

The Haughty Princess (Princess to Prince TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Doeyess

Princess Sophia is a young, beautiful, and deeply haughty princess whose catty comments and self-obsessed demeanour puts her on the wrong side of a vengeful witch. But when said witch transforms Sophia into a Prince to teach the new man a lesson, will the new Prince Sean be any better?

The Haughty Princess

Princess Sophia was beautiful and entrancing, and she utterly *knew it*. With her long blonde hair, her sparkling blue eyes, and her petite yet beautiful body, she was the very image of courtly beauty and delicate manner. Her every step and movement was graceful, and in court poems and love sonnets composed by would-be suitors, the word 'elegant' came up far, far too often. Just like her mother, Queen Maria, she had a strong sense of fashion, though she did not favour the conservatism of her parents, instead adopting the Aralian Kingdom's newest fashion custom: dresses that hung just slightly off the shoulder, baring the skin there, as well as a slightly lower dip around the bustline, teasing and tantalising yet respectable. It had caused a bit of stir at the Aralian court when Sophia had debuted her gorgeous blue dress, particularly since her diamond necklace dipped to her petite chest, but no one could deny how flawlessly she made these features noble in aspect, or how naturally her new style hung off of her body. Her closest handmaiden, Palla, was soon wearing a servant's version of it, and not long after it had swept through the court so that all young maidens were (often poor) imitations of the beautiful young princess. It led her father, King Arand, to bemoan that, "the whims of the court are moulded by the hands of my daughter and change upon the direction of her eye's gaze!"

Indeed, the mad chase to find a suitor for Sophia was only becoming rampant now that she had reached her twentieth year. Ordinarily, a betrothal - even a marriage - would have been underway by this point, but her mother Maria had taught Sophia that a good marriage was the most important thing for a young woman of noble blood to arrange, and that one must weight personality, station, and a good deal in the mix, along with a woman's instinct. Well, Sophia had taken those lessons and brought them to new heights, the student becoming a teacher. She pitted suitors, even entire noble *houses*, against one another for the prospect of gaining her hand, and in doing so made herself - not her parents, *herself* - fabulously wealthy. She received fine horses and stables, gold and silver jewellery, brilliant gems and parcels of land, all in exchange for simply seeing her.

“Alas, I am afraid that this is not enough, Lord Malcolm,” she said to one suitor. “For you see, young Lord Albus Nareth has promised me an entire section of his vineyard, and a woman like myself can only benefit from the wine that flows there; a royal princess of such beauty and elegance as I deserve greater gifts.”

This careful dance continued to aggravate the King, who demanded she marry soon, but Sophia was practically an institution in her own family by this point, able to turn servants and even stewards’ heads with a glance, and no woman dare go against her.

“That housemaid Lorelai has to go,” she snapped one morning. “She dared where green on the day I wore the same colour, and her ornamentation is above her station! No doubt the daughter of House Strutton put her up to this, to try and lower my own value. I’ll bury them in rumours so that their next three generations struggle to marry well!”

Her haughtiness grew, her self-obsession with her beauty becoming the centre of her own little court. Her manner was often snappish when things didn’t go her way, and even the King was becoming afraid of her, but she’d set things up so that if he tried to marry her off without her permission then half the houses would riot due to the complex web of personal promises and favours she’d concocted. She demanded a treasury’s worth of beauty products, lavish entertainments, fine wines, gorgeous dresses, and more, and to the despair of the vaultkeeper who looked after the kingdom’s gold reserves, she got them.

But all of that changed on the day that an entertainer was brought before the court. Sophia was in a Lenothan dress, silken and beautiful, and tailored just a little to be appropriate for Aralian considerations. It still clung tight to her slim, attractively fragile frame, which was the very aesthetic all princesses and noblewomen desired to achieve.

“Who is this?” Sophia said, pouting as she beheld an older woman enter the court, dressed in clothing that was foreign and of cheap make. “Is this a lark, to add a desperate beggar to the court?”

“Show respect, daughter,” the King warned. “This is a Witch of the Wild Isle, a practitioner of magic who has been hired to entertain our guests with powerful illusions and displays.”

Sophia scoffed, chatting with her gossiping handmaid Palla about the woman’s uncouth red hair and the blemishes on her skin. The woman looked up, steeling her face against this rudeness, then bowed.

