

SERVES UP

JANUARY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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It was a peculiar invitation to receive. The head of the Black Eagles house, Edelgard, had summoned the leaders of the other houses to meet with her in the Black Eagles classroom late one night, their meetings not overlapping. From the perspective of the Blue Lions leader, whom was to attend second, this was likely meant to be a serious discussion. There was no doubt in his mind that Edelgard was weighing the future of Fodlan carefully as the Emperor to be of Adrestia, but he couldn't properly assume just what about the topic she'd wished to discuss.

After all, Edelgard was very guarded emotionally. What she was thinking at any given time or place? He hadn't the foggiest clue. But he also didn't have a clue that he was walking into a trap either.

"Dimitri. I apologize for calling you out here so suddenly." Standing behind the front desk of the classroom was the emperor-to-be, clad in the usual crimson that represented her nation. What Dimitri found strange was that she wasn't accompanied by Hubert as she usually was, but a young maiden that must have been twelve or thirteen, dressed in a servant's wardrobe. Her skin was white as snow and hair a pretty pastel pink, but appearances aside he did not recognize her. Was a servant from the empire visiting her?

The young prince sought his opportunity to tell Edelgard that it was no trouble, so that he could ask what her business was... but the Black Eagles leader continued without real pause. **"I'm truly sorry for this. You might hate me deep down, but this is a much more preferable option compared to what was actually asked of me."**

"What is it that you mean, Ed--!?" Floorboards suddenly creaked beneath him and collapsed. A trap door!? Regardless of how or why it was there, information did not

stop him from falling so suddenly into its abyss. Only falling a few feet however, it wasn't so much an abyss as it was just a hollowed out hole in the ground. Light filtered in from cracks of the narrow walls all around him -- a secret space beneath the classroom? There seemed to be a series of holes poked throughout the wood, but were this a prison it wasn't a very well composed one. He could pull himself up from here, or at least yell for help. **"EDELGARD!? WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THI--!? ...!?"**

In the process of his shouting, the pitch of Dimitri's voice rose higher and higher without a ceiling in sight, eventually rising so high that it was little more than a mute squeak forced out of a straining throat. Not only that, he could sense his energy beginning to seep from him at an alarming rate. Not so much that he couldn't remain standing, but enough that he couldn't move his body in any meaningful way otherwise. So calling for help and pulling himself *anywhere* was off the table.

"Again, I apologize." A voice from above brought Dimitri's eyes upward, Edelgard reaching to pull up the trap door that had fallen. **"If I had it my way I wouldn't be doing this at all, but the alternative was having you and Claude killed... and I could not allow that. At least with this method you'll have a chance to continue living even if it isn't as yourself. I need to make sure that no one can identify you."** Her words seemed sincere enough but the prince could not comprehend their true meaning. Having him killed? Was Adrestia betraying the church?

Fingers reached for the now closed ceiling weakly as something in the air forced the young man to cough, a building tickle in his throat. Hands fell as he grew weaker still, and Edelgard's voice called from the other side of one of the walls that contained him. **"To those ends... I suppose we should start with your sex. It would be almost impossible to draw a line between Dimitri and a young woman, would it not? Much like the young Ciera working upstairs. Claude succumbed to the exact fate you're about to, but you'll be working together at the very least. Ciera is a little straight-laced, but that's what makes it difficult to draw the line since Claude was such a prankster."**

Was Edelgard mad!? Was she suggesting she'd turned the Alliance's heir into that young lady that had been in the classroom? Surely she was jesting -- or at least that was what he honestly wanted to believe was the case, but he could perceive something strange happening to his body. His clothing felt unusually thick and heavy, like it was a size too big for him. That, in fact, was the truth. His uniform wasn't growing larger though, it was just that there was less and less of him to cover. His height was diminishing rapidly, sleeves growing baggy as the muscles he treasured seemed leaner from head to toe. Belt no longer sufficient to hold up his pants as his stomach narrowed, they fell to his ankles just in time for hips to widen and strain his boxers.

"...!?" Dimitri still couldn't talk, but his surprise was apparent in his eyes and how he managed a gasp through lips that were beginning to appear increasingly effeminate. Soft and bright pink, they matched the fact that his eyes weren't just wide with

surprise but were naturally wider in the first place. Lashes long and delicate, they fluttered beneath thinner brows atop bright blues. In between them was nestled a little nose, and his jaw had softened significantly.

The coat of the boy's Garreg Mach uniform was weighing him down as one sleeve fell down farther than the other as the weight of the clothing leaned to one side. There was far more room available inside as his stomach collapses and navel dug deeper, but much of the remaining action could be seen in the chest. His abs were still there, changes not intent on completely depleting his physical prowess. It was more like there was something else. A building pressure that inevitably bubbled over, bringing a tired hand to the front of his uniform. His grip was lax, but he managed to press fingers inwards to confirm his suspicions: breasts were swelling from his chest. They didn't feel particularly large, but he could tell his nipples had engorged quite dramatically.

Then came a slurping sensation that might have been compared to a vacuum if such cleaning devices had been invented in Fodlan just yet. He, no... She buckled over a little, almost bashing her pretty little face off the nearest wall as hands moved to her crotch. There was no cock and balls between her legs, nothing but a smooth surface and a slit that was nestled between a pair of strong looking legs that bore shimmering, freshly shaved thighs of seduction.

