

ROYAL REASSIGNMENT

COMMISSION STORY

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Following the war between Hoshido and Nohr, an era of peace had befallen their lands thanks to the efforts of Corrin.

But just because peace had been obtained, that didn't necessarily mean things would be all sunshine and rainbows right out of the gate. Even before the war, the relationship between the two nations had been incredibly tense, and the people weren't all as willing to just accept their neighbors as friends and allies just because the nobles said they should see them as such. If anything? The relationships between the nobles were probably the most amicable during the early days.

They were trying to lead by example, though. When the war shifted from being against each other to being against Anankos and his forces, an alliance had been necessary despite their bad blood. It was only through working together that they learned that they had more in common than they had realized, and true friendships were forged. The relationship between Prince Ryoma of Hoshido and Prince Xander of Nohr were a good example of this.

And the princes had seized upon this newfound companionship to try and show their peoples that an alliance between the two nations was nothing to fear. They had recently been meeting up for joint patrols along the border, and they were on one such patrol that evening when they had come across signs of— **Bandits.** Xander confirmed after checking over the kindling of a fire outside of a small fort, abandoned long ago when the war was at its fiercest.

“You go around the back and I’ll take the front?” Ryoma mused. Those bandits were likely inside the fort and cutting them off made the

most sense. So, they ended up smirking at each other and moving into position. Unaware of the fact that the bandits were *prepared*. They had known the route the princes would travel, and they had a little something in mind for the two of them.

“Get it ready, boys! Ehehe!”



“Hm...” Ryoma hadn’t expected a welcome party, but he was surprised to find the main hall empty as he entered with his blade, the Raijinto, drawn. The katana was unique, one of the five weapons that had been created by the Rainbow Sage and imbued with the power of lightning, but it was also unique in that it would only react to its chosen wielder. It was more than powerful enough to take down some bandits that were surely attempting to take advantage of the newly established peace time. **“Just come out. Don’t waste my time!”**

The Hoshidan man couldn’t *see* anyone, but he could feel it. He was being watched. From behind a broken wall? A hole in the ceiling? Perhaps both. He was likely surrounded – but that also wouldn’t save *them*. **“I said come o—!?”** The man winced and stepped back. There had been a sudden flash of light that had filled the room. A flashbang!? He’d been prepared to dodge a sneak attack when his vision recovered, but no one approached.

Nor had that been a mere flashbang.

There has ben some sort of *force* that had accompanied that glow that had knocked the blade, scabbard and all, out of Ryoma’s hands. It had clattered onto the ground, but it had done *far* worse to his armor. **“How!?”** Because once he was able to finally examine himself, he realized he was only dressed in the clothing he wore *under* all the armor: that being a white shirt and red pants that were worn to help prevent chafing. **“Hmph. Armor or not, I should still be able to strike down foes such as yourselves.”**

His announcement did not provoke a response like he had hoped, but that did not stop him from crouching down to pick the Raijinto back up. Or that had been his *intention* at least, and yet... **“What!?”** He was able to lift it... slightly. It felt *heavier* than it was supposed to be, significantly so. Was it rejecting him? That *was* part of it, though it was only a temporary side effect of what was about to befall him, but in that particular instance it was more a matter of the man not recognizing that he was becoming physically *weaker*.

As a warrior prince, Ryoma was naturally very *built* when it came to his musculature. He had spent most of his life training and was very bulky as a result. It was the sort of bulk that would likely take months if not years of inactivity to completely undo. And yet? Those muscles were *contracting*, shrinking until most of his body's definition was completely and entirely erased. **“Hm!?”** He dropped the blade and stood perfectly straight in a panic when this finally occurred to him.

But at least by examining his arm, he could tell that it was much more complicated than that. This skin that remained, now unburdened by bulging strength, was notable softer, paler, and devoid of both hair *and* scars. He had definitely had a scar on that forearm before, but now he couldn't see it. **“It's like I have the skin of a newborn...”** Or someone significantly younger, at least. An assumption that would promptly be put to the test when—

“Whoa!?” Ryoma's eye level began to drop before he could even fully process what had happened with his skin. In a way it was fortunate that his armor was gone, because with his strength as deteriorated as it was, he wouldn't have been able to properly move. The *staggering* drop in height he suffered would have only made things worse, and in fact the loose-fitted pants that he was adorned with couldn't even manage to remain up as they slipped and pooled around his waist. The only comfort he could find that there was no risk of exposing himself, if only because his shirt was *far* too large for his body now and it reached down to his thighs.

This was *naturally* jarring. Grown men didn't normally just all of a sudden become *weak* and *small*. But while he was still focused on his size? His *strength* didn't feel so out of place anymore, nor did his soft skin. After all, for someone of *his* age... **“Wait a moment...”** Why did his head feel so heavy? Why did his voice sound so *soft*? Was it a side effect of slipping in height until he was only 4'9"? In a way, especially when you looked at his voice and realized he appeared significantly *younger*.

