

KERO CASTING

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“**Halloween again...**”

The strained pain in Ritsuka Fujimaru’s voice was palpable as she stared at the mission briefing that had lit up on a screen in her room shortly after waking up that morning. Usually when a Singularity formed and it was *extremely* dangerous then the Master of Chaldea was summoned immediately, but in this case? It didn’t seem like it was an *emergency*. But only because the one behind it was the usual culprit and she hardly *ever* got close to bringing about the same level of danger that a real threat would.

Elizabeth Bathory. That girl was up to something almost *every* October. It was plain to see that Halloween was her favorite holiday, but did she need to make a mess every year? Did she need to constantly force Chaldea to dive into her own Singularity, one where her castle had an upside down pyramid and Japanese castle on top of it, each and every time?

Not every adventure there was a bad one, but it almost always involved some shenanigans that were increasingly bizarre even if the premise sounded normal on paper. This year... would it be an exception? Looking at the information da Vinci-chan had forwarded to her computer she couldn’t really be certain. “**A magic tournament? I guess someone did say they caught her bingeing shounen anime...**”

The Lancer’s wacky ideas had always been inspired by *something*, and it seemed like on this occasion she had taken a liking to too many shounen tournament arcs and thought having one in her Singularity for

Halloween would be a good idea? Ritsuka couldn't fathom why she might have believed that to be good theming. But she had an idea of how to make it as painless as possible, if anything. She could just bring a team of her strongest Casters, dominate the tournament, and be home before dinner! Easy peasy! She was confident!

...Maybe a little *too* confident.



Ritsuka had wanted to be Rayshifted into the castle grounds within Elizabeth's Singularity so that she could speedrun the whole ordeal. Da Vinci-chan and Mashu had both given her their words of wisdom, a warning that the lizard had erected a strange barrier around the castle and it would be best to be dropped somewhere outside of it in case it repelled her. But the Master hadn't been listening. There was *no* way Elizabeth could have created a competent enough barrier and so there were no risks to at least *trying*.

Yet in the end? She found herself picking her body up and out of some sticky mud, having landed painlessly in a trench? **Eugh, no. A moat? So sticky...** A very *swampy* moat. Looking up she could see Elizabeth's castle high above her with a drawbridge nearby. Her front half was covered in mud and so she did her best to wipe most of it off. Getting a little dirty was a small price to pay for arriving close to the castle, which she had done!

“At least the barrier didn't stop me. But how am I going to get myself out of this moat?” In the end Ritsuka had been right to think that Elizabeth couldn't possibly weave together a functional barrier. In fact she didn't realize *how* right she was. The barrier was supposed to block out any non-magic users below a certain level from the event. And technically? Ritsuka should have been included in that. Most of her magic came from Mystic Codes, she wasn't all that impressive on her own.

But Elizabeth, in all of her magical inexperience, had accidentally messed up the parameters for the barrier. Rather than reject anyone who wasn't a strong magic user from stepping within? It fundamentally did the opposite. The magic that constructed it would transform anyone unworthy who stepped inside *into* a powerful magic user. And not necessarily in the same state they had stepped through it in.

The Master lacked this knowledge and instead still believed that she was free of any potential harm. Instead of wondering why her body might have felt a little *tingly* (she chalked it up to the Rayshifting process), she was still tracing the height of the moat for a way up. **“Aha! A ladder!”** She could see one off in the distance. A ladder that would get her all the way up, though she’d need to make the trek through muddy waters first. **“Once I get back up I can just cross the bridge, *kerro!*”**

Ritsuka blinked. She had definitely *heard* that. That strange sound she had made at the end of her sentence that wasn’t really *human*? It sounded almost like the ribbiting of a frog? Maybe she’d just had a strange hiccup? **“Okay, that was weird...”** Speaking once more it didn’t seem to happen *again*? Maybe it had just been a one-off?

If only she had been so lucky.

“Oof... This mud is really hard to move through, actually.” Putting the odd noise behind her, the woman returned to her original plan. Getting out of the moat and up onto dry land. But the mud was proving trickier than she assumed it would... or that was what she thought was going on. In actuality her whole body felt heavy and honestly? A little *ill*. **“Why am I all clammy?”** She’d gotten off most of the mud but that clamminess was felt even where smudged brown hadn’t touched. There’s no way she was actually sick, right?

She removed her gloves and shoved them into her pocket, but that alone had been *difficult*. Her gloves had been really sticky for some reason? And reaching with one hand to the opposing wrist to give it a wipe, she came to understand why. **“Ew! Is this from the mud?”** Sliding her hand across her other arm’s skin, there was a thick and sticky mucus-like substance coming off.

