

PRINCESS PERFECTION

COMMISSION STORY

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How many things lasted long enough to have *40* anniversaries?

Scratch that, because it was probably a *lot* of things. Most long-lived relationships for starters, so maybe that wasn't a great line of thinking. But for Joseph? There weren't a lot of things that had anniversary numbers that high that were important to him. But when it came to the *Mario* series of Nintendo games and related properties, he cared a great deal about it.

It was the type of franchise that had been important to him in childhood, and that importance hadn't waned at all as he'd grown older. He didn't miss a new release even it sometimes meant picking one up later than normal, and they were always a good time. The spinoffs? He was a little more hit or miss with those these days, but he didn't doubt that they were *also* all quite good.

2025 / 2026 was in fact Mario's 40th Anniversary, and Nintendo had put some projects together to celebrate as much as they had announced during a direct at the beginning of autumn. Part of it was the official announcement of the Super Mario Galaxy movie, which was naturally a sequel to the widely popular Mario movie that had been released numerous years beforehand.

But there was also something else. Something Joseph had been *extremely* excited about; a Super Mario Galaxy + Super Mario Galaxy 2 collection that could be played on both the Nintendo Switch *and* the Nintendo Switch 2. The former game in that collection had received a rerelease for the 35th anniversary as well, but this was the first time it would be available in 4K on the Switch 2.

This all worked out perfectly for Joseph. They were probably his favorite Mario games – a sentiment that was shared with plenty of fans of the series. It helped that those games contained his favorite character in the entire franchise as well. Rosalina was (technically a) princess that lived in space. She lived in the Comet Observatory along with the countless Lumas, with a duty to watch over and protect the cosmos. She was strong, beautiful, and elegant.

“**Finally...**” And after a long wait following the game’s release, he finally had a copy in his hands.

WELL, IF YOU WANTED TO GET INTO THE GAME SOONER, WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST ASK ME!?

“**...Oh.**” Joseph wasn’t a fool. He had recognized that disembodied voice, just like he’d recognized the pull that came after she’d spoken that had pulled him into another location altogether. In this case, it appeared to be... a library? It was a small and homely library with shelves lined with books that were so high that no one would be able to reach them from the ground. On further inspection, there didn’t even seem to be any ladders around? So, how would anyone even reach the top shelves? “**By floating...?**”

That possibility should have been *impossible*, of course. People couldn’t float. But there was no guarantee he was still in a world where the rules he knew existed, considering *Hisa* had a hand in things. Looking out the one window in the library, what he initially assumed was the night sky... No, that was open *space*, wasn’t it? And considering what *Hisa* had said... “**Am I in the Comet Observatory?**”

‘*Get into the game*’ indeed.

The issue was that if it was by *Hisa*’s design, then it probably wasn’t as innocent as it seemed. She likely hadn’t sent him there simply to soak in the sights, because that wouldn’t be very fun to *her*. He was practically waiting for the ‘catch’, and he didn’t really have to wait long at all. “**W-Whoa!?**” Out of nowhere? Well, something happened that left his mind processing it as him ‘falling’, but he very promptly had to adjust his understanding of the phenomenon. He’d only thought that because those two feet of his were no longer planted directly on the floor.

Yet, looking down revealed that this was the case before the floor was *farther away* from his eye level, and not because he had grown taller. Rather... **“I-I’m floating!?”** He supposed he *was* technically in space. Had someone turned off the gravity in the library or something? That would have been a valid assumption if not for the fact that everything else was still resting on the ground just fine. And in the meantime? One shoe dropped off his foot, and then the other... even though he was floating?

You might have assumed that this was because he was levitating, and in a way that *was* technically correct. But his shoes had fallen off because the feet that were crammed inside of them *weren’t* actually as crammed inside as they had been before, because his tootsies had shrunk both in width *and* length as the balls of his heels had softened and his toes had become more delicate. The levitation could not lift anything that wasn’t properly secured to his body, and so the shoes just *fell off*.

Mind you, his hands were facing a similar phenomenon. It wasn’t as noticeable to Joseph because he had them thrown out to the sides because he felt like he had to keep his balance while floating, but his palms grew smaller, and his fingers longer as those nails crept out slightly with pink polish spread across. **“Why is this happen—*URK!*?”** That groan that he had groaned sounded very off key. Much too high for his usual voice, but he sounded it while his torso lurched forward. It felt like something had just tugged on his belly and waist very suddenly.

Not that it was easy for him to see that beneath his shirt, but his waistline had pulled in *significantly*. It was just one of the many things that his outfit had been obscuring, but upon lurching and getting a decent look at the legs that were bare beneath the knees of his shorts? **“Uh...”** It was hard *not* to notice how soft-looking and hairless they had become. It wasn’t just his legs that had suffered this, but his arms and torso.

Joseph realized that his arms were easier to observe, and so he not only noted their softness, but also a fact that the color of his complexion was *changing*. He was olive-skinned by naturing, but almost like he was becoming sick, that color was gradually sapped away until it was the same pinkish pale that most Caucasian people possessed farther north. He also finally noticed how fair and delicate his hands were. *Girlish*, too.

