

SOPPING WET CA(S)T(ER)

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“I’m starting to think people have gotten the wrong idea about me...”

Baobhan Sith groaned, glaring at a small card in her hand that seemed to be some sort of *invitation*. It had been delivered to her room within the Chaldea Security Organization at some point while the Archer had been resting, and she had found it the next morning stick out from beneath her door. Curiosity had naturally gotten the best of her, and it *had* very much been an invitation. But it wasn’t exactly something *she* would want to participate in.

“A beachside volleyball tournament...” Was it that time of year already? During the past summer she had dressed in a swimsuit for the first time – along with a new Pretender class – and she had ended up hitting it off with some of the other Servants. But she was fairly certain she had made it clear that she *preferred* not to be involved with them if she didn’t have to be. She could deal with other people in moderation if she had to, but big crowds were annoying.

And she could only assume a sports tournament *would* have a big crowd. Not to mention sports weren’t really her forte in the first place. If they were looking for someone that was better equipped for it, they could have asked Barghest or Melusine instead. The fairy eventually turned the invitation over in her hands and looked at the back, only to let out a **“HAAAAAH!?”**.

What had agitated her so much and so suddenly? **“This isn’t even for me!? What!? Do they think I can’t play volleyball!?”** Baobhan Sith’s tone changed *wildly* the moment it occurred to her that no one

had actually bothered to invite her. It was addressed to that country bumpkin fairy who had opposed her mother, Artoria Caster. They had a more amicable friendship these days, but at times the very thought of her could incite the Tam Lin's ire.



Or that sense of rivalry that she felt with the girl, at least. **“I can play volleyball just as well as Artoria Caster can! They should have asked me instead!”** Was she going to deliver the invitation to the correct person then? No, absolutely not! But as it turned out? Since she'd stated all of *that* aloud, there was no longer any

need for the invitation to find the right target. Not when said target would soon be *in the room* with it.

“Hm— OUCH!?” For just a second, Baobhan Sith felt something warming her fingertips – or the ones touching the invitation, at least. But that feeling turned quickly to a brief and sudden pain that bordered *electric*, pushing her to drop the paper as what felt like a static shock had zapped her. But that wasn't what it was, and considering her experience with magecraft she was quick to recognize it. **“That was a transfer of mana!?”** Or something closer to an *injection* of it.

But why?

The fairy couldn't really *fathom* what purpose this might serve, but she didn't really have the full picture in that moment either. But there *were* signs that this mana injection was beginning to take a toll on her – just in places that she couldn't really perceive, nor did she immediately *think* to check. But to be fair? She hadn't really been given a reason *to* check them just yet. **“What the hell's going on here...?”** Even *as* she said this? The silver of the woman's eyes lit up and swirled with a turquoise that was much more vivid than its original color. And the shapes of those eyes appeared to soften a little bit too.

That eye color *definitely* clashed with the rest of her body, but this was largely because her body's coloring was so *unconventional*. Her skin color was an unhealthy grey due to her race of fairy and so, aside from the bright reddish pink of her hair, brighter colors didn't *typically* work

with it like eyes no longer did. Yet this was promptly rectified, with said grey beginning to take on a *much* healthier coloration. It all faded away until her skin was nice and pink, much more like the skin of Fairy Britain's general fairy population. "**Hmm...**"

Baobhan Sith merely glared down at the invitation that had zapped her in the first place with her foot tapping impatiently, still ignorant to the effects that had already befallen her. All the while? Long hair that curled at the tips was both straightening *and* lightening. It pulled back into a pastel pink before hard pivoting to a familiar, golden blonde. The curls remained straight and extended, but the length of this hair didn't really change. Rather? Its style was messier, and her bangs had grown more tussled.

"Wait, something's... EHHHHHH!?" There wasn't anything especially out of place about the Archer reacting to something shocking with a loud scream, but the *delivery* of it seemed a little more *energetic* somehow. Perhaps this was a side effect of what had caused her to scream in the first place, though: the sound of her own voice. It was high and bubbly, and she was pretty sure she had heard it somewhere before even despite it being a little distorted by the process of hearing that voice with her own ears.

