

# FATE / FIRST PERSON

## CH3: UMU FOR ME

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**“This is quite embarrassing...”**

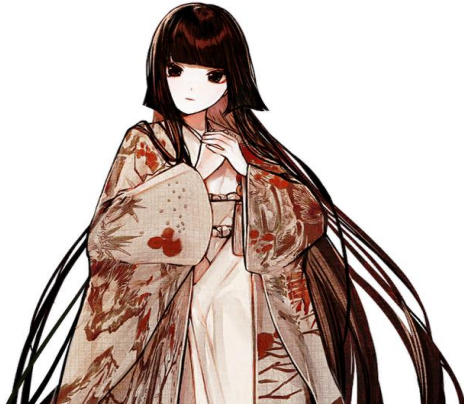
After I had transformed from Sanzang into Komahime, it had taken me most of the day to muster the courage to finally leave my home. Well, I’d spent a good chunk of it *napping* before I’d recharged enough energy to hem a pair of pants to wear outside, and by the time I’d done that? With my body so weak and frail, I’d needed yet *another* nap. It was already *dark* by the time I had managed to venture outside in a pair of baggy, hemmed pants and a shirt that was *way* too big for me. Fortunately, I could pass it off as an intended style.

...Even if someone who had passed me on the street had asked me if I was ‘wearing my boyfriend’s shirt’.

There had fortunately been a mall just a short walk from where I lived. Any farther and I might have *passed* out, but I *definitely* needed things to wear. Naturally, I’d left the tablet at home. It would have been concerning if I’d transformed again mid-shopping trip, and since the tablet was *clearly* the cause? It made sense to me that if I left it behind, I wouldn’t have anything to worry about. I was effectively only keeping it in hopes that it might change me back in the first place.

**“A-Ah. My apologies...”** When I’d first arrived at the clothing store I’d had in mind, I had suffered a number of setbacks. Because I was thinking *in Japanese*, I had to focus if I wanted to speak in English or else I’d speak in Japanese without realizing it. There had been one such

incident when I'd first been greeted by the clerk, and then another when I had to ask her about my... *sizes*. *That* was what had been embarrassing. An unfamiliar woman wrapping a tap measure around my chest had certainly been an *ordeal* – and certainly not something I had ever expected to experience myself.



But it was done and over with quickly. I fortunately didn't even really need to dodge questions about *why* I didn't know my sizes, probably because I was so young looking. That was likely for the best, because I *definitely* wouldn't have known how to explain it to her. Any story I made up on the spot would probably have been nonsensical and the clerk probably would have been concerned.

**“I suppose I should try some of these on...”** Once my sizes had been sorted out, I had been ushered into a small changing room with dresses, shirts, pants, and undergarments to try on. I'd explained my budget and brought my card, but there *was* an aspect of this shopping trip that I was concerned about. **“What if I get home and transform again? Will I need to buy additional clothing? I almost wish I wasn't quite *this* small...”** Seeing as my proportions had changed dramatically once already...

My voiced concerns at that moment had unknowingly triggered something, though. The tablet I'd left back at my house had turned on and began to *glow*.

I couldn't have *possibly* noticed it, realistically. But it didn't take long for me to realize that it was indeed the case. **“...Oh no.”** It had taken a great deal of bravery for me to finally strip out of the clothing I had been wearing. Viewing a naked body that wasn't *technically* my own, at least with Komahime's demure personality, had felt like such a no-no that I had yet to do so. But once I stood in the changing room in my birthday suit?

Well, I quickly realized that no amount of distance between myself and that tablet was going to prevent me from being changed. **“Why is this happening again?”** What had stood out to me first wasn't *just* something I could *see*, but something I could *feel* as well. Well, it was also partially a matter of what I could *no longer* see: past my chest. As someone who'd had her bosom swell and shrink again over the course of the past 24 hours or so, I didn't overreact to the sight of my smaller bosom growing larger before my eyes.

But I *did* lament that even though they had only grown two cup sizes, making them *C-cups* by that point, they already feel *substantially* heavier. “**They aren’t going to get too big, right?**” I definitely didn’t want to deal with what I had in Sanzang’s body, where my boobs had been so massive that I couldn’t even sleep comfortably. And why that fate wasn’t *quite* etched into the stars, it also wasn’t that far from the cruel reality I was about to face.

They *didn’t* stop at C-cups, and the fact that I was still so *short* made them look all the larger. “**N-No... *But perhaps this is a blessing in disguise!?***” *What?* Why had I blurted *that* out so *enthusiastically*? I didn’t really *need* to ask, because it must have been another Servant’s personality bleeding in to overwrite Komahime’s. Whoever she was, she was more excitable and had... a bust size that was too big to simply scoff at. It was a pain to keep adjusting my posture as that flesh jiggled and my erect nipples grew puffy and full. They had doubled in size from their already larger C-cups within a matter of fifteen or so seconds, and were now *E-cups*.

