

TROPICAL PRINCESS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“As I expected, this tropical climate is hardly the best match for me...”

Neve, a penguin Laguz from Tellius, wiped off the beads of sweat that had accumulated across her forehead while rooting through the contents of an *overstuffed* bag. What she was dealing with wasn't merely a bout of extreme summer heat. In fact, you'd have trouble finding a climate that hot and humid *anywhere* on the continent. Even the weather conditions across the beaches that bordered the ocean were relatively tame by contrast.

The ocean *could* be observed from where the young woman was positioned, but the truth of the matter was that she wasn't *on* Tellius at all. She was on a tropical island that was a significant nautical distance away from the continent – so far away that it was utterly uncharted and unknown to most of the people that lived on the mainland. But Neve was privileged in the sense that she could sail the seas as part of a pirate crew.

Just because they were 'pirates' didn't mean that they were bad or anything like that though; they were pirates of *principle* that had their own morals to live by. Even their trip to that particular island had only had innocent intentions behind it. They had intentionally picked an island they believed was unpopulated for the sake of taking a small vacation. If you heard 'pirates are visiting an island!' in most normal use cases, you would probably assume they were there to plunder from the locals!



“At least it doesn’t seem like anyone has settled here after all. That would have been a real mess.” Neve mumbled to herself so that she could be distracted from the vague annoyance she was feeling as she sifted through her things. Upon making landfall, everyone had split up to try and find a good spot to set up their own camps. She’d stumbled upon this tiny cave in a nearby cliffside. Hardly even a brisk walk from the beach, with a stream of freshwater nearby. She’d hit the jackpot.

But once she found shelter? She had to get changed. She was meeting the rest of the crew down at the beach so that they could set up amenities for cooking, go swimming, and play games. She *had* packed a swimsuit, although it was a relatively conservatively designed one. Her birthright as a penguin Laguz from the island of Glacia meant that she was an exceptionally strong swimmer, but being good at swimming and being wanted to be seen in more revealing clothing were separate issues.

“I thought I packed it. Did I leave it on the ship?” Practically everything else had been yanked out and been piled up against the cavern wall behind her. There weren’t any docks, so the ship was anchored a distance away. She could just swim there, so it wasn’t a *big* issue or anything. At least she could afford to get the swimsuit wet on the way back, so she wouldn’t need the rowboat. **“...Huh? Did I pack this? I thought I left it on the desk in my cabin...”**

Though, at the bottom of the bag, hidden under everything else, there was an object she hadn’t expected to find. A small, violet gemstone with a ‘reverse’ symbol engraved in it. It was an artifact that Neve had recently picked up on a nearby island several weeks before. A magic stone much like the stones Laguz used to transform, she’d had trouble trying to activate it and had centered her recent research around doing so.

She’d been looking forward to this vacation because she had seen it as a good opportunity to reset her thoughts and return to that particular project with a clear head, but now that it was in front of her? **“...I guess I can just bring it back to the ship when I grab my swimsuit, but still...”** The Laguz woman just couldn’t imagine how the stone had ended up with her belongings in the first place. She’d packed far and

well away from where she stored it. **“Maybe I just wasn’t paying attention?”**

Neve looked back at the things she’d piled up against the cave’s wall before grabbing the stone and standing up. She’d just carry it to avoid getting it wet; it could be stashed in her pocket. But the stone didn’t even make it to the pocket of her shorts before she was forced to look down and examine it. **“H-Huh!? Now it decides to activate!?”** The violet stone had begun to glow with a brilliant light of the same color.

If it hadn’t activated after all her previous testing, then what could have possibly changed to make it possible? Nothing about the user had changed. If anything, the biggest difference was— **“The setting? Is it because we’re on one of the nearby islands?”** It was just a hunch, but maybe it had to activate within the proximity of some form of source? Her theory was more or less correct, but she still didn’t know what the magic stone was supposed to *do*. If it had been a conventional transformation stone, then it surely would have transformed her already, right?

Of course, there was also the possibility that it *wasn’t* a conventional transformation stone at all.

