

BLESS THE RAINS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hm... What can I do? What can I do?”

The Foreigner class Servant, Abigail Williams, appeared distraught as she walked down the halls of Chaldea. She was only a twelve-year-old girl despite her power, but she had been contemplating what to do about a problem that was probably better saved for the adults. One of the simulations that Chaldea used to gather crops from was in the middle of a heat wave, you see, and for some reason they couldn't alter the schematics in the settings.

It was *kind of* a problem. What with the entire Earth being bleached, they couldn't rely on receiving produce from anywhere else, and the other simulations that were easily accessible suffered from conditions that made it more difficult to grow the crops they needed. Da Vinci had said that they had no choice but to wait it out, but was that really the case? **“I wonder if there's something we could use...?”**

“Oh~? Is there a problem I can help you solve, For-eig-ner-chan~?”

It was the nice purple-haired big sister!

“What am I supposed to do with this...?” Ritsuka Fujimaru stared down at a strange looking fragment in the palm of her hand as she walked back into her room. The automatic door closed behind her so that she was left in complete privacy, and she just moved over to her bed to sit down. She'd been in the cafeteria about half an hour ago when

Abigail had come running up to Mashu and herself, raving about finding a solution to the little lack-of-rain problem they had been having.



She'd held up a blue, cloud-shaped gemstone and it had glowed... before breaking into three pieces. It had certainly been a sight, but it had been pretty shady that when Abigail forced the shards on Mashu and herself, she'd refused to specify where she'd gotten them before running off. **"I wonder why it had even glowed in the first place?"** Maybe it had reacted to Abigail's powers?

Either way, it wasn't glowing *now*, and it hadn't lit up once since it had broken. It was probably just a harmless piece of junk. Maybe a Servant like Sheba had tricked her into buying it? She'd just put it on her nightside table and then get ready for her shower; she just had to— "...?" When the woman went to drop the gem shard in her hand, it didn't fall from her palm. Had her hand been sticky and it had just gotten stuck? Turning her hand over didn't exactly reveal *that*.

She watched as what was left of the blue stone was absorbed *into* her hand!

"I'm going to go out on a limb and assume that *that's* not good." It was probably just as an astute of an assessment as anything. Bodies weren't supposed to just *absorb* stones, after all, and the woman could already feel a strange, cool feeling wash through her flesh. It was *unusual*, but it also felt as refreshing as standing in the fresh rain without an umbrella; a sensation that was wholly relevant to what was just about to happen to her. Or, well, what was *already* happening to her.

Even if Ritsuka had been staring dead at a mirror, she might still not have noticed the first hint that the gemstone's absorption was having a strange effect on her body. That was because it was rather subtle, affecting the orange of her eyes so that they dulled to a hue that was vaguely more *amber* instead. The difference likely would have only really been obvious if the two colors had been side-by-side, which in this case? They weren't.

But... there were hints that were far more blatant and far less simple to ignore. **"*Huh?*"** It probably seemed a little odd without context, but the Master suddenly hopped up and down several times while looking down. Did she feel *lighter*? She did, and that was part of the reason behind her hopping, but... The cups of her bra were loosely sliding up

and down as she jumped? And the usual jiggle of her C-cup bosom wasn't as prevalent as it usually was?

Ritsuka raised her gloved hands to press against the front of her jacket. Surely her imagination was just wandering, right? It wasn't like they could actually be— “**My boobies are gone!? ...Huh? Boobies?**” One realization led to another. It wasn't like her breasts were *gone*, but their sizes *had* shrunk down to *B-cups* that were on the smaller size within her bra and tank top. But why had she referred to them as *boobies*? It was a little *childish*.

Nonetheless, as she removed her hands from her chest, she missed the sight of her *Command Seals fading away*. Which was probably *bad*?

She took a confused step forward and noticed something *odd* developing with her balance. Not with her upper body, though that could wholly be understood since she was lighter there. She was actually suffering the polar opposite problem in the polar opposite location. Her lower body was feeling *heavier*. “**Why is the stone doing this? It's so dumb!**” She had to put aside what was an uncharacteristically childish outburst to try and carefully examine her skirt.

