

# PRINCESS TREATMENT

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“Miorine-san, this closet, umm...? How do I put this?”**

Suletta Mercury didn't quite know how to break this question to Miorine Rembran, the girl whose room she was presently occupying, and the girl with whom she was engaged to. The Gundam pilot had been staying at the room of her bride-to-be overnight more and more as of late. With GUND-ARM INC. in its startup phase the two girls had been busier together than they *ever* had been in the past.

For better or for worse (and they both secretly believed that it was for the better) the two of them had been spending a lot of more time together as a result. It was convenient to have Suletta drive her around on a scooter from Miorine's perspective, but the emotional support that Suletta's very existence alone provided her was something that she couldn't properly communicate. Would she someday be able to do so properly? Perhaps.

Because their being together had been so convenient when it came to their tasks with the startup, sleeping in the same room had become more commonplace. Whether it was Suletta's room in the Earth House building or Miorine's dorm back in the school proper, they had been sleeping in the same room, and sometimes in the same bed for days now.

Suletta had been staying at Miorine's a lot more than the other way around and so she had planned on cleaning her bride's room. It was a mess, though. A *big* mess. Nonetheless after a full day of work she had cleaned most of it up. The only thing remaining was Miorine's *closet*? **“Haaah? Do you have something to say about my closet,**

**Suletta?**” It was no secret that the shorter girl was a little agitated, likely because her groom had been constantly pointing out just how messy things were while she sat lazily on her bed.

**“N-NO!? I was just going to say... You have a lot of stuff in here!”** That *wasn't* what she was going to say. So much junk had been stuffed inside that when Suletta had opened the door, some of it had dislodged. Thankfully nothing had fallen, or well... **“Ow!?”** Something eventually *did* from the top shelf, her groom’s sound of pain prompting the bride to finally get up and come over with veiled concern.

**“What hit you?”** Miorine stood on her tiptoes. It had hit Suletta’s head and she was much too short to see without doing so. It didn’t *look* like there was any blood and so she turned her attention to the item on the floor. **“A tablet...?”** And a strange looking one at that. There was a toy-like look to it, and honestly? She couldn’t remember having bought it. Was it a gift her shitty dad had thrust onto her? Considering this possibility she groaned and reached down to pick it up.

Only for the tablet screen to light up with a bright blue. A blue that spread across Miorine and Suletta’s bodies before unraveling them wordlessly. Leaving Miorine’s room entirely empty.



**“...Eh? EEEEEEEEEEH!?”** Suletta’s reaction was an understandable one considering what had just transpired from her point of view. The tablet that had hit her in the head had lit up in Miorine’s hands and then she was suddenly... here? Where *was* here? She was standing under some trees near a clearing, and the blue sky above... It wasn’t fake? It was a real sky? **“Is this Earth?”** For Suletta, who had never been to the planet, this seemed like a reasonable assumption.

But how had she ended up here? **“M-Miorine-san!? Miorine-san!?”** She was alone, too. There didn’t seem to be any trace of her bride. **“Oh! Isn’t this...?”** The tablet that Miorine had been holding was by her feet. No, didn’t it look slightly *different*? A little less technologically advanced maybe? But functionally it appeared similar. Suletta had been about to pick it up when it began to emit light again. **“H-Huh!?”**

A light that darted through the air and directly into her body before fading.

The Gundam pilot's blue eyes blinked in surprise. **“Wh-What was that?”** She didn't *feel* strange or anything like that, but having a light jump into your body *probably* wasn't normal, right? Like that wasn't the kind of thing that was probably advised to let happen by a medical professional? Not that she considered herself to be well-versed in medical science or anything, she was just a bumpkin from Mercury, but...!

One couldn't fault her for not noticing this, but as lashes danced with surprise, the colors of her irises ultimately changed in a very subtle way. Their blues inherited a slightly green tinge, just enough to give them a more turquoise shine. Vaguely related, the distribution of hair in her *eyebrows* seemed to be shifting too. Her rounded ones typically invoked the image of the tanuki in those that saw them, but not only did they grow thinner? They lengthened to cross above more of her eyes. Yet they were *thin* either. They were bushy, almost like blonde caterpillars above her eyes.

