

# Mistaken Beauty

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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.

Colorful tents lined the plaza. The shops and restaurants had closed, and in their place stood stands of vendors selling candied fruit and various meats on sticks. A day of cold drink, hot food, and stories punctuated by laughter. Amid the celebrations, three small figures squeezed their way through the crowded streets, hurrying toward the palace. “We’re late,” whispered the one in the lead. “We’re late, we’re late, we’re late! We’re so very late.”

“You can say it all you want,” muttered the second figure, “but we can’t walk any faster. I really don’t see why we can’t just fly there...”

“It would be ever so much nicer.” The third figure gave a wistful sigh with those words. She knew it was useless, though. Marybell would never allow it.

“Of course not,” muttered Marybell, true to form. “Relationships between the fey and humans are still tumultuous; there’s no telling how anyone would react if they saw us flying... Besides, the king himself asked us to keep a low profile.”

“He also asked us to arrive *early*.” The middle fairy couldn’t keep the irritation out of her voice, as she glared at her older sister.

“Which we would be. If Isabell hadn’t used the invitation as a coaster and smudged out the details... We’re simply lucky to be making it on the right day, honestly.”

“I did say I was sorry.” The final, youngest, fairy pouted at having the blame passed to her. “I totally didn’t realize it was important...”

“It was gilded in gold!” The middle sister stopped as she spoke, turning around to glare at Isabelle behind her. “How could it *not* be important!?”

Isabelle traded in her pout for a confused frown, blinking back at her older sister. “But I thought it *was* important, Annabell? It was an invitation for the royal christening, wasn’t it?”

The two older sisters froze. The youngest sister did not, and bumped carelessly into Annabell’s backside. This started a new tirade, and such it was that they were the last guests to enter the castle and ended up hurrying their way to the dais to give their gifts just as the last of the mortal guests were bowing away from the king.

Being the oldest, Marybell was always the first to act among the three. She darted straight for the crib, peeked inside, and then curtsied to the king. “To your daughter, I give the gift of beauty. May all who see her know her as the most beautiful woman in this land.

The queen let out a startled little sound, a cross between a gasp and a squeak.

The king coughed, loudly, and began to speak.

Before he could do so, Annabell rushed forward to the child's crib, took a peek inside, and then curtsied to the king.

“To the most revered mortal of the human realms, I give my gratitude for this invitation, and apologize for my sister's inappropriate lack of greeting.

“Before you speak, know that I too bring a gift for your daughter: that she will have a voice as soft as butter and sweet as cream, and a laugh that tinkles like the daintiest of bells.”

Again, the queen let out an undignified sound, this time closer to a groan.

The king, by contrast, gripped the throne's armrests tight enough to make his fingers white, and clenched his teeth.

Even Isabelle could see the king was angry, though she could hardly imagine why. Perhaps the gifts given were considered paltry for the daughter of a human king and queen?

Walking toward the crib, and taking a peek inside, she smiled at the baby and then curtsied to the king and queen. “I know not what causes your anger,” she admitted, “but hope I still can quell it with my gift: may your daughter grow with femininity and grace. By our three gifts combined, I am sure that people far and wide will know your daughter as the epitome of womanhood.”

A faint sigh escaped from the queen's lips, before she slumped in her throne.

The king stood, but could not muster a word, only opening and closing his mouth.

A snicker could be heard, from a distant corner of the room. A laugh followed it, and that in turn was followed by a loud guffaw. Soon, no nobles left were in the mood to keep their mouth shut, every one of them laughing at what they had rapidly decided was the king and queen's misfortune.

It was at the zenith of this laughter, as the visiting dignitaries slapped their knees, that a cold wind blew into the throne room.

The twin doors, which between them depicted a golden lion on a field of red, had been flung open, allowing in this errant breeze.

Standing on the other side of the door was a pale woman, with skin so light it may never have seen the light of day. She wore a black gown, which blended so perfectly with her dark head of hair that it was difficult to know where one ended and the other began.

This woman stood for a moment, in front of the suddenly silent court, before striding forward with confidence. Gasps could be heard from the crowd, as she unfurled a pair of translucent purple wings. Without a word to the king, or queen, she stepped up to the crib, and smiled faintly.

“To your daughter, I give a gift,” the woman said, her voice a soft whisper in a room that had gone suddenly devoid of sound. “I give her the gift of freedom, from your horrid mortal race: that on her eighteenth birthday, she shall prick her finger on the spindle of a spinning wheel, and promptly... What is the word you mortals use for it? Die.”

