

FATE / REINCARNATED

CH2: HERO RAISING

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Rin Tohsaka had been meticulous in how she had gone about summoning her intended Servant for Fuyuki's Fifth Holy Grail War. Following instructions left behind for her by her late father, she had arranged everything as she was meant to. Set up the summoning circle as she was meant to. Made sure her *entire property* was laid out in the way it was meant to. There was no room for error in this case. She needed to summon a Saber so that she could come out of the war as its victor. Not only for glory, so that she may come out of the war alive.

Truthfully though, Rin had made a fatal error in one key area, although she didn't realize. She needed her clocks to be set to a specific time in order for it to work properly. So if she managed to summon a Servant as things were, well... She most certainly wouldn't summon the Servant that she had planned on summoning.

“Alright... I guess it's time.” Admiring her handiwork, it was almost the ideal time to start the summoning. And so she did, with the hopes that she would summon a great hero capable of leading her to victory. Even if history had played out like it was supposed to, though, that issue with the clocks would have prevented her from realizing that idea. But in this case?

Things went *entirely* awry.

Why was the circle glowing blue and shooting electrical sparks? **“Uh...?”** Was that normal? She felt like she had been told the light should have been red or gold, not blue? And what was with the air? It was almost like it was sucking— **“AHHHH!?”** Oh, nope! It was

definitely sucking! Because her entire body was pulled into it, where she then *disappeared*.



“...Huh? Where am I?” The next the young magus knew, she was standing in an unfamiliar kitchen. Unfamiliar structurally and aesthetically for one, but there was something additionally odd about it. There was no fridge, no microwave, and no apparent plumbing. Almost like it was a kitchen out of an age long past. Judging by the light filtering through the nearby window as well, it was likely early morning? **“Was I warped somewhere? How!?”**

The summoning circle was supposed to summon a hero from an age passed, but in this case? From Rin’s perspective, hadn’t she been sucked into it and launched into an era long past instead? **“Wait, isn’t this bad? How do I get back? Don’t tell me I’m trapped here...”** Realistically, knowing Rin’s personality she most definitely *should* have yelled that at the top of her lungs, seeing as she could be the queen of overreacting. But something had forced her to give a more subdued reaction. A desire.

To not wake *him*.

But she hadn’t thought anything of what that might have meant.

“Huh? What’s the smell?” There *had* been an undeniable scent in this kitchen from the moment she’d appeared. It was a little... *farmy*. But it had become a little more pungent as time wore on. It didn’t even occur to Rin at the time, but it was because *she* had become a source of it. The smell was coming from her own skin and hair, almost like she spent a lot of her time in this home, and on this property.

But Rin realized she had no time to worry about the smell of farm animals and straw. She needed to find a way out of here. **“Now how am I going to get back to... to...? Huh?”** Where had she come from again? It was an island nation, but there was no ocean around here, so... How did she know there wasn’t an ocean nearby, come to think of it?

As questions began to mount, something peculiar began to happen to the young woman’s body. It began with her eyes in fact, with their shapes not only becoming rounder, but the colors within taking on a

bright orange as opposed to their usual, bright blue. Their roundness was strange as well for one *big* reason. Any semblance of Rin's Japanese heritage was more or less sapped away from them, leaving their design to appear much more Caucasian by comparison.

And that was a trend that soon slipped into the rest of her facial features as well. Her jaw pulled a little farther down from the rest of her face, giving it a slightly longer look – all while lips became more upturned and plumper, and her cheeks softer despite how the bones were raised. There was no denying that she was not Japanese any longer, but she also couldn't claim to be American or European, for one simple reason.

She could not remember either of these regions existing.

Rin's mind was quickly being bent to the world she had been sent to, becoming a proper citizen of it whether she noticed or not. And to those ends? A loud yawn escaped her lips. **“Why do I feel like I just woke up?”** It *was* strange. Where had all of this fatigue come from? She had been wide awake all day, and suddenly she was rubbing the dust from her eyes?

The young woman had not noticed a strange change to her outfit, either. Her skirt and top had bound together, and down the front it all almost seemed to open as the cloth both softened and changed in color. Until finally? There was no denying that it was a gray housecoat that still fit her teenaged body despite the changes seen in her face. On the other hand? Her thigh highs unwound and her shoes had changed so that she was only wearing a pair of slippers below the waist. These clothes all felt *comfy*, but they also smelled just as much like a farm as her skin did.

