

## **In another world to stop the Demon Lord... By becoming his bride?!**

John was an ordinary college student. His grades weren't great, but not terrible. He wasn't in any danger of failing. He wasn't on any sports teams, nor was he in any clubs. He mostly kept to himself. Reading, playing video games, and the occasional fantasy board game.

He was, in brief, the perfect example of someone who ends up having something fantastical turn his life upside down. Not exactly an accident, he actually had a theory about that. Why did the most exciting things always seem to happen to the most boring people? Perhaps as opposite poles on a magnet attract each other, the mundane and fantastic are drawn to each other.

That's why he strove to be as ordinary as he possibly could be. Practically invisible for as painfully average he is. If his theory was right, something was bound to happen. If he was wrong, he would have a calm, stress free college experience. Either way, it worked out for him.

He made his way through the college library, working his way back to the fantasy section. He made his way through shelf after shelf of textbooks, encyclopedias, and other reference materials. The college of course kept the books relevant to study in the front, which suited him just fine. It meant his search for a new fantasy novel would lead him to an empty, quiet section of the library. Dull, lonely, perfect for his plans.

His hand traced a line of books as he arrived at the back of the library, as his eyes traced the titles. Sipping over the ones he had already read, skipping the ones that sounded uninteresting. It would be a tragedy if his fantastical adventure took him to some dreary world more mundane than his own. Though, he supposed it would fit his magnet theory; an amazing event leading into total, absolute boredom...

Best not to take that chance and choose carefully. His eyes fell on a pitch black book cover with red foil lettering, "The Dark Lord's Bride". That had potential. A Dark Lord implied some level of magic, and conflict. He imagined it was probably about some demoness trying to revive the dark lord and a hero needing to stop her.

He pulled the book off of the shelf, opening it slowly. "If only my life was as exciting as one of these books." he said softly to help tempt fate.

When the page began to glow, his heart jumped. There was a moment of disbelief, and an instinctual fear first, before his sense of pride swelled. As he felt himself being pulled towards the book, his first coherent thought was that his theory was right!

As John was pulled into the book, he noticed his hands changing as they crossed the threshold. They glowed a bright white, washing out any view of his own skin. He looked down and could see almost a line moving down his body, leaving his body naked and glowing above that line. In only a moment, his entire body had been engulfed in the brilliant glow.

He looked over his body, but it was hard to make out any detail. It was almost... Generic in a way. A template of a body. He then looked out around him. It was a dark void, with red, blue, and white streaks in the distance all passing him in the same direction.

Was he moving then? Were these stars? He looked towards the source of the streaks and they did seem to largely come from one point in the distance. That must be his destination.

As he peered into the distance, he saw two orbs of the same light he seemed to be made of. They were small at first but grew rapidly as they approached. Before he knew it, two cantaloupe sized balls struck him in the chest. He instinctively tried to let out a gasp as he clutched his chest, but no sound, no air even came out.

His hands, meanwhile, had stopped short of reaching his chest. The two orbs were still there in the way, yet it felt as though his chest did have his hands on it. He looked down and felt another wave of shock as he saw that the orbs had fused to his body. It looked as though he had two large breasts sitting naturally on his chest.

He opened his mouth, attempting to let out a cry of alarm, but again it seemed his light based body had no air to exhale, no vocal cords to strum. He tightened his grip on the balls and tugged at them, trying to pull them off, but instead he only felt a mix of stimulating pleasure and pain as they hung on in spite of his tight grip. They weren't just attached; they were a part of him.

He then felt something strike his leg, and his shoulder next. He looked up from his chest and saw small orbs of all colors coming at him, bombarding his body. He felt strange, as each orb connected, new connections were being added to his nervous system... and some seemed to disappear?

He was never aware of this part of him before. He couldn't begin to describe what a nervous system felt like, but he could certainly feel it changing. It was overwhelming, in a very literal sense, and he felt his consciousness slipping away as his body flooded him with sensations he couldn't understand.

Then, he felt a thud.

He was on his hands and knees, actual hands, no longer glowing. But they weren't his hands. He felt something sliding from his shoulders as long pink hair fell into his field of view. He looked down, and saw a large breasts dangling freely from his chest, nipples erect and... They looked so real...

"Brave soul from beyond the stars, we thank you for answering our call." A soft feminine voice spoke, breaking his focus on the breasts.

He looked up, and saw two women standing in front of him. One had long blonde hair, shaped by a silver tiara. She wore a flowing pink gown and held a scepter in both of her hands tightly to her body. Nearly a foot taller than her was a second woman in a much plainer black gown, with a wide white collar that connected in the front of the gown and traveled all the way down. A single ray of white against the blackness surrounding it.

His eyes followed the white line down to her feet then back up to her head. She had brown hair, cut to shoulder length, with a simple straight style, and wore a serious expression on her face.

She stepped forward, and offered a white cloth with one hand. "We did not know what your measurements would be precisely, so use this to cover yourself." she said. Her voice sounded fuller, and more mature than the one he heard before.

“I am Princess Amelia of the Desarian line” the woman in the pink dress spoke, hers was the first voice he had heard, with no mistake. “And this is my attendant, Miss Jacqueline Lane. We have summoned you to our world to help forestall the Dark Lord’s conquest of our land and the end of our world.”

