

# EVENING SIDES

MAY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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The border village between Hoshido and Nohr was conveniently placed, but Ryoma did not like visiting it. Time and time again soldiers from either side would cause problems, and not to show bias but the prince was more than certain most of these problems were brought about by *Nohr's* side. He'd actually been called there on serious business.

It seemed Prince Leo of Nohr had gone missing while staying in the village, and Princess Camilla had summoned him out there for questioning. Even the smallest of transgressions could undo their temporary ceasefire, and so he'd traveled there posthaste to try and minimize the damages.

He had to question his own soldiers first of course, so it was important he at least arrive a day early. Ryoma didn't expect they were responsible for Leo's disappearance, and yet if the Princess pointed an accusation his way it was necessary to have the most up-to-date information to keep her occupied.

Ryoma had arrived early that morning and had been to the various outposts on the Hoshido side of the village. It didn't seem like any of the stationed units had any information about Prince Leo's absence, and the young man didn't really have any reason to doubt their words. After all, had they killed a man that was both a Nohrian prince *and* general? It was unlikely they would keep quiet. That was an act worthy of a promotion after all.

So night fell, and he came to check in to a certain inn dead in the village's center. Apparently the prince had stayed there the night before

his disappearance, but he wasn't there to gather additional intel. It was just simply the only that functioned in this rural community.

And fortunately he'd checked in just as the bathing house had freed up. A day spent walking around in hot armor? A soak was sorely needed, particularly since they seemed to use a unique medical herb in these parts that were said to rejuvenate the flesh and mind. That was going to happen...

Just not *quite* in the way Ryoma expected, thanks to the same party that had gotten Leo the week before.

The warrior made sure the bath door was locked before dropping his towel. Muscular as he was, there was no denying his battle experience. After all, his skin was decorated by scar after scar, each a symbol of an important battle he'd fought in Hoshido's name. There was nothing Ryoma wouldn't do for his people, his family. Which also made him very dangerous.

Which, of course, meant he was worth getting rid of *early*.

He lowered his body into the water, arching his back against the back of the tub with care. Aching bones were immediately soothed which was a welcome development, but the scent wasn't quite to his liking. There were clearly herbs floating within, but the fragrance was fruity? It made him suspicious that someone who'd used the water prior had either been eating within or added something of their own to the mix. Surely it wasn't dangerous but he wasn't sure how well he'd sleep reeking of fruit.

Regardless, Ryoma allowed his body to relax as he kept his arms on the tub's edge so he didn't sink too far in. It was easy to get lost in the warm, soothing feeling that hugged him tight, but he didn't want to remain inside for too long else he'd get all soggy.

Skin was already getting plenty soft, but it wasn't from over-soaking. The water rested just above his nipples and everything else was submerged, but since the room was only lit by torches mounted on the walls he couldn't really see what was happening just beneath his breast. Needless to say, the herbal water was working wonders. *Way too many wonders.*

All of those scars across his body? They were receding. Damages were completely reversed to give him a flawless aesthetic, and his skin had begun to look more youthful. It was like he'd taken up a complicated beauty regime that involved rubbing softening creams all over his body, and even once he dried off it would retain its silky soft feel.

While the man's muscles weren't inherently challenged -- he seemed to remain buff even as the water tingled and slowly made him look more effeminate -- their placement did end up shifting in slight. The curve of Ryoma's back, for example, took a more pronounced inward slope that forced him to adjust his posture in the tub without a second thought. Eyes closed, he wasn't exactly looking to see what was happening, and even if he was there wasn't much of an indicator just yet.

He stuck his hands beneath the water's surface and cupped some to splash his face with. A mistake to be sure. Even as he drew hands towards his face the nails on them had been slowly inching longer, additional lengths clearly treated with an abundance of care. It would suck if one of them broke on the battlefield, right? It was Ryoma's fingers too, and some of the water spilled out thanks to how they were shrinking to better accommodate smaller palms. The skin remained calloused, but it was clear work had been done with a tool to keep them smooth regardless.

As the water crashed against his face, any facial hair that had begun to regrow from the shave in the morning just fell loose into the tub below along with any dirt. His skin was absolutely aglow after only a moment, with his very angular face beginning to fill out with a pudge not indicative of any particular weight gain, but merely a sign of the fact that his facial structure was collapsing. The moment the water touched his lashes they plumed outward, for example, and nostrils diminished. All in all, Ryoma just wasn't looking very much like Ryoma, particularly with lips pressing out as they blossomed.