She became more certain when blonde bangs bounced into view, and fingers that now lacked their usual, manicured nails reached back to grab some of that mass of beautiful, blonde hair... with hands that she immediately recognized were *not* their usual color. **"Wh-What the heck is happening to me!? I'm starting to look like that... that... girl!?"** You could hear it in the *way* she spoke, too. She had wanted to use 'hell' instead of 'heck', and 'country bumpkin' instead of girl. But those words felt too crude and too *mean*. Her social priorities were *different* now.

"Eep!?" Now that she was aware of *what* was happening (as well as being fairly certain of where her ultimate fate lied), she was much more aware of and reactionary towards the rest of her transformation. The room growing larger around her was just one of these things, feeling her dress become bigger and heavier on her person thanks to her 5'7" height regressing. It didn't take long at all for her height to stop diminishing, but she dipped all the way down to 5'1" before reaching *that* point. **"I'm so short!"**

It wasn't even just a case of Baobhan becoming *short*. She hadn't realized it herself since it was another change that would have required a mirror to take note of, but she was clearly *younger*. She'd been a young adult before her height slipped, but she looked every part the role of a girl around *fifteen* or *sixteen*. But she also hardly looked like

herself? With her eyes changed largely prior, they merely became a touch bigger, and her lashes had thinned somewhat. Her lips and nose had *also* thinned upon a narrowed canvas, her resemblance strong with any Servant with the *Saberface* classification.

Deflated, the girl sighed. She didn't even fit into her heels anymore! ...But she found them kind of cumbersome now, anyways. Wouldn't shoes be easier? "**Wh-What am I thinking!?**" *Whatever* had come over her, it served as useful cover for the *additional* losses that the Archer(?) ended up suffering. Such as? Her breasts nearly *halving* in size until they were roughly B-cups, and her perky ass and thighs thinning in kind. They still remained effeminately shaped, but it was very clear that this was the body of a girl in her mid-teens now. Not that it mattered, since her beauty standards had shifted.

Mentally, she was now far more *tomboyish* than she even realized.

This was actually the end of her *physical* changes, but a change of attire came along with it. Her previous outfit (not that it fit anyways) exploded into golden mana particles that swirled around her body momentarily, but ultimately reformed into sporty beachwear. A white bikini top beneath a long sleeved half-coat that revealed her chest and stomach, along with black legwear that modeled the right as the leg of a pair of shorts, and the left as a proper pair of pants overtop her bikini bottom. There were also sandals, arm bands, and even a white ball cap that helped split her long hair into two twin tails.

"E-E-Eh!? There's no denying it, I'm Artoria Caster!?" She had *wanted* to say 'country bumpkin' like she usually did, but for some reason those words didn't come. Her changed personality didn't allow her to, even though her memories still remained entirely unaffected. Whether it was *how* she was speaking, her body language, or how she conducted herself otherwise – she was left doing it the way that the real Artoria Caster would. All packaged with the cute little swimsuit the teenaged girl had worn the summer before. **"But why...?"**



Artoria couldn't even *begin* to fathom why this had come to pass, and in trying to piece it together she stumbled upon another realization. Her

understanding of magecraft was... different. The way she was thinking through her problems was crude, like she hadn't received the same guidance that a mage of the pedigree of Queen Morgan had received. Considering the Caster's rudimentary upbringing this made sense, but...

“Did her skills transfer to me too!? W-Wait, so that means I can't do everything I could before, right? Making heels... I'd need to, uh...?” She couldn't even remember what heels were *in style* and didn't have the foggiest idea how to tell which ones were trendy now. **“THIS IS TERRIBLE!”** All of those realizations back to back were making her antsy. She was becoming restless and pent up energy was making her fidget.

That was when she remembered the source of all of her problems in the first place. The volleyball invitation on the floor. Artoria groaned and scooped it up. **“F-Fine, I'll go participate! It'll help me work through my feelings at least. And who knows? Maybe I can find someone who is able to help me out...”** That was so long as she could *tell* anyone, at least.

...Which she could not.