“Hisa isn’t turning me into *Rosalina*, is she?” Considering *where* he was, the options weren’t especially numerous. It was only Rosalina and the Lumas that lived in the Comet Observatory, and only one of them was a humanoid woman. Well, that at least explained the sound of

his voice! Realizing it now sounded like the voice of the character in question, he raised his fairer fingers to gently touch his face.

He reached it just in time to feel his lips growing fuller – and stickier from the appearance of a light pink gloss, as well as the narrowing of his cheeks and nose. He could only assume that he appeared quite *beautiful*, and he didn't really need a mirror *to* see what he looked like since he'd identified his final outcome. Eyelashes fluttered longer upon a pair of eyes that took on a passionate turquoise, much more shaped like the eyes of a CG character than an actual, real-life human. And one who looked a little younger than Joseph had been.

But his left eye was soon covered by... *hair*? **“Intriguing...”** Was that the best word for him to use as delicate fingers reached up to tug gently on strands of a platinum blonde that had replaced his usual brown? Probably *not*, but it wasn't just his voice that had changed. Everything he said was being filtered through a changing personality that was both introverted and intellectual – at least compared to how he had been before. He didn't react much otherwise to the sight and sensation of his now blonde locks growing out to the center of his back with ruffles curling up at the sides almost like the point of a star.

The bangs that covered his left eye were thick *and* long, reaching past his chin. It was something he once expected would have *annoyed* him to no ends, but now? It felt... *natural*? Was *she* settling into her new role via changes to her mental state? That was evidently the case, else she might have simply done more than arch a brown brow at the sensation of what was clearly her masculine sex pulling up and inside of her as a pussy was erected beneath a bush of now light blonde pubes.

“I'm a woman.” The woman said this more to confirm it to herself. There wasn't any panic behind it, not even as the sides of her shorts began to strain courtesy of her hips forcing themselves to widen several inches. The front button of those shorts *finally* popped off once her thighs and ass grew plump, each thigh about as thick as her waist, leading to the fabric *really* digging into them. There was a similar phenomenon within her shirt as her once flat chest became... *less so*. Mounds bloated and pushed the shirt slightly ajar, blossoming into a pair of sensitive D-cups.

Joseph's outfit didn't do much when it came to revealing these curves, but a *change* of outfit corrected that. Both his shirt and shorts mended together into a long, aqua dress that revealed only her shoulders and hands. Aqua trim decorated those shoulders, sleeves, and the hem of the skirt, and a golden star ornament sat atop her collarbone with a yellow gem sitting in its center. **“This is certainly more comfortable!”** She could clearly remember wearing that dress daily now, just as she could

recall the crown atop her head, and the four-pointed star earrings dangling from her ears.

But had she noticed that she had *grown* in the process? Likely not. She *had* been floating, and her proportions had remained the same. The woman had simply grown up from roughly six feet in height to *just* over the *seven-foot* mark. Everything from her dress to her new, silver heels had grown alongside her. So, it hadn't really been obvious at all. Quite the contrary, in fact.

“I suppose it was obvious early on, but this *was* my ultimate fate in the end.” It was strange how *Rosalina* just subconsciously did not even bother to lower herself back to the floor. Now that her transformation had completed, she levitated off of the ground passively with great ease. She floated up towards one of the highest bookshelves though, guided by curiosity. **“Mm... I am Rosalina, but there is something else there as well.”** An understanding that she had *been* someone else, although that name escaped her.



Could she still remember because of the nature of her existence? That felt *likely*. She couldn't imagine any regular mortal being able to hold onto that shred of existence even after the rest of it had been snuffed out. But it wasn't that much of a concern in the end. She had ought to do, at least until the next sporting event was held in the Mushroom Kingdom. So, for now? She needed a *book*. **“What should I read to the Lumas today?”**

It was a question worth asking. But then *it* appeared. An invitation in her hand? Had she been carrying it the entire time and hadn't noticed?

“O... kay. Looks like I'm in a pretty big kitchen?” And one that I wasn't *supposed* to be in, at that. White walls lined this large room with pink accents. There was a huge counter in the center of it, with a giant fridge, freezer, and rows of the type of oven you might find in a bakery. It all appeared *very* professional and *very* expensive. Not the type of kitchen I should have probably been in, and definitely not in a location

anywhere near where I'd been living based on the architecture of the walls.

AXEL! I DID A LITTLE FAVOR FOR JOSEPH, SO NATURALLY YOU'RE COMING ALONG TOO!

Recalling the words that Hisa had cryptically spoken to me *before* my surroundings had changed, it occurred to me that I didn't really have any additional context to work with. 'Favor' probably meant she'd brought him somewhere nearby to give him a different fate. But I didn't know *how* nearby, and considering her penchant for turning people into characters, I had to assume I was probably in another world. "**I guess figuring out *where* I am should come first...**"

If I could even get that far before my own transformation gave it away.

