

Andella

A Dungeon Damsel Story

Written by Princess Kay

Warning: This is erotica, meant only for those 18 or older. Only those who have reached the age of consent, in the country where they reside, should proceed. If you are not at least eighteen, please exit this page, immediately.

The carriage was gone. Stolen, in the night, the horse along with it. All the goods Jordan had prepped to sell, all the clothes he had to wear, had been taken. He stared down the road to the capital for a long moment, just feeling numb. He expected the thieves would have gone back toward the city, the better to fence everything he owned. If he followed the road back to the city, he could file an official report with the guard and perhaps at least get his wagon back, if neither the goods nor the horse.

“...What’s the point of that...” Jordan whispered to himself, heaving out a heavy sigh. Even if he got the wagon back, there’d be nothing to pull it with, and nothing to sell with it. Besides, the shaggy haired brunette didn’t want to go back to the city. His parents were still waiting there... likely hoping he’d “come to his senses” in time to marry the girl they’d chosen for him. The one he’d never even met before.

He sighed, again, and decided to continue trudging along the road to... Abrilla, if he remembered the last sign posts correctly. He’d been travelling more or less at random, hoping that luck would take him someplace willing to buy a few goods from a merchant. It admittedly hadn’t been his best laid plan. He’d always been... well. It didn’t matter what he’d been. What was important was that he was

a merchant *now*, and he had to learn the ways of being one for himself as quickly as possible.

...Without a cart, or his belongings, or even the money that had been in his saddlebags, he was more an unemployed vagrant than he was a merchant, though. He just had to hope the city he was heading toward would have work, at least enough to earn room and board. He knew little of physical labor, but he was willing to learn. He hoped that was enough, as he trudged along the dirt road.

It was nightfall when houses finally came into sight. He was pleased to see that the town was midway in size, though. He spotted a smithy, a small bookstore, and several houses. So it was possible that someone here would have some use for him. He again hoped that someone would teach him to serve a purpose in this town... but for now, he needed a place to sleep. Without money, even the stables at the inn was out of the question, and he was starting to think he might need to spend the night in some of the softer bushes he'd seen out of town.

He was turning to go when she stepped out of the space between two buildings. A young woman, cloaked in dark material, but he could see her pale face beneath the hood shining lightly in the moonlight. She had bright green eyes, and a smile on her face. Her hair was hidden by the cloak, but with those eyes... No. He shouldn't make assumptions just based on the color of her eyes.

“I don’t recognize you from around here…” she told him, a small smile on her face. It looked fake to Jordan; he was used to fake smiles from his family, and thought he knew enough to recognize them at this point. “If you need a place to stay, I have an extra room in my house. If you’d like to come with me?” She stepped forward, grabbing at the sleeve of his red tunic, and trying to tug him after her. She was surprisingly strong, and the brunette found himself dragged a few steps before he could dig his heels into the ground.

“W-Wait…” he demanded, throwing up his hands. “I don’t even know who you are…”

“Does it matter?” she asked, fake smile still shining out from beneath her hood as she continued to walk. The hand that hadn’t grabbed him had disappeared beneath the cloak, and he wondered idly if she was grabbing a knife. If his life was going to end here. His family had always warned him about thieves, in the city, but he hadn’t expected to find any in a small town. Not that he knew she planned to kill him, but.... Would he regret it, if she did?

All her hand brought out was a small crystal vial, though, with a rectangular base and a small, circular, stopper. “Care for a drink?” she asked. Her smile had grown bigger. It looked different than the fake ones she’d been putting on so far.

Her lips were spread a little wider, and her eyes seemed somehow lit up. It was real, but with a sinister edge to it.

“...No...” The girl frowned, and tucked the glass vial away. She looked like she was going to say something, but Jordan lifted a hand to forestall her. “I’ll go with you, though.”

“Really?” her smile still looked real, but her eyes were narrowed. “Why?”

“...Because I don’t have anywhere else to go. Maybe.” Because he didn’t care. Really. “What’s your name?”

“Fiona.” The girl studied him for a moment and then started to tug Jordan’s sleeve, again. “Come on.”

“I-I’m Jordan...” he murmured, as he was drawn toward the outskirts of the city.

“I don’t care,” she responded, taking him to a small cottage. The entire thing could have fit inside his room in his parlor at the mansion, probably, and Jordan wondered if there was really two rooms inside. Jordan didn’t resist, though, as he was tugged inside. He only looked around, taking in the piles of books that dotted the floor, the old and musty mixed with the newly bound. There was a cauldron in the fireplace, and a broom hanging above the mantle. With all that in mind, it was

hardly a surprise when the door slammed shut behind him, and locked itself. “You are a witch, then...” he whispered, voice soft.

The girl wrinkled her nose, and threw back her hood. As expected, she had the red hair that all magic users had. “I’m a *wizard*, actually. That means I do my own research, and don’t just use recipes from the same crummy old books as everyone else does.” She dropped her cloak on the floor, revealing a red dress that clung to her curves. She was older than Jordan had thought - around the same age as him. Marriageable age. “Do you have a husband?” he asked, idly.

“Hardly,” she scoffed, sticking out her tongue. “I don’t deal with men. They’re just test subjects for me. Speaking of which...” She gestured to the right room. “That’s your room, over there. You’ll be staying there after I’m done altering you.”

“Altering... me? You’re not going to kill me?” he asked, surprised. “I thought you just wanted to cook me in a stew, or something...?”

“...What do you think magic users are?” Fiona demanded. She had a disgusted look on her face. “I should hit you with my broom for that. I should turn you into a frog for that. I should... I would erase you from existence, if I could! It’s bigotry like that which holds us all back from progress in this world, you know.”

