one of the Princess’ servant girls, approached. Standing on her tiptoes behind her sovereign, she glanced furtively over her shoulder at the scroll, quickly reading the portentous script, a smile briefly flitting across her face.

“Good gracious, my liege. What is this message that troubles you so?” Margaret, a matronly woman who was the young Princess’ head consort and senior counsel, took the scroll and read aloud the decree:

“Know ye all by its proclamation:

Wherefore on the first day in the year of our Lord 1172 the King of Pardisa didst promise the hand of his daughter, Delilah, in marriage to Prince Adam of the neighboring Kingdom of Gaul. Whereas on said date said daughter is only six years old and so not of suitable marriage age, such blessed union was to be completed upon the entry of Delilah into adulthood.

And so, in this year of our Lord 1184, as Princess Delilah has now progressed past her eighteenth year, the royal family of Gaul deems that she has come of suitable age for this holy union, and hereby requests her immediate presence in Gaul for the consummation of said marriage.

May all denizens of the Kingdoms of Pardisa and Gaul rejoice at the happy occasion!

The Royal Family of the Kingdom of Gaul

January 1, 1184”

As Margaret finished reading, her eyes lit up with shock and indignation. “But my Princess. I have never heard of this agreement. Surely if your father had promised your hand in marriage he would have told you before.”

“Of course!” Said the Princess. “Don’t you see? It’s all a lie, just a ploy on the part of the royal family of Gaul. With my father away fighting the crusades, there is no one to challenge the truth of their assertion. I feel that Gaul has had its eyes on our kingdom for

years, and now they have seized their chance. With my wedding to Adam, our kingdom is as good as theirs!”

“But why not just tell the truth? Surely they will listen...”

“No! The royal family of Gaul are not fools. If I dare to cast doubt on their veracity, it will cause an international incident. It would be just the excuse they are seeking - to invade our kingdom while my father and his army is off fighting the infidels.” The Princess’ eyes were cold with indignation as she considered her options. “Truly he has left us no choice. There is no hope of contacting my father - he is months hard ride away, and their delegation awaits me even as we speak. We are to leave on the morrow - come the first rays of dawn!”

As the Princess and her consort fell into a quiet despair, Sheila the servant girl spoke up. “Begging your pardon, your highness, but mayhap I could try to be of some assistance to you.”

Margaret whispered under her breath, eyeing the dark haired young lady. “Do not trust her, my liege. I feel she may not have your best interests in mind.”

“Nonsense, Margaret.” Replied the Princess, her long blonde curls shaking as she turned to smile encouragingly at her lovely young servant girl. “I feel no such reservations. Everyone should have their chance. After all, did I not rescue young Sheila from a life of drudgery? She has shown her loyalty to me over these past few months time and again. Speak, my dear Sheila. Tell us what you have in mind.”

“Well, milady.” Said Sheila, kneeling, her head bowed in supplication. “It is just the beginning of an idea, and I must first speak to others to truly determine its chance of success. And even so, it might entail some risk and discomfort to your highness. But if your humble servant may be allowed leeway to explore the plan, perhaps it may offer your highness a hope of escaping this obligation, while still complying with the royal family’s decree.”

The Princess smiled in gratitude, laying a hand on her servant’s head. “Thank you, my dear Sheila. Your thoughtfulness and loyalty in this time of need touches me. You have my leave to research your plan. I will go now and take my afternoon ride, and when I return I look forward to hearing more of your thoughts.”

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“Father, the time has come! Is the potion ready?”

“Of course, my dear Sheila.” The wizened old man, dressed all in black, brought out a small vial and set it on the table between them.

“And you are sure of its potency?”

“My dear, your lack of confidence stings me to the core. Am I not the greatest magician in the world? Did I not predict that exactly this chance would come? But more importantly, I must ask you...” He leaned across the table on his bony elbows, his one good eye narrowing as he addressed his daughter. “...will the Princess take your advice? Have you been able to win her trust?”

A wicked smile flashed across Sheila’s lovely face. “Oh yes, my great and powerful father. I will have her full co-operation. She is like putty in my hands. As trusting as ... a babe in arms!”

“Truly, my dear - an apt analogy!” As Sheila slipped the vial into her pocket, the dark room echoed with howls of wicked laughter.

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The sun filtered through the trees, mottling the glade in bright patches of light as Princess Delilah rode her dappled mare along the forest trail. Although the beautiful Princess took this path daily, there was a new urgency in her manner, knowing that this could be her last chance to see her beloved forest. But more importantly, she searched the woods for something else - someone very near and dear to her heart.

“So fair maiden! You are late today. What causes my mysterious companion to miss her scheduled rendezvous?”

Delilah dismounted, hurrying to embrace the handsome young man. He could at once see by her expression the seriousness of her mission. Throwing her arms around his broad shoulders, she looked up into his eyes, then quickly looked away. “My love, something has happened - I am called away. I fear I shall never see you again.” She gave him an imploring look, her eyes welling with tears.

“But my lady! Why not just leave with me now? I stand ready to take you far away from your worldly troubles. You need but say the word...”

“Alas I cannot, my darling. If it were only my concerns I would go in an instant. But this is a matter of the gravest responsibility. Events far greater than my own small needs now take precedence.”

The darkly handsome man shook his head in consternation. “I wish I knew, dear one, what responsibilities lay so heavily on those lovely shoulders. And I wish you could find it in your heart to confide in me. All these months you have told me nothing of yourself. Even now, I know not even your name...”

“And so it must stay - for the good of us both!” Said Princess Delilah, hugging him before she turned to mount her horse. “Farewell, my secret lover! Forget not this young heart. I pray we may yet meet again!”

“Yes my love...” sighed the man, wistfully watching the young woman ride out of his life, her blonde curls bouncing as she galloped away. “I shall pray. For us both...”

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“But Sheila. Why do you not wish the others to hear your plan? I value lady Margaret’s advice and counsel, surely she should be here as well...”

“No my Princess. The success of this undertaking requires the strictest of secrecy. Even one word could cause the plan to fail, with unspeakable consequences.”

As the Princess reluctantly agreed, Sheila outlined her idea. “You see, milady, the decree calls for you to marry the Prince upon the day that you come of age. Remember how it stated that your obligation to enter into the union is triggered only when you become an adult.”

“Yes, but I fail to see how that can help us now.” Princess Delilah gestured to herself, her full bosom and mature figure clearly that of a young woman. “I fear it is too late. I have already passed into adulthood.”

“Ah, but what if you could become younger!” A twinkle in her eye, Sheila produced the vial and held it up for the Princess’ inspection. “You see, your highness, a magical potion! One that gives the gift of temporary youth!” Sheila fingered a small squeeze bulb on the vial. “Just a few sprays of this potion will turn you into a young girl - of years too tender to marry the Prince!”

“Oh my goodness! A magical youth potion? Wonder of wonders!”