The woman smiled, faintly, as the queen - whose eyes had just begun to flutter open - let out a cry, and fainted once again.

“...Well then,” muttered the king. “It seems this problem will settle itself then.”

Murmurs of confusion broke out among the crowd, but the dark cloaked figure only gave a faint smile. “Then you accept your folly? In not inviting Endrosa, the future fairy queen?”

“I accept my folly in inviting any fairies at all to a mortal gathering,” countered the king. “Never before have I been so humiliated. Never once did I think that death would be to my poor *son’s* best interest. To be humiliated with gifts of *womanhood*, on this, poor Eugene’s naming day...” The king shook his head.

“B-But... She’s clearly a girl,” Isabelle protested.

“As much as I hate to admit it, my younger sister is right,” Annabelle declared.

“Please - you must reconsider,” pleaded Marybell. “Allow us to at least try and combat Endrosa’s spell! She is no queen of ours! Only a wicked woman who thinks her strength gives her the right to do what she pleases in human lands.”

“Oh?” Endrosa turned to the three fairies, who flinched back as one. “Do you think you can stand against me? Even three on one?”

She smiled as the fairies trembled, and without making a move against them walked back toward the double doors.

“Remember!” she called, on exiting. “On her eighteenth birthday, the human princess will die. But do be sure to argue about whether she’s a man or a woman until then.”

With that, she was gone.

“Please,” Marybell repeated, once the woman was gone. “Please, allow us to undo what has been done. We can not remove our spells, and her curse both, but by working together we can-”

“If you can not do both, you will not do either,” the king commanded, interrupting them. “A boy that is cursed to die can not be king. And a boy that is

cursed with such gifts as you have given him will not be recognized as any son of mine.

“We will write in our records that my firstborn was taken by curse. As for his body - while it still lives among us - get him a wetnurse. I will dedicate the northern tower to his upkeep.”

So it was that Prince Eugene was raised - out of sight and out of mind - in the Northern Tower of the country's castle.

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Twelve strikes of the bell meant midnight. Eliza counted them out, sitting up in bed, with a smile on his face.

“I've just turned eighteen,” she whispered to herself, full of excitement and eagerness. “I can finally leave the tower...” Her parents had promised it. Once she was eighteen, she could face the world on his own.

She'd already packed a bag. Not much in it, of course - a few pairs of trousers, some nice white shirts. She had nothing of particular value to bring with her, and not even a gold coin to her name. She had some hope that her parents would see her off with some money, but it was little more than a vague dream.

She'd have to get used to living without servants, of course. She'd spent the last two years learning to do everything they did, though: how to clean, how to cook and how to dress herself. The head of staff had even written Eliza a letter of recommendation, so that she might be able to get work in some rich merchant's manor.

She'd have to avoid noble houses, of course. It wouldn't do if anyone found out that her parents were royalty. Afterall, the one condition of Eliza leaving was that she never let anyone know her family name.

A small price to pay, to get out of this place. To get out of this tower, with its cramped rooms and its old books. To taste the air at ground level, and feel the sun directly on her face.

Eliza let out a little laugh of glee, a giggle of happiness, and flopped back on the bed. She knew that she should sleep. That she should get some rest, if she was going on a journey in the morning. If nothing else, she wanted to look her best when she greeted the new day. She was so excited...

In the end, she didn't sleep a wink.

The morning came, and a knock could be heard on Eliza's door. Before she could even respond, the door opened and a figure walked in.

This was Fellosa, Eliza's personal maid and attendant. Fellosa looked to be a young woman, in her late twenties, with pale white skin and jet black hair. She had thin eyebrows, the left of which she would often raise when displeased. She had a delicate nose, and round cheeks.

Fellosa had appeared a day or two before, to replace Marianne, Eliza's last servant. Fellosa had brought with her no references. She had no obvious skill with cleaning, and couldn't cook a thing. Eliza wasn't sure by what miracle Fellosa had gotten hired.

Which didn't stop Eliza from being grateful that it had happened, anyway.

"Are you bags packed?" Fellosa asked. "Your things ready? We leave in a few hours, you know."

"I know," Eliza promised, getting up and stepping towards her, the better to lean in and kiss her on the cheek. In parting, Eliza took a sniff of Fellosa's hair, finding that it smelled faintly of roses. "I still can't believe you agreed to go with me."