He couldn't have been any older than *fourteen* looking at his face, but even then? His voice sounded too *feminine* for a boy of that age. This

element was by design, as it turned out, because Ryoma was incapable of noticing how his face was changing at all. Still, he couldn't help but think he was *supposed* to be a teenager? And, perhaps, *not* a boy.

His facial features certainly demonstrated as much with how they softened. Rounder cheeks stood out, as did lips that became slightly poutier despite his young age. A small button nose formed beneath a pair of eyes that became rounder. *Too* round for a boy, but also too round for a boy of Hoshidan descent. No, the boy's eyelids had been reshaped until they were pointedly *Nohrian*, with irises that were dyed a dark pink beneath thinned, blonde eyebrows.

“Something's wrong, but I can't really... remember?” Ryoma didn't realize he was doing it, but he'd begun to lean into his more feminine-sounding voice with a cuter and more energetic tone as the blonde made its way into the hair atop his head. His hair, always long and messy, became straight and glossy as the blonde worked its way through, but some highlighted strands took on a pale purple color that appeared to be intentionally dyed that way. There were even refinements made to his bangs, which straightened and were swept to the right so that a sliver of her forehead's left side could be exposed.

Without seeing what was under the boy's shirt, it would have been understandable to assume that he wasn't a boy at all. Then again, *she* didn't even react at all when this became the truth, and her natural born sex was switched out. Not only was there no longer anything between her legs, but her waist had narrowed, her derriere and thighs had swollen slightly, and her chest had puffed out into a small offering typical of a maiden of her age. She just wasn't *dressed* the part, looking like a girl that had slept in her brother's oversized shirt.

This course was corrected too, naturally. Even though her blade remained in its usual form on the floor beside her, what she'd been left wearing bound together and reformed as a new outfit entirely. One consisting of a predominantly black dress with pink lace trim around the skirt, which was also seen wrapped around her now thigh high, black-heeled boots. The sleeves of the dress was big, puffy, and covered black gloves as a silver armor chest piece with heart shapes designed into it clad her torso beneath a pink bow. Not even her hair had been spared, as it curled to her sides into a pair of drill-style twintails that were bound by black bows and tied into loops at their bases, highlighting the purple streaks that she could remember dyeing into it herself.

Princess Elise of *Nohr* looked around with understandable confusion. She had no memory of what had just happened, that she had once been one of Hoshido's princes. She could vaguely recall agreeing to go out on patrol, but did that make sense? **“I'm just a healer, right!? I'm not**

so sure that I'm skilled enough if there's trouble..." She looked around, unable to sense the same threats that she had before. She couldn't even see her staff! But there was... a weapon?



The Raijinto that she had dropped when her transformation had begun still laid on the ground beside her. **"Isn't that Prince Ryoma's? Why is that...?"** She couldn't have brought it herself, right? Not only was she not the chosen wielder, but she definitely wasn't strong or tall enough to wield such a big blade! And yet, as the mocking screams of attacking bandits sounded out from all around her?

"Exactly, kid! Good luck defending yourself, princess!"

An *instinct* kicked in and the girl, fearing for her own life, picked up the blade and cut them all down with ease.

"Um... How did I do that!?"



The situation at the fort's rear entrance hadn't been all that different from the one Ryoma had faced at the front. **"Security is surprisingly light..."** Xander remarked to himself as he gripped his own blade, crafted in a Nohrian style, Siegfried. It was also a blade that had been created by the Rainbow sage, and it had a similar stipulation when it came to wielding it. It was his intention that, hopefully, he would be able to pass the blade onto his own son... if he ever had one.

"This has all of the telltale signs of a trap." The prince considered the possibility. The half-lit fire out front, the empty halls, the overall *stillness*. There was no doubt in his mind that the bandits had settled there, because he'd heard movement inside before entering. He was more cautious than Ryoma, choosing not to goad them on even though he could feel their presence.

But with a flash of light? The results ended up being the same.

Xander found his blade dropped and his attire reduced to only the shirt and pants that he wore underneath his armor. “**How...?**” But in the Nohrian prince’s case, he didn’t even *get* a chance to reach down to try and handle his sword before it occurred to him that he likely wouldn’t have the strength to grab it. He was simply struck with a feeling that he could only liken to being *struck in the groin*. “**Ugh!?**”

Well, perhaps that was being a little *too* dramatic. There was no pain, feeling more akin to a sudden *pull* that made the man suspicious that something was missing that *should* have been there, though considering he was still certain that he was being watched, he wasn’t about to *check*. “**There’s no way *that*...**” A crack to the man’s voice made him increasingly worried that what had just happened was *exactly* what he had assumed.

Although, at this point it was likely better to say that it was exactly what *she* had assumed.

