

Young teenage Polius and Kelius were sitting at the dinner table. Kelius was looking at his dark little ponytail, pinching his own girlish face.

“I will grow out of this soon, when I turn fifteen this year!”

The window lit by the fireworks of New Year celebrations. They were dining, a little candle light lit by the window. Kelius was pouting, looking at his plate of meat and potato stew, his arms folded. Polius was reading while still eating.

“I am going to show my brothers! Those fools think less of me just because of how I look.” Kelius yells cutely, his voice that of a girl.

“DAMN IT!” He flails and throws his hands around the table cloth, the plates shift while Polius continues eating, not looking up from his book, he takes the last piece of meat from his plate at the last second before it flies off and puts it into his mouth.

“POLIUS! WHY AREN'T YOU SAYING ANYTHING?!” Kelius points at him angrily.

“You are acting like your brothers right now.” Polius says casually as he keeps reading his book.

“I am angry!”

“I taught you everything you are capable of learning, you surpass your brothers in terms of magical talent.”

“Then why do they keep looking down on me!? Because I look like a girl!”

Polius looked at his hand, he had his fingers together.

“Kelius, watch this.”

“What?”

“Can you hear it?”

“What is it?”

A sad and high pitched song can be heard in the air. Kelius looked at it carefully and curiously, the thumb and index fingers that Polius clasped together. Polius smiled slyly as Kelius leaned in to hear.

“This is a little violin I am playing for your woe.”

Kelius's face became embarrassed and red.

“POLIUS!” Kelius shouts angrily again, flailing his arms around, Polius stood up quickly, subduing him by putting his arms around him.

“You will be a good Prince. And a good King if it ever comes to be. So do not let mere words trouble you enough for a tantrum.”

“You are trying to talk wise but we are the same age!” Kelius protested.

“Just a word of advice, whether if you take it is still up to you, my liege.” Polius finished, letting go of him and fixing his cuffs. He turned away from Kelius.

“We will conclude your final lesson tomorrow.”

But that was the last time Kelius saw him.

Kelius woke up in a white void as he heard the disembodied voice echoing in it. He sees a man in a strange realm killing strange monsters.

Everything was a blur. He sees a man, his body battered and bleeding stumbling towards a light, shrouded by magic. His vision is pulsing as he hears two voices speak.

“Once more, my lords. I have killed the monsters that plagued your world so a small favor. Grant me life. Give me the instructions and instruments necessary so the world I reside won’t be thrown into chaos again.” He realized the man was Polius. He was already dead. That was a ghost that had compelled him all those times.

Kelius sees a bloodied coughing Polius laying by the walls, looking straight at him. He was out of breath, visibly exhausted.

“Bring me back to my world. As a phantom or a ghost. I do not mind. Give me the instructions necessary to save them. Tell me what needs to be done for a peaceful timeline.”

“Very well. Turn your King into a woman, once his mind breaks, and your world accepts her as one. Time will reverse and this time, peace shall come with her Queenship and your Kingship. But you will have to fulfill your obligations again.”

“Thank you. That is all I ask.”

“W-what are you saying? Polius!? Stop messing around, you dead fool, bring me back! I have a goddamn war to win!”

A violent blur, and the world zoomed past them rapidly. Kelius blinked, he was back at the palace garden, the birds were chirping, a day sunny as any as he remembered, Polius was holding a book, reading out the spells he was supposed to repeat after him.

“...Once you understand this basic concept, you won’t even need to chant the spell to cast the magic.”

“Then a simple spark will become an all-consuming sun.” Polius closes his book.

“Are you listening, your highness?”

Kelius looked down and realized she was wearing a dress.

She looked, raised the dress she was wearing in horror as she finally touched below her. It was gone. She snatched the book from Polius’s hand and threw it to the ground.

“Y-YOU BETRAYED ME AND TURNED ME BACK INTO A GIRL, POLIUS! I HAVE A WAR TO WIN BRING ME BACK” She realized how squeaky and high-pitched she sounded, her hands became small. She was eight years old again.

Polius grinned.

“That does sound like something I would do to some lord gone mad. But never to you, your highness. I will protect you with my life.” Polius knelt down to pick the book up.

