

SHOWING DOWN

DECEMBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Summer vacation was finally coming to its end, and Murasaki Shikibu couldn't have been happier. Well, the events of the whole summer camp and related hauntings aside – but even then, it had allowed her to flex her knowledge of modern horror storytelling, so it was kind of a win in the end?

As one last hurrah for the summer season, Murasaki had attended a small summer goodbye party on a familiar lakeside beach. 'Small' might have been an understatement though, since it was only her and Abigail Williams present. It had been the Foreigners idea to go, incidentally, and she had been excited right up until the moment they had gotten changed into their swimsuits.

While they walked down to the beach from the cabin, Abigail had spent much of the time quietly leering at her. Well, leering at *specific parts* of her. She had hung a little behind the librarian, and she could feel the child's gaze on her ass of all things. And occasionally? She'd run ahead and stare at the woman's breasts. It was making the already self-conscious Caster even more so, anxiety playing a big part. **"Abi-chan, is something the matter with my swimsuit...? You're staring quite intently..."**

"Mm... Nope! Don't worry about it, Miss Shikibu!" The reply had come quickly and was fairly suspect, but there was no point in trying to comprehend the mind of a child as an adult. Murasaki never really had been good with children during her long life, at least short of the one she had served.

What was going through Abigail's mind *wasn't* nothing though. Being at the cabin again? It stirred the mischievous side of her personality that she tried to keep dormant despite being in the only ascension with her third eye closed. Looking at Murasaki's sexy body had made her a little jealous, which ultimately turned her into a pretty easy target for an 'innocent' prank. Not that she'd do it yet.

She waited until almost an hour later.

It was the dead of the afternoon, and the sun was beating down on the beach. Abigail was floating a short way offshore on her innertube, while Murasaki comfortably waded through the water close to shore. There wouldn't be a more opportune time for the Foreigner to enact the plan she'd been brainstorming ever since they'd gotten changed.

And so, a tendril of her power escaped the child's body and into the water. It snaked through the depths towards its target, inevitably launching itself like a torpedo towards the submerged ankles of the Caster once within striking distance. And when it made contact? It pierced the woman's body and took root within her Saint Graph. But Murasaki herself hadn't even taken notice of the fact her body had been invaded, at least at first.

If anything, she had more of a hunch that something was off – though it was more related to her wondering over Abigail's earlier comments. **"Strange that she would act that way. Then she insisted on playing by herself.. I wonder if I did something to offend her?"** Children could be sensitive and child Servants were really no exception to that rule. Of course, she hadn't a single inkling that she would soon be closer in stature to that of a child than she probably ever thought she would be again soon.

As she continued to wade along the shore, something struck the Caster as a little *odd*. She had been walking with the water level just below her knees for a time and hadn't entered anything deeper (*nor had her feet sunk into the mud at all*), yet now her knees were submerged. **"Did I wander deeper unintentionally? I suppose there could have been a subtle incline..."** That dramatically though? She had her doubts, but not much else could rationally explain the situation. It was a wonder she had even noticed in the first place!

But once she'd noticed? More and more seemed stranger. The fit of her one-piece swimsuit? Had it always been so loose around her frame? Even putting it on had been a struggle because of how naturally well endowed she was in both her chest and rear – so very much so that it left lines against her porcelain skin for hours once removed – but now it

felt as if there was some slack. *Particularly* with the straps that hugged her hips.

“**Hmm...**” Murasaki’s delicate fingers laced beneath the straps on either hip and gave them a quick tug. Going back to how tight they should have been, there was absolutely no way those fingers of hers would have fit underneath as things had been when she had left the cabin. This left two possibilities: either her swimsuit had gotten larger, or her body had gotten smaller. Both sounded improbably, and yet one of them had to be true. “**Abi-chan had been...**” Hadn’t Abigail been staring at her body earlier though? Could it have been related? She was so far out in the lake, however, that she wasn’t sure if she could get the girl’s attention.

The truth of the matter though, was that she truly was getting smaller. It was so subtle in the early stages that the fact she had noticed at the time she’d had was owed to nothing more than the woman’s sharper mind. Most probably wouldn’t have taken note of the fact for another minute or two. Another possibility was that her swimsuit had been so tight when worn that she had no *choice* but to notice with even the slightest bit of slack, though.

A couple of inches had already been shaved from her height, the likes of which had resulted in her knees dropping beneath the water’s surface despite the fact that she hadn’t walked deeper otherwise, but her height would ultimately only be a small fraction of the problem. There were much bigger problems, but realistically it was more like these *big problems* were becoming *oh so small* by comparison.

