

## A Royal Lesson - Part 4

For TGStudios

By TheSpiralledEye

*Prince Darien learns that life is a lot harder outside the palace and decides to go to his trusted advisor for help, not knowing this swap was his plan in the first place.*

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Darien woke slowly the next morning; his body sore but relaxed. His inner passage burned as he stretched, it was slightly painful but also gratifying; like stretching a muscle the day after satisfying exercise. He rolled over in bed, ready to snuggle back to sleep when his nose brushed against the blanket. The rough, cheaply made blanket. Reality slammed back into the former prince and his eyes snapped open revealing not his usual royal chamber but the small, cramped room of the whore house.

He sat up quickly, feeling his breasts come to hang off his chest, heavy and slightly sore after so many hands squeezing them all night. After her strapping young man came another, then another. He had hated himself for enjoying each and every one. The sheets were stained and he grimaced knowing no servants would appear at the clap of his hands in order to change them. Who changed the sheets in a whorehouse? The madam? Surely not him, right?

Slowly he got up and poked his head out into the hall, the sound of snoring met his ears. Of course, whores worked all night so it made sense they spent the day in bed asleep. Judging by the sun filtering through the open window at the end of the hall, it was well past midday.

Darien shifted uncomfortably in his clothes, his skin felt disgusting and coated in dry sweat, not to mention those rough blanket fibres. He was desperate for a bath but had no idea how to organise one. Normally, when he wanted a bath all he needed to do was summon the servants and they heated the water and fetched the tub. Did this place even have a tub? God he hoped so. Gwendolyn was always clean and beautiful for him but perhaps she got cleaned up at the palace?

He crept down the hall, peaking into each room but all that revealed was a set up similar to his own with a sleeping woman curled up in the bed. As he made his way down the stairs he began to riffle through the cupboards until finally he saw what he needed; a large wooden tub.

Darien strained, dragging the tub across the floor; he was a trained knight, he was used to being big and strong yet this womanly body was weak and lithe; there was no way he would be able to drag it up to his room, let alone fetch enough water to fill it.

“What are you doing?”

He spun on his heels to find the Madam looking down at him with irritation, the redness around her eyes told Darien he had woken her.

“I need a bath.” He said simply, “I am filthy.”

“You had one two days ago, but alright.” She waved him off, “Bucket is by the wall, try to be quiet, would you? We all need our beauty sleep.”

“Wait!” He called as she turned to leave. “How do I heat the water?”

The madam just blinked at him for a moment before laughing, heading back into her room with a shake of her head and muttering something about the prince spoiling him. Darien swallowed, glancing around and finding only a wooden bucket; there was no way he could heat that over the fire. That meant no warm bath.

For a moment or two he stood frozen by indecision before grabbing the wooden pail and heading out the door to the nearest well. A cold bath was better than being disgusting, he needed to wash the scent of those men off him before he got too used to it.

It took him almost an hour to haul enough water to fill the tub and when he finally stripped out of the dress and stepped inside he felt as though he were stepping into a frozen river. Instantly his skin was coated in goosebumps and his nipples turned to hard rocks. He took a deep breath and forced himself to sit, knees up against his ample chest in a vague attempt to warm up while he washed himself.

His skin felt slick as the cold water slid over it, making his skin shiny as the grime was washed away. Normally he liked to soak, laying back in the steam while servants applied scented oils to the water in order to soften his skin. Gwendolyn's body needed no such oils, her skin was already smooth as silk which was fortunate because the icy water was certainly not encouraging him to soak.

He jumped out and immediately realised he had no way to dry himself. He stood, naked and shivering with his arms wrapped around himself. After a few cold minutes of stumbling about the room he finally found a spare blanket made of that same rough material as his bed. Oh, how he missed his silk sheets. Darien felt his resolve harden; he would make Gwendolyn pay for this swap if it was the last thing he ever did.

He tiptoed back up to his room, dropping the dirty dress on the floor and rifling through the crates beneath the bed. Gwendolyn had, in total, three outfits. Three! She was the prince's prize concubine and she only had three dresses? How pathetic. He would have to improve her wardrobe at some point in the future, granted he barely paid attention to what she wore, being more interested in getting it off.

He selected a slightly faded blue dress with a tight corset and spent several long minutes trying to fit himself into it. Why did the corset have so many ties? And why at the back where they were so hard to lace? And this hair! It took him almost half an hour to brush the knots out of it.

When he was finally done he sighed in relief, finally feeling like a proper human being again. Even if he was female. He wished he had a mirror so he could at least see how pretty he must look, he then blushed deeply for even thinking such a thing. He was a man! Stuck in a female body, he should not want to feel 'pretty'.

