

FATE / CLASS WARFARE

CH5: THE RIDER

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Hakuno Kishinami looked up at the clock in his Servant's room. Within the Moon Cell it was difficult to tell the time at times. It *did* have a day and night cycle surrounding the school campus, but it wasn't always *accurate*. How long had it been since Nero had decided to 'go for a leisurely stroll' now? She had been a little pouty when he had told her he wanted to stay in and take a nap – from which he had only just woken up, in fact.

It wouldn't have surprised the young man at all if she was *intentionally* taking a long time to try and get 'back' at him for declining her invitation in the first place. "**Well... I might as well get some more shut eye for a bit, then...**" He didn't have a single doubt in his mind that when his Saber returned, she would *immediately* do everything in her power to wake him up anyways. And they weren't due to fight anyone new just yet.

And so? He laid back down and closed his eyes, fully prepared to drift off into Lalaland once more. Unfortunately for those plans of his? The stifling sensation of mana gathering around him snapped him awake again and, by the time he managed to shoot up off his bed? Well, it would have been appropriate to say that he *wasn't* in the Moon Cell any longer.

He had lifted himself off a worn down cot in a very *unsettling* place. It *must* have been contained underground based on the atmosphere, and it had a *very* high ceiling. "**Is this a prison cell?**" No, maybe a better word to describe it would have been 'dungeon'? It was dimly lit, with

only moonlight filtering in through a giant hole above. Hakuno himself didn't exactly have any context for what this location *was*.



But it was the *ruins* of the Matou estate. Or at least the dungeon that had been used underneath it to help create the Fifth Holy Grail War's Greater Grail. **“How did I end up here? This doesn't feel like the Moon Cell somehow...”** It was easy enough to identify the cause though. After all, aside from the moon, the only other source of light was at his feet. **“A circle?”** Unfortunately, he didn't really have the magecraft expertise to identify it as a summoning circle, even if he *could* tell it was made with magecraft.

“Is it erecting some kind of barrier?” It wrapped all of the way around the cot he had ‘woken up’ in, and he couldn't move past its limitations without being pushed away. But that only added to his questions. He *really* didn't like the looks of things. **“I hope I'm not in any danger...”** And his Command Seals were missing, so he couldn't summon Nero to his side.

He wasn't really in any *danger* at least!

“Did something big just move down there...?” There *were* steps that seemed to lead even deeper into the dungeon, but... *How had he heard anything from down there?* Hakuno himself didn't really seem to question it while his ears twitched and turned atop his head. ...*Wait*. **“...Huh?”** A hand reached up to try and deal with this very *unusual* sensation but grasped onto something *soft*. A *pair* of somethings soft, in fact.

“H-HAH!?” His voice made a *very* weird and effeminate sound as his fingers touched what *must* have been a pair of furry animal ears? Why were they so ungodly *sensitive*? **“Why do I have *these*!?”** The truth of the matter was that his own, human ears had begun to deform shortly after he had realized where he was. Their positions had been adjusted bit by bit while creeping up his head's sides, but at the same time their cartilage had been stretched into triangular shapes that were soon coated by thin, white furs. By the time they had reached their new positions? Fluffier tufts had emerged *within* them.

They looked and *felt* like the ears of a cat.

SWISH, SWISH, SWISH!

“UWAH!?” Unfortunately, those ears weren’t the only part of his body that become inherently cat *like*. Something had shot out from above his pants behind him – roughly around where his *tailbone* was. The moment it shot out it began to move on its own, swishing from side to side and forcing him to spin around to try and catch sight of it. *That* plan failed, and so he settled for *grabbing* it. **“I knew it!”** Hakuno had grabbed onto the base of something *fluffy*. A *tail*.

Knowing *what* it was didn’t help him understand what was happening at all, however. But he had also yet to realize that things were also much more dire than he understood. Take the hand that was gripping the tail, for example? No, take *both* of his hands for example. Their fingers were smaller, narrower, and the nails upon them had both extended and were painted sky blue. But that color had also emerged elsewhere on his person... just not in a place where it could be washed off.

