

CURIOUS CASE OF UCHIURA I

JUNE REQUEST STORY

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It was a peculiar Singularity, at least at first glance. An ocean side city set in the year 2015 - a Singularity that could only be born after the world had been saved from Goetia's plot. There didn't seem to be anything awry with the locale even as the June sun beat down on the people below with reckless abandon, the only saving grace being the breeze that danced into town from the water. But da Vinci said there was a peculiar energy influx here in this... Uchiura, and so Ritsuka nor the Servants that accompanied her had any cause to doubt them.

They'd come with a small but rather disruptive group. Ritsuka was there, of course. The Servants she'd brought along? El Melloi II was curious and so he'd offered to come. Mashu was a given, but the third was something of an undesirable tag along. There was nothing to complain about regarding the great Gilgamesh's power of course, but his personality?

A seaside inn had been made their point of operations, and the king had already whisked Mashu away to go exploring. Ritsuka couldn't help but think that he'd seen this as a chance to cash in on a free vacation. What an opportunistic king.

This left both herself and El Melloi II at the inn to take stock of supplies and establish their base. A circle to communicate with Chaldea, a stockpile of snacks for when they got hungry; once it was all set up in the room Ritsuka and Mashu were sharing, the Master and her suited Caster moved to the poolside. There was a beach a short walk from where the inn was but it seemed they added a pool for those with a preference for swimming where there definitely wouldn't be any dangerous undersea creatures.

“Aren’t you hot?” Glancing over her shoulder as she set up a pool chair, Ritsuka couldn’t help but notice that El Melloi II hadn’t changed out of his stuffy looking suit like she had her Chaldea uniform, choosing to dress in her striped bikini herself. She was always concerned about the well-being of her Servants, that was one of things that drew their loyalty. The Caster had often pondered how this completely normal girl had won the attention of even the oni of Yamato, but surely it had to be her overwhelming heart.

Caster turned his attention to the pool. **“No, I’m fine. I don’t exactly have what you’d call a ‘beach bod’.”** His Master had presumed as much, so she didn’t really push the envelope farther. El Melloi was a man who knew what he wanted and wouldn’t be budged once he’d made up his mind. The truth of the situation however was that they couldn’t move until Mashu and Gilgamesh came back, and so it wasn’t long before Ritsuka fell asleep sprawled out against the chair. It wasn’t irresponsible, since her escort said he’d watch over her.

This left Caster to idle about. This Singularity seemed harmless enough but that didn’t mean there was no danger. It could be a trap to lower their guard, lull them into a false sense of security. Maybe Gilgamesh had sensed that and left under the guise of pleasure? Or perhaps he was giving the king too much credit?

Minutes passed and then an hour without consequence until something finally did happen. Mana pulsed nearby. So nearby, in fact, that he could see the source from where he was sitting beside his Master. A golden aura emanated from the top of the tall diving board that oversaw the pool below, the entire object radiating its sheen. But at the same time it didn’t seem harmful either. There was no animosity, no killing intent... was it merely a side effect of a greater issue that they hadn’t discovered?

Out of the group that had come to Uchiura perhaps he was the best suited to investigate regardless. As the sole Caster class Servant he was uniquely qualified, particularly with his background with the Clock Tower. It was just a matter of reaching the source on top. The thought of jumping that high made him nervous, yet the thought of climbing up via the latter felt like a hassle. Still he was somewhat of a coward. He’d take the hassle over the potential heart attack.

The top of the board was about twenty rungs high but because of his height he started around the tenth. Fingers latched onto the fall resistant surface as he pulled his feet up onto the bottom run and reached for the next once he extinguished his cigarette. Why didn’t he wake Ritsuka? He simply didn’t see the need. Unless she was in danger he hadn’t a desire to wake her from her slumber, not when she already did so much.

But when his hand reached up for the next run he had to pause a moment. He should have been able to reach at least three rungs higher than where he was currently situated, and yet El Melloi’s hand stopped just past the second rung. What’s more, something about his hand seemed... *off*.

He was no elder, but Waver certainly wasn't the teenager he'd been during the Fourth Holy Grail War either. Over time he'd aged, and that had shown prominently in hands that had grown long, bony, and worn by time and by repeated use. He usually kept nails dirty and unkempt because he faced the fact that he wouldn't be taking a lover much of ever.

Yet none of this was reflected in the hand he'd reached upward. Fingers were growing daintier and blemish free as the dirt practically peeled off and tumbled towards the poolside below. He could feel his nails crawling as they poked subtly over the tips of his fingers, most properly manicured for the most part but with frays here and there. They were plumper, healthier, and that phenomenon extended to the back of his hand and the softness of his palm as well. That was where the other problem was: his black sleeves had encroached upon his hand to the point that it had almost consumed it... meaning either his arm had shrunk or clothes had grown, and he really didn't think it was the latter.