The light didn’t dim, at least not *yet*, but Neve dropped it in a hurry. **“Shoot!”** She *had* been trying to get the stone to activate it, and magic stones could be *activated* by anyone. But the transformation subset of these stones? Only Laguz stones could transform Laguz, and while that stone clearly *wasn’t* a Laguz stone? She’d still felt a similar power well up inside of her. It was akin to when a transformation stone got to work, but it *shouldn’t* have worked. She might have been in some kind of imminent danger.

Unfortunately, dropping the stone in question didn’t alleviate the feeling that she felt, and it wasn’t long before there were *physical* signs of it. That said, the earliest signs weren’t the simplest for her to notice for differing reasons. For example? The eighteen-year-old Laguz ended up *growing*, but she only made the jump to 5’3”, which was hardly any growth at all. So that was a change that was difficult to immediately sense.

In a similar vein? Because she was hiding within the shadows of the cavern, any slight changes to her *skin tone* would have been all the more difficult to see if she wasn’t specifically looking for them. She already had a vague tan from all of that time she spent out in the sun, and if anything, it might have turned a shade or two darker. But in *this* case? The tan wasn’t because she was sun-kissed. It was completely *natural*. Even so, like her height change, it wasn’t all that *obvious*. Because of

this, for a brief moment she'd been willing to just believe that she *had* managed to discard the stone in time. ...Even though it was still glowing on the cavern floor about an inch from where she stood.

It should have stopped glowing the moment she'd let go of it, right?

“Why isn’t it... it...? H-Hey!?” It was a shame that no one else from her crew was nearby. If they had been, then they might have heard her cry the very moment the top button of her vest popped off. There'd been a bout of pressure that had taken her off guard, and in the end she'd stumbled forward – *closer* to the magic stone – and was left staring down at her *cleavage*!? Usually, transformation stones would transform you into some kind of *beast*. And instantaneously at that. So, then... *Why?*

Why were her *tits* two sizes larger!? **“Uh... What is *doing the happening to me*!?”** Neve was hardly in the place mentally to wonder why she'd misspoken there, what with how panicked she was over the sight of her own tits. They hadn't even *actually* grown as much as they appeared to her. Part of their perceived growth came courtesy of her *muscles*. That wasn't to say that she wasn't already muscular – she was as fit as she could be for a Laguz woman. It was more that Laguz could be stronger with less visually apparently bulk.

What had happened was that her strength had remained relatively the same (if not *slightly* weaker), but her build had been adjusted to better represent it as if she had a *human* body. Her pectoral muscle had bulged forward as a result of that, and that made her bosom appear more pronounced. But it was actually a more widespread phenomenon than that. Her entire outfit felt one size too small because all of her muscles had swollen. She had thicker arms, thighs, abs, and even a firmer *ass*. Her torso had actually broadened, especially around her stomach, so that there was less curvature between her chest and hips. But only because of these muscles.

“I must be doing something...! Er... What is happened to my voice?” Neve's grammar had slipped further, almost like she wasn't as *fluent* in the language of the main continent. She did at least *realize*, but her voice hit her ear wrong too. It sounded a little deeper than she remembered in a way that was *distracting*. More than distracting enough for her to turn a blind eye to what was transpiring around her *lower* body. Even though it transpired in a similar vein to her bosom blowing up.

That is to say: her lower body *thickened*. She didn't lose *any* of that new padding that her muscles provided, and instead it was more like this fat bled *over* the muscles of her ass and thighs, increasing their girth in a

way that left her shorts struggling. She began to feel her undergarments dig into the cheeks of her ass, but the most she could do was reach down and slid far more calloused fingers beneath her waistline to pick at it until it wasn't as uncomfortable. Her shorts gripped her thighs tightly, and while she liked to wear them comfortably? Any free space had been efficiently used up by their swell.

“What am I doing? Why am I feeling weird? Clothes are feeling tight...?” Something remaining deep down in her subconscious tried to call on her knowledge of magic for answers, but the issue was that this knowledge was no longer *there*. She could recall how to string a bow, or how to sneak during a hunt to line up the best shot on a wild boar, but these weren't things she'd known *before*. Their prevalence aligned with her fingers and toes becoming more *callous*, like she worked with more than just her usual tools, but melee weapons as well. The existing callouses not only firmed further, but they shifted a touch to indicate a differing grip, or standing posture when it came to her feet. Not to mention how much thicker her fingers and palms had become, and how much more hardened her heels now were.

