



The Princess and the Prostitute

In the Kingdom of Magnus, a caste system ruled the people and decided the fate of every individual. The aristocracy ruled with an iron fist, and the lower classes never complained so long as they remained entertained. At the very bottom of the totem pole was the slave caste which was seen as nothing more than property.

These slaves were not only used for labor but for all sorts of pleasures.

Many citizens had sexual servants, but the real excitement was in the brothels. They were owned by middle class merchants, and in these fantasy houses clients could live out their deepest desires.

The most famous of these houses was owned by a sorcerer named Morton who was renowned for the forbidden art of body modification magic. He could create the ideal woman for any client he so chose, given the right amount of coin.

One day a hooded man wealthier than any he had ever met turned up with Morton's weight in gold and a business proposition that the man assured him would be Morton's crowning achievement. The wealthier classes would never stain their reputations by dealing in any sort of base desires, so Morton wondered who this rich stranger could be. Of course Morton immediately saw this debaucherous man and his guards to his backroom to discuss the arrangement.

"I have heard that you make fantasies into reality," the rich stranger said. "If you are up for it I will pay you all I have here with me to make it come true."

Morton greedily explored the treasure with his eyes and imagined all he could have with such wealth.

"Not even a genie would be better than I at granting wishes," Morton bragged as he tried to compose himself.

The man removed his mask and revealed his identity to Morton. He was the king of the wealthy neighboring Kingdom of Dedauses, known as the Debaucherous King.

Unlike the Kingdom of Magnus, Dedauses had a very open few of sex even among the upper classes. In fact they were known in Magnus for being perverted and big practitioners of polygamy.



“What can I do for you, your highness?” Morton asked flabbergasted.

“Well you may not know this, but I have been a suitor for the princesses of Magnus for quite some time.”

“Which one is in your favor?” Magnus inquired.

“One? No, all of them. As I’m certain you’re aware, in my kingdom we do not limit ourselves to one wife. However, here in Magnus such views are not respected, and I was quickly turned away,” the king explained.

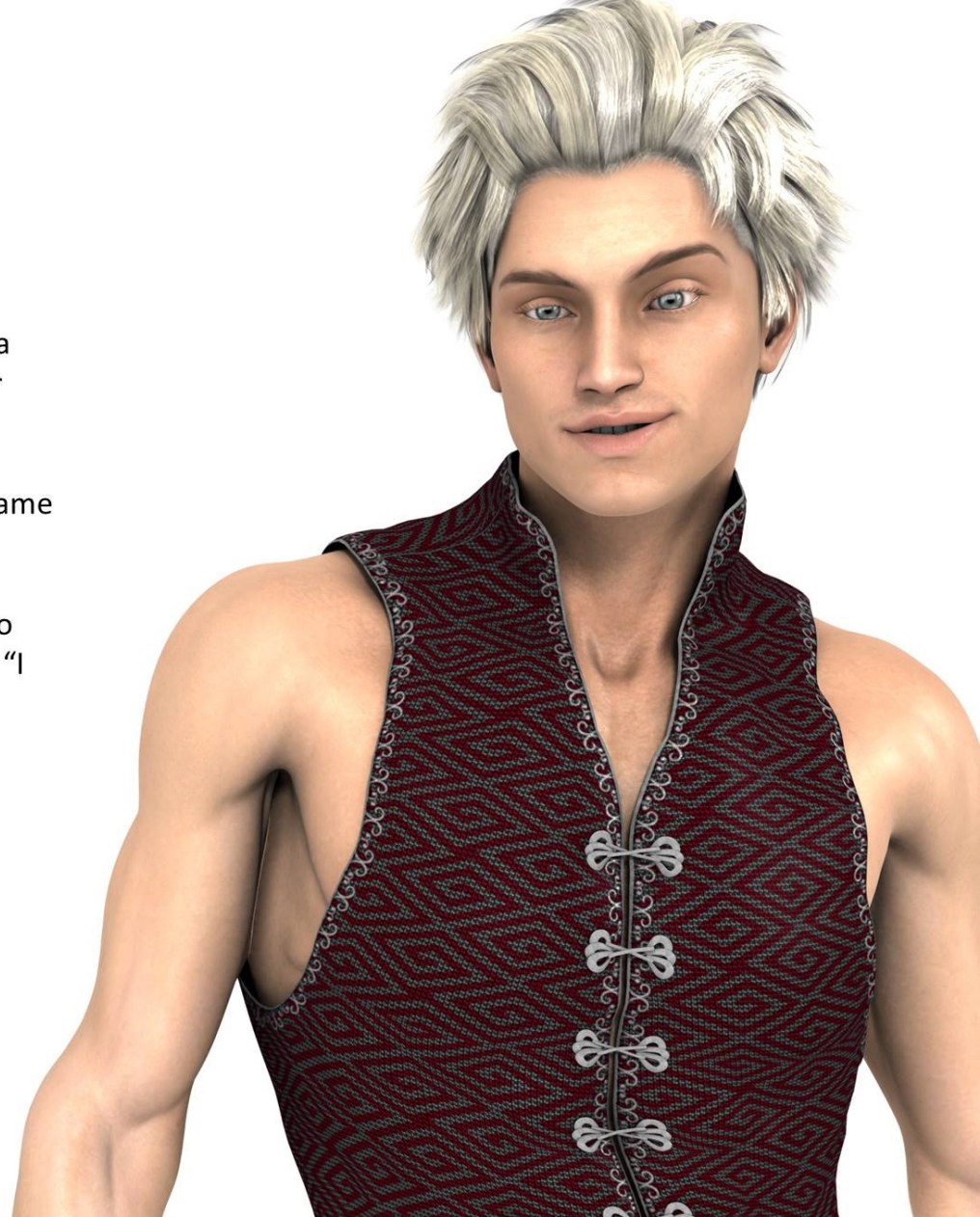
“That is... most unfortunate, but how can I possibly be of service? I have no power.”



The king grinned at Morton with a certain malevolent look in his eye. "It's a different sort of power that I am looking for. I believe you can capture their likeness can you not?"

"You wish for me to make look-a-likes? I don't think they would have the same charm..."

"That's not exactly what I meant. Without the resistance there would be no fun to them anyways," the king said as he leaned in and lowered his voice. "I want you to make look-a-likes for me to swap out with the real ones."





