

FATE /

FIRST PERSON

CH8: FEELING IMPORTANT

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All things considered, the time that I had spent as Europa had gone surprisingly... smoothly?

I'd slept in until almost noon the following morning for *obvious* reasons, because I wouldn't be able to function properly on like three hours of sleep. That was another problem I'd hardly touched on before yet had slowly begun to realize was an issue. Every time I transformed, I felt extremely *fatigued* after. How well I could deal with it depended on what was going on at the time, or how tired I'd already been. It was hard to assume that this fatigue had any notable effect on my body the night before when I'd already been so tired.

The clothes that I had purchased as Nero *were* tight but compared to the disfunction that the other forms had provided, it was *workable*. Europa's personality wasn't the type to feel any shame about showing off my tummy, which was the only *real* issue with the shirts. Whereas the pants that had been purchased sat a little high on my legs, but because my ass and thighs weren't significantly different in size from Nero's, they still more or less fit.

"I feel surprisingly pleasant after a good night's sleep!" Re-energized, I'd gone to the trouble of cleaning up the messes I'd made as both Jeanne Alter *and* Elizabeth – two personalities that evidently hadn't cared much about what they'd destroyed for differing reasons. I'd even cooked myself a *very* late breakfast! Everything appeared to be going very, *very* well!



But there was one *very* real problem I'd been trying to avoid thinking about. While I worked from home, I couldn't avoid *doing* that work forever. It would only be a matter of time before someone I knew would come over to check on me, too. **"But when it comes to things like that... I'm not very well versed."** As *responsible* and *mature* as I'd become in this form, I struggled to understand what available options I had. Could I manipulate which Servant I was by appealing to the tablet?

No. Even though I had an idea of how it worked now; it wasn't responding to me just *saying things*. It seemed like it only activated if what I was saying was in earnest from the tests I'd done that morning. It also wouldn't return me to my original form. Because of that, I'd stopped thinking about it for a time, which ultimately led to a slip of the tongue that I wouldn't necessarily *regret*, but it also didn't make things any easier. **"I suppose if I was better versed in modern business, politics, that sort of thing..."**

An issue I had stumbled across was that while my knowledge did not necessarily change across Servant forms, my ability to comprehend it was a different story altogether. I knew how to use a computer despite being a woman that hailed from ancient times, but it was a struggle to remember how. It didn't come *naturally*. So, if I was to consider a solution from a more technical angle regarding the tablet? A Servant that *was* modern would have made more sense.

And the tablet began to glow once more.

"Um... Oh dear..." I noticed its glow off in the corner, and my mind *immediately* began to race with wonderings about which Servant might meet those criteria. Why had it activated *this* time? Were the feelings behind it actually important, or could it tell when I was trying to activate it versus when I wasn't thinking? Either way, my newest transformation had begun *well* before I properly noticed, namely because it first targeted the aspect of my appearance where 'feeling' anything would have been the most difficult.

That was because we didn't have nerves in our *hair*, of course. While Europa's form *had* been much more manageable than the previous ones, the sheer *mass* and *length* of her hair had been the one point that was

perhaps a little tedious. It almost touched the floor while standing, and during my showering attempt that morning... I had effectively given up on washing it all with shampoo. So, in a way, it was something of a relief that this potential tedium was being *reduced*.

Its excessively long length was unraveling, but unfortunately not to a point where it was as short as I would have liked it. Instead, it ended up stopping its decline just past my ass – even though that was still about a *foot* of lost hair overall. As had been the case in past transformation, the color followed suit and dulled to silvery blonde that likewise painted my brows and slightly shortened pubes.

“It’s probably not a good thing that I’m changing again, right? Just when I’d become comfortable... *But I suppose if this new form meets my criteria, I can go about things a little more pragmatically.*” I *already* was, in fact. The rosier pinks of my eyes were sharpening to a piercing gold and there was a *fierceness* to my voice and words that was resurfacing (though nowhere near as intense as when I had been Jeanne Alter). It made me come across more like someone that was well put together, even if deep down I didn’t always necessarily *feel* that way.

