

FATE / SERVAFES SCRAMBLE

CHAPTERS 1+2: A NEW SCHEME



There was something extremely shady to be said of this sudden vacation to Hawaii. The events of their last foyer to the island aside, during which BB turned out to trap them in a time loop, had not been something wholly happy. Even if you put that aside there was a great deal of distrust for BB in general after the Csjeteland incident. No one appreciated being turned into other people, particularly not Gudako who'd spent some time as Shuten-Douji in both body and soul. She'd ultimately done some *very mature* things in that body, and sadly once she had been returned to normal thanks to da Vinci she'd retained memories of those actions.

Needless to say, her relationship with Kintoki at the moment was *awkward*.

Mashu on the other hand had spent some quality time as one of BB's Alter Egos, Passionlip. Perhaps she hadn't had it as bad as Gudako in the mental sense, but she still woke up in a cold sweat at times after having nightmares regarding trying to lift those ridiculous breasts. Oh, and *the giant claws weren't so great either*.

But here they were, a part of a larger group that had been invited by BB for some rest and relaxation in the wake of the most recent Lostbelt. They'd been assured that there would be *'no funny business'* and trusting as Gudao and Gudako wanted to be, they couldn't help but accept regardless.

"I don't know, senpai. Don't you think BB is up to something? She's been more or less absent since we got here." Mashu voiced natural concerns to the sister of her two Masters as the two entered a building meant to serve as a changing room on the beach side. It was a small building that hadn't been there last they'd visited, the sign above reading *'THE CHANGING ROOM'*. It sounded like a business name and so they didn't read too much into the matter, but perhaps they should have taken the name more literally?

Gudako merely shrugged in response to Mashu's concerns as they both picked a stall door to enter. Before going inside, the ginger looked to her Servant and left her with some words of reassurance. **"Even if she does do something then we'll overcome it, right? Together, like always."**

Mashu couldn't help but smile and nod. She had a point. As long as they were all together, even if something bad happened they could overcome it. And so the sound of wooden doors swinging open left the silence absent, and they stepped into their own spaces.

Each room was largely the same. Wooden, with a bench in the middle and a steel locker on the side.

But in Gudako's there was an additional item. A guest. One with long, purple hair and clad in a skintight, white swimsuit that drew particular attention to her ample curves. With the cape she was wearing, the guest almost looked like a demon. A little devil. **"BB!"** Gudako hadn't walked very far from the door yet and wiggled back to slip fingers in the handle so she could escape, but... the door? Hand smacking against wood behind her, she couldn't feel it. Spinning around, the door was completely gone.

"Where do you think you're going Master-san? Were you trying to run away from your adorable kouhai? Even when I went to so much trouble to rebuild this Singularity for everyone to have a nice vacation in?" BB's voice dripped honey, but her eyes were empty and red as red heels clacked against the ground below while she made an approach. Having been sitting upon the bench in wait, she seemed eager to close the gap between her Master and herself, fingers immediately teasing the space beneath Gudako's neck, bare skin before her Hawaiian top, only to have her hand smacked away by Gudako instead. BB's expression suggested offense.

"What are you up to BB? I trusted that you wouldn't do anything this time, but it doesn't seem like that's the case." Unless BB just wanted to have some weird alone time with her instead, but Gudako would be firmly opposed to that as well.

"I could tell you, but why bother when you're just going to--"

"BB, I command you to not follow through with your plans!" Gudako didn't even wait for her to finish. She wasn't in the mood for games, not if everyone brought from the group was at risk of being subjected to her shenanigans again. Hand raised, her Command Seal began to glow to suggest it was taking effect, yet... BB didn't look phased at all.