“I am named Naraida,” she said in a slightly hoarse voice. “I will now please the Court of Aralia with my displays, and offer my services for a price at your feasts and festivals.”

She began her work, waving her arms about, and sure enough, as the woman sang in an ancient tongue, images appeared to dance in the air: duelling snakes, battling knights, great images of mountainscapes and tales from long ago. The court was enthralled, and

Sophia was too . . . except that the attention, for once, was not on her. This was an outrage, and simply would not do!

And so she began to sabotage the performance. She sighed, and she scoffed, and she giggled and talked loudly. She undid a button on her dress to show just a little more skin, to generate scandal, and while most eyes were upon the performance, the witch began to waver, distracted by the rudeness of the princess.

Finally, she shattered the illusions in a moment, resting her hands at her side.

"I'm unimpressed!" Sophia said. "She can't even keep it up."

"Princess, it is because of your ill manner that I stop."

At this, the King rose. "Now wait just a minute. You will not address a royal daughter—"

"I will address a haughty child as she is to be addressed, your majesty, and demand an apology for such knavish behaviour."

At this, the court gasped. With a gesture, King Arand summoned the guards to drag the witch away, but she simply spoke some strange arcane words and made a quick gesture. The air rippled with energy, and everyone froze, conscious but stuck in place. Everyone but for Sophia, who stumbled as she realised Palla and her other maidens were all stuck.

"What - what are you doing?"

The witch Naraida advanced. "Teaching you a lesson, your highness. Your haughty manner is clearly manifest, born aloft by your natural beauty which you squander on such shallow pursuits. If you do not care about magic and instead pursue beauty, then perhaps it is time for a punishment. You *will* appreciate magic, and a womanly beauty you shall have *none*."

Before Sophia could even think to try and escape, the woman raised her hands again, speaking the guttural words of ancient magic. Energy rippled through the air once more, lancing through Sophia's form. She fell to her knees, stumbling as its essence mingled with hers and triggered a change.

"What are you - nngghh!"

Some very unladylike sounds followed as the chain reaction took place. To her horror, Sophia's muscles began to expand, her arms and legs swelling, the thin lining of her sleeves ripping apart in response, bursting at the seams. Her spine shifted, a knot growing within it before it extended, entirely new vertebrae forming into existence to grow her height up and up and *up*. The short, petite woman was expanding, her shoulders widening, and soon she was practically *bursting* out of her clothing, crying out in shock as she held its tatters. Her chest was nearly uncovered until she placed her hands over the front of her bodice, but still she rose, going from short to tall, easily over six feet in height. Her neck, once petite, widened, and a lump formed on it that caused her cries to suddenly deepen.

“What are you doing to me!?” she cried in a booming male voice. She clutched her throat even as her feet burst out of her little shoes. “What’s happened to my voice?”

The witch smirked. “Well, we can hardly have you speaking like a delicate princess when you are soon to be a large, brute-formed prince, eh?”

Sophia squealed at this realisation, and again as tufts of hair grew upon her chest. Her meagre breasts receded, nipples losing their sensitivity and shrinking down. Even her hair was disappearing, pulling back into her scalp as if little men were beneath the skin and tugging upon the roots.

“No! You can’t take my beauty! You can’t make me a man! You just - you can’t!”

“Oh, I can. And to make matters clear on this, I’ll leave you as hung as a horse, my dear.”

Sophia squeaked as her lower organ rearranged. A pressure was made manifest there, and then began to protrude further rapidly, growing at an incredible rate and filling the void between her thighs. It extended out, becoming far too large, and a set of testicles followed, forming just behind it. She shrieked, but even as she did, a series of mental changes overcame her.

“No! You won’t make me think like a man! I refuse to - aghhh!”

It hit her. It hit *him*. The new man could only think of himself as a man, no matter how much he longed to be a woman again. He looked ridiculous in his torn clothing, barely able to cover his Adonis-like form, and he fell to his knees a second time, shivering as he beheld his new manhood, which poked prominently out from the tattered remnants of his dress.