“I WAS OLDER AND I AM THE KING! I HAVE A WAR TO WIN!”

“King?”

“I-I BECAME A LITTLE GIRL!” She squeaked.

Polius looks at her inquisitively. .

“You always have been, Princess Kelia.”

“W-WHAT!? I WAS THE KING! I HAD A HAREM OF WOMEN AT MY DISPOSAL!”

Polius raised his eyebrow, swiping his white hair behind him.

“Princess Kelia, that is indeed very interesting.”

“Kelia!?” She asked.

“Yes. Your name.” Polius continued.

The maid was grinning as she walked over, water sliding down her thigh. Polius noticed.

“Your highness, lunch is ready.”

“Hanter, you sick bastard. Do you still want to be a knight? Get out of her soon.” Polius whispered half-jokingly as she left.

“W-what was that?” Kelia asked.

“Nothing.” Polius smiled.

“Though you are very cute with the way you are behaving.”

Kelia began blushing furiously.

“Y-You take that tone with me!”

He suddenly became serious and looked into Kelia’s eyes.

“I am an all-powerful mage, I just don’t want to disrupt the system I am familiar with. But I can. If I wanted to.”

Polius smiles again.

“I jest! Your highness! Come, let’s head for lunch. Would you mind if we ate together?”

She pouted. But ultimately nodded.

And again as they ate, she saw again just how respected Polius was even though they were the same age. The soldiers and knights spoke to him as if they are his equal, she was always jealous of that.

Slowly and surely, Kelia learned to bow the proper way and she had tried her best to resist at first, her memories of her war and bearded Kingship began to fade away slowly.

My body is becoming more and more feminine...Damn it!

She started trying on make-up and better dresses, each time noting when Polius had noticed. His praise stayed in her mind longer.

“You look beautiful as always, Princess Kelia.”

“R-Really?”

“Whatever that is. It accentuates your eyes.” He puts his fingers on her face. She felt magnetized to his eyes as well as he said that and caressing her face.

“Your face is rather hot.” He commented.

“Huh?” She realizes as she puts her hands on to realize her face is bright red and she didn’t even know.

On one occasion, they ran away to see the city, where Polius had grown up.

A slum, but now beautiful because Polius had made sure the money he made in the palace went back here. He had given her a wildflower, plucked from the little garden they walked through and put it into her hair.

“W-What are you putting on me?”

“A flower suited to your beauty.”

She blushed heavily when she looked into the window and saw the girl looking back from the reflections, a distant memory of her formerly bearded male self made her cringed as she threw down the flower.

“Sheesh! Why do you keep staring at me, Polius?”

“It’s impossible to not get enough of you, your highness.” He grins, picking it up again.

She turned away but couldn’t stop herself from smiling.

Though she knows it won’t last as she remembered the day when Polius had disappeared even as she fully settled into her life. It dawned upon her finally what happened to Polius, when he disappeared on that day and the vision that she was shown before in the white void. He will die fighting some monsters outside of this world.

The fireworks were exploding outside.

Kelia was looking away shyly. Polius was still reading a book.

“You have hardly touched your meal, your highness. What is wrong?”

“Are you going to leave soon?”

“How did you know?”

“I just do.” She replies nervously.

“Don’t leave.” She says, rubbing her knees together.

“If we all want to live. Then I have to leave.” He kept looking at his book.

“Then can you come back alive?”

“Well, of course. Provided the world isn’t in ruin when I come back because I will be watching everything even outside this world.”

“W-Why are you speaking like I know all of this?” She asked.

“It feels like this all happened before. But differently.”

She looked worryingly down below. Her heart was pounding. It was a different type of a worry, it was more brutal and heart wrenching. Her beloved will never come back. Or back as a ghost.

Beloved? She thought as she put her hand on her chest.

Is that what she thinks of him now?

She looks up again, she doesn't know. But she just wants him to live.

"Promise me then."

Polius's eyes stopped darting at the words through his book. His eyes turned back to her.

"How long will you wait for me?"

She begins to cry.

"DON'T MAKE SAY ALL THESE EMBARRASSING THINGS, POLIUS!"

