

# Purrfect Knight

## A Dungeon Damsel Tale

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**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.

Fiona was starting to get a little tired of Andella's antics. ' Don't ignore people when they're talking to you,' the woman would tell her. "Don't call across the house when you need me. Just come get me," she'd demand. "Don't slip potions into my food, just ask." As if Andella hadn't had a perfectly fun time as a slime; and Fiona had even cooked for her... Today's was just the worst, though - she was tugging on Fiona's sleeve, and pointing to one of the neighborhood cats, currently sitting on someone's windowsill. "Can we get a cat?" she asked.

"Please?"

"Of course not," Fiona muttered, frowning. "I got you so that I wouldn't *have* to experiment on animals, test subject. It's much more scientific this way."

Adella's lips pulled into a small pout. "Do you have to talk about me that way? "

"You're the subject of my tests," Fiona responded, beginning to walk down the street. "What's wrong with referring to you that way?" Andella kept pace behind her, carrying three bags of groceries. Since the brunette insisted they do things like eat on a regular schedule, Fiona had been forced to spend more of her precious research funds on food stuff. Though it was perhaps nice to be full.

“I’m just saying that you could treat me with a little more respect...”

Andella complained. “I’m really grateful you transformed me, whatever the reason, but I’m still a human being!”

“Yes, yes, test subject...” Fiona sighed. The streets of the town were thankfully empty, people closing their windows on the pair as they walked by and hiding behind their closed doors. No one was stupid enough to listen in on the local wizard’s idle talk with her roommate. No one wanted to have anything to do with her, at all. So she certainly wasn’t expecting to see someone in front of her door, when she finally turned the corner and came across her home.

He looked to be a knight. His broad chest was covered in chainmail. He wore greaves, gauntlets, even a codpiece. He was leaning against the wall of their house, his lips pulled into a little frown, and his feet tapping impatiently on the ground. He straightened when he saw Andella and Fiona approaching.

Andella stepped forward to greet him, but the man simply put a hand on her shoulder and shoved her against the ground. Orange fruits spilled across the floor, along with a few cabbage. “Stay out of the way, peasant.” The knight spat on her cheek, as she laid frozen on the floor. She’d obviously never been treated like this in her old life.

“I’m looking for you, witch.” The man’s brown eyes were locked on Fiona. Her green eyes and red hair were dead giveaways that she had magic, true, but the terminology he used was misinformed.

“I prefer wizard,” Fiona told him, her eyes narrowing. “Witches cast. Wizards research.”

“I don’t care what you prefer, witch,” the man spat again, white spittle once more landing on Andella’s cheek. The girl flinched, this time, and began trying to get back to her feet. Trembling, she started to pick up the oranges. “I care what you can do for me.”

The man held up a thick gold coin. “This is probably more than you’d make in three months, isn’t it? I know the value of such things. Here…” He tossed the coin in the air. Fiona’s eyes stayed locked on his, refusing to follow the coin as he caught it and tossed it again. “I’ll give you ten of them, if you do what I ask.”

That gave Fiona pause. She forced herself to smile, but her eyes stayed on the man. “I see. And what do you need?”

“A seeking spell, or whatever you call them.” He drew a pair of thin, tan riding gloves from his belt, tossing them both at Fiona’s face. She caught them from the air, her smile slipping.

“There’s this son of a noble, name of Jordan Tasterdon; the family’s offering a reward for whoever finds him. I’m looking for the reward, but I’ll take whatever the city will give me for saving it from its wicked witch. If you catch my drift?” He smiled. It was not what Fiona would call a nice smile, though at least it was more real than the one she’d forced out. He was going to be trouble.

“I’ll do it,” Fiona told him, forcing the fake smile back onto her face. “It’ll be ready tonight. I assume you’re staying at the inn? Get yourself a table in the corner, and I’ll meet you there.”

The man gave a little snort. “Tonight,” he told her. “I’ll take a little cat nap until then. But you better deliver, or I’ll have your head.” He walked off, moving past Fiona. Despite his arrogant gait, he kept a few feet between them at all time. He was likely afraid she’d cast a curse on him, which was admittedly tempting. Not worth it, though. Fiona still required drinkable potions for her body-altering spells. An annoying limitation she was working on.

“You’re not... really going to help him... are you?” whispered Andella, picking the last orange off the floor and stuffing it back into her cloth bag. She was trembling faintly. From fear or anger or some other emotion Fiona didn’t have time for.

