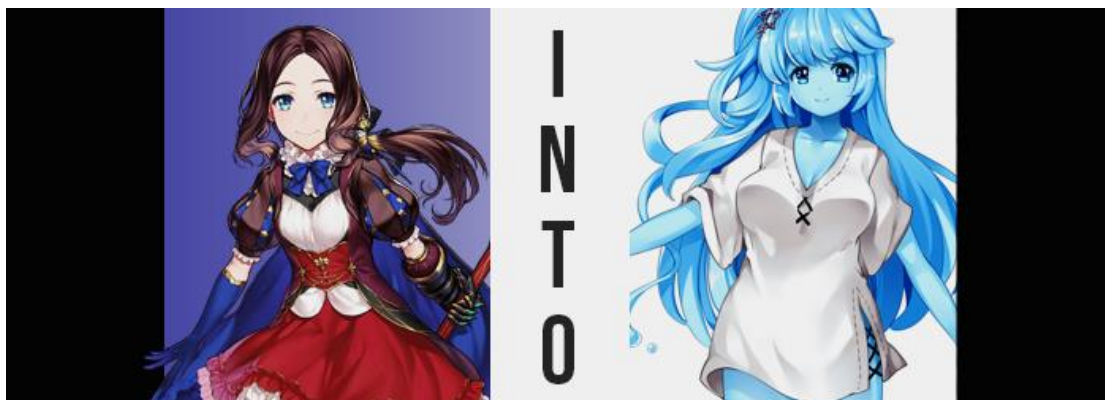


FATE / NARRATIVE

CHAPTER 8: SILLY SLIME

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Miss Murasaki, please slow down. I can’t understand what you’re saying.”

Murasaki Shikibu had suddenly come banging on da Vinci-chan’s workshop door, stirring the small Servant from the short nap break she’d been taking after running a series of tests under Gordolf’s orders, and at Shion’s request. She was naturally oblivious to everything that had been happening within Chaldea’s borders, as most didn’t seem to know it was happening anyways. The only one that seemed to remember how things should have been, that something was even wrong in the first place?

It was the source, Murasaki Shikibu herself.

Her end goal had been reaching da Vinci, who had probably the best bet of reversing and stopping whatever was forcing her ability to go haywire like this. There was a fatal flaw, however. A worry she had. That before anything could be done to reverse the damage, that da Vinci herself would fall victim to its effects. *That* was why she had explained so frantically right out of the gate. There was literally no time to waste.

“Why don’t you come in and we’ll get you something to drink?” The girl was just trying to be a courteous host, but as Murasaki burst in on her own it was evident the offer hadn’t calmed the elder woman at all. In fact, she appeared far more dismayed that she hadn’t been understood! The poor woman was sweating buckets as well.

Even so, Murasaki inhaled and exhaled. Once, twice, *three times*. If she blurted out with the same speed she had earlier, it just would have

ended up in a cycle of being asked to calm herself – so it was better to get a head start at the very least. Once she felt sufficiently calm, she began her explanation anew. **“I...! Something has altered the properties of my Narration ability! It’s been changing the shapes and lives of those I come into contact with and I’m not sure how to reverse it! I...”**

Da Vinci nodded along, trying her best to understand. She was familiar with this ability of Murasaki’s; apparently it was an onmyoudo technique she had learned from Abe no Seimei in her youth, and once she’d been summoned as a Servant it had activated as a passive ability. It caused the woman a great deal of grief under normal circumstances, so if what she was saying were true then the younger girl could only imagine the grief she was feeling now.

“Since it’s a passive, I can imagine its possible for something to alter its nature as you’ve surmised. As for what... Have you come into contact with anything suspicious?” Once she had a better understanding of the situation it would be easier to theorize and look at a solution. Da Vinci wasn’t the sort to let her genius go to waste!

It took Murasaki a moment to think. **“Something suspicious?”** A lot had happened in a short time, but there had been something, hadn’t there? Something of Mashu’s she had touched when the girl had come seeking gift advice. **“There is! Shielder was showing me a gemmed ring, and when I touched it, I was shocked... I believe that ring is still in the library, but Mashu-san is... she was changed.”**

“Hmm...” This information was helpful at least. It sounded like the ring had been a catalyst of some sort, and so if they could grab it from the library and she could study it, da Vinci was fairly confident she could manufacture a cure. It would just be a matter of setting up her... her... what had she been thinking about again? And why did Miss Murasaki look so horrified all of a sudden? The genius was having an awfully hard time keeping her head straight. **“What’s wrong, Murasaki-sama?”** Oh! Why had she just referred to her with Japanese honorifics so suddenly? The feeling that had welled up along with it had almost made it feel like she was speaking to someone she served, but...