“You want to abduct the princesses?”
Morton’s mouth was agape.

“Yes. That is why I will need excellent enough replacements to fool their own mother. We will then tell everyone that *they* are look-a-likes, because who would believe they are the real thing after what they’ll be subjected to.”

Morton began to laugh aloud like a maniac.

“I take it this means you’re in?”

“Oh I’m in!” Morton replied. “I’ve been waiting my whole life for an opportunity like this. I cannot wait to modify those perfect princesses...”

“Into filthy whores and busty bovines,” the king finished for him.

Morton erupted into maniacal laughter once more and the king smiled maliciously as he saw his plan coming together.

Two days later Morton had assembled a line-up of prostitutes to serve as replacements for the princesses. They already looked the part. Their hair was silky and their faces had been altered to match the elegant features of the princesses. Their bodies had also been altered to match their curves and proportions.



The first of them, representing Alora, had long blonde hair that fell to her waist, golden eyes, and fair skin. As the replacement for the youngest princess she looked more youthful than the others and had a less sensual form. She gave off an aura of innocence and inexperience. She was also rather short standing at only 156 cm.

The second had long black hair, emerald eyes, and tanner skin. She represented the second eldest, Missandra, and was more curvaceous and better endowed. Her breasts and ass were firm and were in perfect proportion. She stood a bit taller than her sister at 162 cm. The actual princess she was representing was always so full of herself and had more sassiness than was good for her.





The last one represented the eldest, Vereena, had long chestnut colored light brown hair that she always wore up, light blue eyes, and fair skin. She had splendid curves and she was the most endowed of the sisters. Her breasts sagged only slightly due to their natural size (D-cup), and her sisters always envied her for the attention it brought her. She was the tallest at 165 cm, and she was known for her playful flirting but even more so for her demeaning attitude towards those she felt beneath her. She was the typical spoiled princess brat.

When the King of Dedauses examined them he was thoroughly impressed. “The only difference between them is the expressions on their faces! And that’s what lessons their appeal...”

“I can’t conjure true beauty,” Morton confessed.

“They’ll still fool anyone. Everyone knows the royal family leaves their spoiled daughters to their own devices.”

“They might seem out of character, but no one would possibly expect that it isn’t them,” Morton assured him.

“Oh I have no doubt. No one would possibly believe their princesses had been replaced.”

“What’s more,” Morton continued, “These girls will actually believe that they are the real thing. They will never be able to blow our operation.”



“This is more than I could have hoped for. I guess all that is left is to select who comes first,” the king mused with his usual menacing expression.

“We will also need a plan to swap them,” Morton added.

“Oh I have already taken care of that. I’ve also decided on which girl.

Vereena was the most offended by my proposal and disrespected me the most. I’ll start with her. She accused me of treating woman like livestock, so that is precisely how I will treat her.

As for how I will get in, I already have a party planned, and I will need you to disguise her double as one of the entertainers.”

One of the king’s servants brought up a belly dancer outfit for Vereena’s double.





Once inside the grand palace the King of Dedauses presented his gift of entertainment to the royal family and attending nobles.

“I am glad we could continue our close relations,” the King of Magnus told his guest. “I was bit concerned after relations went poorly between you and my daughters.”

“Well there is no need to make the matter personal,” he replied to the much older king. “I had only hoped to strengthen our alliance. Will the princesses not be attending?”

“They have chosen to stay in their chambers I’m afraid. I do hope you will forgive them.”

“Of course. No worries at all my friend.”

Meanwhile, Morton was preparing Vereena’s double. She wore the traditional garb showing off her body’s curves, but she also wore a veil covering her face.

Even though such sights were not as appreciated in Magnus, the King of Magnus and his subjects respectfully sat through their guest’s entertainment and pretended not to be thrilled.

While everyone was distracted with music and dancing, the young king and Morton snuck Vereena’s double to the upper castle center which led to the towers which held the bedchambers of the princesses. Aware that he would have to locate the Princess’s chambers, the king signaled Morton

Clever as he was Morton used his magic to create an illusion to disguise the king as a lavishly dressed tailor and him self and their companion as plainly dressed assistants and then approached the guard at the foyer of the first staircase they came to.



“We’re here to see Princess Vereena for the making of her new gown,” the king explained to the burly, armored man.

The man looked a little puzzled and Morton prayed the guard wasn’t on to them.

After nearly a whole minute of staring the guard offered, “And... I’m guarding Princess Missandra’s chambers.” He looked around nervously wondering what else he was supposed to be doing.

The king quickly hid the amused grin that tried to show itself on his face. “I’m not telling you for your benefit, you oaf. I need to be directed to Princess Vereena’s chambers,” he shot at the guard with an air of disdain he was certain the guard was accustomed to.

“R-Right!” stammered the guard. “The North-West staircase in the long hall,” he added with a gesture down the hallway from his post.”

“Thank you,” the king responded with a derisive tone that offered little gratitude. At the staircase the guard shot them a suspicious look as they approached. In response, Morton put on an annoyed façade and held up measuring fabric. The apparently sharper guard nodded his understanding and watched carefully as they passed by.



Once at the top of the tower Morton used a simple spell to silently open the princess's door. To the sorcerer's surprise and delight the lazy princess was fast asleep in her bed.

"Well this certainly makes things easier," Morton whispered.



He began to quietly recite an incantation and then placed his hand upon the slumbering beauty's brow. She slowly rose from the bed and stood silently next to him with her eyes still closed.

"Mind control is a nearly impossible art under normal circumstances," Morton mumbled as he tested his spell by groping Princess Vereena's breasts, "but while asleep the mind is quite easy to manipulate." As a final test he twisted the princess's nipples and smiled as her face reddened and she crinkled her nose in pain.

He then undid his disguise spell on Vereena's double and helped the slave to swap the outfits on the two young women. The slave then got into the bed in Vereena's place and the princess, now disguised as a servant, then followed Morton back down the stairwell.

At the bottom the guard closely eyed them once again. "That's some body for a slave," he remarked as Princess Vereena walked by him. He then reached out and smacked her hard across the ass causing her to emit a high pitched yelp.