...Or how it was *moving*. It pushed up in all directions, but more-so in the back courtesy of her thighs and ass becoming a tad thicker. Based on her bosom and attitude it seemed like she'd been growing *less* mature. And while she was? The thickening of her lower body made things seem all the more confusing. “**Did Abigail know about— WHA!?**” Ritsuka didn't know if Abigail was the *culprit*, but because this had all begun to happen *because* of the gemstone fragment, there was no way that she wasn't related.

But she wasn't given an opportunity to finish that thought; not before the world began to swell around her and she threw out her arms with surprise. She could feel her jacket and bra getting even baggier, her gloves slipped off of her hands, and upon trying to move? She had clumsily tripped over her boots, which served as the source of her cry. By the time she stood barefoot? She had dropped about four inches height-wise and now stood at an even *five feet*. It didn't *sound* like a lot, but the clothes she was wearing were still too big for her – and her hands and feet had shrunk more than anywhere else.

“**Uuu! Why am I so small! E-Er... And why do I sound like this!? I sound young!**” Ritsuka *also* sounded slightly less coherent than normal, but the high pitch of her voice certainly stuck out more than anything. She had to lift her arms for her sleeves to slide back enough to show her hands, and she didn't even *realize* that she looked a

lot younger in the face! Likely in the 13 – 15 range, which explained her lack of figure... or at least that it was unusually middling.

Her concerns were by *no* means alleviated when she finally managed to free one of her hands from the sleeves only to find that there was more amiss about them than their sizes. “**Wah!? This color...!?**” She didn’t find the pale fingers that she was accustomed to but instead had fingers that were *significantly* darker on their backs, although their undersides and palms were a little paler. It certainly wasn’t a *natural* tan; it was far too *dark*.

The girl struggled to roll up her sleeves, where she could see the dark brown traveling up her arms. She kicked a bare foot out in front of her? Not only were her feet that same color, but she could that it was crawling up past her knees. In little time at all, her entire complexion was this shade of brown. Yet, as it washed through her face? Her features rounded, shrunk, thinned, and left her with a single trace of Japanese in her genetics. She *did* look very cute, though!

“**Wait! This skin... This voice? Uu...**” The more she bore witness to, the more *familiar* it all became. Even the way she was *acting*. She’d seen it all before. Her familiarity was heightened even further once her bangs lengthened down above her eyes, revealing her strands of hair had darkened to a dark teal that bordered black, though the longer it all became – and it grew *very* long in the back – the lighter it was, with the inner layer *literally* glowing. “**W-Wandjina!?**”

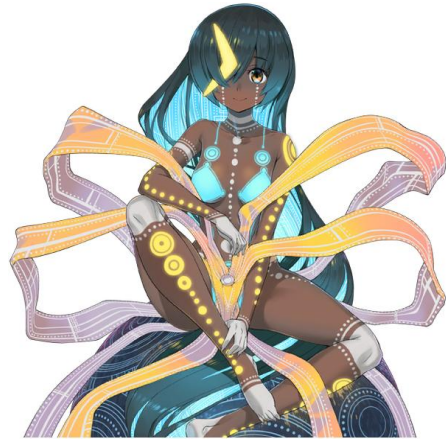
It was weird. Saying the name of the Servant she believed she was becoming felt like she was saying her *own* name.

Something welled up within her when she uttered that name, however. “**Wha!?**” The next thing she knew, she found her body *lifting up into the air*! Markings began to appear all over her dark skin – yellow circles running down the fronts of her arms and legs, white dots down her cheeks from beneath her eyes and directly down the center of her torso, as well as white over her hands, feet, and knees. Even the glowing, bright blue that appeared to cover her nipples and crotch, while genuinely concealing her nipples and genitalia, still seemed to be some type of pain. And what she *was* wearing was eviscerated, leaving her only with her new markings, a slit cloth that wrapped around her torso, and a yellow *boomerang* that concealed her right eye.

It gave her some clarity. Although it was initially the *wrong kind* of clarity.

“**Hoh? Why am I in Master’s room!? Or... wait! Am I Master? Mnmnmnm...**” The Foreigner class Servant, *Wandjina*, rubbed her

balled up fists into the sides of her head as she floated in the middle of the room on her orb. She was a childish young lady that was simultaneously an *Elemental from space* and a *Foreigner* class Servant. But her presence also wasn't an *unwarranted one*. It had been Abigail's desire to help the adults fix the drought in the simulation, right?



