

FATE / ALIENATION

CH6: TALI-HO

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Generally speaking, anything that happened in Chaldea's wasn't really Cu Chulainn's problem. That may have sounded like a heartless take for him to have, especially when he was actually a good guy, but it wasn't a mentality he had developed because he was trying to be an asshole or anything. It was just that seemingly *every time* there was a problem there was some *crazy* reasoning behind it. The incidents themselves were crazy. It was just too much craziness for him!

If Servants could *retire* then that was absolutely the life he would have chosen to lead. What did you mean there were at least four other versions of him in Chaldea at this point? Wasn't that supposed to be an issue reserved for the Saber he had met during Fuyuki's fifth Holy Grail War? And then every time an incident occurred, there was an insane Servant behind it, or someone who was trying to accomplish the most mundane of goals in the most bizarre ways imaginable.

Maybe he wouldn't have possessed such a lazy and avoidant attitude if he didn't have memories from his past summonings. A curse of Chaldea's summoning system was that at times some Servants just seemed to remember the previous times they had been brought forth from the Throne of Heroes, and as a great and powerful Celtic hero had been summoned any number of times in the past.

“Wish I could just go fishing...” And so when, in his room, he noticed the air around him begin to glow a dark purple? He didn't overreact or panic. He merely rubbed at the back of his head while sitting on his bed, getting up to stretch as if nothing was even happening in the first place. *Whatever* was going on, evidently Chaldea was already much too late to respond if the effects had already spread into his room.

A vacation in Hawaii with a fishing rod, some bait, and a Hawaiian shirt really sounded good in that moment.



“Ah. Can’t move.” Even so, Cu probably could have spared a little more energy to be alarmed at how his movements were slowing. It was clearly mana of some kind floating around, right? It was seemingly having a *pretty* adverse effect on his body – not that he was expecting anything that was colored dark purple to do anything *good*. **“I guess it’s just a matter of what this crap is supposed to do, huh?”**

Other than his mouth and eyes it had soon become a reality that he couldn’t even lift a finger much less move one of limbs. Just as it had been the case with his peers who were all changing throughout the building at the same time. Based on past experiences Cu figured that this would all sort itself out eventually. Or one of the Masters would find a way out. They were pretty good at that kind of thing. **“Still, I could’ve been fishing...”**

He really needed to let that go.

Strangely, rather than anything immediate happening to his body the Servant became aware of what felt like a wriggling sensation occurring all across his body. Nothing was happening to his body itself *yet*, but unlike the others who had succumbed to Abigail’s wish an outfit change was *mandatory* for the woman Cu was fated to become. What he felt was the fit of his already tight bodysuit changing somewhat, for its materials, colors, and design were gradually altered.

Much of it turned one of two colors – either dark, patterned purple or black. It ultimately encompassed his hands, but strangely the gloves that were shaped pushed fingers together so that there were only three fingers total on either glove. His toes were uncomfortably forced to reckon with the same change. **“H-Hey, wait a sec—!?”** He couldn’t see any of this, but he became *extremely* aware of his change in clothes because they soon swallowed his *head*. A helmet that resembled a gas mask with a purple hood that wrapped around the top. His head was fully encapsulated and he was forced to breathe through a filter in the front.

This panicked Cu, who thought he was being imprisoned. The suit was now entirely airtight and something was different about the air inside. It felt *purier* somehow. *Necessarily pure?* The suit wearer in question wasn't sure *how* he knew this, but he felt like he *needed* to be dressed in the *envirosuit* he was wearing. ...So how did he know what it was *called*?

But now that his outfit had been redesigned it was time for his *body* to follow suit. “*Grk!?*” His voice through the filter sounded oddly *feminine*, but he didn't seem to notice. Instead he was far too distracted by what felt like the suit tightening around his body. Was it *crushing him*? The pain was especially egregious around his hands and feet at first – which could easily be explained by how gloves and boots somehow seemed designed for three fingers and three toes apiece.

