

FATE / FIRST PERSON

CH5: ANGRY DRUNK

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Hm... Perhaps it would have been a little out of character for the old me – well, depending on which *old* me you were thinking of – to make a break for local bar at my earliest convenience that afternoon. Having only *just* transformed into Shuten Douji earlier that morning and still in need of groceries, I had been given no choice but to leave my home for one reason or another.

My choices of *attire* had been something of a problem. I'd purchased a plethora of outfits in Nero's size during my time spent as her, only for that to immediately bite me in the ass when I shrank again. Nonetheless, with the help of a belt and an *interpretive* opinion on modern fashion, I had settled for a pair of shorts that almost reached my ankles anyways, not that you could see them with a black lace hanging over them almost like a dress.

Shoes had been a bigger issue, so I just went barefoot. Perhaps it was because I was an oni, but my body felt somewhat *hardened*. I couldn't puncture my skin as easily as I could have before, and the cold outside didn't bother me despite there being snow on the ground. If there had been a *major* issue, it had been my *horns*. Even so, I sloppily threw a baseball cap on sideways to do my best to try and obscure them.

I was simply going to get groceries. Did it really matter *how* I was dressed so long as I *was*? If society would have accepted me that way, I wouldn't have minded walking around naked. Just another *oni sensibility*, I suppose. But it was likewise an oni sensibility that had

halted my attempt to reach the grocery store in its tracks at the first sign of a place where I could buy alcohol. I was lucky that despite being so small, there was a maturity that led to the bartender not asking me for ID. Mind you, I would have tried whatever I had to in order to get server regardless.



This detour hadn't been without its disappointments, however. After taking a booth alone by myself in the corner, upon looking at the menu I realized that the specific alcohol I was craving wasn't listed. No sake; not even anything of vague Japanese origin on the menu. **"Hm... I suppose I could settle on**

anything from the menu in a worst case, and the waiter shouldn't be back for a little while longer. ...I wish I had a taste for anything on here, however."

Had I *really* not learned by now that expressing desires was what was leading to my tablet activating? It literally did back in my room the moment I said that.

"...Hm~?" I was getting better at sensing when it was about to happen, which was likely natural considering how many times it had occurred already. There was a very subtle *tingling* sensation accompanied by a vague sense of warmth. Unlike the last time, however, I didn't feel as strongly about remaining in my present form. In fact, Shuten was the type of woman that would be unbothered about even transforming in public. I felt more *curious* than anything. **"Curious. Who will it be this time~?"**

Whichever Servant it was, they certainly *weren't* an oni. I could feel my horns regressing in length almost immediately, eventually smoothing into nubs that were rendered nonexistent within moments. In a similar vein, my vaguely pointed ears must have rounded properly at the tips... but while these changes certainly made me appear much more *mundane*, they weren't *all* like that. Take my skin color, for example. It had become quite pasty as Shuten, but there was a vaguely violet tint to it. That tint faded, leaving my skin just... flat out *pale*.

"...French, is it?" Among the things I had learned to pick up on quickly, the change in language that I thought in was one of them. It felt like I had been flipping back and forth between Japanese and not the past couple of days, but instead of Latin it had flipped over to French. In

all likelihood, I was becoming a Servant that originated in France – and there were more options in that pool that you might have expected. **“Oui, that feels right.”**

This change of origin would naturally alter my ethnicity, and that was made visible in my *face* more than anywhere else. My rounder Japanese features slimmed as my face took on a more angular slant, with fuller and poutier lips, a longer nose, and more circular eyes. As my lashes fluttered longer, it became clear that it wasn't *just* my skin that was changing color. My irises began to shimmer with an almost eerie gold that replaced their already abnormal purposes. My face *looked* like the face of a European woman, but I also looked a little younger... probably around *nineteen* or so?

Probably too young to legally be drinking, but I'd make it work.

“Tch. Of all the places for this to happen...” I'd been so unbothered by what was happening at first, only for an agitation to slowly swell from deep down. Nothing about it had been particularly bothersome at *first*, but it *really* started to get on my nerves when my chin-length bob began to grow, cascading down to tickle my shoulders but then *exploding* in length like a rushing waterfall, pooling down my sides with my back against the seat of the booth. Not only was it long and thick, but it had lightened to a silvery white with an ahoge poking off the top. **“This is way too damn much!”**

I grabbed handfuls of it with a pair of hands that looked vaguely *larger*. Were my fingers a little longer, maybe? Either way, I'd noticed several things that weren't visually obvious. My voice was a little higher, and I was speaking in a ruder, rougher way. That narrowed the scope of which Servant I could be becoming down to two or three, and none of them were particularly ideal. This hair color felt reminiscent of the hair of an *Alter* Servant, and they tended to just have bad attitudes in general.

“Hey!” I soon hissed at the sensation of my feet sliding across the floor unintentionally. My knees had to be lifted, but it was only then that I realized my posture in the booth was being forced to change, and the clothes I was wearing were *hardly* as baggy anymore. My knees were sticking out even farther from my shorts, and a shirt that had once been too big was... well, it still didn't fit properly, but now the issue was that it was too *small*. It had lifted to show off my pale belly. **“I've grown...”**

Up to about 5'3", in fact. Since Shuten *had* been so short, it was a pretty sizable jump. **“Wait...”** For the first time since I'd transformed *into* Shuten, a blush painted my lips that suggested embarrassment or shame more than simple intoxication. I'd just realized something embarrassing:

that regardless of who I was becoming, my clothing malfunction was about to get a *whole* lot worse.

Because Shuten's figure had been relatively mild, ass aside – and I'd only barely shoved those cheeks into my shorts. Fortunately, my lower body wasn't too much of an issue in that regard. Aside from my legs becoming longer, there was actually some *relief* down there as my cheeks lost some of their size and my hips narrowed about an inch. The issue was more going to be with my *upper* body, and considering my demeanor? I'd more or less pinpointed who I was becoming.

And they weren't exactly lacking in the department of *tits*.

I ended up biting my lower lip in display of an anxious habit that wasn't Shuten's, but of the *Avenger* I realized I was transforming into. “**Shit.**” I certainly didn't mince words as I felt it; the sensation of my already tight shirt growing even *tighter* as my B-cup breasts were spurred to life. Fat filled my skin, and those orbs in turn filled my top. Nipples grew puffier *and* erect, their shapes clearly visible through a shirt that hadn't been intended to be worn by a woman of my present height. The base of my shirt was pulled farther and farther up on my torso, until my belly was *completely* bare. I *really* regretted not wearing a bra... not that having one that had fit Shuten's bust would have helped me in that moment.

“**Ugh...**” I groaned at the sight of the menu the next time I managed to pull myself away from what had just happened to my body. My attitude had gotten *worse*, but that was honestly to be expected. I'd clearly become *Jeanne d'Arc Alter*, and she wasn't exactly the most *cheerful* of Servants. Was it because she was French? No, it was for reasons that were *much*



more sinister in the grand scheme of things. Regardless, this transformation *did* resolve the problem that had led to the shift happening in the first place. “**...I guess I'll just get some wine.**”

Because my tastes were shared with the Servant I became, my alcohol preferences shifted more to what a European woman might like.

And I was *definitely* going to need a drink to muster up the courage to leave the booth I was sitting at when I was done. The table in front of me

vaguely disguised it, but my stomach was essentially bare because of my gains in height, and my lack of a bra meant I had to be *very* careful about my nipples if I got a little too chilly. I was also worried about my pants ripping. “**...Good thing I still have a human’s shitty alcohol tolerance.**”

Well, provided I could somehow trick the server into giving booze to a nineteen-year-old in the first place.