Ritsuka’s body was, in fact, *producing* this mucus. Her naked body felt damp and slippery even under her Chaldea uniform, because all of her skin was creating this layer. There *was* a benefit for it as mud that was stuck to her skin was being forced off. But it *looked* gross and slimy. She tried and tried to wipe it off of her hands and arms to no avail. Her body just created more and it had even come to cover her *hair*.

“Wait, is Elizabeth’s barrier doing this? That’s a weird barrier effect, *kerro!*” Who would design a barrier that made people all *slimy*? That or the mud was enchanted to do it, but the Master couldn’t understand why *it* would do that either. But eventually she turned her attention back to this mucus-y skin of her and noticed something else. **“Scratch that... A barrier that turns your skin *green*?”**

The backs of her hands and arms were darkening towards a forest green – a color that no *human's* skin had any business being. If she turned her arms over she found that their undersides were doing the opposite in becoming a bleached white. The mucus gave this discolored skin a shimmering sheen, and with her clothes obscuring the rest of her body? Ritsuka didn't quite comprehend just how widespread this problem was.

From head to toe either green or white emerged. The green? It painted her back, legs, the tops of her arms, and the upper half of her face. While the white came about across her chest, tummy, inner thighs, the undersides of her arms and hands, as well as the lower half of her face beneath her top lip.

“Blurp!? Blep!?” Almost out of nowhere Ritsuka found herself gagging. She wasn't sure on *what* at first, just that something had filled her mouth unexpectedly. If she were to describe it she supposed she'd do so with the phrase *‘it was like my tongue had just exploded in my mouth!’* which was more or less the truth. She gagged a *third* time and on this occasion she could no longer keep her mouth shut. A length of sticky pink was ejected... not limply or anything.

It was launched at a buzzing annoyance nearby. It had latched onto a *fly* before withdrawing back into her mouth where she could feel it struggle. And even though she was horrified by what had just happened? *She swallowed it.* **“Ugh!? Did I just eat a fly!? M-My tongue, kero!?”** Likewise, her voice sounded coarse. The tongue didn't stay retracted in her mouth any longer and instead flopped out about five inches from between thinned lips.

Those lips had widened. Her face had also pushed forward slightly, nose merging into this push so that only nostrils remained. The Master had to force her eyes cross-eyed to realize. Her eyes watered and she blinked. *Three times.* Not like you might expect in that she just blinked her one set of eyelids three times. No. *Three sets* of eyelids blinked, some vertically and some horizontally – though the lower two sets were transparent. Beneath all three? Irises turned gold and pupils slitted... horizontally. Like a frog's.

Ritsuka was piecing it together. **“Am I becoming a *frrroooooog!*?”** The timing of a loud croak couldn't have been better. Her chest had inflated *as* she'd croaked. In a *literal* sense, for the zipper of her jacket was forced down thanks to slimy tits nearly *doubling* in size, pushing her posture to have a forward slouch. **“M-My boobs, kero!?”** They were bigger and heavier. She couldn't see it, but as she moved towards being an amphibian existence her nipples were erased, leaving the pearly white mounds ball shapes without anything poking off of them.

Why was she becoming a frog? Was she going to become a *feral* frog? Based on the unintended snack she'd just had it almost seemed like it, but that was just a base instinct taking root. She was having a difficult time maintaining her posture with her heavier breasts, but what *didn't* help with her slouch was a gradual loss of height. Ritsuka shrunk shorter and shorter, sticky clothes sliding in slight as the inches were shed off. Before long she was only 4'10" – down from 5'4". But despite being shorter? Her breasts remained large and her green thighs seemed even thicker.

“I don't... A frog!?! But... Huh? Haven't I already been through this, *kerō*?” What did she mean by that? Her memories weren't... linear. It was almost like there were two sets and one was slowly creeping into place while pushing the other free. But in this new set contained memories of becoming a frog girl a *long* time ago. To the point that she had long since accepted it.

Meanwhile, the ooze that had covered the woman's hair had seemingly matted all of her orange locks together to the point that they resembled a singular, fleshy piece altogether. The orange eventually dulled into a green just a touch lighter than her skin, with darker speckles forming among it. It still served the function of *hair*, but it was the same rubbery flesh that the rest of her body had been transformed into.

The woman's balance was compromised one final time – and it only didn't happen again because the changes that caused it were actually to *prevent* it from happening again. **“Urgh... My name? It's... Ritsu... Ri... *Ribbit*...?”** She was too far-gone thanks to her shifting mental state to really show any surprise about it, but her hands and feet were all *swelling*. It was more obvious with her hands though, since they *weren't* buried in the mud like her feet were.