"Ah ah ah, Master-san! I'm taking those!" Her eyes still red, BB held up her own right hand. The same Command Seals that should have been on the human's own

were now present upon the AI's. Gudako turned her hand around to find it bare, meaning... **"That's right! BB-chan took your Command Seals! After last time I figured if you realized you might try to do something like that, so I decided to come for them first. Actually, this might be a good chance to experiment!"**

"What do you mean..." How had BB snatched away her Command Seals? It should have been impossible. Had they fallen into a more complicated trap than she'd imagined? But BB just clapped her hands together and Gudako's entire body suddenly froze and felt... *cold*.

"Well, you and Gudao were the biggest issues, so I implanted some artificial Saint Graphs in you a few weeks ago. Once they activate, like I just did, they'll turn you into Servants again! But this time you'll be obedient to me, and if you aren't..." She showed off her new Command Seals once more. They'd be forced to comply, huh? **"Anyways, I need to go deal with Mashu too, so tata Master-san! I'll keep the mystery of which Servant you're becoming, just know you won't be able to leave until it's done~! By that point you'll be seeing things a *little differently!*"**

Gudako knew she couldn't let BB go, but the paralysis she'd been bound with did not let her free until the Mooncancer had already warped away. **"Damn it...!"** Last time she'd transformed she hadn't realized it, but knowing it was about to happen left her with a feeling of dread. For all she knew BB could be turning her into Lobo or Ivan, but then again during Csjeteland they'd all be rendered into the forms of women.

Fingers dug in against the wall, where the door had been before in hopes that maybe something, anything, would open. But instead her attention was merely drawn to said fingers and how their coloring stood out against the wooden barricade. Her hands were naturally lighter than wood even on a good day of course, but it almost looked like someone had taken a vibrancy scale and cranked it up to make the tone seem almost supernatural. Her fingers weren't white, really, but more of a very bright gray that defied what could be expected of the human body. Was the cold she was feeling a related phenomenon?

The gears spun in the Master's (ex-Master's?) head as she tried to recall which Servants had a skin tone like this. She didn't like the implication, but some of the Alters came to mind almost immediately. Artoria, Jeanne, Atalanta... it could have been the Alters of any of those. All of them were generally in foul moods, even if Gudako was okay with that.

Whether or not she was okay *being* that was a completely different issue.

Her suspicions narrowed when the orange bangs that usually dangled before her eyes saw their tips lighten. They didn't fade into a worn violet nor green, the color instead a pale, almost white blonde that crept down the length of each hair as if her ginger tone was being sucked out by a vacuum. That narrowed it down to two

options, but a strange feeling in her gut all but confirmed the option she was worried about. It was literally a strange feeling in her gut though. It felt like her stomach had twisted a moment, but instead it erupted in a loud grumble of hunger that spoke to a desire in the back of Gudako's mind. She was craving... *junk food*. Which more or less provided the identity of the Saint Graph that had been installed within her... mostly. Artoria Pendragon Alter. It was just... there were several iterations of a Saint Graph for this identity. Lancer, Rider Summer, Rider Swimsuit, Berserker, and the usual Saber. Of the three, Berserker was likely the least problematic. Gudako found Mysterious Heroine X Alter to be a good girl.

But the others...

She was forced to wince a moment as the light in the room became more intense -- no, that wasn't quite it. Servants had enhanced sight by default, and it was more likely her brain had been momentarily overloaded by new sensory information as her eyes were corrupted by the Servant's identity. When she slammed them shut they were their usual orange, but once opened they shone a piercing and paranormal gold., the clarity of her surroundings more consistent than they had been before. The girl also felt like, if need be, she could see farther.

Icy blonde streaks continued to lay claim to her natural orange head as their worked their way in, each strand pulled straighter and the overall look of each strand seemingly thinner. Her head of hair overall seemed less voluminous and ruffled, a neater design that would be easy to style left in its wake.

"If BB wanted a Servant that would follow her she'd definitely want at least a Servant that was at least morally gray, so an Alter makes sense..." Even as she spoke she could feel the sound of her voice twisting, harmonics lower and tone dryer even as her vocalized thoughts continued on. **"Damn it! Why did I trust her!?"** Hand was slammed against the wall, an uncharacteristic fit of anger guiding her actions as her mind and habits were slowly conditioned to fit a new identity. It wasn't until her Hawaiian top felt loose that she bothered to finally take a hand away from the wall, instead putting fingers to work to until the shirt and yank it open to confirm her suspicions.

