

FATE / FIRST PERSON

CH1: BUDDHA BELIEVE IT

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Another day, another round of dailies.

It was a mentality that you ultimately developed when you played enough gacha games. You had to set aside a chunk of time each day to get your login bonuses and check off your daily missions. In most games, doing so was essentially mandatory if you wanted to save up free currency. But fortunately? There was still one game that hadn't really adopted that system for better or for worse.

Fate / Grand Order. It was a gacha game that had been running on its Japanese servers for over ten years by this point. The game had been created back before things like decent pity rates and daily missions that gave rollable currency had been popularized, and so it was definitely antiquated in ways that could frustrate people familiar with how newer games tended to do things.

Years ago, they had even made things *worse* when they finally added a pity system... that was far less forgiving than even the modern games at that time. It was probably a delicate balance to hit – making sure new players had a good time while not making things so much more convenient that OG players were mad that they didn't have the same benefits. But even then, there *had* to be more concessions that they could make. Maybe at the next anniversary...

“Okay, I think I’m just about done here...” I mumbled to myself as if I’d done something of note, which I absolutely had *not*. I’d just logged

on to collect my daily login bonus and was about to turn my device off. But what pressing the power button *should* have amounted to – naturally powering off the tablet that I used for FGO (or at least put it into sleep mode) – didn't come to pass. It *stayed* on, and no amount of tapping the screen appeared to change anything. **“Crap, is it frozen?”**

It didn't matter *how* new a piece of technology was, it would still be prone to having little hiccups like that. Fortunately, all I had to do was hold down two buttons together to hard reset it and— **“Nothing!?”** Was it *super bricked*? That meant that my only *real* option was to let the battery run out and then hope to the high heavens that it was fine when I charged it again.

I tossed the tablet on my desk and sighed, but on impact *with* the desk? The screen changed color. It was emitting a *golden* light!?! Which didn't necessarily bode well. Sure, it was *a* change, but it still was *wrong* and wow, boy! Was it really warm in my bedroom all of a sudden or was it just me? ...It was just me, but there was a reason behind it that would soon become apparent to me.

The heat was pretty distracting. I wasn't sweating or anything like that, but it almost felt like I was *melting*? That couldn't have been literal, at least I'd reasonably thought. And technically it *wasn't* literal? But something was happening at roughly the same time that almost led me to the conclusion that it was. After all, before long it occurred to me that my shirt was feeling looser and looser. **“Wait...”** I'd been standing, and looked down to see the same view that I always saw.

That was to say that I was expecting to see my belly blocking the view of my feet. But it *wasn't*. I could see more than just the tips of my toes, and more and more of them were becoming visible before my very eyes. **“Huh? It's almost like I'm getting *thinner*, but...”** That was *definitely* impossible! Something that could only have been accomplished by magic, or at least a power similar to them. Because last I'd checked, no one had created body transforming nanomachines (and even if they did exist, there had to have been a 0.0000000000000001% chance of them being deployed in my bedroom).

And yet, logic could not compete with the sight before my very eyes. The sight of not only my belly thinning so much that the front of my shirt just dangled flat against a belly that was as flat as a board, but also a chest, arms, and legs that had all thinned along with it. Even the chubbiness to my cheeks was entirely gone! I'd be lying if I'd said I hadn't wanted to be thinner, but wasn't this some sort of health concern!?

I wasn't really thinking straight and wanted to confirm things beyond a shadow of a doubt, and so I grabbed the base of my shirt and lifted it up as I leaned forward to look. Not only was my belly flat, but any body hair had smoothed away and my stretch marks... they were just *gone*. "**H-How is this possible!? Is this the power of *Buddha*!?**" Wait, why would it be *Buddha's* power? I'd simply dismissed it as merely a strange thing to say at first.

To be fair, I was much more distracted by my *body*, which continued to change before my very eyes. I ended up letting go of my shirt because I thought there was nothing else to see underneath it, but right as it covered my tummy again? My waistline was pushed in from the sides by several inches, making my hips appear all the wider. Well... it wasn't quite just a matter of *appearance*. They *did* swing a few inches wider than they had been before, taking advantage of the space freed up by my thinning.