Well, Wandjina was an Australian deity capable of calling forth the rain! She just felt a little *out of sorts*. She understood herself to *be* Wandjina, but she was also her own Master? Was she her old Master? **“Uuu! What am I supposed to do!? I’m just getting confused thinking about it!”** In times when things made her head hurt, the only solution was to not think too hard about it! A distraction! She needed a distraction!

“Oh! What if I tried to make it rain in that... place!”

That would work!



The only real difference between Mashu's experience and Ritsuka's experience, at least at the start, was that Mashu hadn't returned to her own room just yet. She'd also found Abigail's little performance strange, but she didn't really have the time to investigate. It was *probably* nothing. She'd ultimately just stuffed the fragment she'd been given into the pocket of her hoodie when she left the cafeteria and headed out to the gym.

Because it was just after dinnertime, there wasn't anyone else there – not in the gym with the equipment itself, nor in the changing room where she had gone first to get changed. But Mashu didn't even *begin* to start stripping before a cold sensation pressed against her hip. **“Wha—!?”** The young woman shuddered with surprise and went to pat down the area that the feeling had radiated from... only to realize that it lined up perfectly with where the gem shard had been sitting in her pocket.

And her pocket was now *empty*.

A cool and refreshing burst of energy ran through her body, but this comforting feeling didn't deter the Demi-Servant from feeling *panicked*! All things considered, one's body swallowing a gemstone *wasn't* normal,

and that left her conflicted about whether the source of the problem was the gemstone... or her body itself? “No, **logically speaking the gemstone is the outlier, so did Abigail...?**” She would have thought things through either way, but her mind felt a little *clearer*? Not that she noticed.

“**Mm?**” For as pleasing as the initial sensation had been, she soon found herself plagued with *discrepancies*. Her hair was by no means overly short, but she *also* didn’t wear it long, either. Her bob always reached her chin, just shy of her shoulders because she didn’t like the feeling of the strands tickling them. And yet? She felt that hair not only *flop* against her shoulders, but soon it poured over both sides in a straight yet unkempt mess. “**M-My hair? How curious...**”

Was she *concerned* or was she *curious*? A little of column A, and a little of column B. Mashu was *definitely* freaked out to see a golden coloring possess longer strands that eventually reached past her *pelvis* both in the front and the back. It was a familiar color. *Too* familiar. “**Where have I seen... Ah? Hm... Whose voice is this?**” She spoke of her own voice, her curiosity growing even more. It was curious that she even managed to identify what was happening; that she had realized she was *becoming someone else*.

And well? Her face was certainly keen on making that clear. Beneath a curtain of blonde bangs that now reached similarly colored eyebrows, her purple eyes were illuminated by a blue as shimmering as the ocean itself. Their shapes had narrowed, but there was still a clear *European* aesthetic to them. They were just... vaguely different. As were her thinner cheeks, smaller nose, and slightly thinner lips. It was surprising that her glasses didn’t slide off, but it at least made sense that her voice sounded different. Younger, just as her face now made her appear closer to the age of *sixteen*.

“**One of the King Arthur variants? Artoria?**” It was a guess that certain made a great deal of sense considering what she had carefully observed. But that possibility was largely quashed when she realized she was *growing*. “**Ah.**” Artoria Pendragon was shorter than her, at least the one who was a teenager. There were her older variations, but somehow she just *knew* that wasn’t right. Besides, that *couldn’t* have been the case. The older Artorias were as busty as they were tall. And yet, as she felt herself stretch slightly taller...

Her body mass was *lessening*. She stared down with an unusually blank expression at the front of her dress, watching it flatted courtesy of her D-cup breasts shrinking into perky *C-cups* instead. A size that would have been unusual for *any* Artoria-based Servant. Her thighs and buttocks didn’t lose *that* much, but it was almost uncanny that while she

had grown taller and leaner? She felt *weaker*. Her muscle mass had dwindled so that her body was not the body of a physical fighter.