Dimitri still couldn't speak, but it seemed Edelgard's intentions had been made reality. She looked how she might have were she born a woman, from a diminished frame to a slightly shaggier hair cut. Her uniform was left unchanged though, and so she was left standing naked from the waist down with her bare ass poking out from beneath the coat. Effeminate fingers slowly ran across her body, long nails poking supple flesh with confusion.

"Let's see... I made Claude younger, so why not go the opposite route with you? About five years should be enough." Edelgard spoke again now that she could observe Dimitri's changes through a nearby peep hole, and the very notion sent a chill down Dimitri's spine.

That spine grew. A bit, just a little bit. The princess' body began to crack as her form shot upward just a few inches, becoming a few shy of the height she'd held as a man after dropping five when shifting into a woman. It made her uniform jacket fit just a little better. Her breasts firmed a little, bust size pressing about two additional inches forward as her rear followed suit. Wideness of the woman's eyes narrowed as maturity was more evidently seen in her facial features, though it was lucky she wouldn't need an eyepatch anytime soon. Hair softened and lengthened more, but did not exceed something of a tomboyish cut like one might find on the Golden Deer's Leon.

How old was she now? *Twenty-two.* If Edelgard was correct and she'd added five years, then that would make her twenty-two. More than that though, she just felt

like it was right. Like she could almost remember having those five birthdays... as princess of Faerghus. But that was wrong? *Her mind was being influenced as well!?*

“Now for the finishing touches. At least physically.” The woman’s voice coming from the other side of the wall made Dimitri emotionally recoil. She’d already done so much to her... what else was left? What else could she possibly change? But then again, considering how Claude was practically unrecognizable now... **“Claude’s a Fodlan native now, so let’s make you the opposite. Considering your kingdom’s issues with Almyra, making you an Almyrian commoner should likely turn any assumptions that you’re actually Dimitri away.”**

Wait. Turning her into an *Almyrian*? The people of the nation Fodlan was always at war with? While Dimitri had nothing against their people, *becoming* one...? But it was already far too late, change sweeping through her body like a wildfire through a dry forest.

Hair succumbed initially. Blonde strands frayed as they became darker and darker, quality much more typical of a people that lived among Almyrian’s deserts and her entire head had succumbed after a manner of seconds. Skin darkened rapidly as well, the Almyrian a naturally tanned people thanks to the conditions they lived in. A rich, olive tan spread from head to toe, but more than that her figure quickly conformed to what was expected of Almyrian women. That is to say... it became much more ample in all the right places.

Tits burgeoned forth once more, her Garreg Mach jacket almost incapable of holding them within as soft, olive skin completely filled any free space left. Fat could be seen bubbling up through her neckline and breathing became difficult, so much that she finally had no choice but to weakly unbutton the first two buttons and allow what were presumably F-cup breasts spill out in front of her. Darker ass followed after, cheeks thick but soft as they pressed the coattails of her jacket up and out. Her ass was huge, practically twice the size of the butt she’d had before, and a hand grazed it with surprise.

It was all so shocking. Just minutes before she’d been the prince of Faerghus, but now she was... Who was she? She felt like she was no one. Just some common wench from the streets of Almyria, but she knew that wasn’t true deep down! She knew...!

“Your name is Diausia, a commoner from Almyria that was smuggled into Adrestia ten years ago. I took you in as one of my dear servants, and you love to work for me.” Dimitri froze up as Edelgard spoke up. It was like her whole mind just froze, the identity she knew turned off as a switch had turned on to make all of her recollections align with the narrative laid out in front of her. She couldn’t remember her childhood as a boy anymore. There was just growing up a penniless girl, and then her mistress took her in. She was raised in Fodlan under the condition that she stayed in Edelgard’s service, since the emperor-to-be was fond of her, and Diausia

herself was fond of Edelgard in turn. She loved serving her mistress more than anything.

One of the four wooden walls that contained the new servant slid open, revealing Edelgard standing before a plethora of servants uniforms. Diausia was stunned, if only because she was still so confused about this secondary identity that hadn't completely faded yet. Just who was Dimitri? **"Let's pick you a new uniform, alright? Since you're so flirty I can think of a few that might suit you, but maybe something that won't cause problems due to your clumsy nature as well..."**

Diausia felt the strength return to her body, and confusion about not only her attire but the personality traits the princess had just described. Well, if Edelgard said so then it must be true, right? She practically tripped out of the small space she'd transformed in, checking off at least one of the boxes. **"Oooh!"** The Almyrian cooed with a bubblyness that Dimitri had never once in his life exhibited, a purple seizing the color of her eyes as her old identity was finally bled out completely. She hovered over uniform after uniform, shedding the men's Garreg Mach jacket in the meantime. She'd been naked in front of her dear Eddie before, it wasn't something that brought her shame. *Not a lot brought Diausia shame.*

"I really looove this one!" Plucking the most revealing uniform possible from the rack, Diausia's voice seemed somewhat airheaded as she held it to her tits. **"I bet you do too, right mistress? I bet you'd love to staaaare!"** Considering the top was little more than a brassiere, it was surely a choice... although one Edelgard had expected. Dimitri had been so prudish, there was no way anyone would expect such an easy going woman could have ever been him.

Even so, a light crimson tickled the princess' cheeks as she made an attempt to avoid looking at her buck-naked servant. **"Very well. Get changed, and then we'll reunite with Ciera upstairs and return to my chambers, alright? We have some big tit-- er, things to plan for, and I'll need the two of you at my side throughout it all."**

As a useless bisexual why did she think making one of them so *hot* was a good idea?