The guard began to laugh and Morton and the king had to contain their own laughter. "Oh you have no idea how fine it is," Morton told the guard and then they made their way back down through the castle and to the party with their now red-reared royal companion.

Once there they allowed Princess Vereena to blend with the other dancers with her veil up., and after the festivities ended they took her back to Morton's brothel and the preparations began.



When Princess Vereena awoke she found a cow leaning over her.

“What in the hell?” she exclaimed as recoiled from the creature. She immediately realized she naked, and she then examined her surroundings and found that she closed inside a barn. “H-How the hell did I g-get here?” she stammered in disbelief.

Just then the barn door swung open and the King of Dedauses walked in grinning from ear to ear.

“You!” Vereena’s voice was cold and accusing.

“Yes... me... you said that I couldn’t have you before, but now you’re all mine.”

“When my father realizes I’m gone he’ll-“

“Your father will never realize,” the king cut in. “We created a replacement, and I must say my compliments to my associate for making the resemblance so uncanny.”

Morton then walked in and stood off to the side.

“When was the last time your family even took the time of day to talk to you?” the king continued. “They will never know the difference.”

Vereena began to shake with frustration.

“It’s all thanks to Morton here,” the king said. “Oh and his work isn’t finished either.”

“What do you mean?” Vereena asked as she shifted nervously.

“You will see soon enough,” Morton answered. “But first... you must be famished. Why don’t you have some milk from our friend Betsy?” Morton patted the cow on the head and then pulled out a small flask containing a milky substance.





Vereena took the flask when he offered it, but she only stared at the pair of them and tried to cover herself.

“Come now,” the king prodded. “You don’t want to become malnourished. We wouldn’t want to have to force feed you either.”

The princess resigned and began to drink the liquid. Seconds after finishing she began to feel hot and started panting heavily.

“That wasn’t milk! What... What did you do to me...” she asked looking around helplessly.

“Oh it WAS milk,” Morton told her with a wry grin. “I simply altered it by adding genetic binding materials. That milk will cause the consumer to gain aspects from the milk’s producer.” Again Morton patted the cow on the head.

“You... You’re turning me into a cow?!?!”

“Not quite. What appeal would that hold? We’re just making you more cow like... more bovine...” Morton turned to the king.

“You will be a bovine bitch,” the king said dryly. “I will do whatever I please with you.”

Vereena’s face flashed crimson, her mind went fuzzy, and she grabbed her breasts. “They burn!” she exclaimed.

“Oh not to worry. That’s completely natural,” Morton said nodding.

“You bastard! Nothing about this is natural!” she threw back at him.

“She’s got you there,” the king laughed. “Looks like the real fun has started.”



Vereena's breasts began to swell up and soon they had doubled in size. She looked down with horror, "M-m-m-my breasts! My beautiful natural breasts!"

"They aren't so natural anymore," the king informed her with a condescending gaze. "You might want to also check out the rest of your body."

Alarmed, Vereena stood up and felt around. She found that her ears, though still skin toned, now stuck out like little cow ears. Vereena sat down and began to cry. "I really am a cow," she sobbed.

"That you are," the king remarked, "and that was only the first dose." Morton then held up two more flasks of the same milky liquid.

"No moo-ore!" Vereena begged. She stopped in shock as she realized what had come out of her mouth and her captors went silly with laughter.

"Oh yes," Morton spoke up, "This potion also affects your mind slightly. Don't worry. You will still remain yourself, but you will trouble refraining from mooing occasionally. Your IQ will also start to dip."

Vereena realized her brain still felt a little fuzzy, and she had been having more difficulty forming her thoughts. She sat staring at them still speechless, too afraid of letting out another humiliating "moo".

"Each dose will continue to increase your bust and decrease your resistance to your new nature," Morton continued. "Your breasts might seem large now, but they are still within seemingly natural proportions. Soon they will become real melons."

"And of course cows only exist to benefit their owner," the king said as he grabbed Vereena by her hair and forced her down onto her knees. "Why don't we try out that new bust of yours?"



Progress 



Dropping his pants the king pulled out his large cock and Vereena winced as she thought of the damage a dick that large could do to her. The king then pressed his cock between her tits which were now large enough for this technique.

“Press them together,” the king ordered as he yanked backwards on her hair.

Begrudgingly the princess conceded and squeezed her breasts together as the king moved his member up and down between them.

“That’s it now spit on my dick. We need to get those tits lubricated.”
The princess obeyed.

“Now suck on the tip.”

“My moo-outh is dry,” Vereena pouted.

The king pulled Vereena’s head back by her hair again and used his free hand to pull her chin down. Then he leaned forward and spat directly into her open mouth.

Vereena’s eyes lit up with protest, but the king brought his hand up under her jaw and held her mouth closed.

“You like that don’t you, bovine bitch?” He yanked her head back again.
“Open,” he commanded as he tightened his grip.





Vereena obediently opened her mouth but shut her eyes tight and waited. This time she suddenly felt a familiar taste running down her throat. She tried to spit, but the king immediately shut her mouth and held it once again.