“But think, my Princess! Think of how it fits our plans perfectly.” She continued in a conspiratorial tone. “All we need do is spray you with this potion. Once the Prince sees you are still but a child, the union will be postponed, or ended for good. I can accompany you on the journey, confirming your identity, so that no one will be the wiser. And once we return to your castle, you can be restored to your normal age!”

At first the Princess was unsure of the plan, but Sheila reassured her, pointing out that her transformation would be only temporary. “You may do as you wish, my Princess, but our time is short. The hour is late, and you must leave at the crack of dawn. If we are to act, we must do so at once.”

“It might surely be frightening to be turned to a child, but I am prepared to make the sacrifice - if it is for the good of the Kingdom. I do so wish there were some other way...” The princess paused in thought, shaking her head in consternation. “Very well, it seems I have no other choice. I shall try it. But are you sure of its potency?”

Sheila took Princess Delilah by the hand and led her to the full length mirror, pausing to

look at the reflections of the two young women, the princess resplendent in her brightly colored long flowing robes and Sheila in a plain grey linen frock. “You see, my Princess? Look at the two of us. We are both very similar in age - each of almost exactly the same height and figure.” She produced the vial and held it before the Princess. “Now observe.”

Princess Delilah blinked as Sheila sprayed her with a small cloud of the potion, then shivered as it took effect. “Goodness! I have the most curious feeling, like a warm tingling all over my body!”

Sheila stepped back as the beautiful young princess began her transformation. Slowly, she seemed to dwindle, her body becoming slightly thinner, her deep cleavage gradually disappearing, her clothes beginning to sag as her mature frame turned thinner and slighter. Her expression became more innocent, her eyes wider, nose slightly shorter and lips thinner. And she began to shrink as well: Sheila’s eyes opening in wonder as she watched her princess, who was eye to eye just a few seconds ago, suddenly become a half head shorter than her.

“You see, my Princess?” Asked Sheila, gesturing to the mirror. “Is it not amazing?” Princess Delilah turned and saw that, where moments ago stood two young women, clearly one had changed - she was now only a young teenager about 15 years of age! Despite the seriousness of the situation, she had to laugh at the sight of herself - her elegant royal gown now hanging on her skinny body, her once proud full breasts now small mounds barely discernible under the loose fabric. Walking up to inspect herself closely, she burst into a wide toothy grin.

“Oh Sheila! This truly is a miracle! Your youth potion works like a charm.” She paused and turned to look up at the slave girl, a worried expression passing over her youthful features. “But I fear it may not be enough - although I am certainly much younger, I may yet be considered of age.”

“That will be no problem, my Princess.” Said Sheila, smiling slightly. “Here, let us try another dose of the potion.”

This time Princess Delilah closed her eyes as Sheila squirted her face. The teenage princess laughed shyly as the strange tingling feeling again overcame her, her increasingly innocent eyes widening with glee as she watched her small reflection shrink still further. And as her body dwindled, so the magical potion affected her behavior as well, each dose causing the once sober young woman to become ever more giggly and childish. After a few moments, the princess was transformed yet again, her body shrinking, her arms and legs becoming thinner and shorter, her beautiful long gown now cascading to the floor, completely dwarfing her skinny, flat frame. And topping the loose pile of clothing was the grinning face of an adolescent girl - her wide eyes, little upturned nose, curly blonde hair and childish grin that of an innocent twelve year old!

“Oh Sheila! (hee hee) Just look at me now! I’m such a silly little thing!” Squealed Delilah

as the shrunken princess playfully flapped her arms, marvelling at how the sleeves now covered her little hands, hanging halfway to the ground. “You really did it! Now I’m just a little girl! Surely this will be young enough!”

Sheila smiled down at the little brightly grinning figure, who’s little blonde head now stood an inch below her shoulders. “If your highness will permit me, perhaps we should check to be certain...”

As Princess Delilah stood before her, Sheila knelt and unbuttoned her dress, allowing the now hugely oversized gown to slide to the floor. Then, putting her hands on Delilah’s little bare shoulders, she gently turned the young girl towards the mirror. Delilah’s mouth dropped open at the sight of her skinny little bare body, her once beautifully mature figure now reduced to a tiny pale mockery of itself. Where before was an adult body of such beauty that men would gladly do battle for her slightest affections, now there stood a skinny adolescent barely beginning to blossom. A slight swelling of her little chest and a small curve of her hips were now the only remnants of her once voluptuous figure.

“We are almost done. Just one more small whiff will finish the job, my princess.”

Turning the little princess back towards her, Sheila squirted a tiny burst of the potion at Delilah, the spray causing the blonde’s cute little face to sniffle and twitch. She held her small fingers up under her little upturned nose, briefly stifling a sneeze before she doubled over and emitted a high pitched “Achoo!” Then she straightened, grinning as she felt once again the warm tingling all over her little nude body. As Sheila stood looking down in wonder, the magical potion completed its work as the last vestiges of Delilah’s womanhood melted away, the slight bulges in her little chest and hips now disappearing completely, the little figure dwindling to innocence before her very eyes.

For a moment the little nude princess looked about, blinking her eyes in confusion. Everything seemed so different - her once familiar bedchambers now a vast hall, the dressers and chairs grown large around her. And before her, her faithful servant, who just a few minutes ago stood eye to eye, now towered over her, Delilah’s little blonde head now barely reaching her chest!

“Goodness my dear Sheila! (giggle) How big you have become!”

Looking down at the happy little naked child, her grinning face craned high, Sheila couldn’t help but laugh. “And you, my beloved highness - how tiny you are!” She knelt and, taking Delilah by her soft little hand, gestured toward the mirror. Even kneeling, Sheila was now still eye level with the shrunken princess, her mature smiling face hovering just over Delilah’s little bare shoulder as she pointed to their reflections. “Look, my little princess! See the results of our handiwork!”

Turning again to the mirror, Princess Delilah burst into giggles at the funny little figure staring back at her: a small naked child, her perfectly flat chest and bare innocent vagina signalling to all the world her tender years - clearly one unsuitable for marriage! She

looked barely 10 years of age!

Little Delilah giggled, hopping up and down and clapping her hands in childish glee at the sight. "Oh how wonderful! (tee hee) Now no one will ever think I'm old enough to marry! Oh, thank you! Thank you, dear Sheila!"

"No, I thank you, my liege." Said Sheila, giving Delilah an affectionate little pat on her innocent bare bottom, and smiling indulgently as the little naked blonde danced merrily in front of the mirror. "Truly, it warms my heart to see you so happy!"

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"My Princess. It is time to arise!"

The little blonde sat up in her bed, rubbing her eyes and blinking in the dim light. "Sheila? (sigh) It's still dark. Why must you summon me so early?"

Sheila sat on the edge of the bed, whispering furtively. "Come, wake up, little one. We need time to prepare for our journey. I fear the Kingdom of Gaul may have spies even here. We must take care not to reveal our plan."