Polius drops his book and quickly rushes forward, rubbing tears away from her eyes as they look at each other. .

"I promise you. Kelia. I will come for you. Alive. No matter what. As quickly as I can manage."

She waited for five years. It was as agonizing as she had remembered. She thought sitting on his bed.

She had pace in his room for days, waiting. She had become Queen. And still she waited, on her 21st Birthday. She had made sure to clean the room herself, it was still as well-kept as he had left it. No dust on his bookshelves and table. Kelia personally made sure of it.

"Kelia." The bed shook as she heard those words. Someone had sat down.

"How have you been?" He asked.

"Y-You are not an illusion?" She dares not to look up.

She felt his warm fingers on her chin as he lifted it up.

"Can you feel my warmth, my Queen?"

They kissed. Kelia felt her body hot, all those years, the thought of him kept her bed warm without her even realizing it, the thoughts of having his child occupying her mind.

"Kelia, you sure are moving fast." Kelia had started taking off his pants. Her eyes filled with desires and lust. Her pussy hot and dripping, her lips full and ready to embrace his cock. It brandished in front of her as she stroked it gently with her face before she put it into her mouth, it was hot, large, and throbbing. Her nipples perked up as it throbs in her mouth.

She grasped onto his cock with her five slender fingers, this was the first time. But another distant memory reminded her of how to do it.

“Kelia, it’s been so many years...” He shoved his dick all the way into her mouth as she choked on it smiling, tears of joy in her eyes.

“Puwlius...” She choked.

“Mmmh..” She closed her eyes as she held his hip and moved her mouth back and forth, her large and firm breasts with her nipples perking.

Kelia pinched and pulled both of her breasts, it was like a jolt of electricity ran down her and she nearly cummed just from the sheer sensation. Her pussy squirts out love juice as she orgasms, letting out a moan with Polius’s cock still full in her mouth.

She smiles lewdly as she continues, moving her mouth faster and putting her fingers around his balls. She did already know all about how a penis works a long time ago. It finally throbbed and it spilled all over her face while she orgasms. Her eyes shot up while she moaned.

Her body twitching as she could feel herself being lifted up again to the bed. She could feel how strong he was. He takes off both their clothes with a snap of the finger, her pussy overflows as she also sees his muscles glistening in the candle light.

“T-That was my favorite dress!” She exclaimed.

“We will get it back later.”

“...I want your baby, Polius...”

He penetrates through her hymen but there was no pain at all even as blood oozes out, her eyes shooting up, her tongue flying out as she continues to twitch from the pleasure.

“Our baby...” He leans in to whisper.

“I-I am yours...Polius...” Her mouth open, stumbling onto each word with every thrust and her tongue hanging out like a dog.

He grabs her plump breasts, her nipples still erect and gently pulls it. She let out another lewd and high-pitched girly moan.

“You are mine!”

“AHHHH!” She moaned back with a high-pitched womanly voice as sweats flew off as they fucked.

“AH-AH-AH-AH-AH-AH-AH!” She moaned loudly as the bed shook from Polius’s strength, and his grip on her turned her on even more. Polius caressed her lustful face as he pumped.

“Kelia, why are you crying?”

“I-I have missed you so much, my darling!”

She lets out as he lifts her up again holding her fat ass, grasping and pinching them. He pinned her back against the wall as he fucked her holding her ass, pinching it hard occasionally while she moaned.

“Everyday I have waited for you, Polius! Keep pinching me! Give me your seed!”

“Here it comes...”

Her eyes went up as her pussy overflowed and she reached for him. His thumb stimulating her clitoris as her pussy tightened.

Her legs flew up as he fondled her breast. His penis big and throbbing as she could feel her belly hot and the pleasure in her pussy rising again, this time even bigger than before. Drooling out of her mouth, a perverted smile on her face with her tongue still hanging out, her eyes and head shoots up as they cummed both at the same time.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! POLIUS!!!!”

His semen came pouring into her as he inseminated her. The remaining cum dripped out of her pussy as she was still twitching.

(I am Polius’s Queen...His wife... and his beloved...)

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“Hmm, I still have something to take care of.”