El Melloi let go and fell back to the ground. He hadn't climbed very high, but the drop felt much farther than it should have before polished shoes clacked against the ground and his shifting weight sent him spilling onto the cement. Legs kicked up as he fell and, despite fitting properly only moment before, both of his shoes went sailing into the air as smaller feet were freed short of black socks that seemed to dangle off of them without proper size to keep them in place. "Ow!", he grunted as he landed on his shoulder and glasses bounced off his face, but miraculously once eyes were opened he found *he didn't need them?*

The landing had certainly dazed him, but he managed to push himself up and off the cement around the pool with only a little trouble before resting upon the ground with his knees buckled in front of him. The posture felt natural, no doubt thanks to an uncomfortable POP the Caster had felt upon hitting the ground in the first place. It wouldn't be accurate to say his hips were wider, but considering how loose his pants had begun to feel (*to the point that his boxers had begun to show even as he remained seated thanks to material slipping downward*) it seemed his lower half had scaled down to the point that his gait seemed larger in comparison.

These were, of course, merely the changes he'd observed with his own eyes. There was plenty taking place where he couldn't see: largely the place where his eyes were fixated. Waver wasn't wrong to make comparisons to his youth during his tumble, because that was exactly how his face had looked for a brief moment. Sweltering energy accompanied regained youth that was reflected by an absence of wrinkling and overall rejuvenation of his skin. Yet resemblance to his teenaged years was only a fleeting phenomenon, and as eyes widened with flickering lashes the masculinity his features embodied was made short work of. A button nose, lips that were both moist and expressive, *round* and *squishy* cheeks... He almost looked like a high school girl.

“Uh... **was I smoking?**” He looked like one because that was what he was *becoming*. Unusual horror spread across his features and vocalized in a cracked, heightening voice as he saw the cigarette resting on the ground beside him. He was way too young to smoke? And even if he hadn't been why *would* he? He loved to swim after all!

Oops. *She* loved to swim. Thighs that were not only feminine but finely toned with an athlete's efforts rubbed together as a strange squirming sensation wriggled between her legs. It was her little boy going bye bye. Waver tossed her head back suddenly confused. Why was she at this inn on the outskirts of town?

Black locks of hair practically sizzled as brown took possession of the coloring, her already short style from her age regression lightening to a well kept bob that was ideal for a sporty life style.

She tugged at the heavy clothing buttoned around her torso and stared down at the sea of black her legs was encased in. Why was she wearing something this gaudy alongside the pool? It was a struggle, but she eventually managed to unbutton it all and shed all of the layers. Strangely enough, she'd put it on over a one piece, blue swimsuit for some reason?

Well, that was how she'd rationalized it, but in reality her under layers had clung to every crevice of her body as to not leave a girl her age naked in public. It had a sporty design befitting of a high diver like herself so that was beneficial. El Melloi kicked the suit pants from her leg, leaving bare limbs exposed as it seemed things finally began to round out. Quite literally, of course. Her butt cheeks expanded into the material of her swimming piece, cute but enviable as both fat and muscle settled in. And her breasts? They weren't anything that would turn heads but she was also still growing. Having a leaner body gave her an undeniable edge in the water after all.

Her concerns about smoking had already washed away as she turned attention to the diving board nearby. Right! She'd come here to practice for the next high diving competition! And then after this she had idol practice, right? But she had to meet up with Dia and Ruby first...

With a burst of energy You Watanabe practically leaped up the rungs of the ladder and took position on the board above. The golden light that she'd technically gone to investigate previously had already dissipated, it's duty done. El Melloi II's consciousness had been recycled into that of this school idol, and she wasn't any the wiser. “**One... two... THREE!**”

The girl jumped and hit the water, though it created an unusual and unnaturally large splash. It flickered gold a moment as it splattered all of the chairs nearby, one of which contained a young woman who'd been sleeping.

“Who!? WHAT!?” Ritsuka was naturally shocked as she was soaked to the bone, but it didn’t last long. Her thoughts quickly dulled as her perspective grew smaller and smaller. Limbs shrunk, the need to breathe became moot, and her body thickened with cheap plastic.

You, towel flung over her shoulders, wandered by the chair on her way out. **“Huh? Who left this here?”** She reached onto the chair and picked up a tiny cellphone charm in Chika’s image. Of course, she didn’t know that this charm had once been her Master... or even what it meant to be a Servant. **“Oh well! Mine now! It’s so cute. Eheheh...”**

Cute Chika merch? *Score.*