

# FATE / CLASS WARFARE

## CH9: THE MOONCANCER

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Ayaka Sajyou didn't like this one bit.

She was no fan of Holy Grail Wars nor Servants, having lost her father and sister to one in the distant past. After all, she was not the Ayaka Sajyou that would one day summon the Saber known by the name of *Richard*, but an Ayaka Sajyou living during the Second Tokyo Holy Grail War. She had ended up tied up in the affairs of the Saber of this War, Arthur Pendragon, and well...

None of that really seemed to matter any longer. She wasn't *in* Tokyo now. But a summoning circle, a tool meant *to* summon a circle, laid at her feet. **"I don't understand how this happened. I'm not a Servant."** Ayaka didn't really think she needed to explain *why* that was. She had Command Seals on her hand. Whether she had wished to be or not, she *was* a Master. And no Servants were summoned with those on their hands.

And that was even putting aside the fact that she wasn't really all that strong. There would be no benefit to summoning her into a Holy Grail War, and even if there had been, she would have chosen *not* to participate. She hadn't even wanted anything to do with the war in Tokyo, but in a city that she didn't even recognize? **"...I have no real business being here."**

Wherever 'here' was supposed to be. She took in all of the building signs she could on the quiet, nighttime street that she had been summoned to. But one name *did* pop up frequently. *Fuyuki*. So, this place was called Fuyuki? Ayaka didn't really know where in Japan that was. Was it close to Tokyo, or was it far away? It didn't exactly matter *that* much in the

grand scheme of things when all she wanted was to go *home*. Which was a problem when she didn't seem to be able to even *move* past the edge of the summoning circle.



**“Can I modify this to make it work in reverse? Or is this really like when a Servant is summoned?”** Ayaka *was* a mage, and one who was quite talented in her own right. In attempting to understand the lines etched beneath her, she was attempting to figure out a way to use it to her advantage. If not break the barrier that surrounded it. Of course, if it functioned on Servant summoning rules then there *was* a big issue.

For a Servant, the only way to return was either to win the Holy Grail War... or to perish. Both circumstances she had hoped to avoid no matter what. **“So, if this... circle... would... cooperate!?”** The teen had begun to fiddle with it in hopes that she could make things work out, but it caused a bit of a strain on her. Much to her surprise? It seemingly began to glow *brighter*. **“Oh! Is it working?”** But this was something all of the other victims had noticed too.

**“No, it’s not. This is something *else*...”** Ayaka could feel it. The mana from the summoning circle wasn’t dissipating into the air like it should have. Instead? It was flowing *into* her body. Something *appeared* within her body’s core. Something foreign and uncomfortable. But once she had slowly stood up onto her feet properly? Rather than immediately freak out? A playful *smirk* slid across her lips as her expression shifted into something much more *dominating*.

The girl had to *force* the smile off of her face, utterly flabbergasted that such a feeling had come across her. **“N-No, that wasn’t me! What *was* that!? It felt like... something... *good*...”** The teen’s ego immediately slipped once more, and she found herself savoring the feeling a second time. But on *this* occasion? A couple of physical changes could be observed from the neck up. The dull colors of her eyes illuminated with gold in a *literal* sense. They were *literally* glowing. This was better observed as those eyes grew in size and shape, eventually not even looking like they *belonged* to Ayaka in the first place.

That was because, of course, they *didn’t*.

*One.* A hot pink dot was tattooed in the dead center of her forehead. This seemed to invite a change to the overall shape of Ayaka’s face. It

became long and narrow, making her golden eyes with lengthier lashes stand out all the more. *Two*. A second pink dot was tattooed above the first. This happened as her lips swelled to sizes so ample that they could be mistaken for a porn star who'd had injections. But they were *completely* natural. *Three*. A third and final dot appeared beneath the first two. The cost of its existence was paid with perceived *age*, as her face matured *rapidly* until it looked like it belonged to a woman in her *twenties*.

**“I can’t get lost in whatever this is, but mmn...”** The *woman* could act like she was fighting it all she wanted, but the increasingly twisted smile on her face did plenty to demonstrate just how much she had *already* fallen. She felt confident, powerful, and *sexy*. Whatever morals she possessed were quickly drying out, leaving only the *immoral* in their place. Forget fighting in the war, she hardly even had a qualm about *killing* now.

And while her body wasn't technically *sexy* just yet, it was almost surprising just how quickly things like that could change under the summoning circle's power. Just as quickly as her dark hair grew out *significantly*. It twirled into waves while cascading out behind her, separating into thickened strands before it reached her *ankles*. It was far longer than Ayaka ever would have liked it, but she didn't exactly have *Ayaka's* sensibilities anymore.

