

FATE / DOWNGRADE

CHAPTER 7: ANGEL UP

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Scathach-Skadi's stay in Chaldea had long been difficult even *before* it had been taken hostage by this additional party. Being a Servant summoned from a Lostbelt, summoned to a time when the Lostbelts had yet to even happen, the Caster had been forced to keep her lips tightly sealed about the impending future. She did her part as a Servant, but it was certainly complicated to avoid answering questions about where she had come from or why she was in Scathach's body.

Fortunately her Master was kind enough to respect the fact that it was not something she could discuss freely, but other staff and Servants? They certainly did not afford her the same courtesy. The arrival of Clock Tower individuals had only exasperated this issue. They were insistent on knowing where and when every Servant was from, and despite her attempts to deflect? They had continued to double down.

Eventually it had reached the point that she had been imprisoned with some of the other 'unruly' Servants – a fate that she was more than a little displeased with. She had been a Lostbelt King. She *was* a goddess! For humans to treat her so poorly, well... She'd scolded the ones that brought her food and drink for her imprisonment within the unusual energy cage ever opportunity she had been presented.

Even now, after several days of this treatment, she had not budged from her standing position other than to eat and rest on the cot she was provided. She had to make it known that she was upset by standing there indignantly with her arms crossed! But her dinner had been brought and left on the floor as it had been the past few days, and so left alone? It was time to partake.

As every meal had been, it seemed that there had been minimal care put into preparing the food itself. That wasn't all too surprising considering it was likely that EMIYA and Tamamo Cat had likely been kicked out of the kitchen by Chaldea's invaders. It was a far cry from the flavors of



luxury that the Caster was used to eating. They hadn't even given her wine, but a simple glass of water!

A glass of water that she was sipping in between bites of her strange, beef patty. She'd had the same tasting water with every meal that she had been provided by these staff thus far, so why would she bother doubting its safety? There was truly no

reason *for* her to feel like anything might have been wrong with it. Even though it was.

“I wonder how much longer they intend to feed by this rabble?” Halfway through her meal the woman stood, not at all content by the offering. Sustenance was key to restoring mana, but was it worth it if the food itself tasted uncooked? If the water she was given was warm? At least, she thought, warm water was good for swimming.

...Why had *that* crossed her mind?

She had never found swimming to be particularly relaxing. In fact, she tended to avoid the beach and pool because using them meant that the surrounding environment was typically hot. A woman of ice as she was, she loathed the heat and did not wish to subject herself to it more than necessary. But Skadi couldn't help but think that submerging herself within some water might be more than a *little* nice.

Unable to keep her mind from wandering towards thoughts of moisture, she was just as unable to prevent the effects of the water she had consumed taking a toll upon her body. Her transformation had already been put into motion, with the woman's height rapidly diminishing – yet the cost also was not limited to solely her height.

The effects of her height loss could quite clearly be seen in Caster's dress, or more specifically its *fit*. The tights that clad her legs had begun to peel

away and bunch up as the lengths of these appendages grew shorter, bunching up the most around her knees that functioned as a consistent median. When it came to her sleeves? They hardly wasted any time at all when it came to consuming hands. Hands that, mind you, found fingers shortened just as her limbs were becoming.

The cost that had been mentioned previously? Well if her body was getting smaller as inconsistently as it was, then it certainly went without saying that the attractive woman's mature and attractive curves would have ended up looking quite out of place, wouldn't they? So, that problem was just avoided outright by regressing their sizes inconsistently as well!

When it came to Skadi's bosom, the neckline of her purple dress began to sag as the content waned away to sizes that were not only lesser, but perhaps even *undesirable*. Great D-cup mountains were moved, compressed into hills and then, inevitably, little more than mounds. They wouldn't have even stood out against her traditional body shape, but seeing by this juncture she had shrunk to roughly five foot four, they undoubtedly were just as reminiscent of those of an underdeveloped child as her height was.

Despite it all, her dress did not fall, hanging on for dear life from a single shoulder while the skirt rubbed up against the tiled floor of her cell. Tights had all but peeled off of her to collect around oversized heels, her rear end and thighs have diminished with just as much vigor as her breasts had. With feet smaller, a single step would have been all that was needed for her to fall out of her heels.

It was evident enough that she had regressed in age just as much as she had in size, and that had taken a toll on her psyche as well. "**I wanna go swimming!**", she blurted out without thinking through thin lips wedged between chubbier cheeks. The youthful glow her face provided almost didn't look like Skadi at all, with eyes embiggened and its roundness enhanced. Not even her hair had escaped, and had shortened unusually to just her shoulders. It was unusual because, even in her youth, the original Scathach had not worn her hair like that.

The girl herself was long past thinking critically by this juncture, mind you. With youth returned, her mind had become strangely simple. Perhaps *too* simple, even for a human child. She found herself able to only focus on one thing at a time, and big words had become a little too complicated. Much less runes, which were something she couldn't even recall the name of.

She rustled about in her oversized dress, wondering mindless why her outfit didn't fit properly. While all the while? The pigmentation of her

body's colors began to lighten. In terms of her skin it generally lightened to a pink that was almost white, but her hair and legs? They acquired a much more notable rose. There was *red* scattered about to boot, most notably running across her chest in a heart shape. But what was uncanny about this patch of skin was that it seemed to absorb her nipples, leaving the tiny lumps that had once been her breasts as little more than *just* lumps. All of this skin had become softer, rubberier, and absolutely strange to the touch. Add a little water and she would become absolutely slippery!

“Huuuh?” It certainly hadn't been intentional, but the child's body's sense of balance shifted and the skirt of her dress soon lifted slightly off the ground... because the Skadi herself had begun to do the same. Tiny feet lifted from within heels that toppled over without feet inside to stabilize them, and there was a clear reason her body *needed* to be airborne like this.

Her lower half was a darker pink than the rest of her skin intentionally, and knobby legs soon swelled so that thighs not only met in the middle, but *fused* there. It was a phenomenon that ultimately bound her legs entirely together while the fused chape became more and more bulbous, ultimately coming to resemble the lower half of a soft-bodied mollusk than anything. White trim rose from this and obscured her loins, and her hands? Pink webbing ran between fingers, while nails grew into piercing claws.

Nothing about Skadi's new look was debatably *human*. And so too was that reflected upon her head. Her pupils took on the inverse of their usual black, glowing white while expanding within red irises, but this wasn't even as alarming as the white horns with red tips that rose from her cranium. Not that the girl herself found it at all alarming as her clothes disappeared and returned as only a cloak with a red, heart-shaped brooch. Why would she wear much? She wasn't a human that cared about how her body was perceived! Not in the least!

Floating there as if she were swimming in the air, the *Sea Angel's* mind was just as floaty as her pastel pink body was. Even though she had just transformed, and even though she had once been a strong, beautiful, and



proud goddess, her mind was strikingly empty. Or perhaps *cloudy* was a better way to describe it? It wasn't like she wasn't thinking, but the way she thought was so simple and so strikingly childish that it would be difficult to pin her down as an intellectual.

“Hummm!” And it certainly had observable benefits for her. A smile played at her lips because she just felt naturally happy. Bubbly and curious, she began floating around to examine a number of objects within her cell that caught her attention – and eventually passed through the cell walls with ease since her body was no longer composed of magical energy. **“I wanna play with someone...”**

That desire stood out to her above all else. It would be fun to play with someone, wouldn't it? Her heart wasn't all that unlike a child's now, really. And so with webbed fingers spread, she disappeared out of the holding area and into Chaldea's halls. Where she would undoubtedly be deemed a pest that needed to be restrained. But they wouldn't catch her!

She was *much* too slippery!