

# TAKING A LEO TO THE (NIE)

APRIL 2020 REQUEST STORY

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Leo, prince of Nohr, did not like this posting. To be patrolling the border of Hoshido with the minimal number of troops he'd been given was something of a sour assignment, though one that needed to be done himself considering how many troops had snuck past their units in the past few weeks. It was just a tedious trip to go up and down the kingdom's line of entry several times per day, and one that required they stop for the night in a border town that decorated both kingdoms.

This town was a ceasefire zone and was essentially divided down the middle with troops staying on either side. It was always a tense location even without royals staying there, and when they were it was even tenser. Honestly, the people that lived there were tired of this war. It ruined their crops, killed members of their families, and regularly brought ruin to the town's establishments.

And so an occult group living within the city limits had taken it upon themselves to eliminate the threats themselves. A curse that would remove the royals from the picture altogether, and no one would be the wiser.

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A strange sound had lured the young Leo from his inn room that evening. It was a voice that almost sounded like his elder sister Camilla whispering to him for aid, but he doubted it was little more than a trap. Were Hoshido soldiers attempting to jump him in this ceasefire zone? It was pretty bold of them, but he wouldn't be fooled. So naturally, he brought a tomb.

The voice led him into the yard behind an inn. It wasn't a particularly brilliant set up, but there was various equipment for children to play with scattered about. Leo was cautious. Was anyone nearby? Attention drawn to his surroundings he didn't pay much attention to the ground below him, and by the time he did it was when the magic circle carved into the dirt had gone alight with orange magic. "**So it was a trap after all...**" He murmured while reaching for the book at his side, but fingers instead pulled out... *an iron lance?*

The confusion on his face was so easily read. There was no way someone could have swapped out his tomb for a spear without his notice, not with their very different weights. He also seemed to be grasping the weapon like he was comfortable holding it -- which he was *not*. Any attempt to move himself free of the magic circle was ultimately met with resistance as well, which made things far more perilous. It was like the circle was a container that kept him imprisoned while whatever its main effect was applied. Despite his knowledge of magic though, what concerned Leo the most was that he could not make out the circle's intention. Was it one he'd never studied?

*No.* He'd studied this very shape before. The problem was that its effects had already knocked the magic expertise he'd shaped his whole life right out the side of his head. The spear at his side was not merely for show: it was going to be the weapon he was most familiar with by the time the circle's glow had faded, and any studies he'd ever made using the dark arts would be effectively replaced by such generic melee weapon knowledge.

There were obvious physical abnormalities beginning to surface as well, none more apparent than the disintegration of his Nohrian armor. It was a heavy defensive piece, but from the gauntlets to the chest piece it was like the magic was turning all steel on his person into dust and scattering it to the breeze, leaving his underclothes the only attire he was left to cover up with. Although... "**Orange? Why is it all orange?**" The white undershirt he normally wore was a dark orange, the material even different as it sported a lower neckline and wider, thicker sleeves. The pants he'd worn beneath his armor had fared no better, and in their place was a pair of black shorts with a fuzzy trim that left most of his legs exposed.

Certainly not the type of gear he'd normally equip. It all looked quite feminine at the end of the day. He didn't have a particularly bulky frame however so it didn't look too far out of place against his body even if his suspicions about it being women's clothing were correct, but hair tickling the back of his neck as some slid into a ponytail tied towards his left shoulder indicated it might not be ill-fitting at all soon. Particularly

with how strands of bright orange not unlike the color of his new blouse were popping up against his typical blonde with rapid arrival.

Leo didn't have any intention of allowing this trap to do its work uninterrupted, and he continuously was smashing his shoulder against the outer barrier in hopes of making an effect escape before things were too late. The issue was that every time he collided with the force of entrapment the next time he threw his weight into the collision it not only felt like he was delivering a weaker blow (*which could easily be explained by fatigue*), but also felt a little like his torso needed to travel a farther distance to actually collide.