Fortunately, they appeared to stop growing at *that* point, but they were still *very* large and *very* heavy. I was only able to maintain my balance because— “***Umu!?***” I would have hesitated to touch myself before, but I had reached behind my bare bottom and grabbed my own ass in an action that had led to *that* sound leaping from my lips. That was something that needed to be addressed later, because what I grabbed onto was *much* ampler than I had expected.

As Komahime, I had been *very* scrawny to the point that you could even see my ribs through my skin, but evidently, I’d been gaining weight. My tits *had* been part of it, but my belly was softer and my ribs no longer visible above them. That said, the weight I had gained there was *paltry* compared to what had pooled in my lower half. My ass had *ballooned* into a fuller, bubbled peach shape that protruded out behind me, giving my fingers something to sink into while my thighs fattened until they were far plusher. Combined with my enlarged cheeks, my hips had been given no choice but to widen.

“***Did I just ‘umu?’***” I *had* to put aside my concerns about my body to fixate on *that* though. It was a sound that only a few Servants made, and the most well-known of them was also short, busty, and boisterous. Fortunately, she also just so happened to be a little *taller*, because being *that* thick while standing below 4’5” probably made me look *very* strange. “***Wait... I’m growing? Umu! Of course I am! I must be more imposing!***”

This Servant was also quite *confident* as my words were increasingly showing, even though what was *actually* increasing in that moment was my stature. My limbs and spine stretched along with my fingers and toes, making my big boobs and butt appear more reasonable, but not *completely* reasonable, against a figure that stopped just shy of the five foot mark. I was cursed at a 4'11" that was *still* short, but it was definitely more workable than Komahime's height.

**“Of course, I can only be becoming Rome's favorite emperor!”**

My voice had been more vibrant for a while now, but the language I spoke in had now clearly shifted as I placed my hands proudly on my widened hips. A mix of Latin and Greek swirled about in my head, and the look of my face shifted to better suit a young woman in her *late teens* that might speak those languages.

That was to say that I didn't quite look *Japanese* any longer. Not with my eyelids growing rounder, showing off red eyes that soon brightened with an innocent emerald green. Even if my mind was becoming anything *but* innocent with how I was poking and prodding at my suppler form with a smile playing upon thickened, pouty lips beneath a longer, upturned nose. My face's shape ultimately became more triangular, losing some of its youthful, Japanese roundness.

Rather than show any concern about it now, I was humming and laughing to myself, stoking my thighs and jiggling my boobs as if to make sure everything was 'in place'. I didn't even bat an eyelash at the sensation of my long, dark hair regressing in length while a light blonde stole away its shadows. It eventually only reached just past my shoulders with its new color in tow. My bangs *were* fluffier, but a layer just behind them was lifted like vents, whereas an *ahoge* sprouted from my head's tippy top.

**“Umu! So, this time I'm...”** *Nero Claudius*, if all the 'umu'ing that I had been doing hadn't been a clear enough indication. She was a Servant in Fate / Grand Order, just as the past two transformations had been, and in terms of build was somewhat in the middle between Sanzang and Komahime. I was taller, yet still short. Fuller figured, and yet not *as* full-figured as I had been in the form before last. I hadn't really outgrown what I'd come dressed in as a result, but...



What was I going to do about all of the clothes the clerk had given me to try on? What would she say if a short and busty *European* woman stepped out of the stall that a Japanese girl had entered, dressed in the exact same outfit? These were questions that probably *should* have been concerning, and yet... **“Mm... Oh well!”** I practically *hopped* with enthusiasm, moving with an air of self-importance as I swung the changing room open and danced out.

**“M-Ma’am!? What happened to the girl that went in before you came out!?”** The clerk was *naturally* shocked, as I’d anticipated. I might have concerned myself with such things in the past, but certainly not anymore! I just gave her a bright smile and gestured to the podium that she had placed the tape measure in after finishing taking my measurements the first time. Not that the stranger could have believed I was the same person.

I laughed. **“Might you take my measurements, clerk!? I’m sure you’ll find they’re quite *attractive!*”** I puffed out my big chest, but without a bra they just kind of *jiggled*. That was fine! **“Do not worry! I’ll reward you adequately for your service, even though the privilege of touching my body should be enough! Shall I strip to make it easier!?”** Did I even *have* shame anymore!?

**“N-No, you can stay clothed...”**