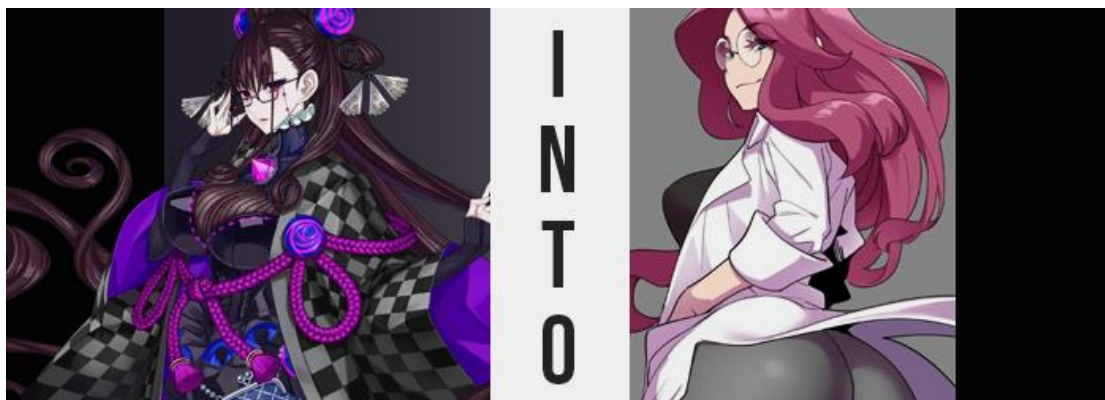


FATE / NARRATIVE

CHAPTER 9: NEW ERA

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The silence in that moment was practically palpable.

Murasaki Shikibu had just watched her only hope, Leonardo da Vinci, be transformed into an unintelligent slime girl that called herself *Blue*. Surprisingly enough though? That wasn't what had provoked the moment of silence. Blue had referred to Murasaki as 'professor' and had implied that she had created her. Obviously, that wasn't true, or it shouldn't have been true. But... Whatever was going on with her powers? It was bending reality enough as is. And now she was worried that she would be the next victim.

She didn't even bother to ask Blue any further questions and cut the conversation short. **"I-I need to go!"**, she called out and stormed out of what had once been da Vinci's workshop. Da Vinci was gone, but she'd at least left a clue. She had to retrieve the ring from the library before it was too late! Murasaki wasn't sure how much time she had, but she certainly knew that time was borrowed.

About ten minutes of running past without incident, and the Caster managed to break through the front door of the library and make her way to her desk, where Mashu had met her prior to the original incident. **"Where is it...? Where is it!?"** Her pale fingers swept past books and papers, desperately looking for the ring-mounted gemstone that had been the beginning and would hopefully become the end of this nightmare. But she couldn't see it!

"Did it get knocked off when I ran away the first time?" If it wasn't on the table then that was the only other possibility, wasn't it? No, there was one other – she was just attempting to avoid it because it

meant she'd have no hope. The possibility that Mashu... Kyouko had taken the ring when she'd left for the beach and Murasaki hadn't noticed. **"It's not here... It's not here...!"** Pawing around on her hands and knees hadn't yielded any results. Even worse...

She'd noticed something that didn't belong on her person. Instead of her usual, checkered haori hanging down from her shoulders? She was wearing a **lab coat**. *It was too late.* **"Hawawawa! No, no! I need to stay myself! If not, who knows how else this will get out of hand? ...But wouldn't that be a fun experiment though? Think of all the data I could collect! D-Data!? No, I don't care about—Do I?"** Fortune shined on her in the sense that no one was watching, because it sounded like the woman was arguing with herself.

More like, she was arguing with the personality that was trying to force its way in.

Without a ring to find, it was difficult for the librarian to push herself back up and onto her feet. Her ensemble was exceedingly difficult to move in, but somehow getting up hadn't been *as* difficult as expected. In fact, she actually owed that ease to the fact that her outfit was changing just as her haori had. Her skirt, for example? It had parted between both legs and was wrapping around them, cupping her underwear and rear while the material lightened and smoothed into a pair of gray yoga pants that felt just a tad too loose.

Meanwhile, the top half of her dress had split off and the material was thinning. It retained its black color but lost pretty much all of its meticulously etched definition as what was ultimately left in its place was little more than a black tank top, arms completely bare other than the sleeves of the lab coat. Her bra and panties? They'd uh, actually disappeared. Because the personality that was slowly consuming Murasaki was not one that understood the definition of *'shame'*

Otherwise, the accessories in hair completely disappeared so that her hair fell loosely behind her, and the frames of the woman's glasses changed. The lenses expanded, became rounder and lost all of their antiquated appeal in one fell swoop, finishing off the modernized professor look that had been forced upon her.

"It really is too late, huh? Of course it is! Trust me though, you're gonna love it! You think your body is thick now? Phew! W-Would you shut up!?" Were it just her mouth running weird comments, she might have been able to deal with it, but it was a little more than that. She wasn't simply mindlessly blurting these things out – they were legitimate thoughts that were rooted in her mind, that she was opting to say.

