

FATE /

FIRST PERSON

CH7: RETURN TO MATURITY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I’m so tired of being a dragooooon!”

It had been *extremely* difficult to sleep as Elizabeth, and for more reasons than you might have expected! The obvious culprits would have no doubt been my tail and horns. How did you lay in bed without your horns impaling a pillow? At least Shuten’s had been straight! But because my dragon horns curled, it was *way* more difficult to lay on my side! And then because of my *tail*? I couldn’t really sleep on my back! Which led to an issue where my tail kept flicking the worn sheets off of my bed!

Yes, those problems would have been pretty *obvious*. But I also just couldn’t fall asleep in general. I was oddly... *restless*. When I’d lived as other Servants, I’d still been able to calm myself down at bedtime even despite whatever *difficulties* my transformed body had burdened me with, but I just had too much *energy*! Was it because I was *fourteen*? I’d considered that, but I’d been around the same age as Komahime. It was probably more of an issue of Elizabeth’s personality being what it was.

And so, at 3am in the morning? I was still *wide* awake!

“Ugh...” I slowly rose in the bed like a zombie after nearly four hours of unsuccessful attempts. Foam from my pillows was scattered across the bed and floor from my horns impaling them, while my comforter was on the floor from my tail. The dark circles under my eyes indicated what should have been obvious: I was *exhausted*. My only saving grace was

that I was so small-bodied that one t-shirt was all I needed to stay completely covered... aside from my tail lifting it in the back to show off my cheeks, anyways. **“What am I going to do about this...?”**



Click! I finally turned on the beside table lamp and looked around at the mess. I didn't really care that much about the chaos. I just wanted to *sleep*! Some melatonin or something probably would have done the trick, but I didn't *have* any. There was a store open down the road that would probably sell it, but I couldn't really hide my tail. Even if I *could*, my age was a problem. If a fourteen-year-old girl wandered into a store after 3am alone, there's a good chance the cops would have been called on me for a wellness check.

...And considering I didn't have a way to prove my identity...

“Being a kid is a problem too, huh? Hey! You stupid thing!” Desperate, I shot a glare over at the tablet that was sitting inactive on my desk. I was *desperate*, but I also didn't think what I said next would have any effect. I was just *venting*! **“Can't you make me an adult or something!? Anything's better than being a kid right now!”** I hadn't *expected* anything to happen, but... **“...Eh?”** The screen lit up. **“Wait, don't tell me...”** It had actually listened!?

It made me wonder if I'd maybe said things in the past that had triggered my other transformations, but since I was so tired (and admittedly pretty stupid), nothing was *really* coming to mind. Not to mention that, in my defense, I was already beginning to struggle with the sensation of my body changing. On this occasion it had been through a phenomenon that I had yet to experience across the prior six transformations, though.

The sound of cracking filled the air. Like someone had taken a hammer to a rock and it was beginning to *split*. **“Huh!?”** I whipped my head around in a panic the moment that the sound began to fill the air. It *sounded* like it was close, but it wasn't until pieces of purple fell from above me towards the ground that I realized. **“My horns!?”** In a change that wasn't necessarily *unwelcome*, it seemed that those horns I had grown were cracking and crumbling away.

Any chunks disappeared entirely before hitting the ground, and upon lifting a hand I quickly learned it wasn't *just* the horns. The hard, pink coating that covered my fingers was cracking off as well, revealing regular fingers and nails behind them. Before long, I didn't possess horns *or* 'claws', and even my ears had rounded. This made me optimistic, so I began to turn in a circle like a dog chasing its tail... which was effectively what I *was* doing. **"Yippee!"** My tail *was* shrinking! It had already halved in size, and before long the shirt hung loose behind me to cover my butt again.

That meant I could finally catch some shut eye! I eyed my bed, ready to jump— **"...Oh."** I'd gotten so excited at the prospect of *finally* going to sleep that it had slipped my mind for a moment that the transformation wasn't going to stop with simply removing the draconic features from my form. I was quickly reminded of this fact the *moment* the shirt that I was wearing more like a dress began to *lift*... because my shoulders were being pushed farther from my hips.

It wasn't the fault *of* my shoulders, of course, neither were my hips to blame. It was my spine – and by extension my limbs – that were growing. Even then, ultimately? In the grand scheme of things, I didn't even grow *that* much. It was only an inch, but as someone that was becoming more sensitive to these things I'd still caught on. My shirt crept up as if I'd gained more height than that, though. **"Wait a second..."**

Part of me wanted to *glare* down at my hips and waist, but the best I could muster was a gentle glance that was likely suggestive of the reality that my personality was changing. It wasn't my height that was lifting my shirt higher so much as it was my *hips*. They pushed wide enough that they were wider than the shirt, and so it took more *of* the shirt to cover them. This was ultimately aided by the *thighs* below those hips, regaining the mature weightiness that they'd possessed in numerous other forms in the past. My skin was stretched tautly around them, given them a plushness that looked nice to...

"The kind of lap that would be nice to sleep on, right?"

Evidently amused by this thought, I giggled, hardly reacting to the sensation of my shirt being lifted in the back once more. I tolerated it because it wasn't a *tail* that was causing that disfunction and was instead because my *cake* was being *baked*, so to speak. My small, firm ass had expanded to the widened accommodations my hips provided, jiggling into a bubbled protrusion that bounced the moment it reached fruition.

My voice was softer and more mature, but so was the *face* through which it was communicated. I had to readjust my resting expression

courtesy of rising cheekbones and inflating lips, contributing to an aging process that *thankfully* pulled me back out of my teens and into adulthood again. In fact, I was *clearly* closer to *thirty* in age even though I hadn't grown all that much, with a light red possessing a pair of blue eyes that narrowed – but not so much that I didn't appear Caucasian any longer.

“I suppose this must almost be done, right? I could sleep before it's finished, however...” There was a small part of me that was curious to see how much a *certain* part of my body would grow. Despite how much I'd changed so far, I must have been becoming a Servant that wasn't overly popular if I hadn't figured it out just yet. Even as a shimmering gold possessed my mane and those locks grew so long that they reached my ankles, that wasn't enough for me to go off of. Maybe if I hadn't been so *tired*? I'd probably realize it when I woke up in the morning.

There couldn't have been much more to change by this juncture, and so I wasn't at all surprised to feel that my A-cup breasts had *finally* begun to fill out again. My nipples grew erect first, quadrupling in their puffiness with widened areola as a teaser for how much more sizable the mounds beneath them would grow. As if the girth of my nipples were acting as a foreshadowing tool, fat then surged into my chest into those A-cups jiggles as full *F-cups* instead. My back muscles had fortunately *already* strengthened in anticipation, but my shirt had been hoisted up higher to show off my crotch.

Something that I definitely *would* have cared about if now for the fact that it was like *4am*.

“Oh. Well, I suppose *that's* how it works? How did it not occur to me until now?” Without a child's boundless energy being pumped through my veins at such an early hour, I could finally feel the night's fatigue taking its toll on my body. While not a commonly popular Servant, I was still aware of *Europa* and her personality... or would be in the morning. She was a mature, maternal type. It made me feel a little *empathetic* towards the girl I had just been. I felt more understanding about the struggles I was having.



But I was also relieved that I would no longer have them. “**Perhaps I should just go to bed for now and deal with the fallout of this transformation in the morning...?**” I was so tired that I didn’t want to bother trying on new clothes. The shirt I was wearing was still a little loose, and my crotch and ass were bare, but if I was just sleeping... that was fine. “**Alright! Looks like I’m going beddie-bye for today!**”

After collapsing in bed, I was out within seconds.