"And I can't believe you got down on one knee the moment you saw me," Fellosa sighed, shaking her head from side to side. "You do know why I turned you down, don't you?"

"Because I wasn't even eighteen yet, in your words. But I am now, so--"

“Don’t even think about it,” Felossa snapped, a faint tinge of pink touching her cheeks. “I have agreed to accompany you on your journey only because I’m worried someone as simpleminded as you will be taken advantage of. That doesn’t mean I love you, or that I want to have your children.”

“My children...” Eliza sighed. “I want to have daughters, you know. I don’t think I can pass on anything good to a son, but... A girl would be lucky to have my looks.”

Eliza’s looks were, of course, a product of the fairy curses upon her. Her face, she knew, was delicate - with round cheekbones, and soft brown eyes that matched the color of his hair. She had a little button nose, and full lips that were soft to the touch. Everyone who saw her face immediately knew that it belonged to a girl.

Eliza was thankful for that, of course. Thankful as well for the lack of hair on her long legs, and the narrow shape of her waist. Grateful that she grew little in the way of a beard, and that what she had could be shaved off with a few strokes of a straight razor.

She was most grateful to the servants, who she’d convinced of late to bring her dresses, instead of making her wear those awful trousers they’d started insisting she wear around thirteen. She looked good in them, looked feminine in

them, but the cuts of the clothing weren't at all flattering to her figure and the too tight shirts always made clear Eliza had no breasts to speak of.

She knew, of course, that she only wanted to be seen as a girl because of the fairies' curses. Her servants had told her as much all her life: that she'd been cursed with femininity, and that she was rightfully a man. They'd tried to raise her as one, too.

She'd known she was a girl, though, for as long as she'd known what the word meant. She'd longed to be like the pretty maids in their dresses. She'd wanted to grow her brown tresses out, and smell of nice things like flowers and roses.

She'd cried, every time they called her a man, or tried to make her talk more deeply. Apparently her crying made them uncomfortable, because eventually they just gave in. They said to keep it secret from the king and queen - but of course, those two never came by, and only rarely requested her presence, so it wasn't any big deal to do so. She could wear skirts, and dresses, whenever she pleased!

Perhaps she should have been mad at the fairies, for making her this way. They had taken away the childhood she was meant to have... But how could anyone be mad that they existed? Whoever that burly prince would have been, Eliza was sure she was better off as herself.

Even if she was sort of sad, sometimes, about being a girl and not having breasts.

It didn't matter, though! It didn't matter, because soon she'd be traveling free of this place, free of everyone who knew about her curses, and her dick.

Well. Free of everyone except Felossa, that was. Felossa, with the jet black hair, and dark eyes. Felossa, with her soft looking lips and her delicate smile. Felossa, who was currently glaring daggers at Eliza, for some reason.

“You're daydreaming about me, again,” Felossa declared.

“S-Sorry...” Eliza muttered, looking down at the ground. “I'm just. I can't believe I got you to go with me! ”

“As a traveling companion. Not a lover. Not even a friend. I am making sure you are taken care of, until you get your legs under you. Nothing more.”

“But that means you care, doesn't it?” Eliza grinned, as he said it. “Which means I have a chance.”

“...A miniscule one, at best,” Felossa grudgingly admitted.

Eliza just beamed. “Miniscule means better than none, right?”

Felossa sighed, shaking her head from side to side. “Well. I'm not here about any of that. I'm just here to tell you that your parents want an audience with you.”

“...Really?” Eliza asked, blinking. “Maybe I should put on some trousers, then...” Considering she was currently sleeping in a cotton nightgown.

“If I may be so bold - it’s likely the last time seeing your parents. Perhaps it would be best if you told them the truth about who you are?”

Eliza wrinkled her nose. “I don’t want to. They wouldn’t understand. They always thought I should try to be their son, even though the curse wouldn’t even let me if I tried.”

“You’re too quick to blame things on the curse,” Fellosa chided. “Have you ever stopped to consider that this might just be who you are? I know as well as you do that they won’t take kindly to your true self - but don’t you at least want to tell them off, before you leave out on your own?”

“They’re the king and queen!” Eliza protested, shaking her head furiously. “And how would I end up like this without the curse? That doesn’t even make sense. The curses affected everything about who I am, how I look... They even affect how I act, if I’m not careful...”

“But they didn’t change who you are inside,” Fellosa countered. “Not truly. No fey gift could do that.”

