

FATE /

FIRST PERSON

CH9: RETURN TO NORMAL

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“Tch!”

It had already been about twelve hours since I had become a living copy of U-Olga Marie, but I was still in the stage where I was adjusting to even the sound of my own voice. Perhaps it was because I had experienced so many transformations so quickly, but I was beginning to notice a degree of... *disassociation*. Who was I? Which personality was mine? Did it matter if it was just going to change again? Those questions had been popping up more and more frequently and were only adding to my concerns.

“If things keep going on like this...” I just had a feeling that there would eventually reach a point where something *irreversible* happened to my mind. Which was why I’d taken the back casing off of the tablet that had been *causing* all of this in the first place. I was desperate for a solution, and Olga’s bold personality had pushed me to take the step I had been wary of taking sooner. **“That hurt!”** I’d made a sound because the tablet had zapped me even though it was powered down *and* out of battery.

In the end, I hadn’t managed to figure out how the device was even what it was doing. There were no reports of similar incidents happening online, and nothing *inside* the device was suspicious. I had never believed in things like *magic* or *curses*, but in the grand scheme of things those were the only concepts that could have even *begun* to explain it. **“What other options are there? I can’t risk *breaking***

it.” Because if I did, there was no guarantee I’d ever be able to change back to normal. I might just be trapped in the form of whichever Fate Servant I so happened to have taken at the time.



“But I also can’t stay like *this*. I need some form of *normalcy*! I need to *fit in*! You stupid tablet! If you’re going to change me like this, couldn’t you at least give me some ID or something!?”

I really *hadn’t* expected *that* to activate the tablet. As I’d previously mentioned, it was unpowered and *cut off* from any power in the first place. With the screen pointed down against the table, I couldn’t even check if it was on or not.

But it *was*. The screen had turned on shortly after I’d voiced my (valid) complaints, and it remained on after I got up from my desk to stretch after tinkering in a sitting position for so long. **“...I guess getting upset isn’t going to fix anything. Still, it would help if there was even someone that I could *talk* to about it. Who would even believe that I had a magic tablet that was transforming me into characters from a video game series?”**

As I pondered this, a transformation I didn’t even realize had begun started to work its way through my body. And on this occasion? It would finally be the *last one*, for better or for worse.

The stealth factor of it all was only preserved at first by *where* it targeted, aka nothing so dramatic that it would steal my attention away from other things, even though I’d stood from my desk to begin pacing. My *eyes* were actually the start of this. Their shapes became wider as the seconds ticked by, losing their sharper edges so that that a more expressive, and slightly more youthful, roundness could possess them. Their rounder shapes made it easier to see the speckles of violet spattered among the fierce orange of Olga Marie’s. It wasn’t long before they replaced them entirely, giving my gaze a much more... *innocent* look.

“What else could I try...?” I probably *could* have tried paying attention to myself. My tone had already softened considerably, tying into my facial features committing to a transformative swan song. My nose shortened and nostrils flared as my lips flattened a tad, but there was a smoothness that painted over my complexion that helped paint the picture that my eyes already were. That, as my cheeks became a little softer and rounder in shape, I ended up looking *younger*. Olga Marie

was a woman in the second half of her twenties, only for me to start looking like I was in the second half of my *teens* instead.

I continued to pace, but my posture loosened up a little bit as I did so. I'd been standing with a fairly uptight posture, but I ended up swinging my arms a little more casually as I moved. "**I guess a repair store wouldn't really work, right?**" And my potential solutions were becoming more *practical*. It was likely because I wasn't really looking for any changes yet, but a new softness to my voice that came courtesy of altered vocal chords hadn't registered just yet either.

What *did* register, however... "**W-Wait? When did I start changing!?**" Speaking with *none* of Olga Marie's feigned confidence, panic set in the moment it *finally* occurred to me that things had been changing behind the scenes. It was a sudden drop of my eye level that finally clued me in, dropping me from 5'4" back down to the same 5'2" that I'd stood at as Europa – with decimal points negligible, at least. At least the outfit I'd been wearing from the morning was a little more *comfortable* again?