...*Blonde?* **“H-Huh!? Is something wrong with my hair...?”** Blonde eyebrows were *definitely* wrong, but it wasn't her eyebrows that Suletta had noticed. There were no mirrors out in the middle of a field, but what she *could* see were the bangs dangling between her eyes. They were a *golden blonde*, not the dark red that she'd known her whole life. Her fingers gingerly reached up to slightly tug some down. **“Th-They're really blonde, how is this possible?”**

It wasn't *just* her bangs, and it wasn't *only* the color that had been affected either. Her whole head had been dyed in this golden glow, all these colored locks losing their fluffiness so that they became excessively straight and thin instead. What's more? The length of this hair fell past her butt, her ponytail in the back unraveling while her fluffy ahoge *tragically* flattened. Even those iconic bangs of hers were pulled to the sides – unbound, but like they were *used* to being pinned that way while golden strands framed her face.

But as shocking as this all *was*... **“E-Eh? Was my hair really not blonde before? That's a weird thing to think...”** Where had her confusion gone? Had she not been shocked? And why had a couple of words been spoken with a *very* British accent before her speech returned to normal? These were all questions that Suletta had *not* asked herself, even though she probably, most definitely *should* have.

She cast her gaze down at the field once more. Did she know where she was? The girl hadn't moments before but something about it was looking more and more familiar? Did it help that her point of view was technically further to the ground now than it had been before? Probably *not*, but that didn't change that this was the truth. Suletta had *grown*.

Usually 5'7", she was already much taller than her female peers back at Asticassia, and yet? An additional three inches had brought her up to 5'10", lifting shorts higher from her knees and her uniform top higher up, showing the orange piloting leotard that all Asticassia girls wore stretching beneath. It was giving her a wedgie because of the growth. "Urk!?"

Fingers idly picked at the orange latex, but the comfort *was* eventually dissuaded at it tore in the back as that the material drooped down. This showed off some of Suletta's back. It showed off that the *color* of this back was paler than the rest of her body in fact, but only temporarily. Temporarily *because* the rest of her skin was following suit. Whether it was the girl's face, her legs, or otherwise, the copper tone that her body possessed gave way to a paler pink that gave off the impression of a different origin racially.

"**F-For what reason do my clothes feel so odd?**" Suletta's stutter was ever present, but not only did that accent make a return, but her voice was deeper and softer in kind. It seemed to corroborate with changes to her facial structure that had likewise come courtesy of her skin's color change. Her jaw was slimmer, lips fuller, nose larger, and eyes bigger than ever. Yet with her bangs swept as they were, there was a surprising amount of focus on a forehead that seemed larger than before. She didn't look like Suletta at *all* by the end of this. In fact, she looked more like a Caucasian woman.

One with *long and pointed ears* that began to poke out from behind blonde hair on the sides of her head.

Admittedly? The changes that finalized her transformation weren't nearly as dramatic. Most noticeably her figure slimmed so that she had narrower shoulders, and yet her hips ended up widened by contrast. There seemed to be a *need* for this to happen though, for the back of her shorts was pushed out forward by a new mass to her ass that gave her fuller, lovelier cheeks and her thighs became a touch wider in kind. When it came to her *chest*, they did grow a singular cup size. Since she was only wearing the torn leotard beneath her uniform though? It only amounted to a *little* extra tightness.

The young woman shook her head. Had she been separated from someone? Did she need to *drive* something? Any piloting knowledge and her poor social skills had been completely sapped from her memories. Instead she still had deep-seated insecurities born from inferiority but they were a different sort. Ones that accompanied recollections of life as a princess – a princess who had great expectations hoisted upon her.