Her bare nipples were purple, a color of nipple no healthy human could ever realistically possess. But that didn't change its nature, nor that she could see the size of her bosom dwindling from the perch of her eyes higher north. It wasn't substantial, but it wasn't like Gudako thought of herself to be very stacked in the first place. Her breasts retained their youthful perkiness, and certainly didn't shrink down to the size she'd suffered from when she'd spent time as Shuten, but they were about a size smaller than she was used to.

Well, that ruled Lancer Alter of the equation. Her tits would have been growing the *opposite* direction were *that* the case.

Still holding the silken top open on either side so that she could see her girls beneath, the cloth suddenly tensed up and became difficult to pull outward. Gudako had no choice but to let go, floral pattern slapping against her tits and pinning them uncomfortably so that the flesh that did poke out was forced to accumulate around it. But that wasn't all. Said floral pattern darkened along with the rest of the top, and the coverage provided by the shirt dwindled and dwindled. Sleeves dyed black regressed to her shoulders, what was left thickening into a pair of straps, and plenty of each breast was left on display once it became clear that it had turned into a dark bikini, the only reprieve to its darker colouring being a ruffled white trim on top of each cup.

"Maid..." She didn't have the energy to be shocked anymore, her voice rougher and more monotonous as she spoke her own observation aloud. This completed narrowed down who she was becoming right down to the class. It wasn't a mere observation, however, but the identity had popped up in the forefront of Gudako's mind. It threatened to overtake her if she let her guard down for but a moment. The identity of Artoria Pendragon Alter (Summer). For some reason her second ascension bore resemblance to maid wear, and that was what the bikini top looked like.

Golden eyes glanced to a bag on the floor. A bag Gudako had brought with her swimsuit inside. But now she almost felt like she'd packed accessories. Things to accentuate this costume. But that couldn't be true, right?

As she reached down towards the bag to see, she could feel the muscles around her stomach tighten as her tummy let out another hungry rumble. Her sides pinched in, but at the same time turned rockier as muscles became hard as expected of a knight. Unbeknownst to the girl, bending over was easier because her body was becoming just a little bit shorter. Her hips narrowed as the gesture of leaning forward stuck her ass in the air, and while said ass retained its youthful vigor it also became riddled with subtle, muscular abundance as well. It wasn't pronounced enough to detract from its girlish appeal, but at the same time led credibility to the idea that Gudako(?) was a girl that was physically fit.

Her white shorts, clinging to her booty as they did, found black scarring their purity as well. The material had been thick, almost like a pair of cargo shorts, but that thickness rapidly waned and clung to her cheeks in a way that revealed the curvature of her rump without a single detail laid to waste. It wasn't as fancy as the top, but what was left was a small, tight bikini bottom that was only on full display for but a moment before the excess material crawled around her waist and blossomed into pure white apron that fluttered out in front of Gudako... *Alter*.

Fingers unzipped the bag all the meanwhile, the restructuring of her lower wear gone unnoticed in the face of curiosity. Memories conflicted her regarding what she'd packed. Was there really a swimsuit in there? But as far as she knew she was already wearing one... However that hadn't been the case before. These memories of doing other things weren't correct, but what made it difficult was that she was

having difficulty identify real from fake anymore. Even two names floated around inside her noggin. 'Gudako' and 'Artoria'. She'd felt as if the latter was wrong at some point but was now leaning towards the opposite being true.