“Well, these cures must have,” Eliza insisted. “There’s no way I’d be a girl if it wasn’t for them. Not that I mind it, or anything... but. I think telling my

parents how much an effect the curses had on me would just make them worry about me.”

Felossa sighed, but nodded her head. “Very well. I will get you clothing appropriate to a supposed prince.”

Eliza smiled at her in response. “Don’t worry. It’ll be the last time you ever have to see your girl in trousers! After that? After that, I’ll finally be free.”

If only Eliza had known how true those words would be.

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Dressed in fine trousers, and a tight white shirt with puffy sleeves, Eliza couldn’t help but notice that the too tight cloth left little room to even *imagine* she had breasts. Which was really something of a shame.

If she was going to pretend to be a boy for her father, though, she figured she should try and go all the way.

The meeting, as always, was in a small room at the base of the tower. The room had no windows, its only light coming from a torch that had to be lit by the guard on entrance.

There was, of course, no one waiting in the room. Neither the king nor the queen had time to wait for their “son” to dally along. They would come after Eliza herself had gotten situated.

“Thank you,” Eliza murmured to the guard, after he used a match to light the torch, and left the room.

The guard nodded, in return, and moved to stand outside the door while Eliza looked about the place.

Not that there was much to see. It was an old room, with an ancient spinning wheel set in the corner, and a workbench in front of it. There were usually other chairs, about, but for some reason Eliza only saw the workbench today.

She’d never actually sat on it, before. Never really touched the spinning wheel, either. Its sharp spindle honestly kind of scared her - it constantly felt like it was just waiting to prick her.

Of course, that was ridiculous. And she was supposed to be pretending that she was a big, strong, brave man today. And there really were no other chairs to sit on... So.

Eliza sat down on the workbench.

Then sat up immediately, as the door opened to admit the king.

“D-Dad!”

“It’s your Majesty,” the king reminded Eliza, a stern frown on his face.

“R-Right. Your Majesty.” Eliza bowed, at the waist, not daring to peek up until the king gave a quiet “Harumph.”

“I see you’re looking as feminine as ever…” The king muttered, half under his breath but still loud enough for Eliza to hear.

“It’s… It’s the effect of the curses, your Majesty,” Eliza reminded her father.

“Yes… I suppose it’s good to know that magic can last such a long time in someone. It means the final curse should work, as well.”

“The… Final curse, your Majesty?” Eliza asked, tilting her head in confusion. “I. Were there more than three?”

“The fourth curse,” Eliza’s father informed her, “is the most crucial of them all. It’s the one that will give you the freedom you’ve been promised. It’ll set you free of my lineage - and set the kingdom free of its cursed prince. All you have to do is prick your finger on the spindle.”

“My finger… on the spindle?” Eliza asked, befuddlement written on her face. “I don’t understand. How is that a curse? How will that set me free? And… Where’s M- the queen?”

“She won’t be joining us, today,” the king announced, grabbing at Eliza’s hand. “Now. Your finger. Stretch it out please.”

Eliza curled her fingers in response, even as the king pulled her forcefully toward the spindle.

“Your finger,” the king repeated.

“...What will it do to me?” Eliza asked, voice barely more than a whisper.

“Something that should have been done a long time ago. Now - put out your finger, or you’ll be stretching out your neck on a chopping block instead.”

Eliza hesitated, still. “I... You said I could go free... That I could explore the world... That I could...” Her mind was filled, momentarily, with images of Fellosa. Thoughts of her smile, her laugh, and the way she raised her eyebrow when she couldn’t believe what Eliza was getting up to now. The way she’d looked when she found out it had taken Eliza three weeks of training to learn how to put on her own dresses, for example.

Because they were so fancy, sometimes. Even though no one got to see her in them.

Even though no one ever would.

“Please... Father... Don’t make me do this...” Eliza whispered, tears running down her cheeks. “I’m your daughter. Please...”

“I have no daughter, the king whispered, forcefully pulling apart Eliza’s fist. Eliza’s finger clutched in one of his hands, he pulled his daughter toward the spindle.

With her eyes squeezed shut, Eliza still felt the prick, and then the sensation of blood running down her fingertip.

Then she felt her knees give way.

She was falling. Falling for what felt like eons. Falling, as if the floor had dropped out from under her.

Then, suddenly - she was floating? Or it felt as if she were. When she opened her eyes, however, she saw only a void of darkness.