The latter phenomenon didn't actually have a *normal* explanation like the former. It was just because his torso, as a whole, was becoming thinner and his shoulders substantially less broad as a result. The young prince eventually did notice when his attempt to body check the circle finally resulted in a foot slipping out from beneath him, and he was all the more shocked when the hand that reached out to keep him upright against the invisible surface entered his view to reveal... **“That’s not my hand at all!”**

It really *wasn't*. Fingers were too calloused, nails too chipped and dirty. Aesthetically they looked like they belonged to someone who always used their hands and didn't meticulously take care of them like he was prone to, their wear indicative of a life of weapon use. They didn't have any of the many paper cut scars he was used to from his constant tomb training either, and weren't they much too small? To serve as a contrast his arms, while slightly more tanned than normal as they pulled into small shoulders, actually looked better toned than they had before. Like a person that definitely was used to carrying and thrusting heavy weapons.

**“Is this circle changing me? That’s impossible. No such spell exists in the archive of... of...”** He struggled to remember the book he'd read that might contain information on a circle such as this. But he was finding he couldn't remember much at all. Even the sound of his own voice was a forgotten memory if the fact that he hadn't realized his tone had become a soft, feminine hum was any indication. **“What the heck was that book called!?”** His verbiage, too, was more abrasive and less refined, evidence that the high class upbringing he'd received was disappearing with hastened speed.

One hand ran to his stomach as a sinking pain suddenly washed over him, and with palm pressed against the front of his feminine blouse he could feel the bulge of his stomach sink in slightly, only to become bolstered as abdominal muscles sprung into better shape. That wasn't to say it all evened out though, not when the arch of his torso took on such

an elegant curvature that gave him gentle handles and a bump to his rump that only predated its thiccing. And thiccen it surely did.

Cheeks of Leo's rear practically exploded as they perked up, the unfamiliar but increasingly familiar of his undergarments settling against these cheeks ultimately becoming more comfortable than less as his mind was quickly adjusting to match the reality being bestowed upon him. His rear filled the shorts perfectly and had the appeal of a mercenary girl done right with how thighs rippled with muscle and tender flesh for fondling all the same.

Hands clasped again the groin a little too late, and before Leon could properly ascertain the situation fingers could be felt sliding into a gap where a dick and balls had once hung. **"I have a...? I'm a girl!? I mean... I guess I always have been... haven't I? After all, Captain Jeralt..."** Who? Who was that? That name had slipped from her chapped but pouty lips without prompt and she couldn't really draw a face to the name at first. That face though? It slowly cleared and she could see it. An important person that was now gone, yet still served as her reason for living?

Her reason for living was the kingdom. You know, the kingdom of... where? She was the prince of... No, she wasn't a prince? How could she be a prince with a pussy, with a butt like hers, and as fingers toyed with mass blossoming from her chest, with a bosom that so prominently filled the front of her chest and allowed tanned cleavage free reign. Nothing about *Leoni's* body made her a man, so at best she could be a princess? But that sounded like it probably sucked and didn't really match her personality type *at all!*

She blinked as the light of what she now identified as the 'weird magical emblem thingy Marianne and Lysithea sometimes used' faded from her view. Head shook from side to side, long orange hair bouncing with it as her identically colored eyes fluttered with broad lashes against delicate facial features. The young woman smelled of a hard day's work, and that realization made her wonder about getting a bath or shower in the inn that was behind her.

Actually... where was she? This didn't look like any village she'd ever seen in Fodlan. She was missing a bunch of her gear, too. She had her lance but where was her bow? Where was the shirt she normally tied at her waist? Her belts? At least she was still wearing her boots, small calloused toes house with minimal comfort inside. **"I reaaally need to put my feet up!"** It was spoken like a *truly* hard worker.

Walking up to the front counter of the inn, she was met by a woman innkeep who wore a bright smile. She was in on the situation of course.

They wouldn't have used the space behind said inn without her permission. It seemed things had gone as expected, and slowly but surely they would be able to end this war using this extremely unusual method. **"You have good luck, young lady! A room *just* opened up!"**

*Leonie* beamed. **"Nice!"**