Normally standing at 5'3", the woman hardly batted an eyelash as that height became *enhanced*. Perhaps that was a little dramatic to say when she only grew up to 5'5", hardly enough to do much more than lift her shirt or skirt a little bit. It was still *noticeable* from her perspective. **“That’s a little better. But I’m still missing all of the important bits, aren’t I?”** Ayaka used her hands to trace the sides of her body sensually, feeling her waistline crunch in as she did so. By the time they reached her hips? Those hips *flared out* a number of inches.

Because they were looking to accommodate what the *Servant* was expecting. She could *feel* the bush within her panties becoming full and messy and her pussy taking on the empty feeling of overuse. It ached a bit, but her arousal was only *amplified* by the emergence of a mature woman's curves. They gathered in and around her loins first, her thighs and ass expunging outward with fresh flesh that jiggled as her skirt lifted and her panties were flossed between rippling cheeks. Their shapes fit the perfect balance of 'ample' and 'perky', not sagging even a little bit as if crafted by the gods themselves. Although, her tights couldn't help but tear and fray *around* those thighs.

It didn't take long for Ayaka to find herself groping one of her breasts as *they* swelled next. Small A-cups doubled, tripled, and even *quadrupled*

in size. Enlarged, erect nipples forcing her uniform top forward and up to accommodate what eventually became a pair of jiggling *I-cups*. The woman beamed an unsettling smile. **“Now *that’s* better. I suppose it’s just a matter of my clothes then?”**

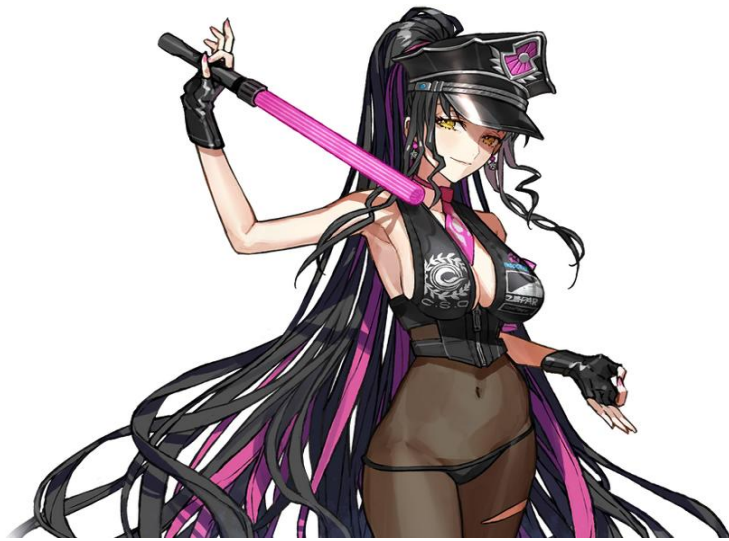
All it took was a clap of her hands to do *that* part herself. Ayaka’s ill fitted schoolgirl attire promptly erupted into a starry sea of shimmering gold. One that swirled around her for a short period of time so that her curvaceous, sexy body was rendered entirely bare – making it easy to grab, squeeze, and *rub*. But those sparkles eventually converged on her body once more, delivering unto her a new outfit that fit this new body.

And what an outfit it was. One part swimsuit, one part uniform. Part of it was a black swim top that ran vertically over her breasts, a white emblem imprinted over both tits. Her arms were completely bare aside from black leather, fingerless gloves. She also had on a black bikini bottom that barely fit, but it didn’t really matter with the translucent body stocking that fit the rest of her like a glove. Throw in the heels, and well...

It was quite the commandeering design for a swimsuit.

**“Mmn... Well, I suppose they needed someone to cruelly and mercilessly deliver punishment to the other Servants of this Holy Grail War, hm?”** *Kiara Sesshouin*

had been summoned into, of all things, the *Mooncancer* class in the end. It was a class that was typically reserved for BB and whoever she deemed suitable to occupy it, but during a certain summery incident? Kiara had used her own powers as a Beast to occupy it without permission. It had made BB’s blood boil then.



And she could only imagine that taking her place in a legitimate Holy Grail War would have made it bubbled even more.

Any reservations that the girl had once had about participating in this war had been replaced along with her appearance and personality into this moral-free, sexy *nun*. Kiara didn’t care about participating in the war because she didn’t carry any trauma related to it. **“But I suppose**

**the opportunity is there to cause trauma to plenty of others, mm?”** That didn’t sound like a bad idea to her, really.

From what she could tell, it didn’t really seem like she was bound to a Master. There was some sort of *system* in place instead. Servants seemed to be able to do whatever they liked. Was that the reason that a Master needed to serve as their core? To give them that freedom? **“It’s a rather *curious* proposition, if I do say so myself. But not one that I’m not willing to take advantage of~!”**

Which probably didn’t bode well for the other Servants *or* the city.