Princess Delilah looked up, a confused expression on her innocent face. "But how? I am already shrunk to a child. Anyone who sees me will know what we have done."

Sheila smiled, laying a reassuring hand on the blonde child's shoulder. "Fear not, my brave princess. I have thought even of this! You see, we can use the cover of darkness to confuse our enemies!"

"How so, dear Sheila?"

Sheila reached down and produced a small bundle of clothing. "You see? I have made you a disguise - the costume of a little servant girl!"

"Oh how delightful! (giggle) Imagine me, a mighty princess, dressing up as a little servant child!" Princess Delilah laughed, then paused thoughtfully. "But what about you, Sheila? And my attendants - won't they be looking for a grown up princess?"

Sheila bowed her head demurely, her words soft and low. "If your highness will forgive me, I would like to propose a bold plan. With your permission, I thought that I might wear your clothing, just for this occasion. As I am about the same height and size as you once were, in the early light, if we take care and move quickly no one might notice the difference. And once we are in the carriage, the window shades may be drawn until we reach our destination." Sheila glanced up at the little child and, seeing no objection, continued. "I feel very forward, even suggesting such a thing, but I only thought it might be acceptable under the circumstances, as it would be just for a short time, to end with our journey. Please forgive your humble servant if I have offended you."

“Offended me? Don’t be silly!” Said Delilah, hopping out of bed, a big grin on her innocent face as she looked up at her tall servant. “It’s a wonderful idea! (giggle) And such fun! My dear Sheila, I am so lucky to have a servant as loyal and thoughtful as you! Come, let’s go choose your clothes.”

Now much too short to reach into her wardrobe, little Delilah directed her tall servant girl, pointing out several of her favorite costumes. They were both pleased at how well the clothes suited Sheila’s figure, each outfit fitting her like a glove, enhancing her already striking beauty. After making their choice, the girls began changing out of her clothes, Sheila’s tall womanly body with her full breasts, flat stomach and long legs providing a stark contrast to the tiny princess’ skinny innocent frame.

After a few minutes, the two girls were ready: Delilah in her cute little servant girl’s outfit and Sheila now dressed as royalty in a stunning gown of bright spun gold and silver. Little Delilah giggled merrily as she helped her servant girl complete the masquerade, eagerly running back and forth, fetching her her best jewellery, including a dazzling necklace of the brightest diamonds. After Sheila’s raven locks were coifed into a regal pile, and covered with an elegant shawl of the finest silk, her transformation was complete.

Stepping back from her creation, little Delilah looked up in awe at the exquisite young woman, appearing for all the world to be a monarch born! With Sheila now in high heels, and her hair piled high over her head, little Delilah felt the beautiful brunette now towered to the sky. The two turned to the mirror, where the huge disparity between the regally tall sovereign and the giggly little servant girl exceeded even their wildest expectations.

“(He hee!) Just look at us, Sheila! What fun! We’re really going to have an adventure, don’t you think?”

“Oh yes, my great highness. I feel the plan will work - our secret will be secure.”

Giggling, Delilah turned to Sheila, dropping to her little bare knees and bowing deeply. “Oh great and beautiful Princess! (giggle) Your tiny servant girl is ready to be your humble slave!”

Sheila smiled down at the little childish figure lying prone at her feet, chuckling at the sight, then reached down and tousled the little mop of blonde hair. “Arise, my little one!” She called in a teasingly stern tone. “Your highness commands!”

The little child hopped to her feet, scampering over and wrapping her little arms around the tall brunette’s elegant frame as the two girls bust out laughing. “Oh Sheila! (giggle) How funny you are!” Called Delilah as she squeezed Sheila in a hug, her little grinning face craned skywards. “Oh, I am so looking forward to our journey together. I feel we shall become such good friends!”



“That would be my fondest wish, my liege.” Said Sheila softly, turning and smiling at her regal reflection as she ran her fingers through the little child’s curly blond hair. “Yes, my very fondest wish...”

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It was still quite dark when the two girls left for their carriage. Little Delilah felt so funny walking two paces behind Sheila, following the beautiful elegant woman through the castle, having to hurry after her as the tall beauty’s long legs strode regally through the corridors. She had difficulty suppressing her giggles as she walked right under the noses of her staff, seeing how they bowed in reverence to Sheila, and how even her most loyal servants ignored the childish little figure scampering behind.

Once inside the carriage and safely underway, the two collapsed in laughter, little Delilah becoming overwhelmed with giggles and rolling on her side from merriment. Sheila had to reach across and catch her to keep her from falling off her seat entirely.

“Oh Sheila! You truly are a genius! We fooled them all!”

“Yes my little princess.” Said Sheila softly, stroking Delilah’s curly blonde hair. “But now I feel you must rest. We have a long journey ahead, and much to do - and you have had but little sleep.”

Delilah sat up, a childish pout on her face. “Oh dear, you speak the truth. I truly am tired, but this road is so bumpy. I so very much hate long carriage rides - I always have such troubles falling asleep.”

“If my highness may permit...” said Sheila, reaching into her purse and producing another small bottle of liquid. “I have prepared a small relaxant which may help you to rest.”

Gratefully accepting her offer, little Delilah waited as Sheila uncorked the bottle and reached across, holding it under her nose. After a few deep breaths, the little blonde child began to yawn, stretching out her little arms and sighing loudly. She leaned back and closed her eyes, and in the space of a few seconds her breathing was slow and even, her flat little chest rising gently. She was fast asleep.

Sheila replaced the bottle in her purse, then sat back and gazed at the sight of the innocent sleeping child, her little mouth open and bright curly blonde hair spilling across the deep burgundy upholstery.

“Sweet dreams, my little one.” Sheila whispered, her lips curling in a smug smile as she reached over to brush a stray blonde curl from the little forehead. “Sweet dreams!”

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## **The Princess and the Potion**

### Chapter 2

By DreamTales

“Eh, what have we here? A little stowaway in the royal carriage? Out you go little girl, this is no place for you!”

Delilah blinked her eyes open, startled at the feel of the rough hands shaking her awake. For a moment she was completely disoriented - she was in a large carriage, wearing unfamiliar clothes, and she was being accosted by a very large man, a rude looking fellow who looked like a common stable hand. From the size of him and her surroundings, she felt as if she'd been transported to the land of the giants!

“Come on sleepy head! Get out or I'll throw you out!”

Shaking herself awake, the princess' confusion quickly turned to royal anger at the insolent intruder. “How dare you address me in such a manner! Now see here, you-”

But Delilah's high pitched protestations were cut short as a huge hand grabbed her by the chest and pulled her out the door. The strong arms of the stable hand lifted her clear off the ground, carrying the struggling little child away from the carriage, where he unceremoniously dropped her to the ground. Little Delilah fell to her knees in the dirt, too shocked to speak, her innocent little face uncomprehending as she looked up at her huge assailant.