So, where did this leave her? She was younger, yet taller slightly taller. Physically weaker, but flatter. The name 'Artoria' didn't make sense to her at *all* now. It sounded *wrong*, like it possibly couldn't be her name. But she also felt that way about the name 'Mashu' too. It was... strangely foreign to her, despite not forgetting that it *was* her name. But there was *another* possibility. A name on the tip of her tongue that felt *right*.

And her clothing changed to suit the identity of that person. Her clothing glowed blue, and that light fanned out before reforming into a white, gold, and black cloak with a blue, starry interior over a black dress. It was regal and complicated by design, and the matching witch's hat atop her head didn't help in that regard. She kept her glasses, but even they were replaced with a far more circular pair next to hair that had been pulled over her right shoulder and tied into a braid.

“Well, this is certainly a curious outcome. Did that stone fragment do this? That just begs further question about how that girl got her hands on it...”

Much like Wandjina, *Aesc the Savior*, a Caster, was still able to cling onto her previous identity. That said, she was more mature and *far* more intellectually competent than that girl, so she had an easier time making sense of those memories and how to handle them. She could identify the source, but she didn't have enough information to make any assumptions beyond that.



The Caster adjusted her round glasses on the bridge of her nose like she had done so a million times in the past. **“I wonder what the significance of being Aesc is, however? I have all of her memories and habits... She *did* want to fix the drought. Is it because of my ties to the Rain Clan?”** It was as plausible of an explanation as any, but surely it wasn't a transformation decided by Abigail. There must have been someone else behind the scenes.

“I suppose I should find her...”

Which was a good enough excuse to exit the gym she *definitely* wouldn't be using.



“Hm... But Miss BB said it would definitely work...” Abigail had been quick to run off and sulk after the solution she had been offered by a certain *mischievous AI* hadn't gone as she'd expected. Considering BB's reputation, maybe she should have expected as much, but she was still too young and innocent to understand when someone pretending to be nice was just trying to manipulate her. BB was actually just trying to have a little *fun* and had seen the Foreigner as the perfect conduit for that fun.

The child, who had run back to her room embarrassed, just didn't realize it yet. She was holding her own shard in her hand underneath her oversized sleeve as she pouted on her desk chair. **“I wonder if I did it wrong? Why did it break? ...I-Is it because I'm too naughty!?”** That couldn't be it, right? The girl's hand had become cool for a brief moment, and she shrugged off that refreshing feeling that washed through her body. She didn't realize that her body had absorbed her shard.

And that a very foreign fate awaited her as a result.

It was in the most *literal* sense of the word 'foreign', actually. Abigail's destined transformation was more akin to Ritsuka's than Mashu's in the sense that her *race* was something that would be altered, and it was altered almost *immediately*. She had the face of a young European girl; but that *rapidly* changed as the corners of her eyes pinched in and her baby blues were plagued by speckles of brown that soon became the *only* color that they displayed.

“How am I going *to*—!?” She stopped herself from finishing that sentence and instead rubbed gentle at her throat after hearing her voice crack. It sounded sort of *strained*, which made her wonder if she needed to rest it. But the change of pitch was a permanent one, coinciding with changes that tackled the rest of her face. Little by little, any Western features was smoothed away. Chubbier cheeks and a flatter nose were in her future, and when paired with her new eyes? She appeared to *blatantly* be *Japanese*.

Her almond shape and colored eyes blinked and she turned her head for side to side. **“*Huh?*”** The Foreigner didn't say enough to notice her voice had permanently changed, but she was fixated on something else. It was like her skin was *crawling*? Or like it was being pulled tight? She stood up to try and figure it out, but that just made her even *more* confused.

The girl was only twelve, but she was just shy of being five feet tall. As a Servant, she had *always* been that tall, so she knew what her room looked like from that angle.

But when she stood up... everything looked *smaller*. Or maybe *closer to the floor* was a better way to put it? “**Wait a sec!?**” The child ultimately blurted her surprise out with much more playful surprise in her voice than she had intended, and that finally tipped her off that she hadn’t *just* had a frog in the throat at the time. Even so, that wasn’t as pressing as the realization that had made her cry out in the first place. “**I-I’m getting taller!?**”

It wasn’t that surprising that it hadn’t registered sooner. The dress that Abigail wore was too big for her body, and her bloomers were pretty spacious too. The dress simply lifted higher, not showing her tummy in the end but *teasing* it as her hands managed to slide naturally out of her sleeves. Her bloomers ultimately sat higher on her hips too, but that likewise demonstrated that not *all* of her growth was vertical. Her hips broadened, as did her shoulders (tearing her sleeves in the process) and that led to the torso that existed between them broadening in kind. At least that way she didn’t seem proportionally imbalanced... like Raikou.

