

FATE / FIRST PERSON

CH6: SONG OF THE ANNOYING

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“Ugh. *That* doesn’t really fit. Neither does *that*. Curse my past self for not having any damn foresight!”

It really *did* feel strange to curse out a past self of mine that hadn’t really been ‘me’ in the first place. That was something that had begun to plague me after each transformation: what defined ‘me’ at any given point? Was it the Servant I had become in the moment, or was it related to the memories that carried over? It felt like I had a ‘self’ that was constantly changing, and the more it happened, the more jarring it became.

Then again, that was only *one* of the problems it was causing. The changes to my mind in general were causing a number of inconsistency issues. My personality affected my likes, my dislikes, what I wanted to do, and the decisions I made. That’s how I’d ended up with a wardrobe full of clothes that didn’t fit me – because my Nero personality had been *way* too inconsiderate about the possibility that I might change again. And it had *already* happened several times since.

It was the day *after* I had transformed into Jeanne Alter at the bar and that had been one *hell* of an issue at the time. I’d managed to get shitfaced, and from there I’d had so little shame that I’d gotten home without feeling *too* ashamed to walk around in something that clearly didn’t fit me. But now that it was the next day and I had managed to sober up a little?



I was desperate to find *anything* to wear! “**Everything is too damn short!**” I couldn’t find something in among the clothes I had purchased that covered my tummy or the entirety of my legs, obviously because I *was* taller than Nero was. My tits were big as well, which obviously didn’t help. I didn’t have any bras that would fit

them either. “**I guess I could just wear some of my clothes from when I was a man, but... Tch.**” I’d just have the opposite problem. Everything would be too *big*.

I looked around the room. Clothes had been thrown everywhere carelessly, because that was just the type of personality Jeanne Alter had, and I stomped my foot. “**Can’t I just appeal to that stupid tablet to give me a body that isn’t too big for those clothes or something? Hah! That’s not how it works, though. I think it’s just random.**” But I only thought that because I was drawing conclusions between what I had said at the time before each change.

In fact, the tablet on my desk lit up at that very moment.

“**...Eh?**”

The second I noticed that glow in the corner of my room, my neck practically swung around to glare at it. “**Don’t tell me it’s gonna happen... again...?**” I didn’t even get a chance to *finish my question* before I immediately felt its power get to work! I still hadn’t figured out *what* was even causing it. A curse? Some sort of otherworldly being? There were a number of explanations, and none of them were rooted in realism whatsoever because what I had been experiencing was just utterly impossible.

And yet? Dressed in only a woman’s shirt that barely fit me along with a pair of black shorts that fit the same, I felt my body’s ample curves changing for the *sixth* time beyond my control. Fortunately, it didn’t seem like they were *growing*, but it just highlighted the recurring issue that I was having. “**How the hell am I ever going to be able to dress myself at this rate!?**” For a very brief moment I *did* have hope that I would only lose enough mass this time to snugly and comfortably fit into the clothes that I’d purchased as Nero.

But that dreams were dashed quickly. “**Ah.**” That was all I could manage to say as I watched the front of my shirt empty. My breasts, which had grown huge again as Jeanne, deflated before my very eyes until they were a size more comparable to Shuten’s. That was to say that I barely had *any* weight to my chest at all. They were more akin to tiny mounds than actual breasts, and I could only assume my nipples were significantly smaller without checking. The shirt hung loose as a result, but...

“**I’m getting younger, aren’t I?**” That wasn’t a fact I could actually prove just yet. It was more of a hunch, and the fact that I was developing this hunches because I had changed so much was probably *not* a good thing. I was basing it off of my than my (lack of) breasts, however. My butt and thighs were deflating as well, which made this outcome probably closer to when I’d been the young Komahime than when I’d been the convincingly short Shuten Douji. I didn’t have much to my butt at all in the end, and my thighs were pretty slender despite the fact that I remained female, and so my shorts slipped off so that only my shirt covered my pelvis.

