

PRINCESS THEORY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Have you ever heard of ‘Princess Theory’? It’s a concept I just made up!”

“Uh... If you just made it up, then how could I have heard about it?” Kay wasn’t sure *what* to make of this encounter. He’d been drawing on his tablet at home one night when he’d received a sudden and concerning guest. Though, ‘sudden’ didn’t even begin to aptly describe it when she could just *suddenly appear* in his bedroom without invitation. A young girl with cat ears and *two* cat tails swishing back and forth behind her. She clearly wasn’t human, which was a rarity in a world that was otherwise normal.

But he knew *who* and *what* she was. Hisa. A nekomata creation his friend Axel had created. To say he’d made her *real* intentionally would have been a lie, and he didn’t think that even Axel himself knew how it happened. He just knew that this girl had pretty much ended up embodying all of his interest in transformation fiction and tended to use her very real powers in service of that interest... just warped to suit her own interests.

So, you could imagine why Kay was a little cautious about her appearance.

“Huh, guess you’re right! You’re so smart!” He *really* hoped that this wasn’t going somewhere *strange*, but all things considered... **“Well, it’s like... Princesses are royals, right? They have to have noble backgrounds! But is that really the case? Couldn’t anyone just call themselves a ‘princess’ so long as they were respected enough? Like a firefighter princess? An office princess? A**

courtesan princess?” This wasn’t much of a theory. It *sounded* like the ramblings of a child. “**So, why don’t you test that theory for me~?**”

“*Wh—*”

“**—at?**” All it took was the span of a *single* word for Kay’s surroundings to warp completely and for his butt to sink into a surface that was far softer than the desk chair he’d been sitting on. The room he was sitting in was replaced by one far more dimly lit and only by candlelight. There was a strong scent of incense as moonlight bled in through a nearby window. A window that was... Well, not what you’d expect to find in a modern society, much less in his home country.

There was an old Imperial China aesthetic to the room, right down to the overly plush bed that he was sitting on. Or *had* been. He pushed himself up to wander over to the window. “**Where did she send me!?**” The more concerning question might not have been ‘where’, but ‘*when*’. Because while barely lit by the moon, the streets below were made of dirt and lined with buildings of a similar architectural type as the room he was in.

He had to admit that it all felt strangely familiar, but he also didn’t have enough to go off of. At least not yet.

“**I need to calm down... Rationally speaking... China? Korea? ...It’s probably not Japan.**” These regions all had some manner of overlap when it came to architecture thanks to their locations in the world and historical overlap. “**Wait, is there anything with text?**” Kay was confident that he could at least identify the language based on what was written, even if he wouldn’t be able to read it. After looking around a moment in the dimly lit space? He eventually found a book that was bound by hand on a nearby table. “**...Book of Poems?**” He read the title aloud.

Wait, he *read* it? “**...Huh?**” He definitely *shouldn’t* have been able to do that, and this fact wasn’t lost on him at all. It wasn’t English, but because he *could* read it? He was having problems identifying what language the characters *were* supposed to represent. “**Damnit, I guess that isn’t going to work...**” What *was* lost on him was that he sounded strangely... *tired*. Like more-so than usual. It wasn’t your typical fatigue; it felt more like a shift of personality.

And it *didn’t* come without physical indicators. “**Waaaait a second.**” It had been so subtle at first that he hadn’t caught on instantly, but now that he was thinking about it? The nearby table was a little closer to his

eye level *and* his clothing felt looser than it had been. **“I’m shrinking...”** He felt compelled to check his hands, and doing so not only revealed that his digits were becoming slender, dainty, and manicured... but also that splotches of black had surfaced on them. **“What is...? Sniff, sniff?”**

...*Ink?* Kay’s height was *still* slipping mind you, and he was subtly adjusting his posture here and there because his feet were narrowing and softening in kind. 5’6”. He’d been nearly six feet tall before, yet that was how low he had dropped before he had stopped shrinking. End even though these losses of height were often associated with a decline in age? His own age wasn’t perceivably younger at all. Rather... was he slightly further along in his thirties now?

“Why would ink...? AHM.” Clearing his throat didn’t do the man any good. In fact, the more feminine and huskier quality to his voice’s sound felt even more prevalent after doing so. **“Not that I ever doubted that I was becoming a woman...”** It *was* a little strange, though. He’d never had any real problems with being a man... so why did being a woman almost feel *preferable*? Some very negative feelings towards masculinity were surfacing that hadn’t been there before.

