

BEACH BABIES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Summer was nearing its end, and of course there were plenty in Chaldea that were sad about this fact. Plenty were rushing to the beach to get in their last hurrah, and as a result there was more often than not memorabilia scattered about Chaldea that hadn't be put away. Innertubes, sun hats, sometimes even swimsuits themselves. They were left everywhere, and without anyone to clean it all up the cleanliness situation had only been getting worse and worse.

That was why a schedule had been created. One designed to see to it that things were cleaned up in the wake of any summer forays. The issue was that those left in charge of cleaning weren't permitted to go to the beach, and because of the amount of work the children were spared. Otherwise both staff and Servants alike were put in the pool to take this reigns on this endeavor.

Not even the sole Master of Chaldea was exempt from the draw, seeing as da Vinci-chan wanted to make sure there was as little bias in the draw as possible. Ritsuka had plans with Mashu, and yet tragically? His name had been drawn for that exact say despite the *very* unlikely odds! It was unfortunate, but he hadn't really planned on complaining all that much, at least not in public.

While alone, cleaning one of the children's playrooms of beach toys, though, he did let one comment slip. "**If only I was a kid, my name wouldn't have ended up in that draw.**" It was a true comment if anything, but the boy hadn't noticed the appearance of a *certain object* midst the room's mess that already existed. He didn't notice it *appear*, but he did acknowledge it has part of the mess once he'd stumbled upon it.



“Is this a bonnet? I feel like I’ve seen it somewhere before…” White as snow and attached to a headband made of white bows, it was certainly striking. But the boy didn’t come to a conclusion as to its owner. Not before it shone a bright light that consumed the whole room, and before he realized it? *He was sitting on the beach of a lake. “Huh!?”*

He’d just been in Chaldea, so how did he end up here? Had he been subjected to a Rayshift!? But that didn’t even make sense! Standing there with the bonnet on the ground in front of him though, he did realize *something*. That he’d been here before. **“Isn’t this the lake from last year’s summer dilemma? Near the cabin?”**

Right! I came here with Master!

“...Huh? Aren’t I ‘Master’, though?”

Well, Ritsuka *knew* the answer to that question, but the absurdity of the thought that had triggered the reaction in the first place had provoked him into commenting. That was such a *strange* thing to pass his mind, one strange enough to ask the question: *why?* But, on the other hand, the boy would soon find that he had more pressing questions to deal with.

“Why does my shirt feel so *tight*?” This question was certainly among them, and for good reason. A tightness had claimed the peak of his white undershirt, which was nestled beneath his blue Hawaiian shirt, focused on his chest. Yet the shirt also felt baggier at the same time, at least as far as around his shoulders and tummy were concerned. The truth was that his figure was under attack in two different ways at once, both leading to a very undeniable reality.

Addressing the less bombastic cause of this wardrobe malfunction first: the boy had become a little thinner. Not to say he was overweight, but rather it was the mass of his *muscles* eroding in a way that left excess space within his cloth. His chest and stomach had both softened, yet at the same time his waistline had pinched in towards a shape that gave his frame a much more feminine appeal.

That said, the more bombastic cause of the wardrobe malfunction, the thing he actually noticed first, didn’t really leave room for any doubt

that femininity was on the menu. After all... “**WAIT, ARE THESE BREASTS!?**” He’d thought his chest had appeared a little puffy for a moment, but as the neckline of his white shirt lowered to accommodate the pull of two fleshy orbs within, and the top buttons of his Hawaiian shirt popped wide, there was really no denying it. The weight he could both feel *and* see could only belong to a pair of woman’s tits.

Of course girls have breasts! But since when were mine so big? It’s a little naughty...

Naughty? Wait, no! That wasn’t the issue here! Why was his mind processing the change like the problem was their C-cup *size!*? He shouldn’t have had them in the first place! But they were clearly there, as plain as day, and as much as he wanted to touch them he refrained.

Only women have breasts! was an entirely reasonable thought that had crossed his mind shortly after, but much to his dismay things only worsened for him from that point on anyways. Or excuse me, worsened for *her*. “**OH NO!**” Ritsuka had refrained from touching the weight upon their chest, but at the sensation of something being sucked between their loins, she really couldn’t resist but reach both hands down to the front of her shorts in a panic. There was no bulge there! It was completely flat! She had a *pussy!* “**This can’t be happening, this can’t be happening...**”

A good girl wouldn’t put her hands there!

She pulled her hands away rather quickly once this thought struck her, which allowed further change in that area to proceed undisturbed. Such as a bloating that seized her thighs, filling in the looseness of her shorts and boxers, while the back filled out with a rump that pulled the back of her shorts out with several sizes of tender fat. With each passing moment she looked less like a young man and more like a young woman.

