

FATE / DOWNGRADE

CHAPTER 6: SWIMSUIT UP

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“I have literally never cleaned a pool before...”

Mandricardo, a Servant of the Rider class, was feeling how he felt a *lot* of the time. Absolutely unconfident in his own abilities, constantly doubting his own decisions and talents. And in this case? It wasn't even something serious. Whether or not he could put chemicals in a pull and run an underwater vacuum certainly wasn't an issue worth being that unsure about.

But it was more a matter of the *circumstances* eating at him, really. With the Clock Tower moving their people in, he'd felt a little lonely. He didn't really agree with what they were doing, and he was more or less rendered incapable of communicating with any of the other Servants, much less the staff. And so desperate for some sort of human contact he had agreed to help with some odd jobs to extend his free time.

And on that day? He had been given a bin of cleaning tools and had been told to clean the swimming pool that was connected to the gym. Under normal circumstances, at this time of day said pool would have been packed, but not only was it completely empty thanks to what was going on, it almost looked like it hadn't been used since Chaldea had been occupied.

“Well this is a huge bummer.” Crouching at the pool's edge, the young man bemoaned not only *his* circumstances, but those of the entire organization. He didn't have the backbone to stand up to the Clock Tower's goons, and even if he did? He probably just would have ended up locked up like Nero Claudius had. It really *was* a no win situation for them at the end of the day, so what were they to do?



After crouching there a moment, he finally went to stand. If he had been caught loitering around instead of working then there was a good chance he would have been locked away after all. For wasting their time or *something* stupid, surely. Now, what was important to keep in mind was that it was intended for Mandricardo to be transformed at this juncture. He had not been given a bottle of tainted water to alter his form into something more mundane. But it would still happen regardless.

Because in the end he slipped and fell into the pool.

“Gah!?” With his mouth open with surprise he accidentally swallowed a mouthful of the chlorinated water – and chlorine wasn’t strong enough to take the concoction out of the solution. Despite his armor he *was* safe, but only because he had fallen into the shallow end. And before long he was wading through it with the pool water up to his waist. **“Well that was unfortunate...”**

At least, counting his blessings, it had only been falling into a pool. When it came to misfortune, Mandricardo was used to much more dramatic situations unfolding. Not that the taste of chlorine in his mouth was *desirable*, mind you. But he’d actually taken a drink of something *much* worse, and that something had already begun to wreak havoc upon him while he waded towards the stairs.

For example: it was already significantly more difficult to walk through water than it was *not* through water, and yet each step was more labored than it should have been either way. The cause? His Servant strength was seeping away, and because of that the mass of muscles that composed his body thinned as well so that he had a much softer appearance. That wasn’t to say that it was gone entirely, and his arms

and legs were *still* quite toned. But it was also a far cry from how muscular he had been before.

“This is why I don’t swim. It’s way too exhausting.” Mandricardo himself just shrugged it off like there was no cause for concern, though. He kept pausing now, looking over his shoulder at the chlorinated water as if he was contemplating even leaving, despite the fact that his words heavily implied that he very much *wanted* to leave.

Perhaps it was related, and perhaps it wasn’t but, nonetheless? The man’s dark hair didn’t look quite right. Beginning with the white streaks that were already in there naturally, a blonde that was *almost* green in hue. It stood out in strangeness of color alone, but unfortunately while the white had darkened to match this color, all of the black in his hair lightened in turn to reach the same shade. The *length* of this hair was also altered, shortening so that it was a bob cut that didn’t even dangle past the base of his neck. It was a short and sporty style that, unfortunately, didn’t really seem to suit him whatsoever.

Not that Mandricardo had even *noticed*.

“Maybe I could linger for just a minute?” Looking over his shoulder again just before climbing the stairs out of the pool, the young man made the sudden decision to remain half wet – which was surprising since he *was* still fully clothed. What was it about the water that suddenly seemed so appealing to him? Almost symbolically, his irises began to reflect the very same blue of the water itself.

Because he was off in his own little world, a change in melanin escaped the man’s notice just as the transformations were *programmed* to be more or less indistinguishable from reality. His slight yet natural tan *was* lightening though, until it was so pale that it almost seemed like the slightest bit of sunlight burn him. *But isn’t that why going to the pool is much more ideal!?*

Ideal for *what*? The Servant didn’t even second guess this though. Why *should* he have? It was normal, wasn’t it?

The fit of the man’s outfit had begun to grow rather unruly, for his frame was under assault from every notable stress point. At first it appeared as if he was just getting a little shorter as several inches peeled off from his height, bringing that height down to something just a little more reasonable. While it certainly seemed like he might experience even more loss as a result of his height diminishing, the *opposite* was actually true.

Instead, everything about his body began to *grow*. The man's hips were pulled apart uncomfortably, forcing his resting posture to include knees that were buckled in towards one another while imperiling the fit of his pants. Unfortunately, black fabric wasn't really given a choice. The sides ripped downwards because of just *how* wide those hips were, and as thighs began to bloat with a soft tissue that masked his muscles, those rips became even more apparent.

In the back, the buns of the boy's rear had begun to peek up over his waistband – ass having swelled in tandem with his thighs. Those cheeks were muffining the hell out of what he was wearing, their butt cleavage clear even *with* underwear trying to keep them hidden. As you might imagine, this would surely leave the *front* of his undergarments insufferably tight... and it did. But was it really a problem? Not when *she* had nothing there to crush.

“Oh my~!” It was sensual, the feeling of having her sex changed, and while she didn't quite understand what was happening while cooing in her extremely womanly voice, she could not deny that it had felt *good*. It was enough to make her bite lower lip, not noticing that said lip was much rounder than normal. In fact, her whole face was, in order to exemplify her growing femininity. **“Maybe I really *do* need to go for a swim to cool off!”**

But she wouldn't dive in. Not quite yet. Adjustments were still being made to the upper half of her torso, such as seeing her stomach widen to better fit the width of her new hips, while her waistline pinched in to leave her top fitting *very* strangely. Even more so, in fact, once nipples grew erect and began to push forward with great vigor thanks to a swelling beneath them. A chest that had been left flat thanks to his absence of muscle was reborn with soft, shapely passion – a pair of C-cup breasts that certainly weren't the *highlight* of her broader swimmer's figure, but certainly nothing to scoff at in their own right, either.

Until finally? All of her layers just peeled off, turning into golden particles that *disappeared*. Unlike with past transformations, an entire new outfit didn't need to be constructed. Only the under layer, which had become a black bikini with a waistband generous enough to encompass her bottom-heavy silhouette was all that was needed. Well, along with a pair of very tacky sunglasses.

...Why did she need those inside, exactly?

Where there had once been the intent to promptly exit the pool, there was now an overwhelming desire on the woman's part to remain inside. **"Oh, I won't catch any cuties wandering through the halls while fully clothed, now will I?"** With all of her heart and soul she was an over-enthusiastic swimmer that hailed from a world full of Pokémon. In her late twenties, the short-haired blonde certainly wasn't getting any younger. That was why it was so important to win herself a stud with her body while she still had it!

Mandy, as she now believed herself to be named, was actually *right* where she wanted to be. Being summoned into another world certainly was a strange experience, but they didn't know how to send her back! So she had to make the best of it in the end, right? Besides! There were so many *studs* in this place that her chances of finding a suitor were *very* high. Who decided than historical heroes could be so damn *fine*?