“You might have noticed...” Fiona remarked, dryly, “but there’s not much protection from knights. If he decides to take my head back to the capital, the king will probably decide to reward him for ridding the country of a dangerous magic user. He probably thinks I should be grateful he even offered to reward me.”

“But...” Andella’s voice was a bare squeak. “But what if Jordan doesn’t... want to go back?”

“Then that sounds like a problem for Jordan.” Fiona tossed the gloves in the air, catching them again with a small smile. “I just need to make a potion with these, and it’ll lead the guard right to him. Give me some nice research funds, too...”

Andella looked panicked, eyes locked on the gloves for a moment.

“Please... don’t... don’t do this...”

Fiona frowned. She had already been calculating what to do with the money,. A new cauldron, some rare materials from the apothecary, maybe some specialized paralysis poisons. She could even hire a guard to protect her in the woods, while she gathered the materials non-magic users had no need for. Still. Her test subject’s pleading was cause for curiosity. “Come to think of it... You never told me about your old life. Why don’t we talk about it. While I work on the potion.”

Fiona opened the door, her smile actually real as she gestured for Andella to go first. The brunette hesitated, and Fiona watched her test subject's shoulders rise as she tried to work up the will to protest, then fall as she gave in and walked through the door. "Please..." she whispered, her voice barely audible, "don't make me go back to how I used to be..."

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Fiona placed two containers of alcohol in front of the surprised knight. For him, a tankard of beer. For her, a glass of wine. She'd brought the bottle, and an extra glass. "Celebrate with me..." She grinned, pulling out a chair and sitting across from the knight. "You're about to make me very rich."

"I somehow doubt that." The knight looked askance at the beer, and then drank from it. He made a face. "This is watered down. Though what else I should expect from the hicks, I don't know. Give me your wine." He had an easy smile on his face, but the hardness in his eyes said it wasn't a request. He wanted her drink.

"If you insist." Fiona didn't let the smile waver from her face as she handed over the glass.

The man took a sniff, and then tipped it back. “So... Tell me again why you think I’ll make you rich?” the man asked, after draining the alcohol. “The money I offered you should have been enough for a spell.”

“Why bother with a spell when I can give you the one you’re looking for?” Fiona asked, leaning forward. “I can give you the noble... whatever. I know exactly where to find them. So show me all your cash, and I’ll lead you straight to the one you’re after.”

The man scowled, then grabbed the bottle of wine, tilted his head back, and drained it dry over the course of several swallows. Then he grabbed the beer she’d offered. “I don’t part with my cash that easily. I’ll send half the reward your way, though, if you can get Jordan on my doorstep.”

“Fine.” Fiona’s smile widened. “But I want those ten coins you promised. Consider it a show of good faith, for the rest of your money arriving.”

“S’fine...” The man peered into the bottle before taking another swallow from it. He looked back up at Fiona. “Hey. How about you keep me company for the night? Could use some good company... after all, ‘m about to be a very rich man, if you really do have that noble...”



“You’re about to be... something. Alright. Why don’t we put you to bed?” Fiona suggested, standing, and moving toward the stairs. “We can discuss deals when you wake up. Which room is yours?”

“Th... third... fr’ m the right.” The man stood, leaning on the chair for support, and made his wobbly way to the stairs. He had to lean heavily on the guardrail to keep from falling off as he walked toward the rooms.

“Third... huh...” Fiona whispered, reaching out to grab one of the doorknobs. Locked. That wouldn’t be a problem with a small whispered incantation, but there was an even simpler way to get in. “You have the key?” she asked, lifting an eyebrow.

The man dug into his belt pouch. The redhead could hear the sound of gold clinking before a brass key emerged. The man had a smile on his features. “Yeah. Got your key right here...” He shoved it toward her. She delicately wrapped her fingers around the head, careful not to actually touch his skin as she drew the key from him and put it in the door. A quick turn and she was inside, gesturing for him to follow.

The room was surprisingly messy, considering he’d only been there for a length of a nap. The blankets were a mess, the garbage was overturned, and there was an apple core on one pillow. Fiona clucked her tongue. Luckily, this wouldn’t

be her concern for much longer. Though a clean up fee would likely be included when she bribed the innkeeper.