Quickly recovering and hopping to her feet, the little princess' high voice burst out. “You insolent swine! Do you have any idea who you're dealing with?”

The stable hand took one look at the angry little child, whose mass of blonde curls rose barely above his waist, and burst out laughing. “Ho ho! Why, from the looks of it, you're a little servant girl - one much too big for her little britches, I might add. I think you need someone to smack some sense into you!” Laughing, he reached out and grabbed the little princess by her collar, dragging her little figure in the air, her little legs churning comically as she left the ground.

Fighting tooth and nail, the little blonde was carried helplessly along by his huge rough

hands. “Unhand me, you dolt! How dare you touch the royal personage!? Guards! Guards! Arrest this man!”

Ignoring the high pitched stream of invective, the stable hand called to a servant woman nearby. “Beatrice? Is this one of yours?”

The heavy set servant woman strolled over and, hands on hips, inspected the little figure, who was now back on the ground, struggling to free herself from the stable hand’s iron grip. Raising an eyebrow at the frantic little figure’s antics, she shook her head. “No. I’ve not seen the likes of her before. From her dress it seems she’s a chambermaid. But no, not one of ours.”

With a final effort the little princess burst free of her captor, rushing over to Beatrice. “Oh good! Finally some one who can help me! Tell me, woman, who are you and what is your position here?”

Amused at the temerity of the strange little child, Beatrice replied. “Me? I’m Beatrice, the chief servant in the royal castle of the Kingdom of Gaul. And just who might you be, little girl?”

Princess Delilah drew herself to her full four foot height, her little flat chest swelling in pride, and called out in her high pitched voice. “I am Princess Delilah, first daughter of the royal family of the Kingdom of Pardisa! I am called here by royal decree to wed Prince Adam of the Kingdom of Gaul!”

The two servants were at first too shocked to speak. Then, slowly, they began chuckling, then laughing, then howling in merriment at the little child’s outburst. As Princess Delilah stood scowling up at them, hands on her little hips, the pair hooted in derision at the ridiculous little figure and her fanciful tale.

“Stop it! Stop it, I say!” cried the little princess. “How dare you make fun of me! I truly am Princess Delilah! And I demand that you take me to Prince Adam at once!”

Finally catching her breath, Beatrice replied. “Well, little girl. The only place your goin’ is the servants’ quarters!” She reached out and grabbed Princess Delilah by her little ear, twisting it and causing her to squeal in pain. Beatrice turned and winked at the stable hand as she dragged the little struggling child behind her. “And believe me, you should be glad we’ll take you!”

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The dark crowded room hummed with the noisy voices of a gaggle of young servant girls, their ages ranging from the smallest child to mature young adults. Suddenly the door burst open, a bright beam of sunlight slicing the room, followed quickly by a small blonde girl tossed headlong to the floor. The conversation stopped as the girl landed on her hands and knees, all eyes watching as she struggled to her feet, blinking in the

darkness as the door slammed shut behind her.

Brushing the dirt from her servant's outfit, Princess Delilah cautiously looked about her, her lower lip trembling, little tears staining her cheeks. Her little heart thumped in her chest as two dozen pairs of unblinking eyes returned her stare, all seeming to glow in the darkness.

After a brief silence a young teenage girl, dressed in coarse rags, swaggered out and stood towering over the little princess, her hand on her hips as she looked over the little figure. "Well, well, well! What have we here?" She called teasingly. "And just who might you be, my little dear?"

Frightened, little Delilah cleared her throat and called out in a trembling high voice. "I-I'm Princess Delilah of the royal kingdom of Pardisa."

A chorus of derisive sniggers and hoots came from the rapt audience. Grinning broadly, the teen bowed low, sweeping her hand to the floor in an exaggerated curtsy. "Glad to make yer acquaintance, yer highness. Me, I'm Jane, cleaner of the royal stables!"

The room erupted in loud guffaws and catcalls, but Jane held up her hand, silencing the crowd, pacing about the little child like she was prancing on a stage. "Wait. Now wait a moment. This could be very interesting. Let's hear what the girl has to say." She knelt on one knee and smiled encouragingly at Delilah's little frightened face, continuing softly. "Now beggin' yer pardon, miss, but I'm a bit confused. Everyone knows that Princess Delilah is a great beauty, who is come to marry our Prince Adam. Aren't you just a little (ahem) young to be the famous Princess?"

"N-no! You see, I am the princess, b-but I was given a magical potion that made me younger. J-just yesterday I was a beautiful young woman, 18 years of age. B-but now I've been changed into this little girl you see before you."

The servant girl pretended to mull this over, unable to hide a smile as she continued her inquiry. "I see... You were a beautiful princess, but now you're a little servant girl. Yes, quite so..."

Excited at finally gaining an appreciative audience, Delilah's little voice rose higher. "Yes! That's it! You understand! Finally, someone understands!" She scampered over to the tall teen and clung to her rough tattered dress, her little blue eyes imploring her. "Please, just take me to see the Prince and everything will be made right! They'll tell you! I am truly Princess Delilah!"

"Of course little girl. I'd be happy to take you to the prince and tell him you're Princess Delilah..." Jane leaned over and leered in Delilah's face "...if I hadn't seen the REAL Princess Delilah just this morning!"

"N-no! That's not possible you..." The little blonde stepped back, blinking in confusion,

then. “No! wait! It’s all a big mistake! That wasn’t Princess Delilah! That was my servant girl, Sheila!”

This time the teenage interrogator couldn’t help joining in as the room burst out in laughter. “Oh! I see: so the beautiful Princess we saw today was just a common servant girl, while you...” She gestured derisively to the little figure before her, her plain grey maid’s uniform covered in dirt. “...you are the REAL princess. Well! I’m certainly glad you cleared THAT up!”

“Stop your laughing!” cried the little princess, her little brows furrowed in anger. “Stop it this instant! How dare you mock me! I AM the real Princess Delilah! I am royalty! And I order you to...”

Suddenly Delilah’s tirade was cut short as Jane picked her up by the waist and carried her, kicking and screaming, across the room where she sat down and laid the little princess face down over her knees. As Delilah desperately squirmed, Jane pinned her with one hand, the shrunken princess easily overpowered by the strong arms of the rough stable girl.

“My little friend, you wouldn’t be trying to make fun of old Jane, now would you? Not here in front of all these good people?” Jane leaned close and whispered menacingly. “Now is there anything else you’d like to tell me?”

“No! I-I’m telling you the t-truth! I AM Princess Delilah! I am...”

As Delilah struggled helplessly, Jane reached down with her free hand and pulled up her little dress. The group cried out in laughter at the sight of the preposterous child, her legs flailing helplessly, her little innocent ass cheeks, white and smooth as porcelain, revealed for all to see!

“So you’re a princess, eh? Hey, look everybody! It’s the royal arse!”