John accepted the cloth and wrapped it loosely around his body, trying not to think too hard about what it had become. “So you need me to slay the demon lord so you can live in peace.” He said, trying to force an air of confidence out of himself. His voice, however, sounded entirely alien to his ears. Too high pitched, too... Feminine...

“H-Heavens no!” the princess gasped, nearly dropping her scepter before scrambling to catch it. “That’s suicide! He would tear you apart!”

“I mean, that’s why you summoned me right?” He asked, confused at where this was headed “A hero from beyond the stars sent to vanquish evil in the name of the crown?”

He heard the sound of the other woman loudly clearing her throat, and turned towards her as she began to speak. “Ordinarily, that is how this proceeds.” she said, with an almost clinical tone. “In our history, we have long summoned mighty heroes to vanquish the evil that lurks in the land beyond.”

“However... The princess is correct. For you to challenge the dark lord would be nothing short of suicide.”

“Because I need training first?” he asked, trying not to let the sound coming out of his mouth throw him off.

“Because you are weak.” she responded bluntly.

Suddenly, a clattering sound drew John’s attention to the princess again. She had fallen to her knees, the scepter laying on the floor in front of her.

“I-I’m sorry” she muttered, looking down at the floor.

“You need to understand.” Jacqueline continued, “you cannot summon something which outstrips the power you can produce.”

John’s eyes remained fixed on the princess. Something was glistening on her cheeks... Was she crying?

The attendant continued “As the only living descendant of the Desarian King, only Princess Amelia has the ability to use this summoning circle. However...”

“I’m... A failure...” The princess sobbed.

“No. You are young. Inexperienced, and untrained.” the attendant said, her voice softening in an instant. “Its not your fault.”

“Wait,” John said, feeling more lost by the moment. “What wasn’t her fault? Why did you summon me if I can’t help?”

“S-She insisted...” Amelia said softly between almost silent sobs.

“Allow me to explain, Princess.” Jacqueline said “The Dark Lord made his first appearance in centuries some days ago. His first act was to devastate the royal estate, slaughtering everyone inside.”

“We thought all hope was lost. The royal line had been severed at the head, and our single saving grace, the platform you stand upon now was rendered useless in one fell swoop.”

“Every... Legitimate heir to the throne was dead.” she said, pausing to give some weight to that statement before continuing. “But not everyone with the royal blood within them was.”

“M-My mother...” Amelia said slowly “She had an affair with the king when she was young, and she became pregnant. She raised me in the servants quarters and told no one...”

“Not until the attack.” The attendant resumed. “As we grieved the loss of our entire royal family... She came forward with her confession. With our salvation.”

“Amelia was trained to fold laundry, mop floors, and cook meals. She was never trained to perform magic. Her body cannot channel the power needed to summon a hero to rival the Dark Lord.”

“I-I tried my hardest!” The princes cried out, “I tried to get the strongest soul I could find but... The best I could muster was just... A-Average. I couldn’t grasp anything exceptional...”

Jacqueline walked back to the princess’s side and put an arm around her. “Its okay” she said softly, “You succeeded where it counts.”

“Okay, I get why things are bad here.” John said, pulling the cloth tighter against his body. “But again, if I can’t stop the Dark Lord, why did you bring me here?”

“You are a sacrifice...” The princess squeaked, her voice giving out part way into the last word.

“What?”

Jacqueline looked up from the princess and directly into John’s eyes. “Blame me, not her. It is my idea, and she had no other option.”

“What is your idea!?” John blurted out, he was starting to get scared now. He didn’t want to die here. He just wanted a fun adventure. If its rigged from the start...

“You will be the Dark Lord’s bride.” Jacqueline said sternly, her eyes not breaking from his. “We will spread rumor that you are an incorruptible maiden. Pure of heart, and sent down from the heavens to prove that evil cannot corrupt the pure.”

“Once his curiosity is piqued, we will offer you to him as a challenge, and while he works to corrupt you, I will train Amelia to endure more mana flowing through her body” she continued, “and once she is strong enough, she will summon a true hero to save us all.”

“I understand this is asking a lot of you, but if you can hold out long enough, we will instruct our hero to save you, or else capture you alive so we may cleanse you of the corruption.”

“Wait wait wait...” John said, standing fully and dropping the cloth. “Are you telling me THAT is why I have this body now? You turned me into a woman so you could trade me off to the Dark Lord?”

“Turned you...?” Jacqueline looked puzzled as Amelia closed her eyes tightly.

“I-I’m sorry!” She squaked again.

“What did you do?” Jacquelin asked, her voice turning stern for the first time towards the princess.

“I c-couldnt find a woman who was so perfectly average...” she stammered “He was the only one I-I could f-find who was exactly at my limit in every category... so... I kind of... m-made a few... changes along the way?”

“CHANGES?!” She shouted, her voice echoing through the chamber. “This plan isn’t going to work without the maiden’s cooperation! She could spill everything about our plan day one and it will all be for nothing!”

“I-I’m s-”

“Don’t say it to me! You offended our only potential savior! Apologize to he-him and pray he is still willing to help us!”

“P-Please forgive me!” the princess stammered hastily, “O-Or don’t! Hate me if you must! B-But please help save our kingdom! Our people are innocent a-and you are our only hope!”