No matter, it was time to put his plan in motion and he walked out of the whorehouse and began heading for the castle. Once his advisor Adric found out what Gwendolyn had done he would be outraged. Darien had no idea how his whore had gotten her hands on such strong magic but he was sure Adric's own would be more than enough to undo it. He was the most powerful wizard in the realm, it was a big part of why he was considered his best advisor.

The walk back to the palace was just as bad as the walk there. He found himself impressed by Gwendolyn's dedication to him, walking all this way whenever he called.

Though how she did it without developing blisters he would never know, by the time he reached the castle gate his feet felt like they were on fire.

Thankfully, nobody questioned his presence, Gwentonlyn was called to the castle constantly, so the guards didn't hassle him at all. Not even when he headed in the opposite direction to his old chambers, toward Adric's tower. Was Gwendolyn in his bed right now? He often slept till noon as prince; the idea of her enjoying his silk sheets and bed warmers made his blood boil. A whore didn't deserve such luxuries! He did! And instead he was sleeping in rough hewn blankets in a wooden whore house. The indignity!

His rage was in full swing by the time he reached Adric's tower, so much so that he forgot what body he was in and barged right through the doors without knocking. The wizard was sitting at his desk, quill in hand and looked up with surprise; nobody ever walked in here without announcing themselves. For a second there was a flicker in his eye, some emotion Darien couldn't quite place before Adric's usual serious demeanour returned.

"Gwendolyn? What can I do for you, our prince isn't mistreating you is he?"

"What? Of course not, I would never mistreat my whore." He responded indignantly before remembering himself, "I know this will sound insane Adric but it's me, Darien!"

"Prince Darien?" He raised an eyebrow.

"Yes! I don't know how but somehow Gwendolyn switched places with me last night. You cannot imagine what I have been through, Adric! The humiliation. I had to sleep at the whore house!"

He made sure not to mention what exactly he had gotten up to in the whore house; that he would take to his grave. Especially how much he enjoyed it.

The wizard stroked his beard and hummed to himself.

"I believe you, Gwendolyn simply isn't smart enough to fool me if she tried to lie about this sort of thing." He stood and Darien felt a wave of relief wash over him, Adric understood.

"It will take me time to find a way to reverse this though," He admitted, "And it is important we do not like Gwendolyn know I am helping you."

"What why?"

"She may be a stupid woman, my prince, but the less edge we give her, the better." He said knowingly, "After all, we don't know where she got such a powerful spell. She could have other tricks up her sleeve."

"Oh yes, I hadn't considered that."

"No problem, my prince, that is what I am here for." Adric smiled warmly, "Now, let me try and divine what sort of spell this is. Stand still and try not to blink."

He waved his fingers before Darien's eyes, colourful sparks and threads of light swirled from them. The magical lights twisted and turned into a flowering ball of colours that moved in an almost hypnotic pattern. Obeying Adric, Darien stared deeply into them, feeling his eyelids flutter for a moment as he struggled to keep them open. Then, in an instant they were gone and the prince found himself blinking rapidly to clear the after images away.

"There, I have divined the magic behind this. I will begin work on a cure for you post haste."

"Thank you, Adric." Darien sighed, "How long will it take?"

"A few days I am afraid, my prince. In the meantime you will need to return to the whorehouse to avoid arousing Gwendolyn's suspicion."

"W-what no!"

He couldn't go back there, with all those lovely temptations. Those strapping young men with their huge, thick cocks that felt so lovely inside him. He couldn't debase himself again!

"You must." Adric said firmly, "Trust me sire, this is the best way to get what we need."

"Alright." he sighed, "Thank you for this Adric."

He smiled, giving Darien a deep, reverent bow.

"You are most welcome, my prince."

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Adric watched as the prince left; the simpering, loyal smile he wore dropped as soon as the door closed. Darien really was too easy to manipulate. A few bad words about Gwendolyn and a stroke of his ego and the former prince was putty in his hands. He was such a fool he couldn't even tell he was being enchanted; Adric didn't even need to hide it!

That spell would take care of the rest now. Slowly the princess mind would begin to change, slowly becoming the common whore he now was. A week from now he wouldn't even remember he'd ever been a prince. Leaving Adric in charge of the kingdom with Gwendolyn his willing figurehead. Perhaps he would even order the prince to his chambers once the mental changes were complete and enjoy fucking him into the mattress. He had waited so long to put that brat in his place and he wanted to savour it.