There was a part of me that did feel a little panicked, but I was doing my best to reign it in. Even so, it definitely wasn’t helping with the existential dread that I had been feeling the past few days. I tried to look unbothered as the more maternal elements of Europa’s personality faded and my expression hardened, helped by changes to its shape. I remained Caucasian once again, though it was clear that I was becoming an entirely different woman before long. Golden eyes became more angular and intense by design, while my nose lengthened and my lips thinned ever so slightly. Even the roundness of my cheeks thinned beneath sinking bones and above a sharpened chin.

“*Hm...*” I finally took notice of my hair, which led to the realization that my voice had deepened in kind. **“*Silver, somewhat messy hair hair... A more serious personality...*”** These were important context clues that would allow me to begin piecing together what my new identity would be. Of course, it would have been much faster to find a mirror, but I was hesitant to move about haphazardly in the case of any clothing malfunction.

Fortunately, it was a nice change to find that any of that malfunction was relatively *reserved* compared to past transformations, where it had felt like I was constantly flipping between two different extremes. My bosom’s heft lessened, for example, but not to the point where I became even remotely flat. The sensation of their skin tightening as their mass lessened was accompanied by the feeling of my top slowly creeping

down to cover my belly a little more. They were rendered *D-cups* in the end, which was a *much* more normal and accommodatable cup size without being too small.

N-Not that I cared about them being big or anything!

Admitting something like that would have been *embarrassing*, but why was I even worried *about* admitting it? It wasn't like I was... No, I had to perish the thought. There was no way I was becoming *tsun*, right? I shook my head to distract myself and eventually arched my back to examine my *ass*. My cheeks, much like my tits, were deflating a little bit. My ass remained full, but a few inches pulled off the excess and left it more reasonably perky, eventually affecting my thighs in a similar manner that narrowed my hips a touch while leaving a gap between them.

There was a brief moment where it seemed like the clothes I was wearing were actually close to fitting comfortably, but fate was a cruel mistress. “*Sigh...*” By this point, I had a pretty good idea of who I was becoming, and she wasn't the type of woman to just sit there quietly if she was inconvenienced. It seemed that *all* of the progress with my outfit was in the process of being undone just because I was growing a little taller.

Admittedly, at this point it was preferable to *shrinking* beneath the five-foot mark again, but I was put off by having the possibility of wearing more of the clothes I'd purchased taken off the table. The two inches I gained that brought me up to 5'4” wasn't even *that* significant, but it still pulled my shirt and pant legs up a little again. “*Is this the end?*” At that point, it didn't *feel* like anything else significant was going to change, but I had to sigh again at the advent of a new pressure on my forehead.

“*Horns again? No. A horn?*” Well, if I was becoming *her*, then that helped confirm the *version* of her I was becoming. I'd already grown horns twice in the past, so only feeling a single protrusion push out from the left side of my forehead almost felt a little *uncanny*? A bright, blue glow tickled my gaze, because a blue energy ended up radiating off of the four-inch-long growth that pushed thickened, silver bangs across my nose.

Other than this new horn that protruded from the left side of my head, I still *looked* more or less human. It definitely could have been *worse*, thinking back to my stints as Shuten and Elizabeth. “*...This isn't quite what I had in mind.*” *U-Olga Marie* this time, huh? It was the first time I had become a Servant that wasn't based on something historical

or mythological and had just become an original character instead. Horn aside, it was probably more *workable* than those other forms.

...But even though I felt *smarter* when it came to modern society, I didn't have any better ideas about what to do regarding my life. If anything, I was counting my blessings that my clothes still fit well enough for the time being. **"Hm... Would it be possible to manipulate the tablet somehow?"** With this thought in mind, I began to pace around the room with a finger resting thoughtfully on my chin. I'd attempted to do so with words but...



"What if I tackled it from a more technological angle?" If the tablet was the source, then there must have been something in the tablet *causing it*, right? Now that I was more modern-minded, I was having an easier time parsing the technological knowledge that I'd passed from my past life, so... It was worth a shot to at least *try it out*. **"I just hope I don't break it."**

But worse things could probably happen, all things considered.