The sounds of open palms smacking tender flesh echoed down the corridors of the castle, accompanied by a cacophony of laughter and tears.

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“Would you like a little more hot water, your highness?”

“Hmmmmm...” Sighed Sheila, lowering herself into the huge brass tub, luxuriating in the warm scented water, little rose petals floating around her, the ripples making them dance on the surface of the bath. “Not right now, Beatrice.”

Sheila was in the royal guest room, surrounded by servants. As she leaned her head back, one began kneading her long raven tresses, applying rare lotions and oils, while two more, one on each side, attended to her nails. A fourth massaged her feet, all under the

expert direction of Beatrice.

“Tell me again Beatrice, why is it that I cannot see the Prince? Did he not send a message for me to come at once?”

“That is true, your highness. But the date for such an important occasion must be an auspicious one. Nostramus, our royal geomancer, has opined that he must not see your face until you meet on the alter of your wedding day - the Sabbath.”

Sheila frowned in frustration. “Hmmmfff! So I’m obliged to wait another three days? I am eager to get things underway, to meet the prince and become his bride.” She turned around to address Beatrice directly. “Tell me, is there any chance that he might change his mind?”

“Well, I suppose the prince could reject you as his suitor, but that would be most unusual. After all, he won’t even see you until the wedding, so he would have to refuse you in front of the assembled royal family and their guests.” Beatrice smiled as she looked down at the beautiful brunette, the sharp curves of her voluptuous body shimmering through the rose dappled water. “And besides, begging your pardon milady, but I’d say you’ve got nothing to worry about. Knowing the prince, he has a weakness for lovely ladies, and to my eyes you’re one of the most beautiful I’ve ever seen.”

Sheila settled back with a smug smile. “How nice! (chuckle) But still, I have three days of boredom ahead of me. What does one do for entertainment in this palace?”

“Not much, I’m afraid, your highness. Other than the daily games of croquet and the evening harpsichord concerts, things are pretty quiet around here. Of course, every now and then we have the odd character to liven things up...” Beatrice chuckled to herself. “...like this silly little child that showed up today...”

“Oh? A child? Pray tell, Beatrice.”

“Oh she’s not one to bother an important royal personage like yourself. But she has been no small source of amusement to the household staff. It seems she thinks she’s you, my princess. A funny little girl with curls of golden blonde. And she wants so desperately to meet you - the little creature is terribly insistent.”

“A child that thinks she’s me? How terribly funny! Perhaps that could provide some amusement...”

“Would you like me to bring her up, your highness? Just say the word and I can produce her in a moment.” Beatrice leaned over and whispered conspiratorially. “Just between you and me, I think she’d be the better for it. I don’t feel she’s ever stayed in such rough quarters before, and she’ll have a long night ahead of her. The servant girls have been giving her a terrible time of it all day long.”

“Here? Now? Oh no, Beatrice. (sigh) Not this evening I think...” Said Sheila, luxuriously stretching her lovely nude body as she lowered herself deeper into the bath. “I’ve had a long day’s journey. It can wait until tomorrow, or the next day. After all, the servant girls should be allowed to have their fun too, don’t you think?”

“As you wish, your highness.” Said Beatrice as she poured more hot water in the bath. “And so very thoughtful of you to consider the servant girls, I might add...”

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The door to the servants’ quarters burst open and Beatrice entered, rousting the crowded room with a blast of early morning sunshine, and calling out in her foghorn voice. “All right now, where’s our little princess? Is the little blonde haired girl here?”

Little Delilah, sleeping curled up on the dirt in the corner, started herself awake, then hopped to her feet. “W-what? Beatrice? Yes! Yes, I’m here! It’s me! Princess Delilah!”

Chuckling, Beatrice strode across the room and grabbed Delilah, dragging the little child out the door as she mumbled sarcastically. “Let’s go, yer highness. We’ve got some work to do.”

Struggling to keep up on her short legs, Delilah called up to the huge woman excitedly. “W-what is it? Where are we going?”

Beatrice opened a door and shoved the little princess inside, where she found herself in a small room of rough stonework, bare of furniture except for a water trough in the corner. She was just about to protest when the large woman reached down and, in one practiced motion, whisked off her clothing. Beatrice then turned her back on her, leaving the little child naked and shivering in the cool morning air.

“Beatrice? Excuse me, Beatrice?” called Delilah plaintively as the large woman busied herself. “W-what are you-”

Suddenly Delilah was stopped in mid sentence, as Beatrice turned and dumped a bucket of cold water over her, dousing her head to foot! Shivering and blubbing with the shock, the thoroughly drenched little blonde could only look up with an incredulous expression. The water was quickly followed by a stiff brush and a bar of soap, each bouncing off the little child’s blonde head before she could think to catch them.

“Get to it, little girl!” Said Beatrice, standing over her, her thick arms crossed across her large bosom. “And you’d better scrub yourself within an inch of your life - unless you want me to have at you!” She leaned down and scowled at the miserable little child. “Don’t ask me why, but you’re goin’ to meet the princess. And I don’t want a little snotted urchin like you dirtyin’ up the royal chambers!”

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Little Delilah, dressed in a drab grey servant's uniform, was led upstairs and left alone in a large anteroom where she waited for over an hour for Sheila to appear. Completely unnerved by her nightmarish ordeal, and in constant fear that she might be dragged back at any moment and left to the mercy of the servant girls, the little child shivered and paced the room until she almost collapsed in nervous exhaustion. Just as she thought she could take no more, a door opened and Sheila strode in, the tall elegant brunette dressed as before in the finery of a royal princess.

“Oh Sheila! Sheila! Finally I've found you!” yelled Delilah as she scampered across the room, wrapping her little arms around the elegantly dressed brunette, burying her face in her stomach.

Delilah's eyes were streaked with tears as she looked up imploringly. “Oh, Sheila! (sniff) It was so terrible - you would never believe it! T-they made fun of me an' threw me in the dirt, an' pulled me by the ears... then put me in with the servant girls! An' - an' everybody teased me, and one girl even spanked me, Sheila. She really s-spanked me! Right in front of everyone!”

Hearing no reply, Delilah continued. “An' then, Sheila, they made me sleep on the floor! Right on the dirt with all those mean servant girls taking the only beds! I even saw a rat, Sheila! It crawled right across me in the dark!”

Delilah started hopping up and down in frenzied supplication, pulling on Sheila's elegant gown with her little hands. “You gotta tell them, Sheila! You have to tell everybody who I am! And make me big again - right away! I d-don't even care anymore if I have to marry the prince, or - or anything! J-just please! M-make me back the way I was!”

Finally finished, Delilah hugged the tall brunette and waited for words of reassurance from her friend and loyal servant, but heard only silence. Unnerved, she stepped back and looked up apprehensively, worried at the lack of reaction. At first, Sheila's lovely face was a blank mask, but then - slowly, slowly - her full lips broke out in a wide smile, her dark eyes widening with evil glee as she looked down at the little frantic figure. As Delilah backed away in horror, a long, low laugh filled the room.