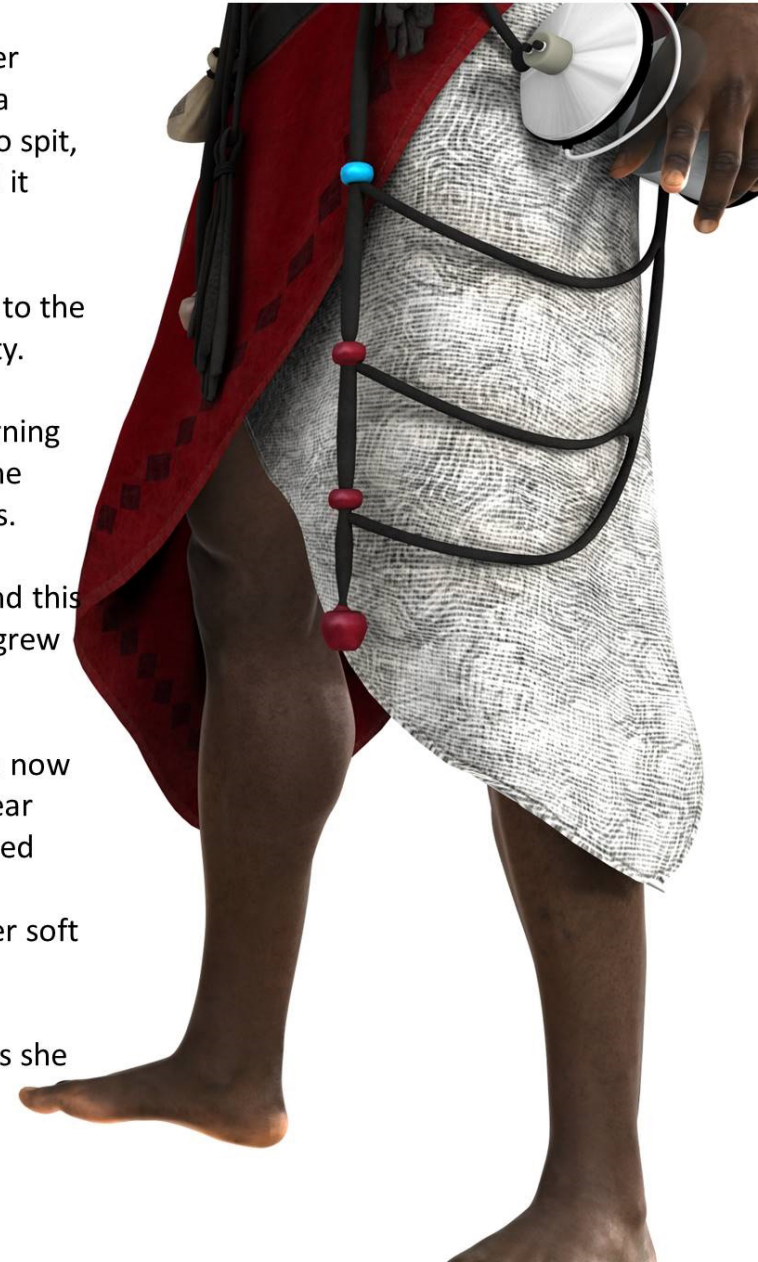
Vereena opened her eyes to find Morton standing to the side holding the second flask which was now empty.

The princess stared down at her breasts as the burning sensation already began to fill them once again. The king's thrusts seemed to only speed up the process.

Soon the princess's breasts were swelling again, and this time they really were turning into melons as they grew to nearly the size of her head.

The king beamed with delight as Vereena's breasts now wrapped fully around his cock and made it disappear between them. It excited him so much that it pushed him over the edge. Just before reaching climax he pushed her head down and forced his cock past her soft pouty lips and exploded in her throat.

Once released, Vereena collapsed on the ground as she choked on the thick load.





Progress 





Next he gripped her wrists and held them together behind her back as he slipped his cock through her legs so she could look down and see it sliding against her pussy.

Vereena's eyes get as large as saucers and her face reddened as she nervously watched the thick rod slide against her. "Moo?" she offered weakly in a high pitched voice.

The king pulled out a short rope and tied Vereena's hands, then he reached around and began to pull on her nipples.

"Moo!" she shrieked.

"Looks like more stimulation is needed to get them lactating," Morton suggested.

"Lactating?" Vereena looked down at her breasts in horror, but was relieved to see no milk was coming from her nipples yet.

"Here we go," the king whispered in her ear, and he began to prod her pussy with his large dick.

"It won't- ugh- fit..." Vereena moaned.

"It will be a tight squeeze, but when I'm done with you your little twat will be molded to my cock." With that the king thrust hard and his cock slid into the princess's straining cunt.

"MOOOOOOOO!" Vereena bellowed as her most inner parts began to get stirred up and stimulated.

The king felt the tip hit Vereena's cervix and her released her breasts so he could grab her hips. "I know you can take more," he declared as he gripped her tightly and slammed into her.

"UGH AHHH..." Vereena let out several grunts and moans as her cervix was penetrated and the king continued to slide in and out of her womb.

Vereena whipped her head around and struck the king across the face with her long hair.

The king stopped thrusting and frowned for a moment as he contemplated. Then he gestured to Morton and continued driving his cock into Vereena's deepest spots.

"You know," the king began as he placed a hand on the back of Vereena's neck and forced her head to bow lower so she wouldn't see as Morton approached. "I've never seen a cow with such long hair before. It's really getting in the way. Not to mention, a MUCH shorter style would bring more focus to your now much larger assets."

Vereena realized what was happening as she heard the first snips from the shears in Morton's hands. Her long hair was falling to the ground all around her. She froze in horror and her mind went blank.

Morton stepped away when he was finished and held up a mirror to show the princess the extremely short hairstyle he had left her with.

The king smiled and resumed his plowing with renewed vigor as the princess stared in shock at the reflection she barely recognized. She was a short-haired sow with huge breasts.

He gripped Vereena's hips tightly and drove his cock as far in as he could before emptying all his cum deep inside of her.

Vereena's tongue hung from her mouth and her eyes rolled up as she muttered, "Ah..." in small gasps and her hips twitched from her own orgasm.

"Still no milk," Morton said. "Looks like another dose is in order."

"We'd better give her some time to recover first," the king said smiling at the princess as she stared back at him on her knees. She was still unable to speak or think clearly. "In the meantime we can plan the next abduction. This little mock farm of mine needs a maid as well I think."

"Yes, we can return to this one," Morton said admiring his work. "I believe you're right, and it will be nice to play with something new for a while."





Progress 



Due to her attitude the two agreed that Missandra would be the tougher of the two to make into a maid, and so they decided she would be the most amusing to bend to the position.

Missandra's abduction came from an opportunity that was presented rather than created, and the king took the lead on this mission.

Missandra loved horseback riding more than anything, and she took every opportunity she could to do so. Knowing this, the king requested going for a ride with her, and since the King of Magnus did not want to offend his guest he forced his daughter to accept. Unbeknownst to them, the King of Dedauses and Morton had prepared something to intercept them on their journey.

The morning of the ride they met at the stables.

"I hope you don't plan on successfully wooing me," the bratty princess told the king.

"I have no intention of wooing you in any way whatsoever," the king assured her. *Whisking you away against your will however, is a different matter entirely,* he thought.

The King of Dedauses rode with his lovely companion in silence and with great anticipation as they traveled through the forest.