Not knowing just made her frustrated enough to shove her whole, pale hand into the bag and rip the contents out in one motion, various garments scattered around the wooden floor before her. Black thigh highs, a pair of mary janes, a black hoodie, and a maid's headpiece all fell out. So the latter set of memories was correct. **"That means I'm Artoria. Of course it does."** She grumbled and picked the accessories off the floor, nestling the headpiece upon a head of faded blonde strands and pulling thigh highs until they snapped around lean but muscular legs. A wiggle of tiny toes suggested everything was as she recalled before she hung the sweater around her shoulders, leaving the upper swimsuit revealed.

Gudako's memories had been discarded, Artoria taking root within her mind and no longer letting go. That said it wasn't like Gudako was gone. Gudako was Artoria Alter. She merely couldn't remember she'd lived a different life until now.

Changed, she snatched a broom off the wall and headed for a door that had, at some point, returned. BB wanted her to come meet their new hire or something, and it would have been a headache if she got scolded on day one.

"I said say 'AHHHH'!" Meanwhile in the other room an uncanny scene had unfolded. BB's attempt to just quietly change Mashu had been thwarted, and after meeting some resistance on the Shielder's part BB had ended up mounting her, Mashu's back to the ground as BB attempted to shove a pipe in her mouth. But Mashu was resilient, turning her head every which way to avoid having the object stuck in her mouth. **"You're so annoying Mashu! Fine, I didn't want to have to do this but I command you, take the pipe in your mouth!"**

Mashu thought BB was crazy a moment, giving her commands, but the second a red light lit up on the back of the Mooncancer's hand her head ceased moving to evade it, mouth parted ever-so-slightly to accommodate the long, ornate object that was shoved in her mouth. **"There's a good girl. Now inhale so I can get ride of you once and for all."** Against her own will Mashu had no choice but to do what she was told, inhaling gently on the pipe as a strange tasting substance wafted into her lungs. It made her cough, so much that she ultimately spit the pipe out, but it was all BB needed. **"Thank you! And toodle-oo! I'll catch up with you and Master-san when you're both done!"**

BB disappeared, just like that. Mashu was left laying on the wooden floor coughing, drool from having her mouth forced open rolling down her cheek while she struggled to get herself upright once more. She'd known it was a trap, she'd known along! Yet Gudako and Gudao were too trusting! It was something she admired about them, sure, but in cases like these it wouldn't have hurt them to be a little more suspicious.

Her lungs burned, but nonetheless she managed to rise back up onto her own two feet. BB had jumped her after she'd already changed into her swimwear so she was thankfully changed, but looking around she noticed another problem: there was no door. She'd entered through a door, closed a door, and yet a door no longer existed. "**Senpai!? Can you hear me senpai!?**" She'd chosen the room right next to Gudako's and decided to yell and bang on the wall beside her to try and get her Master's attention, but there was no response.

There was also the question of what BB had forced her to ingest. Gaze cast to the pipe laying on the ground beside her she almost felt like she'd seen one with that design before, but it hadn't been consequential enough of an encounter for her to remember *exactly* where. "**SeNpAi!?**" This time when she yelled there was something considerably off about her voice. It almost sounded mechanical, robotic, and when she went to yell again to check no sound came out of her mouth at all. She tried and tried and tried, and yet nothing each and every time.

As Mashu struggled to make sound, her vision found itself blurring. The wooden paneling of the walls began to blend together, light began to fade, until she was completely and utterly blind. She was still conscious however, and was left to flail around with no sight, no voice, and inevitably no ability to hear for at least thirty seconds. All she had left was touch and she used it to find the wall to prop herself against so that she couldn't possibly fall over.

Until suddenly all of her senses returned to her. It was almost like all of her sensory abilities had been rebooted with how they all came on at once, but at the same time she felt like all of those abilities were different? She couldn't see that the violets of her eyes had dulled while she'd been blind, the whites of her eyes having hardened to an artificially black state before irises had begun to emit a dull, mechanical glow; completely void of pupils. To say she was peering through her eyes might have been inaccurate at this point. It was more like she was staring through a pair of lenses.