“You little fool!” said Sheila. “Do you honestly think that I would ever consider giving up the life of royalty for a miserable little child like you?”

Delilah was now shivering in fright, her voice a pale whisper. “Sheila? Y-you planned all of this? You would betray me so horribly?”

Sheila sauntered across the room, smirking, her tall lovely body towering over her tiny horror stricken audience. “To tell you the truth, I was disappointed in you. I like a challenge, but defeating you was much too easy. I feel almost cheated - as if you deprived me of my sport!”



“B-but you can’t hope to get away with this!” cried Delilah, trying to rally herself. “What of the Prince? As an adult, you could never escape his royal decree. You’ll be forced to marry...”

“And so I shall, my little fool, so I shall! It is all part of my plan!” Crowed Sheila, warming to her subject. “You see, once he and I are wed, I’ll be the queen of both our countries - the greatest alliance the world has ever known. And I will be but a heartbeat away from becoming the sole monarch of Pardisa and Gaul!”

“But my servants will never allow it. Word will get back of your nefarious deeds...”

“And who needs two castles, two sets of servants in a kingdom? No, my little Delilah, I’m afraid all of your loyal subjects will be cast out - as my very first royal decree upon ascending to the combined throne!”

Now shivering in anger, Delilah narrowed her little eyes and shouted at her tall adversary. “How could you, Sheila? How could you betray me? Have you no shame? When I trusted you as my closest friend and confidant? When I took you in and...”

“You ‘took me in?’ And you feel I should be grateful for... what? Allowing me to wait on you hand and foot? Why should I, an intelligent, ambitious woman, be forced to bow and scrape before a ridiculous buffoon like yourself, whose only accomplishment is to have benefited from the lucky accident of royal birth? No, little Delilah - fate has taken its prescribed course and all is as it should be. The power to rule the world must go to those with the wile and will to seize it...” Sheila knelt down and leered into Delilah’s wide blue eyes. “... while docile fools like you become our willing slaves!”

Backing away in fright, Delilah’s voice was a tremulous whisper. “W-what will you do with m-me?”

Sheila’s lips curled in a predatory grin. “What to do with you? Why, I’ll keep you as my personal slave, as an amusing reminder of my conquest. You can be one of my lowly chambermaids - a maid in training, perhaps! (chuckle) Yes! How fitting: the once beautiful and mighty princess, reduced to an apprentice maid, forced to obey the whims of the lowest of the servant girls!”

“Never! I’ll never be humiliated that way! I’d rather die first!” Delilah ran up and craned her little head skyward, her child’s face set in grim determination as her high voice rang out. “I’ll find some way to defeat you! I’ll tell my story to everyone, everywhere until someone will listen. I’ll never give up! You’ll see! I’ll...”

But suddenly she stopped as Sheila reached out with a small vial and sprayed her in the face! Crying out in horror, Delilah felt the warm tingling all over her body as the youth potion again took effect. As Sheila looked down, chuckling with evil laughter, the angry child dwindled still further, her little servant’s clothes now hanging on her. After a few moments, the little blonde child looked up at her now huge adversary in open mouthed

awe, her face now the innocent countenance of an 8 year old child!

Savoring her conquest, Sheila strode across the room and loomed over the tiny shivering figure, speaking to her in a low whisper. “Do you now see the futility of resistance, my little Delilah? Or do I need to impress you further? Perhaps you would rather be younger still? Or shrunk to an infant and given to a peasant family? I hear they send children out to work in the fields...”

Grinning in triumph, Sheila lowered her face to within an inch of Delilah’s frightened little blue eyes. “So! What do you say to your new master, my little Delilah?”

Slowly, lowering her head in shame, the little princess got down on her knees and bowed, touching her head to the floor, the awful words catching in her throat. “Y-your royal h-highness... (choke) What m-may your little servant d-do for y-you...?”

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“Well, look who’s back from her royal audience!” called Jane as the little princess timidly sneaked in through the door to the servants’ quarters. “Hey, maybe I should start telling everyone I’m a princess, too - spending an afternoon drinking tea and eating crumpets sure beats pitching horse manure!”

Jane stood looking down as the forlorn little figure walked right past her, ignoring the taunts, heading for her spot in the corner.

“Hey, its not as bad as all that, now is it? C’mon there, talk to old Jane...”

Delilah turned to wordlessly look at the servant girl, her tear stained face a mask of utter disconsolation.

“Hey, what’s this? You look a bit different.” Jane stopped Delilah and gave her a serious look, scanning her body intently. “I thought you were taller than that...”

Delilah turned, her face an angry pout. “I told you! I said that my servant girl shrunk me an’ was pretending to be Princess Delilah! An’ now she did it again! (sob) You just go ahead an’ laugh! I just don’t care anymore!”

“Hey, hey! C’mon there ol’ girl!” said Jane, dropping to her knee and giving the little child a hug. “Don’t cry. Jane is here, little girl. Jane is here...”

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“So you honesty expect me to believe the word of a child against that of Princess Delilah? Have you been tapping the cider barrels again, Jane?”

“Look at her, Beatrice. Look at her clothes - the girl is definitely smaller and younger

than she was before.” Said Jane, gesturing towards the small blonde child at her side. “People don’t just dwindle for no reason. There must be some magic, some dark sorcery involved.”

“Well, I don’t notice much of a difference. Her clothing is too big? So? Mine’s too small. Same with all of the servants - who has clothes that fit?”

“How about this: If we can prove to you that she’s been shrunk? Would that be enough?”

“I don’t know... If we’re wrong the princess will be greatly displeased - it could mean our lives!”

“But if we’re right, Beatrice...” Said Jane, with a pointed stare. “...this could be our future queen! And even as we speak an evil impostor could be plotting to rule our kingdom!”

“Well I suppose you have a point. I could consult Nostramus, the royal necromancer - I know him well. If this truly is black magic he could counteract it. But...” Said Beatrice, returning Jane’s stare. “I need proof!”

Beatrice turned to Delilah, looking intently into her little face. “It’s all up to you now, Delilah. If you can get her to use the youth potion on you again, we’ll have the proof we need. What say you?”

Jane sighed. As she looked down into the little innocent blue eyes, it was hard to have much confidence in her scheme. If the allegations were true Gaul may be in desperate peril. And to think that the only hope of saving the kingdom was the little frightened face before her! Delilah looked more likely to burst into tears than to lead a palace revolt! But the little blue eyes were wide and unblinking, and the high voice that came out, soft though it was, betrayed an admirable spirit underneath.

“I’ll try, Jane.” She said softly. “I’ll try.”