"**...Or not!?**" The next thing I knew, I mumbled out a wheezed croak that could be sourced back to a *very* sudden regression of my body's *weight*. I had been by no means a thin guy, but the key word was '*had*' though, past tense. A pair of jeans and a loose shirt I'd been wearing around my heavy body all of a sudden hung with a looseness that I only ever observed *right* after Hisa's powers had thinned me, and lo and behold? My body had become *perfectly* trim in almost an instant.

Perhaps even *more* than that, because as I used my hands to grab at my sides? I found that the curvature of my waist sunk much deeper than it should have for a man. But mind you, my masculinity had been called into question much more quickly than it had for my friend. My face had certainly *thinned*, but its shape had been affected already more than I even realized. It was longer, narrowed, and as my lips had swollen into almost cartoonishly bee-stung shapes? A pink gloss had spread across them. I looked a little younger, like I was in my mid-twenties at most. "**Oh dear! Something is very...**" *Wrong?*

It was hard *not* to notice the sweet and airy ring that my voice then possessed. It was *clearly* a woman's voice, and it was cartoonishly high in pitch. In the meantime, my eyes shone with a bright blue as the shapes of my own eyes took a more 'CG character' shape and my lashes danced longer as I blinked. Even though it wasn't my intention, I couldn't stop but bringing my hand up to touch my lips with a very girlish gasp, but on contact I felt how thick and sticky they were.

I didn't need any additional confirmation that I was becoming a girl or, well... *Am I not already a girl? A princess can't be a boy, right?* "**Oh!**" I had a point, didn't I? And making that point a *reality*, my own genitalia were reshaped between my legs – subtly enough that the biggest

reaction I gave to the sensation was a subtle gulp and a rubbing of my thighs together. Thighs that were being stripped of any unneeded body hair, much like the rest of my *womanly* body. Though, considering I was thinking of myself *as* a woman so easily... didn't my mental changes seem far more drastic than my friend's?

The rate that my changes were occurring certainly increased once I had a pussy between my legs. The ass behind it bloated (fittingly) into a perky *peach* shape, while my thighs swelled into such an enticing shapeliness that my hips were forced out several inches. As part of my forced sex change, not even my chest was spared. It had flattened with my weight loss, only to jiggle to attention once more with puffier nipples; grown into perky, *C-cup* tits. **"Of course! I'm a princess!"** And I really believed that. Because it was true! My memories told me as much!

I hadn't realized that I had grown a few inches taller. My dramatically oversized clothes had concealed that I had shot up to 6'1", and I was hardly thinking much about my *hair* as it cascaded well down my back at roughly the same time. The dark colors of my strands rapidly adapted a shimmering, golden blonde, and the bulk of that hair was soft and silky by the time it fanned out past my ass. Swept to the sides, and with my bangs forming a *V* across my forehead, there was something very familiar about it all. *Because it was me, of course!*

Almost like my claim that was a princess had instigated it, moments later my oversized attire merged and brightened into a long, pink dress with short, puffy sleeves. Slenderer fingers were wrapped in white gloves that reached past my elbows, a blue brooch rested across my breasts, and a pair of blue earring pierced my ears – making me wince suddenly. I was also hoisted up by a pair of pink heels, and aside from the women's underwear that clad my unmentionables? There was now also a pair of bloomers under my skirt.

DING!

Suffice to say, with my head feeling so groggy I had *completely* forgotten the cake I had been baking! That was such a faux pas on the part of a *princess* such as me! I didn't need a Toad berating me like, 'Princess



Peach, you need to pay attention!’, and it *had* happened before. How embarrassing of a moment that had been! **“Let me get that out before the guests arrive!”** I had no doubts about my identity as *Princess Peach* while pulling the cake out with over mitts on, and I placed it on the nearby counter to cool.

“How strange... I can’t shake the feeling that I’m forgetting something, though!” It was like a nagging feeling in the back of my mind, but it *did* dissuade itself after some time. How could I reasonably have been expected to believe that I was actually a man from another world? How silly! That couldn’t *possibly* be what I was forgetting! It also wasn’t a priority! **“Okay! I need to finish decorating the cake before the others show up!”**

And decorate that cake I would!

“Hehehe! I thought I’d check in on how you two are doing!” Several hours later, the young nekomata, Hisa, appeared in the dining room of the Mushroom Kingdom’s castle before both Princess Peach *and* Rosalina, who was sitting at a small table with three seats, and with a *huge*, pink cake sitting in the middle. **“How do you like your new lives? Or are you too far gone to even remember at this point?”** She looked *right* at Rosalina, expecting that she was the only one of the two that could have plausibly remembered.

But neither of them answered her question. The princess simply spoke a seemingly unrelated line. **“Oh, Daisy! We were wondering when you were going to show up!”** What? Daisy? Princess Daisy shouldn’t have been in attendance, since she hadn’t used her power to change anyone into her. But then? She noticed the back of her hand. Her complexion was slowly darkening to a light tan, and before she could react... words jumped from the back of her throat.

“HI! I’M DAISY!”