Abigail’s sense for pranks wasn’t particularly tasteful, but it certainly *was* inventive. Fueled a little by jealousy as she possessed a child’s body that would not age, seeing Murasaki alone with her ample curves had bred the idea of ‘*what if I made them smaller... as a prank!*’. The problem? It wasn’t possible to just shrink parts of her body with those alien powers she wielded, but an effect could be replicated at the cost of *reducing the targets total age*. So that was what was being realized here, even if the woman herself had yet to properly realize the exact issue.

Had she caught her reflection in the lake though? It would have been apparent immediately. The design of her face had softened substantially, while her more pronounced features of maturity had waned in favor of more youthful counterparts. Her lips, always so dark and pronounced, sported much thinner shapes that were pulled into a much more natural pout than they had before this wayward beach adventure. But it could really be seen more prominently in her cheeks and eyes, with the former rounder with youthful fat and the latter looking suitably larger as a result. At no point did her face ever look childish in the sense that it

looked like a child, but it wouldn't be too farfetched to say it looked better matched for a girl in the fourteen to sixteen age range.

Yet there also seemed to be a strange side effect, likely due to the alien abilities that were forcibly changing Murasaki's physical construction from within her Saint Graph. The dark purple coloration of her hair? The natural and beautiful tone she had nurtured her entire life? It was lightening. Strand by strand, the purple brightened and whitened until it shone a pale mauve that was almost eerie in color – reflecting a paleness similar to Abigail's own hair whenever she was in her outer form. While it looked a little spooky though, it wasn't anything more than a side effect, with her hair also getting suitable soft while rejuvenated by its younger age.

“Uwawawa! I almost fell- Eh!? My voice!?” Had it always been so squeaky? She'd almost forgotten that she had cried out in the first place because she'd almost taken a tumble courtesy of her outfit. That one-piece was incredibly loose now, with the front of her chest bunched up and the fabric that hugged her hips sagging downward. The culprits?

Well, the sizing of her breasts was one of them. Since surpassing puberty, they had grown into the E-cup realm. A size that had earned the envy of many women in the courts during her lifetime but had proved troublesome in a time of overly complicated and heavy kimonos. But over the course of Abigail's prank on her? They had diminished bit by bit, their swollen, bulbous shapes slipping in mass until they were less than half of their once impressive masses. But even then? With her frame smaller as it was, they still looked extremely large and stuck out – they just weren't enough to hold up the front of her swimsuit.

The other culprit? It was naturally her ass. It had rivaled the size of her tits at first, and that trend had basically continued – *which was the problem*. If her breasts were diminishing, then her ass had suffered the same fate. Those plump cheeks of hers had caved in, losing their adult definition while the one-piece stopped gripping her crotch so tightly with all the freed space. Before long, her rear hadn't turned *completely* flat, but it certainly wasn't abundant either. It was in a weird, middle ground sizing that held great potential, but said potential had yet to be realized.

And since Servants *didn't* age, it likely never would.

“E-E-EH!? What's wrong with my body!? I look and sound like a young girl!” She was one part shocked and two parts panicked, hands at first running across her body to make sure what she was seeing was reality, before repurposing her hands to hold up the swimsuit so it wouldn't fall from her frame. Murasaki stared out to the lake in hopes

that Abigail might have noticed, but she wasn't there!? Her innertube was merely floating there, vacant.

“Don't worry, Miss Murasaki!”

“GYAAAAAH!?”

Abi's voice had come from both above her and behind her at the very same time, forcing the girl in her mid-teens to spin around in shock. There was Abigail, her third eye open, levitating there while clad in her black bikini. It took a moment for Murasaki to realize, but things became quite clear. **“Did... you do this? You shouldn't mess with peoples' bodies, Abi-chan! Now turn me back! I can't go back to Chaldea looking like a young girl!”**

“Hm... Naaah! Isn't it easier to move around like that? You looked so burdened by your body before! Now you can play with me as much as you want without any problems!” This backwards thoughtfulness had fuelled the transformation to some extent, but Abigail couldn't deny it was satisfying to watch the girl, once woman, freak out. With a snap of her fingers, Murasaki's adult-sized swimsuit disappeared, only to be replaced with a sporty one-piece that showed off all of her legs. As a result, her long, silver-purple hair cascaded down her back.

Murasaki sheepishly reached down to press the lines of this swimsuit. **“But my body...”**

“And even if you do reverse it somehow, you'll never be able to return to the same shape and size you used to be! Lucky!”

“THAT'S NOT LUCKY AT ALL!”