Ink-splotched hands quietly explored what he already anticipated, reaching up to touch at his own face. He could feel his own skin softening while his face rearranged, with cheeks slimming and his chin pulling farther from his forehead to give that face a longer appearance that simultaneously affected the length of his nose and led to his nostrils slimming. **“My makeup...”** Kay mumbled to himself in warning just as his lips not only bloated but found themselves painted red, while blush decorated his cheeks and mascara was applied to lengthened lashes upon a pair of eyes that not only turned red, but narrowed and took on monolid forms to appear clearly *Asian*.

Tilting his head forward slightly? His glasses slipped off the bridge off of his nose. But not only did he find that he didn’t *need* them, but upon reaching to catch them... all his fingers caught was thin air. It was like they had just *disappeared*. Oh well. At least he could see *without* them.

At some point, he’d begun thinking and speaking the language used in the poetry book he’d set back down without any acknowledgement of that fact. **“Wait, since when did I care about makeup. Or my hair? I guess presentation is everything in this line of business, which is...?”** Kay didn’t like the sensation of his memories twisting in real time, especially when it didn’t feel like his old ones were fading like normal. It was like new ones were being loosely placed on top, leaving him a little confused. What was his new job, exactly?

Regardless, the moment he mentioned the presentation of his hair, that hair began to unfurl as what had once been short grew longer and longer. A delicate odor wafted off of what became a set of long, silky, and *dark purple* locks that reached well past his rear end. Bangs were swept to the sides, revealing that his now feminine forehead was *quite* large. **“My hair... I want to tie it.”** Why was it even bothering him so much that it was loose? It just didn’t feel... *right*. The now wild bush of his now purple pubes *did*, though.

And that was the long and short of it by this juncture. The more his body changed, the more ‘correct’ it felt. Perhaps that was why *she* hadn’t reacted to what was clearly the uncanny sensation of her loins folding inward and slithering into the new slit that formed between her legs. **“As expected...”** That was all she muttered to herself as she adjusted her posture once more, this time because her hips inched wider to provide some much-needed space for the weight that padded her thighs and ass, taking what was once flat and bloating it into the beginning of an hourglass figure that was surprisingly perky for a woman of her age.

What Kay found a *little* annoying was the memories that appeared to open up with her change in sex. She didn’t just *have* a pussy; she’d used it pretty actively. There were tricks that she knew now that she’d *never* known before, but her opinion of it all was very... *tired*. And so, the slimming of her waist and the formation of her hourglass figure’s upper half didn’t exactly rouse much fervor either. Not that they were anything to scoff at, and in fact most women would be elated if they watched their flat chest burgeon out into a supple pair of *F-cup* tits that lifted the base of her hoodie

But as she was now, Kay just saw it as another feature that would draw the attention of men.

Which seemed all the more peculiar with her new profession in mind. It was one that required a change of attire, and the same magic that had changed her body saw it fit to disrobe her. **“Hm.”** She *definitely* wasn’t amused by that, but before she could address her involuntarily nudity? A maroon-colored hanfu with blue accents shrouded her figure aside from her shoulders and cleavage, while a silver tiara rest atop her head before hair that was both tied up at the top and down at the bottom by purple lace. Her feet were adorned with sandals, but you couldn’t see them with the hanfu as long as it was.

“I see... a courtesan. Well, I suppose her theory proved to be true, inane as it was.” *Joka* felt like



she should have perhaps been a *little* alarmed about her current predicament. Memories of her past life had not faded, so she still had the perspective of someone who was a transformation victim. That said, her new memories were dominant. Memories of living her life as one of the *Three Princesses* of Verdigris House, a high-class brother in the red-light district of the Kingdom of Li.

At least compared to the other two princesses, she was much more aloof. She didn't even particular *like* men like they did. But Li was not a place where beggars could be choosers, and if her good looks and a night alone with a man could line her pockets? She would still do it. **"My memories certainly make it easier to accept. I... know things."** Techniques to wrap men around her finger and extract as much money as she could out of them. And yet? Somehow, she felt like she wasn't alone in this unwanted fate.

"Hm... I suppose while I await my guest, this at least inspires a poem."

"I..." I *really* felt like I should have expected the fate that had awaited me as my surroundings changed distorted into what I could best liken to an ancient Chinese... *bedroom*? It was a room that was *very* similar to the one Kay had found himself in, and admittedly I wasn't aware that he was actually in the room *right* next to mine demonstrating the same amount of confusion. The scent of the incense burning next to the window was *very* strong, making use of fragrances I'd never smelled before. But it was soothing in a way.