“Oh Gods,” he whispered. “Oh Gods. I’m a - I’m a -”

“A man,” Naraida said with a proud tone, looking at the other figures around the room. Each was still frozen in place, but their eyes wandered straight to Sophia, who was now unable to think of himself as anything but Prince *Sean*. “Now maybe next time you’ll learn to appreciate magic, and put away notions of beauty and self-obsession now that you are a rugged man instead of a petite princess. Enjoy your new life, *Prince*. Be more respectful in it.”

And with that, she waved her hands and disappeared, leaving a very confused court behind, and the new Prince Sean crying, ironically enough, like a woman, as his servants covered him up.

In the days and weeks that followed, Prince Sean had to adjust to manhood. People did not view him the same way anymore, and his complex web of alliances and favours had collapsed, leaving him much more under the thrall of his father. Alarn was clearly joyful to

suddenly have a man, and was already forcing him to swing a sword and learn how to defend himself. Fashion still existed, but Gods it was so *boring* compared to what women could wear, and Sean was humiliated when he moved in too feminine a manner or missed a cue from a knight. He struggled to tell bawdy stories with the other men, and it soon became abundantly clear that while women had to remain beautiful and virginal, men would secretly go to the local brothel or roll in the hay with a pretty peasant woman outside the castle.

Suffice to say, everything was a rude wakeup call for the princess. All his skills as a woman were now fruitless, and he had to work hard to catch up to the world of men, who were expected to be active, valorous, charming, forthright, and direct.

But a strange thing began to occur as time passed. Prince Sean had always been an excellent student, and he continued to watch and learn from men, applying their lessons and then exceeding them. He was deeply handsome, and so he did his best to enhance that handsomeness, noting the way that pretty maids - including Palla - looked at him as he passed. He started to excel at swordsmanship, and then advanced into duelling practice, and soon could work a crowd, trading on his looks and natural flair, not just his skill. Prince Sean began to dress like a true prince, and once again he was revolutionising the court style with his priceless tunics and slim wear that showed off his muscles. Girls were swooning in his presence, and when he rode out of the castle it was hard not to notice the pretty peasant ladies with their fine bosoms. In fact, his new member responded rather well to them.

Finally, it reached a climax - literally - when he came across Palla in the evening after a celebration. Sean was proud to be a little drunk, something no woman could be so publicly, and he took her by the hand.

“You know, I never noticed how beautiful you are,” he said.

“I - thank you, my Prince.”

“And what of me? Am I still beautiful?”

She bit her lip, grinning up at him. “I would say most handsome, my Prince.”

“Most handsome. I like that a lot. Palla, you always had such fine hands. You did so well with your massages. How about you let me repay you the favour? There is an empty room nearby. I would enjoy pleasing you, and you pleasing me.”

Palla couldn't agree fast enough, and not long after Prince Sean was experiencing his first deflowering - from the other side! The feeling was exhilarating, it was intoxicating, and the notion that with his charming good looks and manly charisma he could have more of this . . . well, things were looking up.

When Naraida returned in disguise to the Kingdom of Aralia a year later, she could hardly believe what she was hearing. She had hoped that Prince Sean had learned humility and respect, that he had become a good heir to his father and finally learned to set aside self-obsession. Instead, everyone talked of the regal, handsome, and deeply avaricious and lustful prince who had the entire court working for him, subverting his father's power even more than normal. There were statues to his brilliance, great paintings in the castle halls displaying his manly good looks, and he apparently had an entire rotating list of women who pleased him, even while he had his dalliances with noblewomen, promising the world yet never quite committing to marriage, much to their despair.

"He's - he's learned nothing!" Naraida declared in a huff, seeing him pass in the courtyard in clothing even more expensive than any he'd worn as a princess. "He's just as haughty as before! Grief, this just about does it!"

She tracked him down, disguising herself as a different witch, one from another land, and working to get an audience with the court. True enough, it worked, though it took a week of patience and more than a few little magical bribes, including healing the gout of a guard's big toe. The royal family were understandably nervous about magic now, but evidently Prince Sean had even more pomp than usual, because he refused to be absent for this latest performance, and in fact had the sheer audacity to turn up wearing gold filigree on his costume, as well as a beautiful dressed up Palla by his side and a noble girl - Lady Sarah - on his other. The man looked more smug than he ever had as a woman.