Her thoughts in general were becoming much more... inappropriate. Just thinking about her encounter with Blue was enough for her mind to start hyper-analyzing the benefits of courting sexually with a slime, and how she might use her gadgets and technological know-how to make such an experience even more erotic.

More plainly put: this woman she was becoming? *She was depraved.*

Something was up with Murasaki's face. There was the aroused smile her lips kept pulling into, and the almost perpetual blush worn by her cheeks, but both of these things were linked to the mental skewing taking place. It was the actual shape of it all that was the focus here, largely because for a traditional, Japanese Servant? She was looking arguably *less* Japanese.

Her eyes? Blue instead of purple, and while that was eye-catching (*no pun intended*) enough, it was actually their shapes that made her appear more Caucasian. The shape of her eyes themselves appeared to take less of a slanted appeal, leaning towards a more common circular shape that was frequent among those from the western hemisphere. Although the eyes were telling enough, there was also the broader design of her nose (*which more effectively held up her glasses*) and the fact that her lips had become so luscious. Murasaki's cheeks also seemed to hold a little more weight too, but well...

That wasn't exactly isolated to her cheeks.

“I feel so swollen and sexy! W-Wait, I didn't mean to say sexy, I meant... No, I totally did! A little pudgy is the sexiest form a woman can take! Maybe I should redesign Blue with some excess junk in her everywhere?” She absolutely could not cope with both her changing body and her increasingly horny mind at the same time. It felt every time those new thoughts provoked her to speak, she lost a little more of the gentle and innocent individual she used to be. *But where was the fun in being a prude?*

The swollen sensation wasn't from nothing though, and Murasaki's new self speaking of pudgy was a self-fulfilling prophecy. From head to toe her BMI grew, fat flooding her skin and stretching it, but never so much that it was excessive. It added a jiggle to her step, a top to her muffin, but it was still *sexy*. And even if it wasn't? Murasaki herself certain *felt* sexy. The confidence this new personality allowed was staggering, and it was at the point where the thoughts were beginning to overlap. The stronger of the two personalities would inevitably win out, which was unfortunate for her old self.

The ~~librarian~~ *professor* licked her lips, the gesture itself obviously promiscuous by design. While her gut, arms, and legs had found their new mass, there were still key areas where this needed to be applied. Her breasts, for one. But it wasn't merely weighty fat from her pudgier lifestyle – much of it was authentic, her new form a woman that just had ample tits and ass to begin with. The front of her tank top practically ballooned from Murasaki's already impressive sizing, filling more out to the sides than they did forward as erect nipples poked up against the shirt without a bra to keep them hidden.

For as big as they became, though, they didn't hold a candle to her ass. The slack she'd felt in them after her skirt had become the pair hadn't been for naught – all of that room and *then some* was necessary to contain her huge booty. It blossomed beautifully, fat pouring in to give each step she took an immense sway, like the clap of her cheeks could bring about an earthq— *okay*, maybe that's a little too dramatic. But the point stood. Each cheek was almost twice the size of her head, and her pants just barely fit her. Plenty of their fabric was wedged in between the cheek, and she was left cameltoeing the front without any panties to speak of.

“Mm... Why was I fighting it before? Damn, I look and feel so sexy.” Evidently Murasaki's protests had amounted to little, for her old self could no longer muster a complaint. Rather, there was no 'new' and 'old' anymore, only the singular Professor Murasaki that stood in the library, fondling a breast, and opposing butt cheek simultaneously while beginning to moan to herself.

But Murasaki? That was a shitty name. Way too proper and Japanese. She was all American, baby! While a brighter, purple dye job ran through her dark hair, erasing the natural color with a blonde that was hidden by the dye, her new name popped readily into mind. **“Mmmm, right. My name is Mariana Finch.”**

Not that it really mattered. The transformation had made her horny as fuck, and so her massive ass settled on the ground, fingers digging into the waistband of her pants as she worked to *ease her frustration*.

One week later, the situation at Chaldea hadn't improved at all. In fact, things had arguably become much, much worse. Somehow the Narrative ability had gone completely rogue, and while ineffective on those it had already transformed, it continued to consume the remnants one by one. Sooner or later the entire establishment would be drowned in this new reality, and the only one aware of it? She was taking advantage of it.

Mariana Finch was Chaldea's chief scientist and the one that now occupying the old da Vinci's workshop. She knew what was happening, but she played ignorant to its effects. Watching people transform was a fun way to collect unique data, particularly as each transformation seemed to be more sexual than the last. Steadily, she used the opportunity to introduce a number of wild inventions into the mix.

Sex toys, really. The dough really started flowing with a community so depraved, all hungering for satisfaction. It was clear which route Chaldea was now on, and it would inevitably reach that point. In fact, this Chaldea itself was destined to become a Singularity. An alternate timeline of tits and sin, a paradise for the depraved.

And Mariana was queen there.