Behind her, the bumbling knight moaned faintly. “My stomach feels funny...” he complained, taking a few steps forward before collapsing, his knees on the floor and his upper body on the bed. He was still trying to work the lip of the bottle toward his mouth. Fiona pressed it forward, and helped him drain it the rest of the way. “Think I’m gonna... meow... Hehe. Just said ‘meow’ instead of ‘meow.’”

The man rubbed his throat. “Funny... sorta meowed like I just said ‘meow’...” His ears twitched. Then again. Then they started to vibrate, lightly, the skin at the tips elongating and stretching and moving up to the top of his head. Soon, his skull was adorned with two cat ears.

“You’re drunk,” Fiona told him. “And you’re imagining things. Why don’t you get undressed, and we’ll take it from there?”

“Yeah... Get undressed. Never thought I’d fuck a witch...”

“And here I don’t even know your name...” Fiona responded. The crude knight began to pull off his gauntlets, then his chain shirt. His disrobing revealed a slender frame with surprisingly developed pecs covered in a sheen of sweat. His breath was coming hard as he started to strip his codpiece and pants. He was

removing his briefs when the tail made itself known. There was a sharp cry of pain as his tailbone suddenly expanded, sprouting flesh and fur as Fiona watched, and the wizard smiled.

“Name’s... Meow...” He was half turned around, looking for what had caused him pain. When he saw the tail, lightly twitching, he blinked once - slowly - and muttered “Must be drunk...” then turned back to Fiona.

“Name’s Marcus... Aren’ ya gonna get naked, now?”

“Tempting...” Fiona placed her hand over his, gently pressing against his chest. She could feel his heartbeat, even through the hand. Strong, laboring. She could feel the warmth as his body prepared to change. “But no. By the time your body’s ready for me, your mind won’t be.”

“Meow?” He asked, yawning again. She caught sight of four sharp teeth poking out from behind his lips, As she watched, his face began to change. The cheekbones rose a little higher, the hairline moved forward. His face was becoming round and cute. In mere moments he would be unrecognizable.

His heartbeat was the carthorse that would pull him along toward transformation. With every beat, the powerful potions pumped through his veins, slowly enhancing his figure. Fiona was sure he could feel it as his thighs thickened and his hands shrank. He wore a confused look, as his spare hand began to feel his

face for what was wrong. Even so, he smiled down at her. “You getting cold feet, meow?”

“The only thing *I’m* getting is a warm plaything. *You* are getting a lesson in why you don’t take drinks from witches, Pet. And not a moment too soon, either. If I had to pretend to think of you as a human being for one moment longer, or hear you misgender my favorite test subject *again*, I’m not sure I would have had the restraint to stop here.”

Marcus stared at her. Confusion, then anger. He removed his hand from his face and drunkenly pushed her aside. He still had muscles - important in any guard kitty. Fiona would use them well. “Meow?” he demanded. “Meow meow meow!”

“I don’t know what you’re saying, you know... but if you’re asking what I’m doing to you, I’m turning you into my cute little kitty knight. You can spend the rest of your life protecting that which you planned to take from me.”

She stepped forward as she spoke, grabbing his hand and pinning it against the bed. He could have easily pulled away from her, of course, but there was a part of him - a part she’d planted - who would resist that impulse. The feline inside was growing, and as she placed her hand on his chest again she could feel the warmth coiling up inside him, ready to expand.

“I think I’ll call you Malorie...” she whispered as the flesh began to push out between her fingers. Soft and perky breasts that she could lose her entire hand between.

“Meow!” came the voice, high and soft.

“Let it all go...” Fiona whispered, gently stroking his cheek. The knight’s memories, Fiona knew, were changing. Or rather, they were erasing themselves. Soon this thing would be nothing but feline instincts in a humanoid body, and the unchangeable knowledge of who her mistress was. “You should be happy. You’re going to have a happy, pampered life as my guard and pussycat. More than most of the cats out here could ever ask for.”

“Meow...” Her creation - because it was her creation, formed from the body of this worthless man - meowed, squirmed, and spread her legs. She could see the stiff cock of what had once been a man, slowly transforming. Shrinking into itself, until it was nothing more than a tiny nub above the balls, which were quickly sliding inward. As the flesh opened up to accept the testicles, Fiona smiled at the pussy on display, who showed her legs and cupped her breasts and mewled for mistress.

It was traditional, at this point, to touch her creation... but as Andella flashed through her mind, Fiona knew that there wasn't going to be any of that tonight.

“Come along,” Fiona sighed after a moment. “I left your mommy chained to the table. She'll be getting worried.”