But my hips *also* hadn't swung wider independently of any other changes. In fact, I'd homed in on the bigger culprit... which was incidentally another matter where I was getting *smaller* in some way. It was in perhaps the *most* literal way imaginable, though. "**A-Am I *shrinking*!?**" Well, it probably would have been much more concerning if I *hadn't* noticed. After all, I'd *been* almost six feet tall, but over a matter of twenty seconds or so I'd slipped down to 5'3". It was a process that led to my shirt reaching my knees, with me in danger of tripping over my pant legs with how bunched up they were around my ankles.

"**I'm so *small*! *Awesome*!**" What exactly was even *awesome* about it!? I couldn't be certain, but I just felt very *enthusiastic*? My voice sounded much higher, almost like a *woman's*? If I'd kept a mirror in my room then I might have immediately placed just *why* that was, because as I'd shrunk? My skin had smoothed, my stubble had been shaved away, and the overall *structure* of my face had changed *dramatically*. I spoke casually with lips that were *much* plumper than they had been before, with a shorter and rounder jaw beneath it and my nose much more buttoned shape. There was a look to at all that suggested a 'young beauty', but...

Well, it was more like a *young, Asian beauty* as my eyes darkened to purple within eyelids that had pinched in with lengthened lashes, so I looked more like a young, *Chinese* woman that was likely in her *mid-twenties*. "**W-Wait! There's nothing awesome about this at all! Even my hair is long like... a girl's!**" I couldn't really deny the *obvious*, could eye? Not only was my hair *lengthening* dramatically, but it darkened from brown to a pitch black as it fell past my shoulders and

cascaded down my back – shorter in the center than on the outer strands which had thinned and reached towards my knees.

“Oh, Buddha, why am I...? Wh-Why do I keep bringing Buddha up!?” That aspect of it really made the *least* sense to me, at least at the time. I couldn’t imagine *Buddha* wanted to turn a guy into a hot girl, which was *definitely* what was happening to me. I couldn’t come to any other conclusion as my posture sagged forward, pulled by a weight that was bloating within my shirt and lifting it up from my knees all the way to just above my waist so that you could see my now-toned tummy.

I just stared down at my *breasts*, blinking several times with shock before bleating out: **“THEY’RE HUGE!?”** Which felt *doubly* shameful to say considering Buddha’s teachings... *if I followed them!* I could only groan after shouting as, much lower on my body, something had been stolen from me. All things considered, I couldn’t exactly be *surprised* that my cock and balls had not only shriveled into nothing, but had also basically *inverted* into a slit between my legs as black pubes spread to cover more of where my dick *had* been.

My *womanhood* was now irrefutable, and so I could only *sigh* as I felt my tights grow tighter and tighter before the sound of *seams splitting* filled the air. The seam down the back had split as the ass cheeks it helped contain burgeoned out into a perfect heart shape that split even the seams of my *boxers*, whereas my thighs became so plump that lightly colored flesh pushed through the slits of those torn sleeves. It probably would have been arousing if that had been *appropriate*.

But for a monk... I-I wasn’t a monk! But a name did come to mind of a Fate Servant that *was* one. And it came to mind whenever I thought of my own identity.

“This has been quite the enlightening experience! Through the guidance of Buddha, I— I need to stop saying stuff like that!” I wasn’t a Buddhist! But I was? Well, it was more like *Xuanzang Sanzang* was, and as I now was... I *was* *Xuanzang Sanzang* – namely the depiction of her from the game running on my tablet that was now functioning normally. **“The game had to have done this, right!?”** I really couldn’t think of any other potential cause, even



though it didn't make sense.

But I had... *numerous* problems now. **“What am I going to do about clothes?”** Lost weight or not, my shirt was now being hoisted up by a *gargantuan* amount of weight in my tits. My strengthened body meant that I wasn't having much difficulty weathering them, nor were the thighs or ass that had torn my pants too much trouble, but it was obvious that it *these* clothes didn't fit... nothing in my wardrobe would. Having those huge tits unsupported felt uncomfortable, as did my big butt riding up my pants.

It was also a good thing that I lived alone, because if anyone I knew saw me as a big-breasted Chinese woman...? There was *no way* that they'd ever believe me! **“I-Is this just temporary? I am *not* going outside before I'm sure! So, I guess that gives me some time to learn more about Buddha!”** If anything, my religious demeanor would prevent me from doing anything *scandalous* with my new body, but...

I didn't want to learn about Buddha!