

FATE / FIRST PERSON

CH2: FRAIL ROYALTY

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“What am I going to do about thiiiiiiiis!?”

It hadn't even been a full day since I had been transformed into a carbon copy of the Caster-class Servant, Xuanzang Sanzang, from Fate / Grand Order through some sort of glitch with my tablet. What had I done in that time? Well, I *definitely* hadn't gone outside! Not only was I worried about having to face my family and friends as a buxom Chinese woman that couldn't stop herself from rambling about Buddha with an excessive amount of enthusiasm, but I just physically *couldn't* for one major reason: *clothing*.

As we'd already established, I had *been* a bigger man – but the issue wasn't primarily that my clothes were too big. In fact, while there were aspects to all of the attire in my wardrobe that would be baggy if worn, the issue was more the *tightness* of them. My tits were so big that my shirt would be lifted enough to show my tummy, and any pants I wore were so snug around my ass and thighs that any unnecessary motion might tear them.

Not to mention my lack of women's underwear. My tits were bouncing around *much* too freely, and at their weight, it was *extremely* uncomfortable! Even when I was sleeping, the weight of those tits was *haunting*; an ever-prevalent force that I had to base my sleeping posture around to get comfortable. I'd *been* a back sleeper, but they just slipped to the side and *that* wasn't comfortable, and if I slept on my stomach, they'd push me up. I'd only *barely* managed to sleep on my side.



“I should probably get out of bed and figure out what my sizes are...” It was basically the crack of dawn. I wasn’t an early riser, but my body’s new shape had kept me restless all throughout the night. I was dressed only in sweatpants that were gripping onto my curves for dear life, along with a shirt that was so tight around my chest that the shapes of my puffy nipples could be seen poking up beneath it. I’d resolved to order something to wear off Amazon, but... I had no idea how to guess how big my tits and ass were, much less how to shop for them. **“Why couldn’t Buddha bless me with the knowledge of my three sizes!?”**

That definitely *wasn’t* something that I could look to Buddha to help me with! **“If only I’d been given a smaller body, the clothing problem wouldn’t be as big of a deal...”** Because I could *modify* oversized clothing to fit me better if I was smaller. That wasn’t possible with a big rack and a big butt stretching everything. It was just *seconds* after I had uttered this to myself that I noticed something had changed about the room, though.

“Hm?” A golden glow was radiating from the desk where I had left my... tablet? The same one that had changed me the day before and had done nothing but function normally since. Aside from me being unable to use the face ID to unlock it for obvious reasons. **“Is it doing something again!? Has my faith rewarded me with an opportunity to return to normal!?”** Not *quite*, but it was about to address the problem I had expressed.

I jumped out of bed to head over to the tablet in question with renewed optimism, but very quickly found that optimism drying up instead. **“Oh...? Erm...?”** Perhaps it was because I had just undergone a transformation the day before, or perhaps it was because as Sanzang I was much sharper, but I was very sensitive to any perceivable changes – regardless of how big or small they were. Which was an odd thing to say when I was about to experience a *big* change, but one that would lead to me becoming *small*.

“E-Eh!? That’s not right...” I’d taken a few steps, and over the course of those few steps it had been immediately noticeable to me that something was off. I wasn’t making the progress in terms of distance

that I'd expected to, and that was even despite me having semi-adjusted to the fact that I was shorter than I'd been as a man. Not to mention the sight of the desk seemed to get higher and higher, even though I was getting closer? **"A-Am I shorter again?"**

Considering the drop in my initial transformation, I hadn't fathomed the possibility that I might become smaller still, and yet... **"Ah!?"** I mustered all of my courage to look *down* at myself which... honestly wasn't as fruitful as you might have expected with those huge tits still in the way and all. Nonetheless, I had *definitely* dipped below the five-foot mark because my shirt now covered my belly *and* my trackpants felt like they were getting bunched up around my legs.

I was still in the process of shrinking too, although by the time I'd noticed it was already in the final stages. I'd shrunk all the way down to 4'4", which was a height that probably made me look more like a *shortstack* than anything with my proportions unchanged otherwise, at least other than my hands and feet which had become even smaller in kind. But this all led to a reality that I didn't want to face. **"...I'm not returning to normal, am I?"**

This was a reality that was difficult to deny. If the goal was to change me back into a man, then I definitely would have grown taller. And did my voice sound *softer* now? Even after what had happened the day before, I hadn't bothered to move a mirror into my room, and so I wasn't immediately privy to the realization that more than just my height had been affected as I'd shrunk. I wasn't bringing up Buddha at every possible opportunity, for starters.