"**I can't place it, but...**" Now that I was aware of it, something felt *different* this time. There was always a *foreign* feeling that accompanied my changes in the past, but after shrinking? I felt somewhat *comfortable*. It was like things had *returned to normal*, even though my 'normal' should have been my male body. That was in part why my changed voice hadn't clicked immediately, because I didn't exactly *feel* like it was any different. The power must have been tampering with my curse for the first time since the transformations had begun.

It was for that reasoning that the shortening of my hair, thus lightening its weight, wasn't caught as quickly as in the past either. The long, silver strands were pulled closer and closer to my scalp, lifting even up and over my shoulders until they were even with my chin. It might *actually* have gone entirely unnoticed if not for my bangs lengthening to hang over my right eye. "**Huh...?**" And before that very eye I watched it, along with all of my hair, change in hue to a light purple.

Violet bangs that rested over one eye and was also cut at the chin... there was only *one* Servant in Fate / Grand Order that had that particular detail. "**W-Wait!?**" I *had* to be becoming the poster girl, right!? That was the only character that I could really think of, and with that context in mind, the sound of my voice *did* make sense. That meant I was younger, right? No, I felt like I *knew* I was at the core of my very being.

While I wasn't *significantly* younger than Olga, I could still feel that youthfulness in my body. My skin felt a little tighter, I had more energy... *my breasts were perkier*. Only the other hand, they must have

shrunk a little but... but their newfound perkiness made up for it. Well, that and the *muscle* that emerged, giving me pecs, abs, toned arms and legs... Considering the Servant I was becoming was just as much *human*, she'd had to keep her physique in tip top shape. That was *likely* what was developing.

That muscle was applied to my butt and thighs as well, not only making them *seem* fuller in size... but simultaneously getting an additional boost from a slight narrowing of my hips, too. The combined factors made it so that my ass was bubbling out behind me farther, but evidently? My figure wasn't *as* dramatically different post-transformation as it had been in the past. But with a previously unseen flash of light, I realized that there were some differences. **"Eh!?"**

My attention immediately shifted down at myself the moment I could see again. I... wasn't wearing clothes that didn't fit me anymore? I was dressed in a white, button-up blouse under a navy vest and uniform jacket. A pleated skirt was worn with loafers, I was definitely wearing women's underwear, and I had a red tie... **"I've seen this uniform before."** It was *very* similar to the uniform they wore at my local college, if not the exact same. It wasn't until I looked up again that I realized *glasses* were also sitting on the bridge of my nose?

Taking them off revealed that my vision was *bad* without them.

Despite that, something deep down made me want to test saying my *name*. **"My name is Mashu Kyrielight...? H-Huh? That wasn't what I meant to say. I mean, I'm Mashu Kyrielight after all..."** All of the *past* transformations had allowed me to speak my old name, so why was it that I could only refer to myself as *Mashu Kyrielight*? That was clearly *who* I was beyond a shadow of a doubt, but... Confused, I looked around the room with a reserved expression... only to realize that for the first time, it wasn't *just* my body and attire that had changed. **"Wait..."**



Maybe it was because it didn't 'feel' different to me, but how had I not noticed that my room had changed? The walls were painted purple, and the furniture was modern but *feminine*. It looked like the room of a teenaged girl. It looked like a room you'd expect a girl named *Mashu* to live in. Even my computer had been replaced by a sleek laptop, and the tablet... *was gone*. **"That's... probably not good!"**

I ran over to my desk but, when I got closer, I noticed a wallet on the desk. Inside was ID – *my* ID – that showed Mashu with her name, my address, and a completely different birthdate? I was officially *eighteen*, old enough to live alone, but much younger than I had been at the start of all this. Had the tablet granted my desires one final time? Compared to the endless number of quirky Servants in FGO, Mashu really was *normal*. And it seemed like reality had changed so intensely that... honestly, I was beginning to even *forget* what my original name had been.

This was all important, but it also didn't really *feel* important. After all, I didn't want to be late for my classes at the local college!

“Um... I'll worry about this after class, I think!”

But over the course of the lesson, I would slowly forget about it all...