The temperature of her body began to plummet barring an abundant warmth that radiated from her chest. Her internal composition was beginning to shift, and while Mashu couldn't see as much the bones inside her had begun to expand. They didn't displace flesh or blood or anything of the sort, instead absorbing all that was around them and growing to fill the void. On the exterior her skin began to harden, a snow white robbing her blood-warmed coloring of any life as she begun to look more like a doll than a person.

Lips were forced closed despite Mashu's attempts to scream once she realized she was beginning to look less and less human. They would never open again. Not because she'd never try, but because the lips had become little more than a decoration upon her face to make herself *look* like a person. Her teeth locked into place, and she was subjected to the sensation of choking for a moment as her mouth filled up with something she couldn't taste nor understand. It was the bone of her own skull, much like the rest of her bones, filling in absent space.

And it was at this point that her thinking became sluggish. What was left of her brain was hooked up to a new chain of Magic Circuits that spread from her heart throughout her solid, bone body. She no longer felt hunger for she had no internal organs. She no longer needed to breathe because her heart was sustained by magic. From her 'heart' a soft humming noise eventually whirred as the movement of Mashu's arms and legs grew choppy and disjointed.

Hard and white, cracks began to form down Mashu's neck as a yellow light began to shine from beneath them. Eventually pieces chipped off, revealing a black interior with yellow circuits running through it. This is what the inside of her body looked like, her human form exchanged for the body of an advanced golem.

'What... am I... Who... I'm not human, so...' The girl was left with little more than her thoughts as her body automatically reached down for the pipe with one hand, a second hand on the same side of her body holding the bench to keep herself upright. *'...!?'* At some point a third and fourth arm had erupted from either side of her body and had begun to flail around creepily like the rest of her limbs. Because she couldn't truly feel with her body, let alone feel pain any longer, she hadn't even noticed them grow. *'Four arms... why... not... normal...'* Thoughts grew slower still; at this rate it wouldn't be long until they ceased completely.

The newly grown arms had torn holes in either side of her swimsuit, but that wasn't a problem for very long since her costume began to reshape. The swimsuit spread and mended, latex thickening into layered silk while straps slid down to leave shoulders bare. The mass of the attire only grew more substantial as a kimono clearly took shape, one that actively covered every danger area despite the fact that her form had already been robbed of any sexual capabilities.

Her nipples went to the way of the dinosaur as the hard 'breasts' upon her chest enlarged into the new mold set out by the kimono, their featureless peaks serving as the only things keeping the kimono on. Mashu wore no undergarments which was no issue since there was no orifice southward that needed covering, though for some reason her design had left her with a substantiated but purposeless pair of butt cheeks. Her thighs grew thicker, in turn making her artificial body seem more seductive; but ultimately no purpose existed for a body like that. After all she was little more than a...

'A... A... I am a... a... ma...id?' This simple thought was the last one Mashu would produce before any semblance of thought left her mind -- if what existed could even be considered a mind. Her body idled, standing there motionlessly for almost five minutes until someone stepped through a door. A door... that the Jochuu golem somehow felt hadn't been there before.

What stepped in, the golem noted, was a Servant. One registered to her database. Artoria Pendragon Alter. Her handler as assigned by BB. She was a Jochuu unit salvaged from the Ooku Labyrinth, re-purposed to serve BB and those she was

assigned to. The Servant in question seemed rather perplexed by the Golem's existence. **"She wants me to work alongside a piece of trash? Ugh."** Broom in hand, she shoved it in the Jochuu's direction. One of its artificial hands sprung out and grabbed it. **"Come on, BB wants us to prepare for the next phase. It's annoying, but let's get some fried chicken first."** Her stomach growled. **"I'm not doing anything until I eat."**

The golem didn't know anything about eating, or about this Servant's abusive choice of words, but it followed after. This woman was her master, at least for now. All she could do was nod, the crimson 'hair' atop her head little more than steel curved to look like the hair of a geisha. She followed without another thought. This was her duty.