“**I’m... 5’3’!?**” Abi blurted out her new height excitedly, but how had she known the exact number without measuring herself? It was one of those details that she had been fed as part of her changing identity. Her personality still reflected this the strongest though. She was usually fairly reserved and didn’t always express herself freely. But she just felt and acted so *bubbly* now. She felt very *carefree*.

Her *hair* almost reflected this change in mentality. The long, blonde strands soon frayed as their colors darkened towards a brown even darker than her eyes. They became messy and unkempt, the hairs likewise becoming a little bit tangled while stretching to reach the backs of her knees. Her darkened bangs grew slick too, some pulled up while others curled over her right eye. Either way, she no longer had that silly forehead window. Her forehead didn’t even seem that big in the first.

“**How did I grow taller? And why do I sound like this? Hmm...**” The woman pouted because she couldn’t understand, though that pout was far *fuller* than it had been before. Her face’s underlying shape hadn’t really changed much, but when she had grown taller her facial features had *matured* significantly. Her age must have been in her early twenties, which meant she had aged at *least* ten years. “**Maybe it doesn’t really matter? I kind of like looking like this! I’m older, right?**”

While true, the rest of her body had yet to completely catch up with her new age. There were aspects of a woman's body that had evidently lagged behind... but almost like a dam had been broken, the 'waters' of mass exploded and delivered to her a befitting figure of varying weight depending on where you looked. It was actually the least effective within her bloomers. The woman *did* stumble back a step as her thighs doubled in thickness and her ass perked up, but her body's balance responded much more violently to, well...

“WAH!?” Her *chest*. Abigail's chest had been utterly and absolutely flat, but that mistake was righted with the advent of jiggling mass that *ballooned* within them inside of her dress, finally lifting it high enough to show off her tummy. She had to catch herself from falling flat on her face, and each silly step taken forward led to more weight jiggling within the sensitive, *F-cup* tits that her dress tightly enveloped. But the fit of her children's clothes around a woman's body was promptly rectified.

They glowed gold, promptly forming a simple white dress that was backless *and* sleeveless, resembling only the primary component of a shrine maiden's costume as red ribbon wrapped around her waist. A magatama necklace hugged her neck, and her messy hair was pulled both into long twintail and a tiny ponytail on top. Speaking of *other hair*, a thickened bush of pubes was just barely shoved into some rather crude and old fashioned undergarments. **“Hmm...”**

A *divinity* of sorts ignited within her *Ruler* class Saint Graph at the end, and as it grew all the more potent? Red body markings appeared on her forehead, around her eyes, and across her limbs. The signified her importance.

“Huh!? Wait! I'm cursed with the power to summon rain!” Under normal circumstances, the Ruler Servant, *Himiko* would not have considered that curse to be a good thing. It was always ruining her plans! But she – or, well, *Abigail* – had wanted to summon the rain in that simulation, right? Then she had become the perfect Servant to see that through! **“Um... Should I maybe be questioning *why* this happened in the first place?”**



It was *definitely* a valid question. She was a little silly, but Himiko *was* an adult who could maturely and rationally think things through. She understood that BB had probably set her up, and that was worth investigating, but... Did it really matter? She could do what she wanted

to about the rain now, and her body was far curvier than even Mashu's! ...It was certainly curvier than Mashu's was *now*, anyways.

Unable to contain her excitement, she practically *skipped* out of the room and to the simulation room, where she found *two other* Servants already in there. It wasn't until Himiko had manifested within the simulation that it began to rain, undoubtedly because of the combined powers of the three rain-related Servants. But there was one *slight* issue beyond the three of them realizing they'd all suffered similar fates to make it possible.

“...It doesn't seem like this storm will be stopping anytime soon.”

“*HUH!?*”