

FATE / ALIENATION

CH3: NUI HARIME WHO DIS?

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Anomalies detected all across Chaldea? What is happening here...?”

While most of the Chaldea Security Organization’s staff and Servants had been completely ignorant about the power taking root across the entire complex that was their base, Leonardo da Vinci was in the very unique position to understand that something was amiss very early on. The establishment had systems to check for irregularities in the world around them like SHEBA, certainly, but that didn’t mean they didn’t have similar systems installed inward.

It would have been a gross oversight with all of the different *personalities* within Chaldea. They’d had security issues in the past what with the whole building being invaded and frozen, but that was rarer than, say, a Servant deciding to get up to no good. Especially when there was a stockpile of Holy Grails locked away within the depths. If anyone got their hands on one with bad intentions then they could, well, do *this*.

“No signs of anyone having entered the storage room... Was it not done with a Grail? No, there was an identical reading to a Grail activation in the east wing.” It was a bad time, being evening and all. Most of the staff in the control room were off having supper or changing shifts, and even Goredolf was in the process of taking a nap. She was all alone because, realistically, all that needed to be done was to keep an eye on the sensors.

So it made sense that da Vinci-chan would move to hit the alarm. One small problem. **“I-Is it malfunctioning?”** The young girl had

definitely hit the button. It was a big red one, after all. Had she just not hit it hard enough? Wondering if that was the problem she balled up her fist and gave it a big *SMASH*. But it *still* didn't sound. "**Oh no...**" Had it been sabotaged? Or... when was the last time the maintenance team had looked through it? She pulled out a logbook from underneath to look. "***Four months ago!?***"

It was supposed to be done every *week*!



"How did you overlook that, Goredolf...?" The Rider groaned. There probably wasn't any chance of them stopping it then. The inventor hadn't been born yesterday, she could feel the air around her growing thicker with something akin to Mana. It was bringing her skin to a tingle, and gradually she could *perceive* the energy as a pastel pink fog. "**I guess we're been in trickier spots than this in the past...**" In the end

Chaldea's Masters always resolved the problem even when things looked bleakest. She had to keep that faith even now!

Even as her body began to tense and slow. Da Vinci had stood after putting the logbook away, thinking she might be able to make a break for the door before it was too late. But that wasn't possible. Eventually her body was paralyzed, strength taken from her arms and legs in a way so that she couldn't walk – but she also wouldn't fall over. Perhaps acceptance wasn't the best attitude to have in a situation like this, but it was probably better than fighting tooth and nail with futility.

"And sure enough..." The Rider could *already* feel it. The corrupted mana's energy burying itself in through her skin and flesh. She ever so briefly felt a wave of numbness that ran through her entire body before the feeling went away – a time that saw no visible change occur to her flesh, but more had actually changed than the girl could have realized even if she had been able to crane her neck down to see.

It was more of a fundamental genetic change than anything, one that altered da Vinci-chan's very nature as a lifeform. She retained the presence that made her a Servant, as well as her humanity. But there was also something *else* mixed within her DNA. Something that hailed from beyond the stars. Its presence persisted but not in a way that could be sensed or realistically felt by its new host.

But in terms of more tangible changes? There were obviously a great deal of them, and they began to appear in quick succession. Take da Vinci's eyes, for example. The blues of her eyes grew slightly clouded, but that wasn't the main focus of attention. It was their *shapes*. Because a European girl shouldn't have possessed eyes that had become quite that slanted. Asian. *Japanese*.

In fact, this sentiment was properly reflected by the rest of her face as a whole. The perfect face that mirrored the Mona Lisa was unwound with fuller cheeks, puffier lips, a smaller nose, and even thinner brows. It wasn't like she was no longer beautiful but the nature of that beauty had shifted into a completely different racial profile. **"Something... happened to my face, didn't it~?"**

Ending that sentence with such a peppy infliction hadn't been something that the girl had intended, but she had blurted it out that way, nonetheless. She didn't have any visual reference for *what* had happened, but she had felt her skin move about. It also didn't help that the vision in her left eye was... fading? Not only that but the eyelid grew heavier and heavier, eventually closing... *permanently!* She couldn't reopen it no matter how hard she tried.