Soon they came to a clearing, and Princess Missandra was in shock when she saw what was waiting for her. There stood an exact replica of her, completely naked, with Morton standing only a few feet behind.



The princess dismounted and approached her clone, still unable to form words.

“What is the meaning of this?” she finally got out as she turned to her companion.

“Well I couldn’t simply make you disappear now could I? People would come looking for you.”

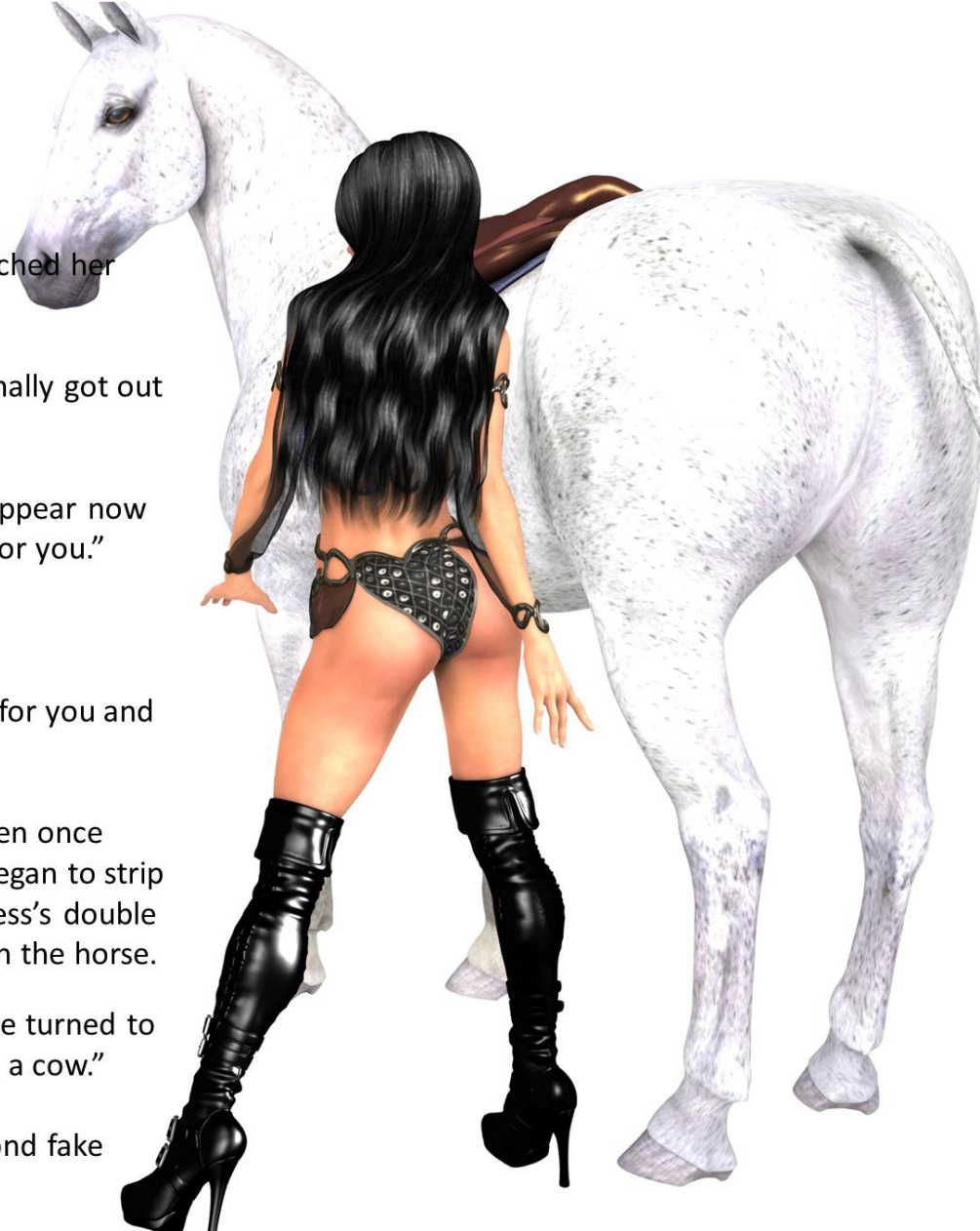
“Disappear?!?!”

“Yes, and so this look-a-like will fill in for you and no one will be the wiser.”

The princess was speechless and frozen once more as Morton came forward and began to strip her down. Then he dressed the princess’s double in her gown and placed her back upon the horse.

“Well, it’s time to return this replacement to your parents,” the king told Missandra as he turned to go. “I’ll see you at the farm. You’ll like it there. We may not have horses, but we do have a cow.”

Morton chuckled as he led the nude royal brat away, and the king rode off with the second fake princess back to the castle.



"So how do you like your new gown?" Morton asked.

Missandra stood before the two men wearing a modified maid's outfit. Her midsection was showing, the skirt was shorter than any she had ever seen let alone worn, and for once she was glad she didn't have large breasts due to the low-cut, tiny top.

"I'm not a maid!" Missandra insisted. Her face was red and her fists were clenched. "I won't be cleaning any messes." She looked around the large house they were in to see if anything was out of order.

"Relax dear. The outfit is just for show. We don't intend to have you clean anything here," the king said in a soothing tone. "What you will be cleaning is yourself."

The king then strode into a back room and Morton pushed the princess in behind him. Before them was a bath large enough for perhaps ten people to soak in. To the side were all sorts of perfumes and soaps.

"Well get in," the king said.





Missandra obediently stepped into the water and began to soak in its warmth. She began to relax and wonder what the king intended with her from here. Then Morton handed her one of the bottles. "This one is for your waist," he said.

She looked at him suspiciously. "Only my waist?"

"Oh yes. Trust me when I tell you that you must not rub it in anywhere else." She took the bottle slowly with her eyes still locked on his. Then she began to rub the strange purple liquid around her waist. It felt tingly and as she rubbed she began to realize that the substance quickly disappeared.

"Now this one is for your breasts." Morton handed her another bottle.

Missandra's face turned red, but she avoided his gaze this time as she took the bottle and began to rub the blue liquid over her breasts. Her chest began to feel numb as this liquid also disappeared.

Finally Morton handed her the last bottle and simply pointed at his own ass with a big grin.