Facial features that had once become those of an attractive and somewhat sexy Chinese woman, well, they *didn't* become more masculine, and they certainly didn't become less *pretty*, but the overall structure and aesthetic design of those features had been altered. My face had grown smaller, my lips thinner while more upturned, my nose even more petite, and my cheeks even rounder so that I looked more like a *teenaged girl* than a fully grown woman.

What was perhaps more striking than all of that was what my *eyes* conveyed, however. Their purples darkened to a red so dark that they could almost be described as 'burnt', but it was more-so their shapes that stood out. They still retained a shaping that was inherently Asian, my eyelids narrowed further and lost their hoods so that they leaned more into a *Japanese* appearance than a Chinese one. **"Wait... My thoughts are...?"**

My *thoughts* felt like a strange thing to bring up, but it wasn't inherently. During my transformation into Sanzang, at one point I'd begun to think

in her native language: Chinese. It had been difficult to notice since it had happened so naturally, but I *had* realized eventually. *Because* it had happened before, I realized that the language I was thinking in had changed much sooner this time. **“Japanese? Am I turning into a Japanese Servant now...?”** My words were calm, quiet, almost *sickly*. Something lost in transition had been the *energy* I’d felt before the new transformation had begun.

Sanzang had been a bundle of sunshine, even though I’d had an existential crisis in her body. Now? I just felt passively *exhausted*. It was more physical than I’d realized, because a lot of that strength I had gained before had been sapped away. With my clothing so baggy, I hadn’t recognized that my body weight had thinned to the point that I could be considered unhealthy, and when paired with my big boobs and butt still being prevalent... well, they were *much* more burdensome while standing than before.

“Oh... Phew.” That was why rather than freak out when I recognized that this weight was finally shifting, I sighed a breath of relief. Large breasts were... troublesome. So, my darkened eyes simply observed quietly as the big mounds that blocked my view of the floor slowly waned, revealing more and more of my feet as my shirt finally flattened against a chest that was inevitably *significantly* smaller. It was almost *nonexistent*, and yet there were still perky *A-cups* beneath the fabric. **“I suppose how young I am is a question I should ask. I should seek a mirror soon...”**

The way I was speaking was so *proper*, and I wasn’t bothering to even question the fact that more than my chest had lost weight. My butt and thighs had also become more compact, leaving the bare minimum bubbling up to show that I was, in fact, still a young woman. I just wasn’t very curvaceous, nor was there much muscle or fat on my body otherwise. While nowhere near as dramatic as anything else that had been happening, my long hair hadn’t been spared from adjustments either. It remained long but became more even in the back while the hair on the sides of my head was chopped straight, just like my now hime-cut bangs. A reddish hue developed in the coloring as well.

“Koma is disappointed... Why did I not change back? Why have I become a different Servant altogether?” The clothing that *had* been a little too tight on me before was now dangling off of me smaller, flatter frame. Well, any clothing that hadn’t just *fallen off* like my pants, anyways.



The shirt was basically a dress, but at least it was more comfortable than it had been before. **“And why a Berserker? But I don’t think the class is affecting me at all. I didn’t have any powers as a Caster.”**

That was probably for the best considering the things associated with Berserkers. The girl I had become now, *Komahime*, was a unique existence in of itself. She usually latched onto another Servant to be summoned because she was too weak to be summoned alone, and *that* was something I felt. I may have been smaller, but I was definitely *frailer*. Moving too much felt exhausting, almost like I was sickly. And I spoke in a manner that was both calm *and* refined.

“This has solved one issue, but there are still many others... At least like this, I’ll be able to put together something I can wear to the store and perhaps purchase new attire.” But that would require tending to things that were already *in* my wardrobe. I’d have to manually make those adjustments, which would require a lot of work. And thanks to my transformation? I was even more tired than I had before. It all sounded like a lot of work.

“Perhaps for now, a nap is in order...”