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“Preparations, preparations! (sigh) Why not just have a simple ceremony with the Bishop and be done with all these royal hangers-on?” Said Sheila as Beatrice and her staff bustled about her, sticking pins in the tailor’s latest version of her wedding gown, and combing out her long raven tresses. “And could someone tell me why we should invite the Huns? A boorish tribe if ever there was one. They’ll just get drunk and chase the chambermaids...”

“Now, now, it’s not as bad as all that milady.” Said Beatrice, grunting as she tugged on a corset strap. “Remember, all these guests are important dignitaries, potential future allies for Gaul.”

“Oh I suppose so.” Huffed Sheila. “Now what else do we need to take care of? We have the guest list, the dowry, the dress, the flowers, the banquet, the music ...”

“Down to the details now, milady. Just a few more finishing touches. Would you like to have flower girls?”

“Oh dear, what else? No, I certainly think we can get by without...” Suddenly Sheila stopped, a pensive look passing over her face. Then she turned to Beatrice and broke out into a little smile. “Well... yes! Flower girls indeed! A lovely idea. In fact...” Her grin broadened, her eyes sparkling. “... why not just leave that little detail to me!”

“Flower girls it is then, my princess.” Said Beatrice, marking a check on her list.

“Yes indeed!” Said Sheila, chuckling as she turned to look down at Delilah’s little innocent form busily sweeping up dirt in the corner. “Flower girls it is!”

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A hush passed through the crowded cathedral as Sheila, resplendent in her wedding gown, slowly paced down the aisle to the strains of the organ and the heavenly voices of the grand choir. Her smug smile was hidden behind a veil of white lace, her dark flashing eyes already surveying the crowd for potential allies to aid in her quest for ultimate power. All was in place, all perfect: the grand throng, the garlands of flowers, the Bishop standing ready to legitimise her claim to the throne for all time.

And Prince Adam, waiting at the altar, appeared to be no small bonus as well: darkly handsome, tall, of regal bearing. Too bad - she might have to give herself at least a few weeks to enjoy him before dispatching him. After all, there was no hurry now. She was in the perfect position, and it would be just a matter of time before she would consolidate her power.

But certainly God was in the details. She suppressed a chuckle as she strode past the row of tiny flower girls: There in the center of the row was little Delilah, now shrunk to a cute little 3 year old, her child’s face just as blank and uncomprehending as the other innocent toddlers at her side. With her brightly colored dress, blonde curls, and big bouquet of flowers, she was the very picture of innocence. Sheila hoped the once regal blonde retained enough of her adult sensibilities to truly appreciate the exquisite humiliation of her utter and complete defeat.

The ceremony seemed to pass by in a cloud of flowers, incense and smiles, as the Bishop pompously droned through the familiar script. Although Sheila was anxious to seal her union, this was surely a moment to be savored. She heard the words as if floating on a cloud. “...and if anyone objects to this union, let them speak now or forever hold their peace.”

“I do, your grace! This woman is an impostor!”

Sheila jumped in shock, the loud female voice rousing her from her reverie. She spun quickly and scanned the crowd, seeing a familiar figure standing at the far end of the aisle, her thick arm pointing at her in accusation.

“Beatrice! How dare you! You’ll die a thousand deaths for this! Guards!”

“This woman is a pretender to the throne! She has cast an evil spell on the real Princess Delilah! I have proof!”

Suddenly another figure, a young teenage girl dressed in common servant’s clothes, bounded past Beatrice and dashed up the aisle. As the guards closed in on Beatrice, she tossed a small pouch to the girl. “Jane! Run! Quickly!” In a flash Jane, jumping from pew to pew and leaping over the heads of the startled audience, had reached Delilah, pulling the little blonde from the row of flower girls. Just before the guards caught up to her as well she ripped open the pouch, emptying the contents over Delilah’s head, showering the little child with a burst of white powder.

“Take them!” Screamed Sheila, directing the royal guards. “And the flower girl, too! To the dungeons with them all!”

But suddenly a shocked gasp swept the crowd, their faces lighting up in amazement and awe, as dozens of hands pointed towards the altar. Sheila followed their stares and saw...

The flower girl was growing! Little Delilah’s innocent mouth dropped open in shock as she quickly became taller, her bright blonde curls rising above the little heads of the other innocent children. In a matter of seconds, she burst out of her clothes, the brightly patterned crepe tearing asunder, the girl jumping and quickly kicking off her shoes as her feet threatened to rend them to pieces. The growing continued, her little pale body stretching like putty, taller and taller, until she was a young girl 10 years of age - and gasps of recognition came from Jane and Beatrice as she once again became the familiar servant girl that had arrived only days before!

But as the crowd pointed and exclaimed, she kept on growing, her youthful body slowly becoming ever taller, ever more mature. As shocked murmurs swept the crowd, her breasts swelled and her hips broadened, and her face became more ladylike, her nose longer and lips fuller. Delilah, as astounded as her audience at her amazing transformation, suddenly realized her lack of modesty, quickly using her hands to cover her budding breasts and youthful groin.

And still the process continued, the girl now passing quickly through the years, gradually becoming a young woman, her shoulders broadening, her breasts now becoming ever larger and fuller, the curve of her hips accentuating, her legs growing longer and more shapely. And as her body changed, so did her face, the baby fat on her cheeks quickly disappearing, the innocent girlish look replaced by a regal visage, her face transformed into that of a sober sophisticated woman with high cheekbones and thick, full lips. And

finally, as the crowd gasped in awe, the process was complete: on the steps of the altar stood a fully grown young woman of surpassing loveliness, her long flowing blonde hair, voluptuous nude body and strikingly lovely features signalling a creature of truly mythic beauty.

After a breathless pause, Delilah turned to the altar, her voice proud and strong. "It is I, Princess Delilah! And I have returned to claim my rightful throne!"

"These are lies!" Cried Sheila, pointing back at the nude figure. "How can she be a princess? Just look at her - she looks more like a harlot than a queen!"

Pandemonium ensued. The cathedral erupted in a chorus of confused shouts and accusations, some siding with the raven haired beauty dressed in her royal finery, some calling for the mysterious and magical blonde to claim the throne. The noisy cries reverberated through the high stone walls, rising to an ear shattering crescendo, until finally an elegant looking elderly woman in the front row jumped to her feet and cried out. "But what should we do? Who should we believe?"

Suddenly a strong voice rang out. "It was I that called this ceremony, and it is I that shall determine the true princess!"

All heads turned as Prince Adam strode forward, the tall splendid figure raising his arms to still the crowd. He went first to Sheila, standing regally in her white wedding dress of the finest woven lace. There he lifted her veil and silently gazed at her face, taking a few long seconds to scrutinize her beautiful dark eyes and the lovely curl of her lips.