As for how I had even ended up there in the first place? It was *obviously* Hisa's handiwork, but for what reason I didn't have the *foggiest* idea. She hadn't spoken to me or anything. I'd just been working at my computer, and *now* I was sitting on an admittedly extremely comfortable bed. I stood up with a groan. **"Seriously? I know she usually drags others in when she messes with me..."** Was she messing with someone else?

Or did she just think it would be funnier if I didn't know what was going on?

"Ugh... Of course." While Hisa had transformed me into similar shapes time and time again, the processes tended to vary. My first change was a very good example of this, where because I was a heftier set guy, there were numerous ways she could tackle *removing* that weight. Sometimes it wasn't uncomfortable in the slightest and I didn't notice a thing. In others? Well, particularly in *this* case, I momentarily

felt *starved* as the skin of my belly tightened against a body that was less and less rotund as the seconds passed by.

I placed a hand over my belly with my shirt in between. That shirt grew larger and larger against my body contrastingly as any excess weight was lost, and while I expected *all* of that excess weight to be removed? “...*Huh?*” Because I’d had that expectation, I was a little surprised to find that my tummy didn’t flatten entirely. There was still a notable *squish* to it, a bulge that had led to much vaguer stretch marks than I’d possessed before. There was a touch of pudginess left in my chest, arms, and thighs as well. Meaning that whoever or whatever I was becoming wasn’t a perfectly trim young lady. ...Assuming I *was* becoming a young lady. I wasn’t often turned into anyone over thirty. At the very least, I had become just as hairless as one that shaved.

“**What is her angle *here~?***” Did my voice crack? Wasn’t it a little *more* than that? There’d been an almost playful hum at the end of it, one that rattled me more than the subtle stooping of my height. That said, my clothes were *already* baggy due to the weight loss, so I wasn’t exactly in the best shape to realize. Even so, I slipped down from nearly six feet tall to a short 5’7” with little to no fanfare. My pants were a little baggier and my shirt hung a little lower, but in the grand schemes it was a somewhat negligible change. Still, it carried the same changes to my hands and feet that left them small and dainty.

My head felt a little... fuzzy. I could tell that process of memory insertion had begun, but it didn’t carry the same level of disorientation that typically came with having my old ones removed in the process. Were they coexisting? But from my perspective, trying to remember any of these new recollections was a rather hazy ordeal at the time. It did pull me away from plausibly recognizing that the tingling in my face was leading to a changing of the shapes of my features, though.

As a man in my thirties now, I didn’t really change very much in age. I might have gradually appeared older, but only by a few years while my soft face was pulled longer and my lips grew *significantly* plumper and glossier as paint brightened its pinks. My nostrils also flared while my eyes narrowed as a red that was vaguely pinker than Joka’s dyed my irises, clearly painting me as an individual of *Asian* descent with makeup that was lighter in color tickled my cheeks and eyelashes.

Red Huadian markings were painted upon my forehead in the shape of a flower as well, but they became a little more difficult to see thanks to my hair. “*Hm?*” A fading of my Adam’s apple had led to the lightening of my voice, and it hadn’t even occurred to me that I now thought *and* spoke in a different language entirely. I was more perplexed by the sensation of my hair tickling the back of my neck. In a much more

gingerly manner than normal, I reached my fingers back to pull forward a few strands of dark purple that were vaguely redder than Joka's but not by much. It grew to the center of my back, while my silky bangs were only vaguely parted just enough to see the Huandian markings.

“...H-Heavy...” Because I hadn't lost *all* of my body weight, I had assumed that my body might remain somewhat heavy, and while I hadn't been wrong... I hadn't *quite* pieced together just *where* all of that weight would accumulate. *My chest*. It wasn't the only place, but it was the most notable place *to me*. I stumbled forward not only as weight built, lifting the base of my shirt as loose mounds that had been leftover from my previous weight exploded into melons that seemed to be a little *too* perky? But there was a reason for that. **“Why does this feel so... strange?”**

I *hadn't* lost my memories, I could recall being turned into a woman numerous times in the past. Some of them had breasts that were bigger than the *H-cups* I had now developed, too. But they felt sensitive, tender, and *bloated*? I groped at one of them with my fingers, and—**“Ah!?”** I shuddered. Not only had my nipple been *extremely* hard, but something had come *out* of my nipple and had stained the front of my shirt. **“Was that... milk?”** I was producing milk? Was I *pregnant*? No, newly unearthed memories helped me dismiss that idea. Instead, I found myself recalling *pleasurable* experiences where I not only made good use of my lactating tits, but also...