Yet somehow, in that darkness, she could see herself as clear as day. She was standing, in the middle of the void - or perhaps laying down? It was hard to tell, when all was darkness - wearing her too tight white shirt and her trousers. The same thing she’d worn to see her father.

If she’d known it would end up like this, she would have worn a dress instead. Made her father confront the truth, before he killed her.

She was dead, though. Wasn’t she? What else could she be, when she was trapped in nothing but inky darkness as far as the eye could see.

“I’m sorry, Fellosa. You’ll have to go on that journey without me...”

“And what would be the point in that?” came a slightly annoyed voice.

Suddenly, there was a woman standing in front of Eliza. A woman with jet black hair, dark eyes, and a slightly arched left eyebrow.

“Felossa?” Eliza whispered, hardly able to believe it.

“Endrosa, actually,” the woman murmured. As she spoke, her features shifted, her face becoming a touch more angular, her eyes a shade darker. Her hair, already jet black, now seemed to blend in so smoothly with the darkness of the void that it was all but impossible to tell where the one ended and the other began. Her skin, always pale, now looked almost devoid of color.

Behind her back stretched a pair of translucent purple wings. “That’s better,” she murmured. “I know it was only for a few days, but wearing a mortal form truly is tiring...”

“You’re... A fairy?” Eliza asked, barely able to believe it. “You’re one of the fairies who cursed me, aren’t you?”

“I’d call them more gifts than curses, considering how well they suited you - considering the nature of your parents, it’s unlikely you ever would have figured out your true self without them.”

“My true... Self..?” Eliza asked, uncertainly..

“You’re a girl, Eliza. You always have been. And you always would have been.”

“You... How do you know that?” Eliza demanded. “Maybe I would have grown up into a burly young man! Maybe I would have had fun, having - having hairy arms, and being a prince, and... and...”

“And living with a father like that?” Endrosa finished, raising an eyebrow. “I can’t speak to how you would have enjoyed it, I admit. But I can say this: we fairies have the ability to see the true essence of a thing. And ever since the first moment I stared into your crib, I knew your essence would never fit in the body you’d been given.

“That’s why I put my own blessing on you.”

“You mean the one that killed me!?” Eliza demanded, voice rising. “The one that ended my life!?”

“The one that stopped your heart, yes. The one that pulled your soul to this plane. And the one that will allow me to give you the body of your dreams - as a newly made fey.”

“A... The body of my dreams? But I have to become a fey?” Eliza asked, head spinning from the new information. “But if I don’t, I’m dead? And... And I can look anyway I want? I don’t have to stick with what the curse did to me?”

“...I suppose not...” Endrosa murmured. “Though I for one found your body quite nice looking. The idiot trio did a passable job with you.”

“But I don’t *have* to,” Eliza repeated, smiling brightly. Tears were welling in the corner of her eyes. “I don’t have to. I can be anything I want. I can look however I want, can’t I? I can act however I want. I can have a brawny, hairy body, or I can have... I can have breasts? And I can get rid of the thing between my legs?”

“If that’s what you want,” Endrosa agreed, smiling faintly now. “You simply have to imagine the body of your dreams. Your soul will shift shape - and I will build the body to fit.”

“I...” Eliza looked down at herself. At the body she’d been cursed with. The body she had never wanted. The body she’d always assumed was altering her soul.

Now her soul could alter her body. But...

With a single thought, the too tight white fabric of her shirt dissolved. With another thought, her trousers were gone.

Standing naked, she looked down at herself. At her flat chest, and the dick between her legs.

She decided to take care of the dick first.

All it took was a thought, really. A thought, and the flesh between her legs began to pull up inside her, the admittedly short length sucking into her body as the balls retracted. Soon, she was left with folds of flesh, like she had never seen before, with a tiny little nub toward the top.

“Is that...?”

“What a vagina looks like, yes,” Endrosa agreed, rolling her eyes.

Eliza smiled.

Next, she focused on her breasts, A warmth blossomed in her chest, in response, and soon a swelling came up beneath her nipples.

She didn't ask for much. Just enough that it would be obvious she had a chest whenever she put on a shirt. Enough to feel a little heavy in her hands. Enough to make her smile, as her fingers cupped her chest, and her thumb brushed her nipples.

“Do you have to do that in front of me?” Endrosa asked, a faint blush on her cheeks. “You're... Giving me ideas.”