"That's probably not good~!" It *definitely* wasn't, so why declare it with that kind of energy!?! *Whatever* the mana was doing, da Vinci decided, it was affecting far more than her body. Even her pool of knowledge felt dry. Complicated processes she would have understood before... she couldn't even remember what they were called, much less how it worked. **"I'm getting sillier~!"** And her voice *higher* from the sounds of things. She'd actually meant to say 'dumber', but something stopped her from ever implying she was somehow inferior in *any* way.

Her singular good eye blinked, legs wobbling a little as her point of view climbed. **"Am I getting taller?"** The question felt rhetorical what with how obvious it was that *she was*. The Rider variation of da Vinci was only 4'9", yet she pushed up past the five foot mark to around 5'2". It wasn't a *huge* difference but it was still enough to lift her skirt and yank down her blue tights. Not to mention make her gloves and boots more uncomfortable as hands and feet both grew in kind.

Although her height wasn't *all* that grew. It certainly helped set the stage, but abundance soon came through in other locales as well. Initially? It wasn't *quite* so clear. Because the girl's chest simply swelled to be a little but puffier beneath her dress, stretching the fabric ever so slightly. **"Aww...~!"** A bit of her mobility was returning, so she could look down to see her chest. Why did she feel so disappointed that they weren't even bigger?

The lower area of her body ultimately made up for it though. Not in a *huge* way mind you, but a puffiness saw her thighs thicken several inches and with them? Her ass, which bloated into a fuller, pinchable bubble. *Not that anyone is allowed to pinch it, Mr. Narrator!* ...Erm, anyways... *Why don't you talk about my hair next, hm~?* Hey, whose story chapter is this!? *Hehehe~!*

Rider's hair did, in fact, change. It was the only piece of her old appearance that had remained up until this point after all. But this brown hair lengthened, the scrunchy binding her hair into a loose ponytail pushed off as it instead curled, volume increasing dramatically into a pair of *gigantic*, curled twin tails that pushed out to the sides. Loose strands framed the sides of her face and like an explosion? The brown ignited into blonde with... heart shaped shading spot?

Hearts as lovely as me!

Okay, knock it off with the meta stuff!

The now ill-fitted dress that she adorned exploded into particles of gold, leaving the now teenaged girl naked for only a single second before it reshaped into something much more appropriate. *To be fair though I would've rocked that old dress too. I look great in anything and that was no exception! But these clothes are my favorite! Aren't they so pretty~?* Okay let's wrap this up before she somehow leaps out of the word document or PDF.

“Hmhmhm~! There's nothing cute about this room at all, is there!?” Dressed in pastel pinks with big, puffy twin tails and an eyepatch over her defunct left eye, the teenaged girl that had been fashioned from da Vinci's existence did a little twirl behind the terminal the Rider had been working at. She twirled her hands about in the air, and while the gestures appeared pointless? Invisible strings had been strewn about the room. Traps for anyone who dared disturb *Nui Harime*.



Her name appeared in red text behind her, and Nui leaned on it as if it were real.

The girl certainly *looked* like a human, and in fact she was *half* human. So how did she satisfy Abigail's desire for otherworldly friends? Well, she was also half Life Fiber; an alien existence that had come to Earth in another world, another timeline. **“Actually, this whole situation sucks. I'm here to just be besties with some little kid? Then again, it's better than being dead~!”** Something she very much recalled being.

So Nui had a decision to make. Play along or cause problems. But maybe there was a middle path she could take? Working on bad things in secrecy? She *was* good at that! It would be too soon to show her hand if that was the case though, so another wave of her hand erased the threads throughout the room. **“Plus I don't know who else was summoned. There couldn't be anyone stronger than little old me, could there~?”**

She'd certainly be surprised!