But everything beneath her elbows bloated, making her hands look swollen like she was having a *very* bad allergic reaction *at first*. But hands doubled in swell *several* times, white palms rendered plump and rounded. Ritsuka's index and middle fingers merged so that either hand had only *four* digits, and laced between each of these digits was a thin, white webbing that would make moving through water – and mud – far easier than her small, stubby, human hands. Her feet were similar, but they had actually grown longer almost like webbed flippers, with sticky beads on the tip of every finger and toe.

Her body's transformation was complete and her mind wasn't far behind. So ultimately it was only the woman's clothing that served as a clue about her old identity. But those clothes were ultimately affected by the spell in kind. They *exploded* into particles of gold that swirled around the distracted frog, revealing her naked body (including a

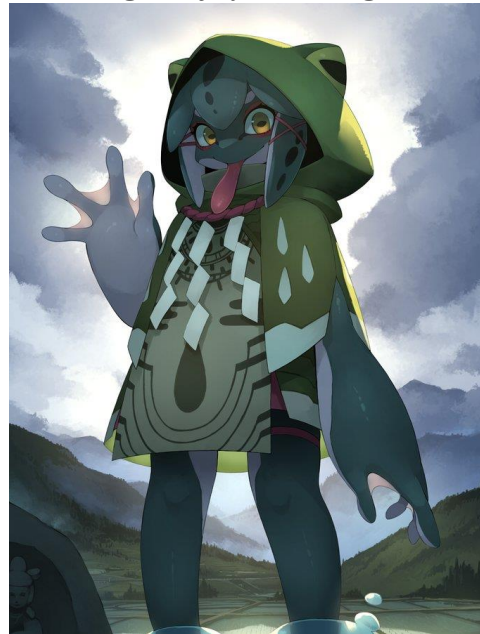
hairless pussy that could lay eggs now and again). In the end the particles reformed, becoming only a frog-shaped poncho with a hood. One that really only covered her torso. Being a girl of the wild, she didn't see much of a point in wearing things like underwear.

Who was going to try and fuck a frog girl?

(She probably would have been surprised.)

“Huuuh? What was I questioning my name for? I guess I should get going, but I feel so at home in the mud, kero!” Well, that *did* make sense. *Ribbitza* was a frog and frogs enjoyed being moist.

She was actually from a swamp a ways away from Elizabeth Bathory's castle, but after a very dry walk through some forests she couldn't resist the sight of the muddy swamp and all of the tasty morsels buzzing around it. As if to demonstrate this, she effortlessly launched her amphibian tongue to grab another fly. This time? There was none of the disgust or inner turmoil that had accompanied it the first time.



Frogs ate insects, right? Why would she think that was gross? All insects were absolutely delicious and incredibly nutritious!

But even despite feeling at home, the frog woman knew that she couldn't linger midst the mud forever. That didn't mean that she wouldn't be able to make a return trip after her business was done, though! And so she shoved her hands into the muck as she crouched down, powerfully frog legs bending before she *jumped*, very easily clearing the height of the moat before landing near the bridge. With a few shakes she loosened the mud off of her slimy skin and began to walk towards the gate.

“This should be easy peasy, kero!” So why *had* she come to Elizabeth's castle? According to her own, rewritten memories there could only be *one* obvious reason, right? Ribbitza was a mage, and a very powerful one at that! She had been human once, but had been cursed into the form of a frog some one hundred years ago with a spell gone awry. But she didn't see herself as a human anymore and had long come to terms with her new existence. That curse had actually made her *stronger* as a mage in the end, so she knew that she was a shoo-in to win the tournament!

The top prize of the tournament was supposed to be a lot of gold, and she couldn't wait to spend that all on improvements for her lovely swamp home. Maybe open a potion-making business? Being an immortal frog mage didn't mean that life was easy! She still had to make a living somehow even if swamp flies were free! **"Mm... Think of all the gourmet insects I could eat, kero!"** That probably shouldn't have been on the top of her list of priorities, but...

Thick and slimy hands behind her head, she stepped across the drawbridge with ease. **"I guess if there's one thing I'm worried about, it's that frogs 'n' lizards don't always get along, kero. But I'm sure I'll win no problem, kero!"** The mistress of this castle was some sort of lizard girl, right? Hopefully they could get along well enough... At least well enough for her to take her prize and go!

Or, as things would *actually* go... Elizabeth would be so enamored by Ribbitza's skill that she'd develop something of a crush on the poor frog.