Unlike Prince Ryoma, it was Xander’s sex that had changed first – even though it soon after circled back to start robbing the woman of her muscular bulk. Much like her Hoshidan peer, her skin soften and paled, as body hair was eviscerated and scars, calloused and every other manner of blemish was treated to give her flesh a soft, pristine, *untainted* appeal. The same *youthful* appearance that Ryoma’s skin had developed early on. “**Where did *all* of my *strength* go!?**”

The voice cracking was becoming more common and continuous, which naturally did not bode well for her. Her skin appeared all the more youthful, but that wasn’t what ended up showing in *her* face first. Her facial features *did* soften alongside the smoother skin, but it was more a matter of her appearance beginning to match her new sex than it was a change to her visual age just yet. Her chiseled jawline rounded as the cheeks above them softened, her face becoming shorter overall as lips formed a pout and her nose shrunk into a button nose. When it came to her eyes? They did become bigger and more expressive.

But they also *narrowed* in the corners until she looked more like a woman of *Hoshidan* descent, complete with big, red irises. The *reverse* of what had befallen Ryoma. Of course, her hair was not spared from this preparatory phase. It hardly grew in length, and the parts that *did* grow were more-so focused on the hair on her head’s sides as it grew over her shoulders a touch. It appeared fluffier, but the reddish pink color that the blonde shifted to was perhaps the most striking of these changes.

“Am I... a woman? Or...?” Her voice now *wholly* matched her head now, with her Adam’s apple even smoothed away. Xander appeared to be confused about her predicament, because on some level she remembered *always* being female? That made her feel comfortable that she had just been overreacting perhaps, but it also clouded her attention to detail so that she didn’t notice just how *female* her body was becoming.

The change of her sex had merely been the starting point, after all, and now everything else was playing catchup. Her face had been part of it, but now her waist was pinching in and her hips moved outwards slightly. Those hips provided proper footing for the weight that soon gathered, bloating around her thighs and providing a bit of bubble to her ass before more gathered farther up on her torso. The bosom she developed was *B-cup* at best beneath her oversized shirt, and in fact there were no elements of this feminine figure that were particularly ‘abundant’. But there had been a good reason for that.

“Whoa!?” Xander’s head had become heavy and foggy, but she was still able to acknowledge what she mistook as the sensation of ‘falling’ once her body finally began to *shrink*. She stumbled, and her pants finally dislodged and slipped from her hips as her six-foot height diminished to something pointedly smaller. Her hands and feet were rendered daintier by the time she stopped shrinking at *4’10”*, and her face had de-matured so that she couldn’t have been any older than *fourteen* herself.

Much like Elise, she was even ‘gifted’ a new outfit. A Hoshidan gown that was similar in design to a miko’s garb, with detached, white sleeves and a red skirt that hung to the center of her thighs. A white, capelet-like garment hung off her shoulders with a red underside, colors matching with her new thigh highs that came up higher on the outsides of her thighs while red sandals separated her feet from the stone floor. Bringing it all together was a white headband in her hair with big stars on the outer edges.

“U-Um...” *Princess Sakura* of *Hoshido* was a little more sheepish than her Nohrian counterpart. She suffered the same confusion that the blonde girl had, but she wasn’t doing as good of a job at just looking *past* it. She felt paralyzed by the fact that she



didn't know where she was. Was this part of the patrol? But why wasn't she armed? And why was Prince Xander's sword on the ground beside her? "**Should I bring that back to him...? Could I even lift it?**"

Like Elise, Sakura was also a healer. It was a fitting role for girls of their size, so they didn't have a lot of experience with swords or other heavier weapons. Even if she could even lift it, she reasoned that it would only be *just barely*, and she'd have to carry it until she could find Xander. Utterly unaware that she *was* Xander... or had been. But despite her doubts? She was still a princess that had fought numerous battles during the war.

Was *that* why her body moved instinctively when the room suddenly filled with *five* bandits? "**Stop!**" She cried out as she grabbed the blade off the ground and, despite its size, she swung it with ease now that the blade had confirmed that she *was* its wielder. Almost as if the blade had *chosen* her? This seemingly took the bandits off-guard too, because the young girl cut through *four* of them with little effort at all. The fifth, however, was dispatched by a familiar face. "**P-Princess Elise!?**"

She could vaguely recall coming to the fort with Nohr's princess now that she saw her, but both of them had the same realization once they laid eyes on each other's weapons. "**You're wielding my brother's sword, too!?**" It turned out there were holding each other's brother's blades, and they could swing them with ease? It was a little confusing, but the girls appeared to be far more intrigued by this than anything. The two giggled after spouting the exact same lines, however.

They wouldn't find any answers, though. The bandit that had cast the spell that had transformed them had been slain amidst the sneak attack, and considering neither of the princesses questioned their own identities? The concept of being transformed couldn't even be used as a lead. This was double so when they'd return to their homes to find that their brothers were still... there?

But they were wielding their old staves for some reason!