The splashing water had come with an immediate dye job as well. He wore his brown hair long, and it had already begun to show signs of this in the water behind him, but as the water he splashed against his face always crashed against his hair, it was like watching dye splash against white cloth. Everything the water touched just turned bright pink, and not only that but incredibly voluminous as well. How many hair care products were being put into that mane? It was a question the current Ryoma had no answers for.

**"Mm..."** It was at this point that the prince was starting to wonder if something was amiss. For all his efforts, he couldn't seem to keep his posture on the bottom of the tub -- and that was if you didn't mind the effeminate hum that had just escaped his lips. It was like he was getting a full existence detox. But the posture issue was thanks to a less than gradual deterioration of his height as knees became closer to his pelvis, and his torso had followed suit to drag his rear against the tub's bottom. Had the tub become more spacious somehow?

At the very least, the adjustments needed to how he was sitting were somewhat lessened as the potion mixed in the bath saw reform around his legs, but more particularly his rear. The muscles in his behind remained but was simply accommodated by a push of flesh that filled them out in every direction, a soft tush that would be the talk of the town ultimately filling out to barely fit within the horizontal gait of the bathtub itself. Thighs fared no better, touching the tub sides as they remained strong while looking like a pair you'd love to rest your head on.

Any fears that they might crush his junk and make him aware of what was happening to the extent that he might get out of the water was abated however. Despite his member being quite impressively long, there had been diminishing return in its size while his butt had developed. By the time his rear was full, her absence of male genitalia between her legs had allowed the growing thighs to touch one another without decimating an organ in between. Cute pink fuzz dotted the top of her maiden's pussy, care clearly made in trimming it.

Ryoma's toes curled as she found herself lost even deeper in the soothing effects of the bath. It was growing difficult to think. Wasn't she so lucky this backwater village had a bath? She'd been a little skeptical when *Leonie had recommended it as a visiting spot*, but... As the toes curled again they were very clearly becoming daintier. Nails were trimmed much like her fingernails, and while the arch of her heel was a gentle slope, there were obvious signs of repeated use to give it callouses that needed treatment.

She really wished her life didn't require so much *effort*, but alas...

The adaptation into her new life was almost complete. One could hardly look at the buff but clearly pampered young lady and think of her as Hoshido's prince. One could hardly expect this rather lazy, well taken care of beauty to be that rough looking fellow now could they? The protectors of this village had earned a second victory, but the final touches had to sink in first. Or *grow out*, so to speak.

Fat had slowly been amassing around her nipples to give her chest a pudgy sag, but the width of her nipples practically tripled all of a sudden as that fat embezzlement saw substantial increase. *Ryolda's* nipples had been kept beneath the water, and as she'd shrunk they'd fallen slightly further below, but it didn't take long for them to re-emerge as the tips grew hard from suddenly being exposed to the chilly night air.

Breasts barreled forward, drawing the question '*did a girl this lazy really deserve a body this fine?*'. *D-cup?* It wouldn't be unsurprising if they were a little bigger than that, their weight making her back sink in

slight by the time it was completed. That was enough to make her open her eyes, long lashes framing bright pink irises. The woman's eye shapes had been almond-like when she'd first entered the bath as a man, but now they were much wider and rounder to indicate her changed race.

**“Hm, that’s strange. How long have I been in the tub?”** She stretched her short but muscular arms roof ward. *Hilda* felt super great? Which was weird. Usually these baths took longer than like five minutes to start reaping deeper effects, and she'd never felt quite as good as she did now. It was like all of her physical stress had just melted away. **“I wonder if this bumpkin town has a massage parlour I can go to in the morning before the princess arrives...”**

Oh, right! That was why she'd traveled here, wasn't it? Leonie was enlisting in Princess Camilla's forces and had suggested Hilda do the same. It seemed like a lot of effort, but apparently Nohr's princess would treat a girl like her well. Maybe if she was lucky she could land the princess herself? Well, depending on her looks and personality.

Hilda stood up, water running off her short but voluptuous body as she reached for the towel at the bath's side. **“Well! Guess I better get some shut eye.”**

*It was going to be a long day tomorrow.*