“Hm? Did it get hot in here?” Things *had* felt quite cool, but from Rin's perspective she was now feeling rather balmy. It wasn't because the temperature of the room had changed like she assumed, mind you, but because her body itself had begun to radiate a warmth. As that warmth spread, so too did her figure spread as well. That is to say that there became more *to* her body, beginning with her height.

The girl sprung up like a *weed*. It didn't take long for her to shoot up to 5'8", which was a huge boost from a height that was once roughly 5'2". This hoisted the housecoat she was wearing up and off her hips, revealing that there hadn't been any underwear on underneath. But more than that? It showed off just how her body had managed to stay consistently proportioned despite her boost of tallness. Or perhaps it was better to say that her body had become fuller as she had grown taller?

Her hips and shoulders had both grown wider, but the former had done so much more substantially than the latter had. In fact, the abundance of these hips, that now were practically an *entire foot* longer, paved the way for the regions around them to swell in tandem. That is to say both her ass and thighs swelled with a tender meat that bloated their sizes significantly, with her rear end jiggling like a pair of water balloons behind her as plump thighs rubbed sensually together beneath a pussy now sporting untamed, bright orange pubic hairs. Which was strange, because the rest of her body appeared to be shaved.

Bloat saw to it that the young woman's figure was irreversibly altered elsewhere, as well. Wider hips meant that her tummy's reach had been forced across as well, but more than that this stomach soon swelled forth with a plumpness that gave her a notable tummy bulge – complete with stretchmarks. This softness was enticing in its own way, but it did suggest she wasn't quite as in shape as she had been. Or, perhaps, she wasn't as *youthful*.

The eruption of her breasts, on the other hand, disheveled her housecoat even more. They pulsed with such gratuitous weight that the folds near the top came undone, and while this also should have lifted its base further? It appeared the clothing was finally catching up to her new size, with its skirt lengthening so that it covered as far down as her upper thighs. Breasts each bore a heft that left them larger than her own head, but there was a slight sag to them that suggested, yes, she was a woman not of her teens, but of an advanced age.

“Perhaps I'm getting too old to keep doing this...” She cooed with a husky but attractively different voice as fatigue continued to plague her – courtesy of just how much heftier her body was now. Rin hardly noticed the crow's feet accumulating in the corners of her eyes, or how her face was rendered more mature both in shape and in how her complexion was more worn. But there was something undeniably sexy about it all, too. She was stunningly beautiful despite clearly being at *least* forty years old.

All that was really left of Rin's old self was her dark hair, still tied up in bows. But those bows soon disappeared, allowing her hair to fall behind her and fall just as equally victim to the ensuing transformation. The same orange that has seized her pubes swept through, leaving locks longer and more luscious, but there was some obvious wear from age in how frayed they were. She was lucky none of them had begun to gray! But even the hairstyle itself was different, with waves falling down her back, and bangs parted cutely in the middle.

A wistful sigh escaped the rounded lips of *Ria Asterism*. Being a simple barmaid in a small country village like she was, she never would have imagined as a young girl that she would one day give birth to the boy that was destined to save their world from the Demon King that had enthralled it for one-hundred years. Yet she had, and that had all but been reaffirmed by the goddess that had visited her on his day of birth. Ah, how she could remember that day so vividly...



“Oh! What was I thinking about? I need to get breakfast ready before he awakens...” It was difficult being a single mother, but her husband had been killed by the demon lord shortly before their child had been born. She always lamented that her lover had never been able to meet their dear child, but she worked tirelessly every day now to make sure that boy could live a happy, healthy lifestyle. That meant working at the bar during the day, and sometimes entertaining men and women in the bedroom in the evenings when a little extra coin was needed.

They lived on a small farm, at least, so everything they needed for food could essentially be grown. Though some people of the village saw her as more of a cow with her figure than the actual cow Ria had on her property. Not that the mother herself knew about that reputation, but when you slept with a lot of people in a small town like this one...

Confident her child was still sound asleep, the woman eventually moved outside in her bathrobe. **“I should gather milk and eggs before he wakes up...”**