She was so close to clarity, and yet before it could be afforded? Her attire needed to change. What she was wearing began to glow with the same blue light that her body had absorbed before that light spread across her body. Once it dimmed? Her attire had changed. Tight, brown, leather pants that showed off her figure with matching boots, fingerless gloves, and a bright blue top with white and gold accents and a white corset composed most of it. While her long, golden hair? It was braided into a crown above her bangs, with those bangs pinned to the sides with hairclips.

**“Oh dear, how did the Sheikah Slate end up there? I really must take better care of it, else I may never hear the end of it...”** Remembering the dropped tablet on the ground, the long-haired *Princess Zelda* leaned forward to pick it up – an act that no doubted highlighted just how abundant her rear end was in those tight pants of hers. The Sheikah Slate was an instrumental tool in her plan to combat the Calamity which, honestly? Sounded like a monumental task for a seventeen year old girl. But it was something that only *she* could do.



It was strange though. With the slate in hand, she couldn't remember what she was doing out in Hyrule Field? **“Oh, of course! I'm heading to meet Urbosa, am I not?”** Her relationship with the Gerudo Champion was of great importance to her. Link must have been taking the horses down to a nearby river for a drink. But Zelda couldn't shake the feeling that perhaps she was forgetting someone.

Someone she would be reunited with in over 100 years.

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**“SULETTA!?! What the hell!?! Where am I!?! Is this some weird room in Asticassia? Don't tell me Shaddiq set up something weird!?!”** What Miorine couldn't have possibly understood was that Suletta had already lived in this world as Princess Zelda for over 100 years before she had arrived in this unusual place. It was some sort of throne room overlooking a desert? Late at night it was actually very *cold*, but nearby torches emitted a welcomed warmth.

There was no one else around. What had become of Suletta? How had she even *ended up* here? Had someone drugged her? She couldn't fathom that she had possibly been *teleported* somewhere. But the night sky outside? There was no paneling in the sky? It was a *real* sky? **“This**



**is impossible... Maybe I'm just dreaming!?"** That made sense, right? This couldn't be real! It had to be a dream!

Even that strange tablet was in the dream! It was just on the ground, glowing blue, and that light just randomly jumped into her body! ...Wait, was that a problem somehow? She didn't *feel* unusual, but she was most certainly paranoid about it. Light didn't typically do *that*. It wasn't like it had passed through her either, because upon turning around? There was no light still lingering.

**"I have a bad feeling about this..."** Miorine didn't know the *half* of it, really. In fact, if only the throne room had a mirror she might have caught it sooner because, well... Her ears weren't supposed to be about five inches long, right? Nor were they supposed to be pointed? But even still, rather than match the pale color that her skin was *supposed* to have? The skin of these pointed ears was oddly bronze. Similar to Suletta's, but darker still.

The color soon appeared elsewhere, most prominently in her fingers and toes next. Miorine certainly wasn't the athletic type nor did she often use tools, so it was uncommon to find cuts, callouses, or *any* type of blemishes on her hands and feet. Yet with her fingers turned copper, the slightly lighter undersides appeared to harden. There was no denying the callouses that had taken shape there, nor those that had formed on the bottom of her feet within her heeled boots.

The sixteen year old shuddered. **"What is... HAH!?"** Never one to hide her shocked, the cry she bellowed out after catching sight of one of her hands might have broken the sound barrier – yet something deep down prompted her to hush herself lest she wake *her people*. Not that the significance of this incorrect thought struck her properly with surprise laid bare at the color of her own skin. **"There's no way... Why do I have a tan!?"**

She pulled up one of her sleeves in a panic. Everything above her elbow was still pale, yet the copper color was creeping up towards her shoulder before Miorine's very eyes. As her upper arms came under this copper thrall, however? She winced in response to her muscles not only there, but in her opposite arm and thighs all tensing up in tandem. **"Wha—!?"** It was enough for her to fear she might keel over, but the tension soon waned... *as those muscles bulged out notably.*

Silver eyes blinked with surprise. Did her thin, strengthless arms just become *buff*? No, it wasn't *just* her arms. Her legs had done the same, the shapes of those muscles bulging through the uniform tights she always wore with her shorts. It didn't even seem like it stopped there, as the copper color moved to consume her torso and she felt muscles tense and release there as well, gifting her rock hard abs that pressed against the orange leotard beneath the rest of her Asticassia wear.

