

FATE / ALIENATION

CH1: 001ST VICTIM

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It was probably a bad idea.

The Chaldea Security Organization kept a stash of Holy Grails that they had accumulated from across their travels. Singularities, Lostbelts, and everything in between; it felt like there would always be at *least* one Grail to be claimed wherever they went. But these Grails were kept under lock and key, access afforded only to the organization's two Masters to use when needed to strengthen Servants. Under *no* circumstance were they supposed to be used for wish granting.

And to be fair? Abigail Williams hadn't *stolen* one from this stash. She had found one in a Singularity she had helped with and kept it for herself. For all she tried to present as a good girl, sometimes her naughtier side that was fed into by her Outer God got the better of her actions. Hidden away in her quarters? She had thought very carefully about what she wanted to use it for. She often felt lonely, and so...

“I wish that everyone in Chaldea understood me better!”

Gudao was none the wiser to the fact that Abigail had kept a secret Grail, much less that she had made a wish on it that evening. In fact he was going on with his night as always, returning to his room after a swim at the pool. The sound of his door closing behind him didn't alarm the young man at all – why would it have? He wasn't expecting anything unusual to happen that night. Although it wouldn't have been surprising if it had. Working for Chaldea meant that anything could happen at any moment.



“I guess I have time to go to the cafeteria to grab a snack...” The young Master often felt a bit peckish after working out in any capacity. He didn’t mind doubling back to grab some of the leftover chili that EMIYA had prepared for dinner earlier that night. Gudaο was practically salivating at the thought as he put away his towel and swimsuit into the laundry. Tamamo Cat would pick it up to wash in the morning if he left it out.

And yet before he could set out to fill up a bowl with tasty chili... he felt it. A presence? No, a power? His surroundings had a blue tint to them, almost like the lightbulbs had been switched with colored ones. But that *wasn’t* it. **“Is this mana!?”** In a sense, *maybe?* But it also didn’t feel *right*. It almost felt *alien*. The young man stumbled back. His body felt... *tingly*. It was affecting him in some way, but he couldn’t figure out how.

Either way, it was already too late.

Gudaο’s entire body began to *burn*. It wasn’t painful but his body was so hot that he was visibly sweating. **“Is this a fever? Crud, what is that magic doing?”** It *had* to be a spell, right? This was bad. He definitely felt sick and feverish, and because of that like all of his energy had been sapped from him all at once. He couldn’t possibly have fathomed the *cause* of this feeling of illness, however. Something was happening internally that was altering her very being fundamentally. His organs were *alien*, and his blood, with each heartbeat, turned an increasingly dark blue.

Perhaps that was why the pigmentation of his skin appeared so sickly early on. **“Ugh...”** He had already been feeling nauseous when he caught sight of the skin on his arm. It was... pale? No that wasn’t quite it. **“...Blue!?”** A pale blue at first, but before his eyes that blue became richer and richer in color. It darkened, stopping short of becoming navy – but it was still a very rich blue in of itself. Most importantly? It had colored almost his *entire* body shy of three pieces of his body.

Both of his nipples and his dick hadn’t changed in color *because there had been no need for them to do so*. In fact his nipples faded were absorbed entirely into the blue, their definition erased. Nipples belonged to mammals and did you know of any mammals with cold, blue skin? That said he *did* receive a little extra padding. Soft A-cup breast shapes without the nipples you would find otherwise.

As for the young man's dick, well... *That was probably self-explanatory.* “**Eugh! What the hell!?**” There had been nothing painless about one's cock and balls being shoved back inside of one's body, but *she* could hardly process the phenomenon midst all of the other sensations she was simultaneously being exposed to in tandem. Gudao's sex changing didn't even feel like the worst of it, although to begin with? Her mind was being rewired to accept it.

Now that her sex had changed, her blue body took a turn for the scrawnier. It was a miracle that the woman had managed to remain upright through it all, but she did eventually fumble once loosened clothing began to weigh down upon her. This was a product of several things happening in tandem. Her height was diminishing quickly and that *was* part of it, but her body's mass was lessening to. Muscles were robbed from her, blue skin rendered soft and smooth by the time she bottomed out at 4'10”.

Her face was smaller too, features pointedly feminine and youthful.

“**I'm... not of this world?**” It was a fact that Gudao had stated as a question. Deep down she acknowledged it as a fact without question, but it was new information. Why did she know she was no longer 'of this world'? It would explain the blue skin, or why her blue eyes had begun to glow, but... “**N-No! I'm under the effect of a spell of some kind! This information isn't REAAAAL!**”

For as much as she wanted to deny what was plain with that high yet monotonous voice of hers, another burst of pain pushed her into crying out – demonstrating with that open mouth of hers that her teeth were all reforming into razor sharp fangs. Even her now blue tongue jutted out farther than before prior to settling back in her mouth. A tongue that bore resemblance to a serpent's.

What was going on in her mouth wasn't *actually* what had forced her to cry out. A tearing sound had accommodated a building pressure at her rear, and the sight of a *tail* erupting through the back of her now extremely loose pants and oversized jacket with piercing precision. The shape and thickness of this black tail, which was unusually decorated with blue lines, suggested its very existence was dangerous. Just flicking back and forth was enough to knock around his bed and knock over his dresser. At nearly six feet in length it was *that* strong.

“**I'm a monster...**” Gudao muttered under her breath. It wasn't spoken with condemnation but instead acceptance. She had begun to feel better but only because her transformation was nearing its end. The eruption of a pair of horns atop her head was part of it. One from her forehead and one from the back, they were sky blue and ultimately framed by

what appeared to be a crown of spiky, black keratin. Meanwhile? Beneath her oversize attire black stripes began to paint over blue skin. They weren't *actually* clothes, but they wrapped across her lower half like pants and across her chest like a top. Some even ran across her cheeks from beneath her eyes.

There was only one trait remaining that was even vaguely recognizable from the girl's past life, and that was her head of spiky black hair. So *naturally* that had to go! And go it did. Those shapely spikes flattened and ran longer, spilling *well* over her slenderer shoulders and down as far as her narrow ankles. Strands were dyed promptly, a pale sky blue overtaking and fully overtaking his old black, hime-style bangs and all.

One final burst of heat from within was released, the mana exerted vaporizing the clothing she had been wearing from her past life. Not that she cared that she was now naked. She was just happy that she was cooling off.

“**Hm...**” The Princess of Klaxosaurs, simply designated with the identity of **001**, flexed her limbs until she was limber. This included her long, thick tail as she looked over herself, stroking blue and black skin at times to acclimate to her current situation. “**This isn't bad at all.**” She felt certain of her new identity and while there was no lingering attachment to it, she could still vaguely recall her old life as well. But that *wasn't* who she was now.



Klaxosaurs were an alien species created by the Klaxo Sapiens. Their origins were complicated and tragic, and 001 was their leader... on a planet far, far away. She shouldn't have existed on *this* planet and she knew it. But now she *did*. “**What power brought me here? I don't like this.**” Though she didn't like humans in the first place. Gudao's memories spoke to the fact that this base was filled with them. “**Tch.**”

She ran clawed fingers through her long hair while calculating her next move. There *was* hope. While human in nature, there were these things called 'Foreigners' that had ties to the stars. 001 herself was technically

classified as a Foreigner Servant too. But she wasn't familiar enough with the terminology to recognize that.

“But how will I find one without being seen?”