She shook her head as a last-ditch effort to try and clear her mind, but all that did was rustle her light blue ponytail in a way that made her subconsciously aware of its weight... in the sense that it felt a little heavier? It wasn't apparent enough for her to investigate; she only spared an idle thought towards it without thinking critically. Mind you, her intellectual IQ was nowhere near as sharp as it had been. Her mind was adapting to a life spent isolated on the island, one where she grew up in a *tribe*. And once those memories became more prevalent? Reddish purple tribal paint was stroked both beneath her right eye, and around her muscular, right upper arm.

Even so, it could only have been heavier because there was *more hair*. Her short ponytail had grown down to the center of her back, while the pale blue color of it all was compromised by a reddish purple. It had begun in several strands but rapidly bled into the surrounding strands until her own mane was painted that way. The *feel* of this hair was a little different too. It was coarser, like the hair care products from the mainland weren't being used in it. It smelled of local flowers, in fact. The purple emerged elsewhere, namely in slightly bushier brows and her neatly trimmed pubes.

The light of the magic stone *finally* began to dull, but it still emitted some power. **“...I? Whose things are these belonging to? Were they mine?”** The woman looked *past* the stone towards the bag and pile of clothes against the wall as the colors of her irises darkened to a purple similar to her hair. Little by little, her face was pulled longer until she had a more angular chin, upon which a pair of plumper and darker

lips sat. Her nose's bridge lengthened, its tip sharpened, and the eyes that sat around her pinched slightly in the corners until she not only looked like a completely different girl, but a *younger* girl.

As Neve now remembered it, she was *sixteen years old*. Not that she could remember her name *being* 'Neve' at this juncture.

There was nothing about Neve's appearance that *screamed* 'Neve' anymore, and that was applied to clothing as well at the very end. Not that that was a problem, not when it barely *fit*. But even so? It felt much *nicer* to her once what she'd been wearing magically peeled away until the exterior layer no longer existed, revealing a brown bikini with a crossed top and sporty bottom instead. There were plenty of new accessories too. Golden bangles, dangling earrings, purple cloth draped around her hips, heeled sandals, a patterned strap around her left thigh... She kept her ponytail too, but it had been pushed to the left and was now *braided*, decorated with silver flower ornaments around it and a real, yellow flower at the end.

“Hm... Does our island have visitors? Who did the placing of these things?”

Now that her head felt 'clearer' (as she seemed to justify how off she'd felt for a moment), *Petra McNealy* finally addressed what she believed to be the elephant in the room. Or the *clothing in the cave*, in this case. She had no memories of visiting the island and unpacking. This island was her *home*. *Brigid* was her home.

Evidently, the reversal symbol on the magic stone hadn't been just for show, though that symbol had disappeared and the stone's color had been lost so that it could recharge. While she was still a young woman that grew up on an island and was a strong swimmer, she was now the island's *princess* contrary to her once humble background. Her wits and magical talents were gone, replaced with hunting skills and a lack of full understanding of even the mainland's primary language. She could speak enough to get by, though.

“Maybe I should be going and seeing them as the princess? Hm...” Still, Petra couldn't help but think how strange it was that they had left their belongings there. Had they not realized the island was occupied? She'd been on her way to go take a swim in the ocean – thus the swimsuit – but she could make some time if the tourists were



friendly. “**Perhaps I can be giving them a proper tour of the island?**” The toned sixteen-year-old rolled her shoulders before heading out the cave and towards the beach.

Ultimately? None of the pirates had even been alarmed that Neve was missing, simply because no one *remembered* her. Reality had been almost entirely adjusted to compensate for her transformation aside from the bag and clothes that remained in the cave. In the end, everyone had been given no choice but to assume that another visitor had come to the island and left them there sometime recently. But Petra? She kind of *liked* them and decided to add them to her collection. It would be useful to have clothing from the mainland if she ever chose to visit, no?

And the kind pirates had taken to her so strongly that they had even offered to take her there someday if she wanted!