The girl blinked again as the copper settled into her face, altering the structure and related traits in kind. Miorine's lips not only swelled considerable in size, but a blue lipstick was applied by an invisible force so that they stood out upon her sharp, lean chin. Her eyes narrowed to earn a sharper, more intimidating resting glare as red pain was smeared around the outskirts, and her nose? Its bridge widened and nostrils flared. While her nose was small at the tip, it had a very pronounced hook that invoked a very different cultural impression that better suited her darkened skin tone.

As did shorter, fluffier, *crimson* eyebrows and a pair of eyes that were now *turquoise* instead of silver.

**“*Sa’oten!*”** A word that was not in Miorine's word banks typically, because it wasn't from any language she had ever used before, was shouted to express surprise not at her changing body but at her *own thoughts*. **“*What am I getting distracted by? A vai in my position must be strong to lead her people!*”** Her people? But wasn't she just running a startup company? Not a nation... *What in the world is a startup company?*

The crimson in the young woman's eyebrows spread into her hair next. Beginning with her roots, it crept quickly up to the tips while seeing that its overall dramatic length shortened to just above her shoulder. These hairs became coarser and were choppy at the tips, suggesting the multitude of hair care products that she always used were not available in this new life of hers. In fact, the way it was all bunched up at the sides seemed to suggest it was typically bunched up, with bangs pulled back and her ahoge *tragically* one with the rest of her head.

She shook her head, these crimson locks bouncing from side to side in the process. Things that were shockingly unfamiliar before seemed to feel like they were part of her daily life now. She knew this throne room. She spent a lot of time in it. While she weighed these realizations her height steadily increased, bringing her up to 5'5" from 4'11" – an increase that was seen more in the length of her torso and legs than anywhere else, ripping her leotard and tights alike. When it came to her figure otherwise though? Short of thighs looking thinner and her butt

being firmer thanks to stronger glutes, she didn't really gain or lose much.

Which only left her clothes. An armored crop top done up in black with blue and gold highlights was also that clad her torso once the blue light had consumed her old clothes. Everything beneath her chest was exposed as a result, firm abs bare along with her armpits as only thin pauldrons hugged her shoulders. When it came to her lower body, a black and white skirt clung to a golden belt that rested on her hips, disguising a pair of rudimentary undergarments beneath them. Calloused toes were hidden within a pair of sandals, legs bare aside from a pair of anklets.

What stood out most of all was the golden headdress that was woven into folded back bangs, though. It stood tall above a matching circlet, earrings cut from the same steel hanging from pointed ears with hair tied into stalks with golden clasps. There was something intimidating about this look even if she wasn't all *that* tall. If she walked into a room alone she would most certainly command attention.

**"It's late. I suppose I should go check on our esteemed guest."**

*Princess Riju* of the Gerudo prevented a yawn from leaving her lips. It was so late that the moon was high in the sky, but she was no longer the child she had once been. Years had passed since Link had saved the princess and brought a close to the 100 year Calamity, and now in her teens? She projected an air of maturity befitting of her status.

Small feet, at least compared to a fully grown Gerudo woman, pattered down the stairs from her throne room. Princess Zelda was visiting on a meeting of good will, but in truth it was a meeting of friendship. They had become close friends following the Calamity and Zelda often came by to spend weeks in Gerudo Town. Perhaps it was because of her closeness with the Gerudo's previous Champion Urbosa? No, that wasn't it. Riju hoped that she had formed a similar bond of her own.



Busy with administrative tasks that evening though, Riju regrettably hadn't been able to meet the princess in person. It was late but she knew Zelda would be up – she'd left some interesting relics in her inn room



after all. **“I hope the princess enjoys what I left her... I suppose I’ll find out!”** It was strange, though.

**“Even though it’s been months since our last meeting it almost feels like I *just* saw her.”**

Surely it was nothing!