Thus, I assumed I was getting *younger*. “**Yup. Getting smaller...**” And from the sounds of things, my voice was getting *higher* as my internet language changed. It wasn’t French now, right? *Hungarian*? ...And with that rapidly rising pitch? “**Oh no.**” I had a strong hunch that I knew who I was becoming, and she was *also* a girl that stood no taller than 5’1”. The term ‘girl’ and not ‘woman’ was more appropriate at this stage, because as I’d predicted... I *was* indeed sliding back in years.

By the time I’d stopped shrinking, my facial features had become rounder and cuter. Thinner lips with surprisingly sharp canine teeth sticking out, a tiny nose, and big, expressive eyes that were possessed by an icy blue. My face was leaner, but for the first time I’d actually remained the same race. I was still Caucasian, and still *European*. I just looked like I was around *fourteen* or so. This was all relatively tame, all things considered, but what wasn’t was—

“**NO!**” My worst fears *had* been realized, and all it took was noticing that some of my hair had changed color. The tips of my long hair were a *very* bright pink, and that pink worked its way up to my scalp while straightening, thinning, *and* shortening its style. It was cut messily before long, reaching just above my small butt in the back as the bangs on the sides hung over my shoulders and the bangs in the center dipped between my eyes. There was no denying it. That was *her* hair color.

A sudden burst of childlike energy almost led to me *tearing it out*, but I managed to stop myself if only because I felt and watched my fingers

harden. A keratin of the same color as my hair grew from and covered my fingers, making them look more like a reptile's claws while my ears were pulled into slight points at my head's sides. **"Not again! I wanna remain human!"** My time as oni had *already* been a pain in the butt, and yet now I was going to have to do it again as something *worse*!?

How much worse? Well, the claws and ears were part of it, as were my little fangs. But the more dramatic of the inhuman features grew in last. **"Ugh..."** They began with a weight upon my head that led to my chin gradually pointing down, forcing me to lift it again and again as my head grew heavier and heavier. I didn't need to reach either of my hands up to check, because I definitely knew the source. Rough, curved horns of purple had pushed painlessly out of my scalp, wrapping once around the base before the right one curled up slightly higher than the left.

Somehow, the addition of these reptilian horns wasn't even as jarring as the sensation of my shirt's back being lifted up all of a sudden. **"HEY!?"** It was so shocking of a sensation that I had *yelped*. I'd hesitate to liken it to pooping, and that wasn't really it since the feeling had come from just *above* my butt, by it was almost comparable with how my tailbone had suddenly bulged and thickened. It stretched out behind me roughly *five feet*, as thick as my waist at the base but thinning to a small tip, all covered in shimmering, black scales. And yet, at that tip? Two flat, thin, pink 'fins' branched off of it. The weight was annoying, and I hated how I could feel it moving... and it certainly didn't help that I couldn't figure out *how* to move it.

"THIS ISN'T WHAT I MEANT!"

I couldn't deny that I definitely *sounded* like a whiny, fourteen-year-old girl. But most girls of that age didn't have pointed ears, nor a dragon's horns, claws, and tail. I was so clearly Fate's rendition of *Elizabeth Bathory*; a bratty girl that loved to sing and was often a big thorn in Chaldea's side *wholly* unintentionally. I'd had a soft spot for her before. She was pretty endearing despite it all, at least. But *being* her was a completely different story.

"Now I'm too small! None of these stupid bras are going to fit!" The fact that Nero had a larger bust than I did now kind of *annoyed* me. Did I have breast envy!? The very thought of it



made me cutely pout. **“And how am I going to go outside at all like this!? I could wear a hat like before, and maybe some gloves, but...!”** I twirled suddenly, and in doing so my tail knocked over my desk chair. **“This stupid thing! I can’t even sleep on my back with this!”**

I was annoyed! Super, *super* annoyed! I need to calm myself down, but I also couldn’t stop myself from acting like a spoiled kid. At least until I remembered— **“Wait! Isn’t there a karaoke machine in the closet!? I suppose I could test out my *amazing* new singing voice! That might help cheer me up! Heeheehee...”** Well, so long as I didn’t sing near any *glass windows*, it would probably be fine.

Maybe.