“Is that bad?” Eliza asked, a small smile on her face. “You know, I bet sex like this would feel amazing... and I've never been with anyone before...”

“I have. With many, many people,” Endosa insisted, her cheeks still bright pink. “As is fitting the future queen of the fairies.”

“Future queen of the fairies?” Eliza asked, tilting her head to one side.

“...We fairies live forever. So it’s not inconceivable that I will one day get to experience being queen...”

“Then. When that day comes.” Eliza slipped down onto one knee. “Can I be by your side?”

Endrosa stared at Eliza for a moment, the silence stretching between them. Finally, she let out a quiet sigh.

“I suppose we could try it out for a while. Now that you’re not mortal, at least. But for now, close your eyes, and open them again. You should find yourself where you’re meant to be.”

Eliza frowned, but did as she was asked. She closed her eyes, and when she opened them again...

She was laying in a field of yellow daisies. Naked. Her chest rising and falling, within plain view the moment she tilted her head up, and between her thighs...

“I... I have a vagina,” Eliza whispered, starting to push herself up, before freezing.

There was something on her back.

Tilting her head around, she was shocked to see a pair of delicate, translucent pink wings.

“I told you I was remaking you as a fey,” came a voice. The air rippled, and a figure appeared standing before her. She wore a small smile on her lips, and a dress as dark as the void they had just been in.

“I... All that... I’m really... I’m really a girl?” Eliza asked, barely able to believe it.

“You are,” Eliza agreed. “You always were. It’s just that now you also have the body of your dreams.”

Eliza stared down at her naked form. Slowly, slipping one hand up to her breast, she firmly gripped the tit, and then ran her finger across the thumb.

“W-Will you stop that?” Endrosa demanded, voice raising an octave. “I told you, you’re giving me... Ideas...” Her skin, so pale that it may very well have never seen the sun before today, had once more taken on a red tint.

Eliza got to her feet. She slipped her hand across Endrosa’s pink cheeks, and pressed a kiss softly to the woman’s unresisting lips. “That’s good. I have a lot of ideas, too. Maybe we can start with yours, and work our way down the list?”

She grinned easily as she spoke, as Endrosa’s cheeks turned bright red.

Slowly, though, Endrosa's hand began to lift. Gently, and delicately, she took one of Eliza's breasts in her hands. Barely moving, her finger only barely touched Eliza's nipple, but it was still enough to make Eliza shudder with delight.

"Please," Eliza whispered, voice soft as butter and sweet as cream. "Please. Touch me?"

Endrosa's other hand moved, in response, gently slipping around Eliza's back, and then between her thighs, before moving up to gently touch the folds. Stroking up the length of them, she brushed a finger against Eliza's clit and caused Eliza to squeak out in surprise.

"You didn't know clits felt that way, did you?" Endrosa asked, leaning down to whisper into Eliza's ear. Without warning, she took the other woman's earlobe in her mouth, and ever so barely nipped the edge.

Eliza let out another squeak, as the hand pulled back from around her body.

"P-Please. More," she asked, eyes wide and begging.

"Oh, you'll have more," Endrosa promised, again cupping Eliza's breast in her hand. With a solid shove, she pushed Eliza down onto the daisies, before kneeling down herself between Eliza's knees. "Heavens help me for giving in, but there's something I've wanted to do ever since I saw that pussy of yours..."

“And what’s that?” Eliza asked, confusion and excitement filling her in equal measures.

Endrosa only chuckled, before lowering her mouth to the slit, and gently licking the folds. Pushing her tongue in, she wrapped a bit of Eliza’s sparse pubic hair about a finger, and - at the same time as she kissed and licked the folds - gave the hairs a little tug to make Eliza once more squeak.

Then, with a smile on her face, Endrosa began to lick in earnest.

A pressure was building up inside Eliza, in response. A heat, beyond anything she had ever known before. She felt like it was swelling up inside her, fit to burst. She felt like she couldn’t hold much longer.

She wasn’t sure what was about to happen to her.

She only knew that she wanted to find out, with Endrosa by her side.

So, as Enrosa licked her again, Eliza allowed herself to tumble over the edge of orgasm, and screamed out her lover’s name, until she was so hoarse she could barely whisper.

Even so, she had no regrets.

In fact, for the first time in her life, she was grateful she’d been cursed. Not just because it led to this, but because it had led her to discovering who she truly was.

Her name was Eliza, and she was a woman, through and through. Something she would never doubt again.