Missandra looked flushed again and scowled before taking the bottle and rubbing the red substance onto her behind.

"Well, you can use the rest of the soaps as you wish," Morton told her as he exited the bath with the king. "We'll see you in a bit."

Once outside the king addressed Morton. "Did she use enough?"

"I'm quite sure she did. She wasn't stingy with any of it. She probably thought they were scented soaps thanks to the perfumes I added to them."

"How did you make them?"

"Some rare plant nectars and altered herbal poisons of various sorts," Morton explained. "Thanks to your resources I was able to track down everything I needed. Most of them are quite expensive and hard to find normally, but it's no trouble with your fortunes."

"Yes, and I will spare no expense," the king said nodding. "How long until it takes effect?"

"It shouldn't be long now. I'm sure we'll hear her when it does."

Just then there came a girly screech from the other side of the door.





Missandra first began to feel a tightness in her abdomen and when she reached down, she felt her hands moving inward as they held onto her sides. She looked down to see her waist was contracting, and as she looked down her view slowly began to become obscured as her breasts began to swell. They moved outward and became more round as they left her with a bloated feeling despite the tightness in her midsection. Next she felt a numb stiffness in her behind. She placed her hands on her ass and her face froze in horror as she felt her ass reshape itself into a tight bubble-butt.





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She began to calm her herself as she still gasped for breath and looked down at her reflection in the water. Her waist had narrowed, greatly accentuating her curves; her breasts had swollen, giving her an unnatural bust that made her feel like a whore; and her ass had swollen up and now had a slight bounce to it.

As she stared at herself in the water, Missandra took notice of movement in the reflection. She turned about to come face to face with the huge cock of the king.





"What do you think you're doing?" Missandra gasped as she moved back into the water.

"I'm going to have my way with you of course," the king replied as he made his way into the water.

"You've already done so... Just look at these breasts and this big ass... It feels so tight."

"Well I do plan on helping you loosen it!"

"Wha-" the princess gasped as the king grasped her by her breasts and lifted her up.

Before she knew it, the head of his cock was pressed against her asshole.

"You're... going to break me in half," Missandra grunted as she tightened up and resisted penetration

"Here we go!" the king said with excitement as forced his way into her ass.

"EEEK!" Missandra shrieked as she felt his cock enter her.

The king grabbed her by her ass cheeks and raised and lifted her to drill her ass deeper and deeper.

"This is amazing," the king mused as he gave her a warm smile. "Ahhh... I won't last much longer."

"Ew..." Missandra spoke with realization. "Don't finish in my ass!"

"As you wish," the king consented giving her a smirk.



He slipped his cock out of her ass and Missandra let out a sigh of relief only to yelp again as the king suddenly drove his shaft straight into her wet pussy. He gave only a few quick thrusts before letting out his load deep inside her.

"Ugh... You-you're going to get me knocked up!"

"If not now definitely at some point," the king replied as he slipped his cock out of her and watched his cum seep from her cunt.

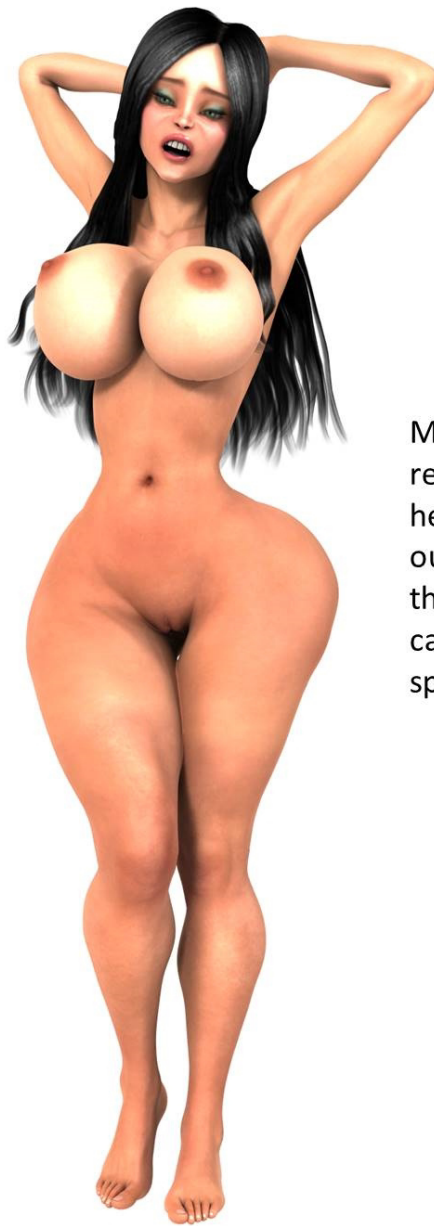
Missandra's legs quivered as she sat on the edge of the bath.



The king then reached to the side of the tub and grabbed a bottle with the same red liquid from before and began pouring it onto Missandra's hips and thighs. Some dribbled down her quivering legs and onto her calves.

"St-stop! No more!" She couldn't try and escape since her body was still shaking from before. She looked on in horror as the liquid soaked into her skin.





Missandra began to calm herself as she recovered, only to have a sudden swelling fluster her once more. Her hips began to expand outwards and become more rounded, and her thighs and calves began to swell. Her breath caught in her throat as she looked on, speechless.

Next the king rolled her over and poured even more onto her ass, and Missandra was too exasperated to resist. She hardly took notice until the swelling took effect. Her eyes bulged in reaction to her ass doing the same.

She turned and gazed over her shoulder into her reflection to see her large and round ass shake intensely as her newly enhanced hips moved side to side.

However, the king seemed a bit disappointed. "Not enough of an improvement I'd say," he scowled. "Not to worry, there will be more to come."

Missandra was barely listening as she examined her figure once more with her hands resting easily on her hips. Now that she was calm she actually began to mull over the changes. She had always wanted better curves, but this was quite a bit more than she had imagined. Her figure was overly accentuated, but she conflicted over the sexual appeal it held. However, she couldn't come to terms with how slutty she felt, and she clenched her teeth as she held back tears.





Before leaving the king gave her a hard smack on the ass, and it jiggled intensely from the impact.



Progress 





"It's time for the final abduction," the king told Morton. "The youngest princess will be the most difficult to abduct, but I have worked it all out."