Then, dressed in his royal finery, he approached Delilah, the angelic blonde nervously stepping back as he came near, now utterly self conscious of her nudity. She had hardly ever felt so vulnerable, surrounded as she was with the cream of international royalty dressed in their finest clothes, while she was completely exposed, standing up on the alter steps like a naked animal on display. Clutching her breasts in her hand, and sliding her other hand across her groin, she hung her head in embarrassment.

But then she felt a finger under her chin, gently lifting it. She was fearful to open her eyes, but when she did there came the shock of her life! Standing before her, smiling encouragingly, was a familiar face - a dark, handsome face that looked strangely out of place in his royal finery. But there was no doubt it was one and the same - her secret lover from the forest!

"Oh dear God! It's..."

"Yes, my darling! It is I! Will you have me as your husband?" He smiled gently as he laid a hand on her shoulder.

"B-but how? Why?"

“It was all a pretence, my dear. I feared that if you knew I was a prince, you might marry me only for duty. And when your duties as a princess caused you to refuse me as a commoner, I felt it was the only way left.” He smiled sheepishly. “I am truly sorry for your discomfort - of course I never knew it would turn out to be so difficult for you. I hope you can understand, my love...” He knelt and put his hand on hers, careful to allow her to keep it in place over her groin. “...and I hope you can find it in your heart to be my bride!”

A sigh surged through the crowd as a hundred ladies reached for their handkerchiefs.

“Y-you mean you made up the royal decree? Just to bring me here?” asked the princess.

“Yes, my love. I...”

“Why you fucking bastard!” Screamed Delilah, hauling back and smacking Prince Adam across his face. “I wouldn’t marry you if you were the last man on earth!”

The blow sent Prince Adam sprawling on his back. Delilah turned and, with a dignified huff, strode stark naked down the aisle and out the door, her full breasts and lovely rear bouncing majestically as she brushed past the assembled dignitaries. Her exit was accompanied by loud hoots from the Huns, who jumped to their feet and gave the voluptuous nude a standing ovation.

The prince slowly got to his feet and stood in shock, holding his face, the stinging from the blow and his embarrassment before the gathering combining to turn his cheeks a bright crimson. Before him, the love of his life, her lovely bottom jiggling enticingly, was wriggling out the door. To his rear, the guards were picking up Sheila, dragging her kicking and screaming to the royal dungeons, her shrill voice demonstrating an impressive command of the most vulgar profanities.

As Sheila’s shouts trailed off into the distance, her coarse swear words echoing in the vast cathedral, the eyes of the assembled crowd came to rest on the jilted suitor, hanging on his every movement. Haltingly, Prince Adam crossed the few steps back to the altar, where young Jane and the Bishop waited in shocked silence, along side the little row of flower girls. There he cleared his throat and addressed the expectant throng.

“(ahem) It seems there’s been a change of plans...” He said in a rough croak, stumbling on his words. “I thank everyone for coming... There’s food and drink in the banquet hall - that’s just out the cathedral doors and take a left after the topiary...”

The crowd began to disburse, the cathedral buzzing with a hundred confused conversations as the royal guests streamed towards the exits. Jane, more than a bit disappointed in the anticlimactic outcome of her heroic gesture, shrugged her shoulders and headed off down the aisle. She got about halfway to the door before her thin arm was caught in a vise like grip. Surprised, she looked up to see a beery looking fellow with a bright florid face, wearing a cap with big horns springing from either side - the King of

the Huns!

“Eh, missie?” Mumbled the huge man in a rough whisper, pointing with a flicker of his blood shot eyes to the remaining row of little flowers girls. “Ye wouldn’t have a few more a’ those packets o’ white powder, now would ye?”

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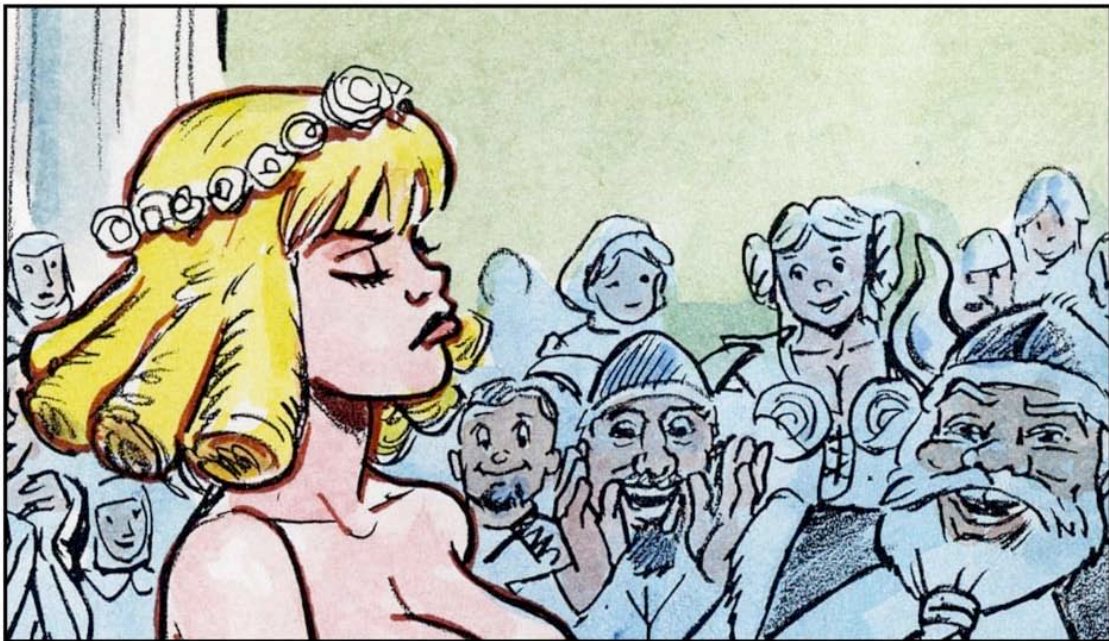
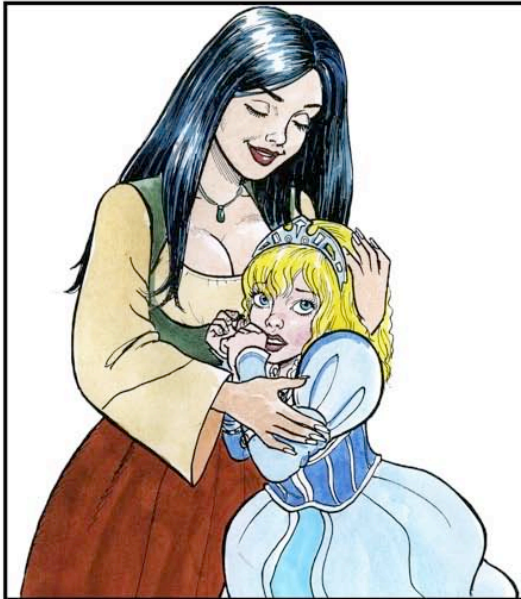


## Princess and the Potion

Artwork by Bojay

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