“Mmn...” To the unaware, it might have seemed like I'd gotten a little *too* until these 'memories' – or perhaps they were *fantasies* at this point. I was biting my lower lip, and while these imaginations *did* play a role in that, it was provoked much more by the degradation of my cock and balls and their inevitable assimilation into the lips and clit of my new pussy, effectively turning me into the *woman* that most of my body suggested otherwise. And boy, had that pussy seen a *lot* of action over the years.

I soon pondered vivid recollections of my shaking my hips against any man willing to pay the exorbitant fees required to borrow me for an entire night, and my pants inevitably grew tighter in the meantime. The cheeks of my ass *and* my thighs swelled with gratuity, wedging my hips nearly *five inches* wider to accommodate cheeks that were almost as excessive as my milkable tits, plump and bouncy with new, firmer fat that meshed with the excess weight that was leftover from my old build. My now hairless thighs were graced with a similar phenomenon, and even just standing still they pressed up against each other. Each thigh was larger than my *waist*.

If not for my huge and tender breasts, I might have been able to easily see as much in the seconds that followed as my clothes were stripped away, leaving even my thick, purple bush exposed. A cream-colored hanfu promptly obscured everything aside from my deep cleavage, and I could feel the warmth of a pink and blue shawl that was now wrapped around my arms. I wore sandals underneath my hanfu much like Joka, my my shorter hair was accessorized by a blue flower on my head's left side, with the hair at my head's side tied into loops around my ears that were bound in the back. It all felt *right*, even though I took a moment to adjust the fit of my outfit with my fingers, now manicured and painted in a light pink.

“Mm... I don't like how *full* I feel, but I suppose I could get my *dear customer* to provide me with some relief.” Well, it certainly made sense to me why my nipples had dribbled as my tits had grown. As *Pairin*, one of the Three Princesses of Verdigris, I had a condition that left my body in a state of perpetual lactation. I could do so if stimulated, and that meant that my tits were always weighed down with the promise of milk. *Not that it's an issue. Men tend to enjoy it.* As a courtesan, it certainly had its uses!



It wasn't the first time I had been in this position according to my *old* memories. Being a woman yet having an awareness of coming from a different place entirely. As a man I had been straight, and as a woman... I was *still* straight. I took no issue with spending a night with a man, and in fact the attention I would receive was rather intoxicating. There was a reason Maomao called me a 'sex demoness' – and I had the skills to back up such a title, fufu!

“My client should be here shortly. I certainly hope he *spoils me*.” I couldn't help but coo as I rubbed not only at one of my full tits, but at my crotch needily. Was returning to normal a priority? Perhaps it *should* have been, but... A life of pleasure where all of my needs were taken care of? I didn't think I'd mind living that life *indefinitely*.

“So, did you two have a *good night*?” The third of the Three Princesses, Meimei, playfully asked Joka and Pairin the next morning at breakfast. After a night of selling their bodies, the three had been afforded a chance to sleep in and dine together. Unaware of each other, Joka and Pairin had been hesitant to say anything about their past lives. Until... **“In those new bodies I gave you? What do you think**

about my ‘Princess Theory’?” The words were delivered in Meimei’s expected tone, but—



“**It was you.**” Joka wasted no time in cutting her off, realizing she was Hisa. That meant that Pairin was likely Axel? “**I don’t care about your stupid theory. Change us back, please. I don’t want to spend anymore night caring for men.**” She worried this would just provoke her into mentally adjusting her so that she accepted this new life, but that didn’t seem to be the case. In fact, the response surprised her.

“**Well, if you two *both* want to return to normal!**” That was *oddly* charitable of her. Joka immediately spared a glance towards Pairin, who seemed to be spooning her porridge as if to feign ignorance. “**Joka wants to. What about you, Pairin~?**” Hearing her name finally pushed her to perk up. Had she been listening to their conversation, or...?

Pairin blinked a couple of times. “**Hm? Whatever do you mean? I quite like this life, and I don’t really know what you’re talking about? Did you have a little too much to drink last night, maybe?**” Joka was quick to click her tongue with annoyance before looking over at Meimei. Had she altered Pairin’s—

“**Don’t look at me! I didn’t erase her old ones!**”

Then Pairin was just... “*Ugh.*”