"Ha! Let your magic be as impressive and enduring as the last witch who visited us!" he called out, his various followers laughing, a fact which annoyed the King and Queen for how daring he was being.

Naraida smirked. With one motion, before even bothering to start off with some impressive illusions, she threw back her hood and dropped her glamour, revealing her true nature. Instantly, the Prince's haughty expression vanished.

"You!" he shouted.

"Yes, me, proud Prince Sean. It seems my magic worked entirely too well last time. I intended to teach you a lesson in humility, but instead you have become as brash and crude as any powerful man. And so, it seems, I must teach you another lesson, with a different kind of transformation."

A shard of panic sliced through Prince Sean's heart. He raised his hand, standing, his breath quickening.

"Father, have her arrested! This witch seeks to transform me again!"

To his shock, the King raised an eyebrow. "In what way, might I ask?"

“Back to a woman, of course, but one that, this time, will be unable to do further damage. One who will finally know her place and do what she is told, and follow the desires of her royal family . . . your majesty.”

Prince Sean was aghast as the King conferred with his wife, then turned to Naraida. “Very well, then. So long as you do as you say, I decree it shall be allowed.”

A shocked gasp rippled from the room, especially from Sean and his supporters and lovers, Palla included.

“Betrayal! I demand you step down and give me the throne if you are so weak and insecure that - NGHH!”

But it was too late. The magic coursed through him as Naraida spoke the arcane words and flooded his body with magic. All of Prince Sean’s greater strength, the manliness he had come to covet and revel in, began to flee him. The man writhed, trying to run away but unable to do anything but writhe and squirm, his voice increasingly high as his muscles shrank, his chest hair fell away, and his height began to diminish.

“No! No! Please, don’t do this! I don’t want to be pretty and petite again!”

Naraida cackled. “Oh, it’s far too late for that. But chin up, *Princess Sophia*, because you’ll be *far* from petite.”

Sean moaned as his penis drew up inside of him, his female genitalia restored and his mental identity with it. The Princess was barely able to control her breathing, struggling to as her hips widened and her chest began to push outwards. Her blonde hair lengthened down to her waist yet again, her feminine beauty once more upon her.

“What - what does that mean!?” she cried, her voice sensual and slightly raspy, in a manner that was far more seductive than it had ever been.

She soon got her answer: to her shock, her breasts continued to expand, growing larger than their formerly small size. She cupped them, even as her hips continued to widen to positively *breedable* proportions, and her rear swelled also. The pleasure rose, the sensitivity in her skin also, and soon she was panting with unbelievable arousal, her breasts continuing to expand, becoming large, borderline head-sized mammaries that weighed heavily upon her chest and made her large male tunic positively stretched around the bust, bordering on *tearing*.

“Oh Gods! Ohhhhh, Gods! Why are they s-so big! And my ass! My hips! My voice! What have you - ahhhh - done!?”

The answer was obvious, looking at her form: no longer was Princess Sophia a demure, petite, innocent-looking princess who could wear all the slim court fashions. Instead, she was an incredibly voluptuous woman with curves for days, heaving pert breasts shaped like perfect teardrops, and a hunger in her loins that could not be denied. In short; a very different kind of woman for the men of the realm to lust after, but *not* one who could in

any way leverage court etiquette with a body that so many would see purely in sexual terms, especially given her heightened sexual urges.

“There we are,” the witch said. “Now maybe *this* time you can learn a lesson in humility. Fair well, your majesty.”

She instantly vanished in a puff of smoke, gone once again. There was a long silence in the room as everyone’s eyes fell upon the form of Princess Sophia, once more a woman, but now *very much a woman*. Her bosom rose and fell prominently with every breath, and her hips and rear had literally torn her breeches. The men leered at her, and some of her recent nobleman friends clearly had a desire for her once more in their eyes, and she wasn’t sure this new body could resist them, let alone play them off against each other. She looked to her parents for guidance, but her mother Maria was clearly fed up with her, and kept her head high. King Alarn, on the other hand, leaned forward with interest, inspecting his changed daughter.

“So,” he said, smiling cheerfully, “how about we finally organise you a husband?”

Sophia gulped as she surveyed the bevy of potential suitors in the same room. She rubbed her thighs together, her body lighting up with arousal.

“That . . . might be a good idea, Father.”

The End