“Da Vinci-chan, you’re... You’re turning blue. Awawawa! It’s all my fault, a bubble popped up!” The librarian, panicked, was flickering her attention between the workshop’s owner and the space just above her head, almost like she was reading *something*. Da Vinci, on the other hand, seemed confused about what Murasaki was talking about even though she had been given the context necessary only moments prior.

She was turning blue? What did that— “*Oh!*” Holding up a hand and removing one of her gloves, she could clearly see patches of baby blue crawling across her skin. Furthermore, any spot of skin plagued by this discoloration also appeared to take on a rather gelatin-like appeal, like the flesh itself had become jiggly. Once her fingers had completely blued, and her fingernails had sunk into them before disappearing entirely, she found she could kind of see through them as well! Da Vinci knew this should have been scary, and it should have panicked her, but...

“*Heehee! You’re right! I’m getting all bluuuuue!*” She actually felt more easygoing than she ever had. In fact, a little *too* easygoing. Forget wielding any notable problem-solving skills; complex thought had quickly become a very foreign concept in order to prevent her from slowing or halting the effects from taking place. The hand that was still gloved had also changed to blue goo, but it seemed removing it wasn’t necessary – not while the glove began to sink into her hand, where it was eviscerated.

Digested, actually.

But naturally, Murasaki couldn’t have noticed it on the smaller Caster’s hands to point it out before she’d realized. This was because she’d seen it in da Vinci-chan’s face and hair, the latter slowly becoming a mass of blue, saggy goop that flopped against her head to mimic hair, yet very clearly wasn’t composed of actual hair as it all melted away. In terms of her face, it had begun with the color of her cheeks as they gradually became to match the color of her eyes. Over time, it bled into her chin, forehead, and nose, and soon the back of her throat tasted like... blueberries? Not quite, but it was the only comparable flavor. Her teeth and tongue likewise turned into slime of a matching color, and of course her already goopy brain wasn’t spared. Instead, it became something like a round core glowing bright blue – the key to her new identity and consciousness, essentially her brain.

“*Blue, and blue, and blue! But why are you looking so sad, Murasaki-sama! Did Blue-chan do something wrong?*” With her mind housed in that core, it was only natural that her mentalscape had suffered the most significant change thus far. She couldn’t remember her old name or identity, and her intellect had *really* bottomed out. Her color was blue, so her name must have been *Blue*, right!? She grinned a goopy smile.

In the meantime, her figure had begun to sag. As feet went the way of her hands, and it bled into her legs, her footwear was digested by the slime traits of her body and what was now her ‘feet’ had pooled together below her. It was becoming difficult to maintain her shape the more her

body reflected its new nature. Legs and arms completely blue and translucent jello, it moved into her torso from all fronts. Her genitals and butt-crack filled in with slime as the flesh and bone around it turned the very same color, with her dress and skirt slurped up until she was completely naked. Any of the finer details of her body like nipples or her belly button had become completely absent, and the slime child just stood there humming to herself as if nothing was the matter. **“Wah!?”** At least until the integrity of her body suddenly gave way, and she collapsed into a puddle of goop on the ground.

Even Murasaki, whom had been essentially unresponsive from both shock and grief alike from transforming probably the *only* person remaining that could help her with her problem. Once ‘Blue’ had become a pile of sticky substance, however, it seemed to shock her from her silence. **“E-Eh!? Are you okay!?”** A slender hand reached out towards the gelatinous mass, the woman sighing in relief once she replied.

“Huh!? Of course I’m okay Murasaki-sama!” The mass suddenly began to rebuild itself, but it wasn’t quite what it had been before. She was still taking a form resembling a human female, but it was just rebuilt *differently*. Wide hips, larger thighs, and most noticeable: a pair of big, nipple-free slime breasts that were in the realm of DDs became shaped against a taller frame. It was the natural frame Blue herself seemed to recall, the slime unaware of the fact that it was different than the form had been before collapsing.

Her footsteps pitter-pattered against the tiled floor as the silly, childish slime ran towards the nearest workshop counter. **“Aha!”** Picking up a white, oversized shirt, she threw it over her body. Miraculously, her body didn’t absorb this cloth. Was it made of a special fiber? Unfortunately, things didn’t get any less strange from this point on. Or even stay at the same level of strange. Because what Blue said next? It would signal the beginning of the end.

“I’m so glad you made this for me, professor! Normal clothes don’t stay on me at all, and I kind of wondered why you created me this way.” What was that? To Murasaki, it sounded like...

She was implying that Murasaki was some sort of professor that had created this living slime.

“Oh no.”