The discomfort wasn't *as* bad around her hands, since shoving five digits into three slots wasn't all that difficult to do. Yet any discomfort he *had* felt from them was promptly alleviated for reasons he couldn't process. In reality? His thumb had swollen to fit the slot it was in, while the two fingers shoved into either of the other slots on both hands *merged* and swelled so that they fit snugly. Cu now *only* had three fingers on each hand.

And it wasn't *just* his hands. The relief was much more welcomed in his boots where there was no comfortable way to split up one's toes. What occurred here was similar to his hands. Toes merged in two places to give him two, long, thick toes – while pinkies were yanked back instead to create smaller ones. To make matters worse he could feel his posture abruptly change; a side effect of his lower legs being bowed backwards so that standing posture was redefined accordingly.

“**What's going... on!?**” Yeah, Cu's voice definitely sounded a lot more like a woman's now. It actually suited his *face*, but because of the mask you couldn't make it out. Nonetheless, his facial structure had been smoothing, softening, and shrinking so that it appeared increasingly feminine. Fuller lips, smaller eyes that were fully white in color (unusually altering his perception around him, for he could now perceive ultraviolet). Two grooves came down towards his eyes from the top of his forehead, while additional markings had been etched into his neck and chest fanning upwards.

Etched into skin that was significantly paler, yet very similar to the touch to a human's.

The blue hair within his helmet wasn't immune to these changes either. Softening in texture and darkening in color alike, the shoulder length of it all neatly tied up inside so that it wasn't in the way. Aside from his eyes he almost appeared relatively *human* still, but he was factually

becoming more and more alien. Ears were hidden and they *did* exist, but their shapes were more alien than even elvish ears.

Additional noises of discomfort were moaned through the filter, the physical toll the tightening envirosuit's pressure was taken on him becoming increasingly obvious. It was forcing flesh and bone to lessen. His entire body was *shrinking* under its grip, *six feet* of height rapidly diminishing to only around 5'2" instead. But it also wasn't his height *alone*. Muscles softened and seemingly disappeared to leave arms, legs, and even Cu's chest slender and petite. Muscle definition was *entirely* gone, but he was nowhere near as buff as before.

Somehow, the man being changed was feeling more at ease the smaller he became though. His waistline was pinched in *significantly*, but on the flipside hips were pulled out so that he bore a much more feminine gait. Something that seemed to be *necessary*, for his thighs and his rump filled up with fatty, supple tissue to grant him a bubbled butt.

...Grant *her* a bubbled butt? Subconsciously she might have noticed it, that tug in her loins that sealed the fate of sex – but she didn't really see it as a problem. Her mind was altering at the same pace as her body, and so by the time she had a pussy she believed she *should* have had one. Just like the C-cup tits that were pulled out from her chest as the envirosuit's shape expanded there. "*Mmm...*" Feeling her strength return, the woman gave a big stretch, three-fingered hands lifted high into the air with her tits pushed forward.

"Keelah, this are certainly strange circumstances." The Quarian woman remarked at her transformation's end, the sound of her voice vaguely distorted by the mask of the envirosuit that she was wearing. It was a necessary piece of equipment to keep the contaminants of the outside world from mingling with her body, yet at the same time it concealed just how beautiful of an alien she truly was. But Quarian culture was what it was, and *Tali'Zorah nar Rayya* had always respected the ways of her people.

She could hardly believe it! She was summoned to Earth, Shepard's home planet, by the whims of a young girl? And as something referred to as a 'Servant' no less, one housed in the Foreigner class. **"This body of mine is made of magic? And my memories... something else is**



jumbled in. Because I was someone else?” It all felt like a very bad headache to her.

“Mm... I suppose my first move should be to find a sanitized location. If I am to be staying here long term then I will need to remove my suit at some point.” The trio of fingers on either hand flexed as she took her first step towards the door. She seemed to understand that other aliens would be on the other side and that she shouldn't need to worry. **“Even so...”** Tali wondered aloud. **“This cannot be sustainable long term, can it?”**