And above her neck wasn’t spared from this. The disappearance of her Adam’s apple was among the earliest signs, but a softness soon possessed her face that highlighted the plumpness of her lips and the roundness of her eyes. Much more strikingly, though, was how her raven hair spilled far down her back, stopping just past her swollen buttocks. It was just as messy and curly as it had been while short, and on the whole?

As she was now, Ritsuka appeared *very* similar to how she had while crossdressing in Shinjuku. Except in this case everything was *all-natural*. She was undeniably a young, Japanese woman. In terms of adjectives though, one of those would soon change while the other would turn much more dramatic.

It hadn't even occurred to Ritsuka that these unusual thoughts that had been plaguing her had been thought in authentic, fluent English that contrasted how she was supposed to think in Japanese. But over time her mind had come to completely process her thoughts in the English language without fail.

For a brief moment her eyes had glossed over, and once that glossiness cleared their blues were a little brighter – and their shapes a little wider. In fact, her facial design became leaner on the whole, quickly stealing away her Japanese tells and replacing them with Caucasian ones. All while a bright blonde found its way into her raven locks, pulling their full lengths straight and parting her bangs in the center so that her forehead was on full display.

“I’m not a girl... I’m a good girl! Not a naughty girl! Wait... is that what I was arguing? Um...?” None of her changed racial features had caught her eyes, and in fact she didn't even bat an eyelash once her height began to plummet, and the pitch of her voice began to rise. It felt like, with each inch of height lost, the world around her became more complicated. Adult concepts she'd once understood were now far too complicated, and she didn't really understand things taught in most modern schools altogether. Almost like she'd been raised in a time long past.

By the time her height had bottomed out at 152cm, little of her resembled Ritsuka any longer. She was a blonde, blue-eyed American girl. One that had lost the curves she'd gained in her sex change, and was now almost sickly thin. Her clothes were much too big for her now, but as they fell from her frame they revealed that a new layer had appeared beneath them. A white bikini with white bows. And she soon recognized the bonnet in the sand before her as part of this ensemble.

“Wha-!?! Did I throw my hat in the sand? Doing something so naughty...” Flustered as could be despite her calm composure, the swimsuit-clad *Abigail Williams* sheepishly tugged at her own bikini to make sure it was properly fitted. She knew that if she accidentally exposed herself, that she would undoubtedly be labelled a 'bad girl', and she really didn't want that! ...Even



if there was a voice deep down that seemed to *desire* such a label, nonetheless.

The twelve-year-old hummed to herself a moment, baby blue eyes cast between the beach and the forest behind her. “**Did I arrive all alone? I was supposed to come *with* someone, wasn’t I? But they don’t appear to be here... Oh well! I’ll just be a good girl and wait!**” At the time though, Abigail didn’t know that she would have to wait for *several hours*.



“Master? Are you in here? Strange... he didn’t even finish cleaning this room up.” Roughly two hours after Ritsuka Fujimaru had disappeared, unknowingly spirited away to a familiar beach, the Servant that had been assigned to clean-up duty along with the boy had gone looking for him. It was everyone’s favorite EMIYA, clad in summer clothes for he, too, had been planning on going to the beach before his name had been drawn.

But the Archer didn’t really mind staying behind to clean, not at all. Housework was more or less in his blood, there was a good reason some considered him to be like the mother of Chaldea after all. What he *did* mind was the fact that it appeared his cleaning partner had fled before finishing his job. **“Too excited to hit the beach, huh?”** That explanation made the most sense, since they were able to leave once the cleaning was done. Well, teens would be teens, right? So believing this explanation, he got to work finishing the work his Master had left.

At least until he picked up a translucent, pink visor.

“WHAT!?” Before he could put a finger on what had happened, he was in a completely different location. A beach? A familiar, lakeside beach. **“Isn’t this... from last year!?”**

Hue? I didn’t come here last year! This is the first year!

...? He didn’t audibly express his concern, but he had most definitely come to this lake the year prior. Such an energetic mental refusal did

not change that fact, though the voice that had called out that statement in the back of his mind came across as eerily familiar somehow. Not that the man himself was afforded much of an opportunity to think on it, not before...

“...**HM!?**” A strange feeling seized EMIYA quite promptly, forcing him to pull his thoughts away from any the strange feeling and pushing them towards an even stranger one. Although this feeling was something he could perceive. After all, he was *falling*, or at least that was how he’d interpreted it in the onset. With feet stationed in the sand though, it didn’t seem like that could really be possible. And so there was another explanation that made a great degree of sense.

He was *shrinking*. “**This is impossible!**” The Archer could deny it vocally, but it was hard to deny what he was seeing with his own eyes. Because his arms were being swallowed by his jacket, and the wife-beater beneath it was becoming more akin to a tarp clinging desperately to collapsing shoulders more than anything while pants eventually slipped from narrowed hips.