"What preparations must we make?" Morton inquired eagerly.

"None," the king replied grinning. "I have left the job to my personal assassin, Soratan."

Just then a man with black shaggy hair and pale skin adorned all in black appeared by the king's side.

"When did he get here?" Morton inquired.

"I've been here the whole time," the man replied, his red eyes glowering.

"And just like you never saw him, neither will anyone in the palace."

Soratan departed that evening and easily found his way into the royal gardens within the palace grounds. There he laid in wait for his opportunity.

After several hours of motionless patience, the assassin's prize made her appearance. The young Princess Alora lazily explored the gardens, and as she passed, the assassin slid like a shadow from his hiding place and effortlessly lifted and restrained her.

Once his target was gagged and bound, he pulled her sleeping double from the brush in which he had been hiding her. He noted how the real Alora's eyes bulged at the site of her uncanny double, and smirked with satisfaction. He then struck her over the back of the head rendering her unconscious.

As dusk crept in and the last rays of light drowned beneath the horizon, Soratan effortlessly snuck with his prize over one shoulder from the palace grounds and back to Alora's final destination.

As Alora awoke, the king was standing over her. "Welcome to your new home."

Alora looked around to find herself in a rather plain looking bedroom.

"Preparation have not yet been prepared for you," the kind said with a false impression of melancholy. "But in the mean time I think you should be reunited with your sisters."

The king left the room, pausing only briefly in the doorway to look back at Alora who had yet to move. Alora sat up and cautiously followed the king through the house and outside. He led her to a barn and there he opened the door and waited just inside. Alora slowly stepped in and froze when she recognized the face of her eldest sister.

Vereena was standing before them in a state Alora couldn't make sense of. What had happened to her? And why did she look so calm for being in such a state? How long had she been subjected to whatever this was? And finally, did they mean to do the same to her?

Alora stood very still and restrained herself from reacting as she felt the kings eyes inspecting her and anticipating a reaction.

"We used a special method for her," the king said softly. He held up a large jug of the milky substance. "We used this to transform her into the heifer she truly is."

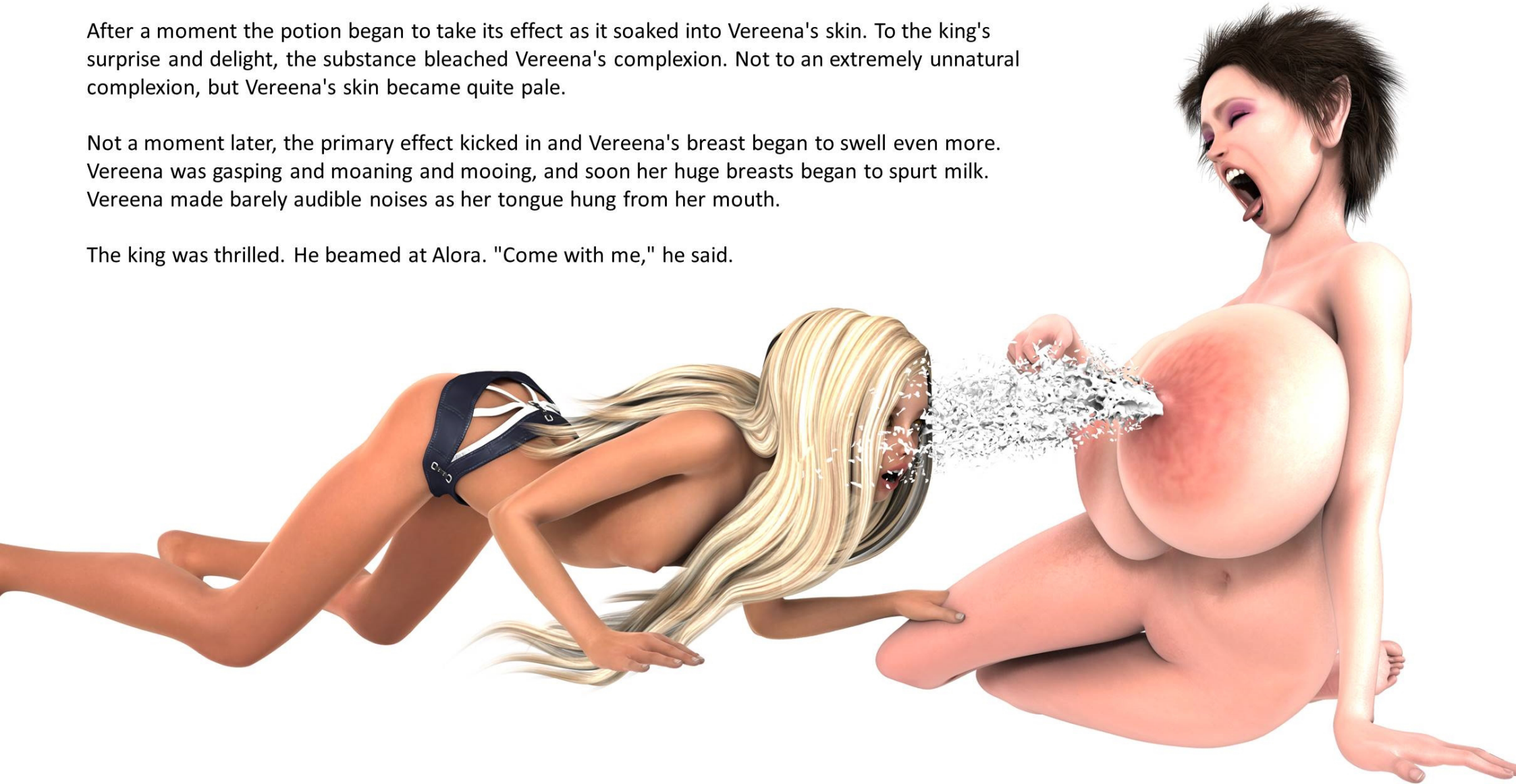
Knowing that crying out was exactly what the king wanted from her, Alora seized the moment to try and take control of the situation. She reached out and took the bottle from the king, and much to his surprise she began advanced towards Vereena. Without hesitating, Alora began to pour the liquid all over her sister. Vereena inadvertently let out a loud moo, but Alora did not waver until the jug was empty. She then stood back next to the king and waited.



