

FATE / FIRST PERSON

CH4: SILLY DRINKER

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The shopping trip I had taken had been quite successful!

Not only had I managed to get fitting with appropriate undergarments, but I also managed to pick up a number of outfits as well! Concerns about my body changing again? Umu! That wouldn't happen, of course! As Nero Claudius, I was *already* in my optimal form! There was no need to change perfection, right? So, I couldn't fathom an outcome where I would be changed any further! Was the arrogance of the Servant that I had become blinding me a touch? Perhaps! But if that was the case, then surely I would deal with it as it came!

After making my purchases, I had returned to my home and rather than getting dressed in anything I'd bought, instead decided to sleep naked. My beauty was worth being on display, no? Even if the only audience was *me*! As a result, I woke up the next moment much the same, but hardly as well rested as I probably *should* have been. **“Hm... I had an inkling when I first slept, but I *must* make some changes to my sleeping arrangements!”**

The bed *wasn't* as lavished and comfortable as I would have liked, the walls were dreary, and the room was too small. Perhaps I could turn the living room into a bedroom and purchase a nicer, more open bed? That was a thought! A shame that my transformation into Nero did not come with her powers or resources, though, else I would have the funds to do much, much more!



Unfortunately, I was still a regular person that was still beholden to human needs. I had to sleep, eat, and drink – and those latter two needs took prominence after I’d showered. Compared to my last two forms, I was *much* more comfortable in this body. I had no issues with looking at or even touching myself. But I was hungry *and* thirsty; something that caused problems when I opened the fridge. “...Ah.”

Throughout everything my memories had remained unaltered, and so I could remember that I was *supposed* to buy groceries two days prior, but then I had transformed and it had slipped my mind. All I had in the fridge was some leftovers alongside a bottle of sake. The alcohol wasn’t mind, because the *old* me didn’t really drink. As Nero, I didn’t mind having a little bit of alcohol, but... “**I’d prefer a succulent wine instead! Umu! I don’t have a taste for sake!**”

At that *exact* moment, the tablet in my bedroom lit up once more.

“**EH!?**” Because I’d still been staring into the fridge, it hadn’t been lost on me, even without any clothes to make it easy to tell otherwise, that my *height* was changing again. “**No! My perfect, beautiful form!**” Was that something of an overreaction? Maybe a *little* bit, because in the end I had only lost two inches of height – dropping from 4’11” to 4’9”, but as I watched the refrigerator shelf I’d been looking at go from eye level but to just slightly too high for me in a matter of seconds, I was more concerned about the *extent* of what this new transformation would entail.

The first few transformations had been fairly dramatic, and this height change was much subtler than going from tall woman to super short teen, to slightly taller yet still pretty short young woman. Nonetheless, I was content with Nero’s form, even if it was simply a matter of her personality making me feel that way! “**To steal away such perfection! How cruel!**” Such tragedy, and yet there was nothing I could do about it!

Before my very eyes, the worst-case scenario unfolded. I’d gotten off lightly with that minimal amount of height loss, but my *breasts* did not fare as well in the long run. I didn’t hesitate to reach up and grab them with both hands the moment I noticed that their weight had lessened but even giving them a little shake didn’t help prevent their immense

weight from slipping from my grasp as their skin tightened and they pulled closer to my chest until, at best, they were *B-cups*.

“Hah...” All I could do was let out a sigh of defeat. I could feel it. Nero’s boundless energy was drying up, and I was feeling more and more... *lethargic*? In a way. I didn’t really feel tired, but perhaps it was a matter of my *maturity* returning – perhaps in ways that made me even more mature than I’d been as a man. I’d transformed so much so quickly that I admittedly was beginning to forget exactly how I *used* to act.

This moment of introspecting did nothing to slow the advancement of my newest transformation, mind you. Even though I *had* shrunk and the size of my breasts had reduced dramatically, my knees eventually buckled courtesy of my hips flaring out several inches beyond even the impressive gait I’d already come to possess. If Nero’s hips had been childbearing, then these hips were bombastic. **“It seems that I’m certainly not growing younger. Quite the contrary...”**

I spoke with a voice that was smooth and almost *seductive* in its sound. Calm, collected, but somehow it was almost *seductive* like a drug you couldn’t kick. I was beginning to piece together *which* Servant I was becoming, and the realization that I’d begun to think and speak in *Japanese* passively once more only contributed to my certainty on the matter. But there was *one* curious issue with this assertion, as it turned out.

“...She isn’t human, so how will that affect my body?”

The question *was* an important one, but it wasn’t one that I’d receive an immediate answer to. Instead, the lower half of my body had continued to conform once my hips had widened appropriately. My blonde pubes were shaved away for one, but my thighs ended up puffing up just a little bit around the same time. Nero had been top heavy and just slightly above average when it came to her bottom, but that ass now stretched even further out behind me with cheeks filling into a thick heart-shaped ass that made good use of that widened gate.

“Hm...” I gave that ass a subtle yet curious wiggle, hardly noticing that the color of its skin was a little paler than I recalled. That was a trend that had affected my body from head to toe, even paling a face that was taking reasonable steps to make me look increasingly *Japanese* once more. The emerald of my eyes darkened to purple as my eyelids narrowed into more almond-like shapes above a shrunken nose. My face became vaguely rounder by principle, and my lips flattened a touch while thickening vertically into a pouty *smirk* that I just couldn’t seem to wipe from my face.

Did I feel... *amused*? *Content*? I couldn't have felt *negatively* about my transformation any longer if I was making a face like that. **“And suddenly I hardly feel unbothered. If anything...”** I glanced at the fridge door that had swung shut when I'd first noticed myself shrinking. I felt *thirsty*. I had a *craving*. And that bottle of sake inside was about the only thing that could satisfy this craving. Red markings darkened around my eyes as I contemplated grabbing it.

The loose, blonde hair that hung down my back took the opportunity to withdraw in length as the shapes of my ears developed the vaguest of points at their tips – beginning to answer my question about how my final form's lack of humanity would be handled. But my hair darkened to a rich purple as it shortened into a chin-length bob, with my bangs soon parted at the sides by— **“Tch...”** Well, something that was a first for me throughout these transformations.

Nothing had ever ‘hurt’ across the multiple shifts of body that I had experienced thus far, and this was no exception. What made me click my tongue was more akin to an uncomfortable *pressure* than anything, as two lumps appeared on the sides of my forehead before stretching up into a pair of six-inch points, their tips painted a bloody red. **“I suppose that answers that question.”** For a brief moment I bared *fangs* that were sharper and longer than they had been prior, too.

“I see... Thus far, I've been transformed into Servants based on humans, but on this occasion...” Even though my smaller yet older body was still completely naked, I didn't feel any shame about it. It wasn't like my fingers had gravitated to play with my perky breasts. Instead, they were tracing up and down the lengths of my new *horns*. **“I suppose they couldn't transform me into her without overwriting that humanity.”**

From the seductive whisper of my voice to my slender body (bigger butt excluded), there was no denying my identity as *Shuten Douji*. Because I didn't gain her abilities nor her memories, I hadn't expected to see myself become a non-human entity either. However, the horns proved it: I had become an *oni*. **“I suppose this provides**



additional difficulties... Can I pass these off as props if I go outside?" I would certainly like to go out and have some *fun* if I could.

In the meantime? I was still both thirsty *and* hungry. But well... Remembering a beverage of choice was in my refrigerator, I opened it once more. Seconds passed before I removed the bottle of sake and its spout touched my lips – the entire bottle disappearing within 30 seconds. **“Hah...”**

“I’m going to need more of that...”