“I’m sorry...” he looked away. “It’s just. My family always said witches - I mean. Wizards. And witches. Like to eat human flesh... and you have an awfully big cauldron...”

“For cooking potions, yes, not people! Honestly...” she huffed, and then reached under her cloak for the same crystalline vial she’d been holding earlier. She tossed it to Jordan, who almost dropped it from surprise, only barely managing to clasp hands around the base. “Drink that. Though why I’m letting you be my roommate after a comment like that, I don’t know...”

“Your... roommate...” He spoke softly. Uncertain. He had come here, fully expecting to be murdered. He didn’t understand the turn that things had taken, but he recognized that his worst fears weren’t being realized. He knew that should have made him feel happy, but he only felt an emptiness that stretched out endlessly before him.

“Drink the vial.” The girl was smiling again. “Or I’ll force it down your throat.”

He stared down at the glass vial for a moment. The liquid in it was clear as water. When he decanted it, there was a faint “pop,” though, and the water seemed to frizz within the container. Pouring it into his mouth, he felt little bubbles explode across his tongue, and then an incredibly bitter taste hit him. He

swallowed, as much from surprise as anything, and then gagged. “What... is it poison?” he asked. “You’re a witch, and the best you could do was poison?”

“It wasn’t poison...” Fiona sighed. “It was a potion. I’m still working on their taste; maybe I’ll eventually make one that can just go on the skin... now be quiet, test subject, while we see if you survive.”

“Survive...” So there was still a chance he’d die from this. He closed his eyes, wondering if he would explode or collapse or fall to the floor. All that he felt was a curious warmth, though, spreading through his stomach. It felt pleasant, tingly, like a tightening in his belly.

“Take off your clothes...” Fiona told him. “Your shirt, your pants, your underwear; everything. I want to document the changes.” She had produced a notebook and quill from under her cloak, already. Her smile had grown even wider, turning into a hungry expression of need. “Do it, or I’ll make your clothes burst on fire.”

Jordan didn’t need to be threatened, really. He was already taking off his tunic, and his britches, revealing a narrow, unmuscular chest a stomach with just a touch of paunch, a pair of narrow hips, and... a penis. Nothing much to look at. He’d never had anyone look at his dick with the outright disgust Fiona seemed to have for it, though, her eyes narrowing as she stared at it and her hand hurriedly

scribbling something in the book. “That’ll be the first thing to go...” she murmured. “Assuming I did the concoction right...”

“What do you mean g-” Jordan’s words were cut off by a sudden jolt of pain, scalding heat between his groin. His hand reached down between his legs, trying to comfort his poor member. It was... smaller. Shrinking. Even as he held it, he could feel it retracting into itself, pulling up into his body until it was nothing more than a tiny nub. He touched it, nervously, and the scalding heat was joined by a new, gentler warmth that shot up from the new button, to his chest.

He could still feel his body changing, down below. It was still a little painful, as his bones creaked, and his hips widened. His balls were retracting into his abdomen, and his fingers cautiously followed, pressing against what was now an opening into his core. The strange thing was, though, as he dug his fingers into himself, he felt a curious pleasure building up above.

His hand, the one not currently involved in plundering his new opening for everything it was worth, reached up to gently touch his chest. The nipples were puffy. Sensitive to the touch. He had little... bumps underneath them. They weren’t quite worth being called breasts, yet, but they were growing. He could feel them growing, a pleasant warmth in his being, a wonderful feeling that warmed him throughout his entire chest. He cupped one, with wonder, the little bug bite

quickly turning into a palm-sized mound, and then a gently sloping hill of flesh.

His breasts were growing out, a little bigger than he would have liked, until he was holding onto mellons that filled his hand completely, soft and malleable beneath his hand. His nipple was hard, a stiff little peak that bit into his palm, begging to be pinched and played with.

He ignored it, for the moment. “Mirror...” he whispered. “I need a mirror...”

“Hmmm?” Fiona frowned, looking up from her scribbling. She’d been writing carefully in her notebook, sketching out his form as best she could, and writing out the change. “There’s a mirror in that bedroom...” she pointed. “But-”

“Thanks.” he didn’t wait for her to finish, opening the door and rushing inside.

“Honestly...” Fiona whispered, with a frown. She followed, though. “It’s so troublesome when they run... what if I miss something? Though that is a nice view of the ass...”

Jordan’s ass. It had always been a flat affair, but now it was soft and round, growing out into a squeezable bubble butt, shifting the center of gravity so that the brunette almost stumbled on his way into the room. There was a small mirror on the wall, not enough to see his full form, but. Enough to watch his face, as it

changed. Softening, becoming rounder and gentler, smoothing away rough angles he'd always hated and replacing them with a gentler looking face. "I..." Jordan stared, as his hair began to grow, the brown tresses traveling down his shoulders, then his waist, curling right at the bubble butt. "I... Love it..." she whispered, voice soft.

"You what?" Fiona frowned, biting her lip. "Did I accidentally add a mind control element? Perhaps I could build on that, though, to-"

"No..." Jordan shook her head, frowning faintly. "I mean. I love it. I never knew how much I'd love it until - I never thought it was possible, honestly, until... it happened. Thank you."

"Thank... me..." Fiona stared, uncertainly. "I turned you into a girl, you know. I'm planning to blackmail you with the fact that you have nowhere to go, you know. You're going to be my roommate. I'm going to experiment on you. You're going to be *miserable*."

"I'm, not, though. Going to be miserable." Jordan smiled. "I'll do the rest. But I'm not going to be miserable." She'd already been miserable. All her life. She just hadn't realized how much.

"...Look. Whatever your name is-"

"Andella." Andella smiled. "I always wanted to be called Andella."