After a moment the potion began to take its effect as it soaked into Vereena's skin. To the king's surprise and delight, the substance bleached Vereena's complexion. Not to an extremely unnatural complexion, but Vereena's skin became quite pale.

Not a moment later, the primary effect kicked in and Vereena's breast began to swell even more. Vereena was gasping and moaning and mooing, and soon her huge breasts began to spurt milk. Vereena made barely audible noises as her tongue hung from her mouth.

The king was thrilled. He beamed at Alora. "Come with me," he said.





Progress 



The king led Alora back into the house and into a dimly lit backroom. There, sitting by a large bath, was Missandra. Morton was standing beside her with a tray which held all three of the substances that had been used on Missandra.

Once again Alora held her breath for a moment as she took in the state of her sister, but she acted even sooner this time with the confidence she had gained from the previous encounter. She grabbed the first bottle she saw and began pouring the substance onto Missandra's ass.

"What are you doing? Alora...?" Missandra who still held onto her sanity was shocked to see her sister.

Alora was also taken aback since she was expecting Missandra to be in the same state as Vereea. "Shut up slut," she told Missandra without blinking. Her repressed dirty nature surfaced easily and was her savior in this situation. Alora turned to see the king looking immensely satisfied.

The red liquid now covered Missandra's ass and thighs, and Alora stepped back as the substance began to take effect.



Missandra's ass and thighs jiggled obscenely as she tried to get up to examine herself. She cried out as she lost her balance and fell into the water. She looked down into the tub to see the mounds that were only magnified through the water, and her tears soon began to add to the contents of the bath.







Progress 



The king was laughing wildly, and when he'd finished he took Alora by the hand and led her back to her bedroom. However, Alora got no sleep that night. All night long she could hear her sisters mooing and moaning as the king plowed them every which way. This went on night after night. What surprised Alora the most was how much she began to look forward to it.

After many months of these goings on the king retrieved Alora once more and took her to foyer of the house. Before her stood both of her sisters. Both of their bellies were swollen with the babies they now carried. Vereena's breasts were overflowing with milk, and Missandra's huge belly now matched the size of her the rest of her lower body.

Alora flushed as she felt herself become wet as she eyed them, and the king casually handed her a glass of milk to sip as they oggled the other princesses. The milk tasted slightly odd to her, then sudden panic set in as she realized why she was being shown. The king no longer found Alora's sisters to be as entertaining. She was next.





Progress 





Progress 



"That was a concentrated dose," the king explained as he stared at Alora's breasts expectantly.



The swelling in breasts came swiftly as they quickly became more like Vereena's. They swelled to the size Vereena's were after the second dose within seconds. Alora's ears also quickly began to resemble Vereena's.

"Ah... this can't be happening."

"Oh but it can, and it isn't over yet!" the king exclaimed as he began to apply purple liquid to Alora's waist. He then took a small blotch of the red in each hand and applied it to Alora's hips.

Alora stared at the liquids as they disappeared into her skin as she stood as still as a statue. Suddenly Alora let out a moan and her waist sank inwards as her hips began to widen very slightly take more of a round shape. Her hips now perfectly aligned with her breasts, and she looked like a curvy vixen.





Progress 





The king grabbed the petite princess by her shoulders and plopped her down on the ground before shoving his cock deep into her throat. He watched her cute face as she struggled for breath. Alora gagged as his thrusts pushed deeper and deeper. Finally the king fired his load down her throat, and he left her gasping on the floor. She fell unconscious and the king moved her back to her room.

"Are you prepared?" the king asked Morton as the two of them led the other two captives to the backroom.

"Yes, I am ready to fulfill my task," Morton stated proudly.

"Excellent. She will sleep soundly tonight, so this is the perfect opportunity.

Once the other slaves were put away, Morton and the king snuck into Alora's bedroom, and Morton prepared the clear ointment he had made and applied it to Alora's face.

"Alora might look sweet and innocent," the king whispered, "but she's the most perverse of all of her sisters. She really ought to look the part, more like Vereena I'd say."

Morton nodded and took a deep breath as he held his concentration. His fingers began to move across Alora's face, and very slowly, her face began to move with them. Morton realigned the young princess's face so that it was much more seductive like Vereena's. It was now slightly elongated and her brow was angled to match her sister's as were her cheek bones.

The next morning When Alora awoke, she stretched and went over to her bedroom mirror. For a moment she was totally confused. She looked in the mirror and thought she was seeing a younger version of her eldest sister only with long blonde hair. As she stared she realized it wasn't quite her sister's face, but remarkably similar. Then she noticed her own eye color, and she reached up to the mirror and found the reflection do the same.

"What have they done to me?" Alora exclaimed as her whole body shook. "I look so... Much older... like mother... I look so promiscuous!"

The door opened and the king stepped in completely naked and with a malicious smile. "Now your looks match your dirty personality."

Alora was speechless and she pinched herself to make sure it was real.





Progress 



The king grabbed the princess by her hands and then bound them behind her back. He lifted her up and placed her on top of himself as he laid down on the bed. Grabbing her hips, he aligned himself with her pussy and pushed in the tip.

"Ahhh.. eeee!" Alora squealed.

The king smiled up at her as her now sexy features looked down at him. He then released his grip on her and Alora's eyes bulged as her tight cunt slowly slid down his shaft.

After what seemed like forever to her, Alora reached the base of the king's cock and had taken all of his huge member inside of her. She gasped as she tried not to move too much.

The king suddenly thrust upwards and Alora let out a shriek as she felt his dick shift within her. Breaking into a rhythm with his thrusts, the king soon had Alora bouncing up and down wildly. Soon he felt his cock break through her cervix and began thrusting into her fertile womb.

Finally the king gave one final thrust and held his pelvis up. As the princess slid all the way back down the king released a huge load within her. The princess puffed up her cheeks from the overwhelming feeling of fullness as the king filled her womb to the brim.

Slowly he lowered her onto the bed. "It's hard to say until after all the births, but at this point I have a good feeling about yours being my future heir," the king told Alora. The princess didn't hear him as her body continued to convulse with the force of her orgasm.

The king left her there and returned to his companions to contemplate future plans.







The Princess and the Prostitute – The End

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