As he grew tinier though, his rugged masculinity was erased as androgyny instead reigned in its place. This wasn’t to say that EMIYA appeared feminine, at least not *yet*, but instead it was a youthfulness that grabbed onto his more adult traits and yanked them away entirely. His rugged jaw softened, his muscles and scars disappeared, and his hands and feet collapsed into daintier versions of themselves.

Until, finally, he was little more than a wide-eyed *boy* clad in oversized upper wear. Pants and undergarments had fallen to his feet, as had the bands around his wrists and glasses that could no longer rest upon a tinier nose. He looked much more like a young Shirou Emiya than he was really comfortable with, though for some reason his tan and white hair persisted even though he had to be around the age of *eleven*.

“**Wh-What!? This is crazy! Did I just turn into a kid!?**” If his skittish demeanor was indicative of anything, it was that more than just his body had regressed. He was carrying himself more like a kid might, and deep down? On some fundamental level, there was a voice in his head that reassured him that this was not bizarre. That...

Why is it strange that a kid would be a kid?

That wasn’t the point! He wasn’t a kid! He wasn’t! But even though he was telling himself that, he’d ended up childishly blowing at bangs of white hair that had suddenly fallen into his eyes. EMIYA wasn’t really thinking about the fact that there had to be a cause for this, but there was of course. His white hair was lengthening, growing shaggy at the

sides and longer at the back until it hung just past his much lower shoulders. It was a girlish hairdo to be sure, but then again...

Had anyone been paying attention to what was happening beneath the tops he was now wearing like a dress, they might not have found it all that odd though. After all, his androgynous frame was progressively seeming *less* so. EMIYA's waist had narrowed for example, leaving hips to look just a little wider, and while his butt wasn't swollen by any means – it was certainly plump enough for his apparent age, at least plumper than someone might expect of a boy that looked to be around eleven.

Pair it all with how the flesh around his nipples seemed to be a little pudgier, and how his fingers and toes now sported manicured nails, and it wasn't hard to believe that the once-man was about to go the same way as his old Master. And *she* did.

“EEP!?! What just happened!?!” The girl's voice was shrill and energetic as she reacted to a tugging between her loins, a phenomenon that forced her knees to buckle and thighs to rub together. It didn't feel pleasurable, not to a girl her age. It just felt *weird*. **“Did I just lose my...? Actually, why would a girl have one of those things? That's embarrassing!”**

While fretting, EMIYA almost let out a sneeze thanks to a wriggle of her nose. It had collapsed in size, and her overall facial features had grown cuter. Most astounding was the shape of her eyes though, which settled on a shape between Caucasian and Asian – speaking to mixed blood where she'd once been purely Japanese.

If not for her otherwise sheepish personality, she looked pretty similar to one Chloe von Einzbern as she was now. At least until her silver eyes came alight with crimson, and her white locks picked up on a slightly darker hue. Her tan suffered more dramatically, its erasure all but assured once tiny freckles of white erupted into an entire wave that stole away the darkness and left only pinkish pale in its wake. It was at this point that she resembled a different Einzbern altogether.

The men's clothing that had clung to her torso finally fell from her soft shoulders, revealing a pink one-piece swimsuit with a skirt and white layered top beneath. Though, as more of her was left exposed, it was clear her ensemble was rather elaborate. A wing-shaped floatie accessorized her left arm along with an armband for example, and a star-print towel was draped over her shoulders like a cape.

Something about this all felt very weird, and she certainly had questions. But upon noticing a familiar pink cap in the sand at her feet, she felt

compelled to pick it up and put it on her head. The moment she did, her hair was lifted and styled into a pair of pigtails tied with pink ribbons to match a bigger ribbon attached to her hat.

Before the eleven-year-old *Illyasviel von Einzbern*, clad in summer clothes of course, really had much of an opportunity to question what had happened to her, the warmth of another's hands had taken her own. Naturally, not having seen anyone, she squealed out with surprise. "**EEE!?**" In fact, someone literally had appeared *right in front of her*, a girl that looked to be around her age, with golden hair and bright blue eyes. "**ABIGAIL-CHAN!?** **You almost gave me a heart attack!**"



Illya's screaming had provoked Abigail to scream as well, and the two of them stood stunned and the high-pitched yelp of the other for just a moment before the pair finally broke out into giggling, collapsing onto their knees in the sand. "**Miss Illya! I was waiting for two hours. I was worried you hadn't gotten my invitation!**" The two of them had matching memories about how they'd ended up here now, but those memories contrasted what they'd once known.

This *was* the lake from a year ago. But to the two children, *it was presently that year*. The two of them had been pulled back in time to the end of that ghastly event, and their memories were now those of the two girls they inhabited. Abigail had wanted to go swimming with Illya since they were roughly the same age, and Illya had accepted. That was their perceived circumstances behind this meeting.

"I'm so sorry, but Archer-san had to clean up the whole cabin first! Hue... He can be so strict!" On that note, though...

Why did that feel wrong to say, somehow?