Hakuno’s *eyes*. Not only did this same blue bleed in, distorting their original brown until they were as beautiful as the sky in the middle of a cloudless day, but there was something *off* about their shapes? His eyelids appeared to gradually *stretch*, widening and rounding his gaze in a way that stole away his Japanese heritage. Those eyes were big, bright, and clearly *Caucasian*. And the ramifications of this were quick to spread throughout the rest of his face.

But while those features definitely turned racially, that wasn’t the only aspect of their design that was skewed into something *different*. Namely? It was becoming more and more difficult to tell if his face had a masculine design or not. Those features were softening, rounding, and even *shrinking* in places like his nose. Perhaps the only *real* exception was his lips, which swelled up a little, so they were thick and pouty. As an added effect, he looked a little less like a teenager and more like a *young adult*.

“Am I turning into some kind of cat... boy?” This question has *impeccable* timing, as it was asked moments *after* his Adam’s apple smoothed away and his vocal chords had adjusted to project a sound that better matched his facial features – which undeniably looked like those of a *European woman*. Hakuno coughed, trying to clear the sound away, but... **“Test... Test... My voice is...?”** It sounded like a *woman’s*. Something that probably, most definitely, *should have been* shocking.

Why would I not sound like a woman, though?

And yet, the man himself didn’t seem to think so. Rather, the mental aspects of his transformation finally seemed to be taking root properly now, not *removing* his doubts but making things a little easier to swallow. A new personality and sense of self were forming that *clearly*

identified as a woman in some capacity. And the way that his dark brown hair appeared to lighten and spill *well* past his shoulders suggested that he still had far more to go through than he already had. These lengthened hairs were snow white when all was said and done, with bushy bangs and ample volume. Paired with how blue her eyes were, it all had a very pleasant visual contrast.

Something seemed to click while he appeared to be unsteady on his feet for a moment. It was a side effect of his height diminishing, his 5'7" stature regressing to 5'3" – although with his cat ears he looked a little closer to 5'4". The loss went disregarded. Did Hakuno no longer care about his transformation? No, that was incorrect in a sense. Hakuno no longer cared about *her* transformation.

“Ngh...! Well, I suppose that was going to happen at this point...” She merely groaned and shook off the feeling of her dick and balls shrinking into almost nothing, and the sensation of her slit opening into her new womb that followed. Her new identity as a Servant had already rooted itself in her mind, and it was the identity of someone who didn't really care all that much about what her sex was to begin with.

She merely used her smaller hands to pull and tug and vaguely oversized clothing while her *figure* took shape. Her waistline pinched in, and her hips flared out, all while the muscles on her body all tensed up and bulged every so slightly to give her the physique of a woman that was a little fitter than she had been as that male teenager. But while this meant a lot of her body had *hardened* in a sense, it was a *softness* that she anticipated above all else now that she had no dick.

Hakuno shuddered once her anticipation paid off and she felt that softness begin to *gather*. When it came to a woman's body, that could only really mean *one* thing when compared to how perpetually thin her body had remained since her sex had changed. Flesh swelled and skin stretched out behind her, with the cheeks of her ass working overtime to make up for the space freed in her pants from her earlier shrinkage. The cheeks of her ass ended up being roughly *three times* larger than they had been before, with the extra weight sliding down in over the muscle around her thighs so that there were taut, yet plush.

The woman groped at her own rump playfully for a time, but her manicured hands soon traveled up to her chest instead. It *had* been flat this whole time, but once her butt had grown in, her nipples and the skin beneath them had begun to appear *puffier*. It was initially subtle, but she could feel more and more weight gathering beneath her palms. They sprung up into A-cups, then B-cups. C, D, E – but they finalized

their growth at *E-cups* that were perky and lifted up her uniform top. **“That seems better!”**

Hakuno removed her hands just in time for her clothing to erupt into a golden light, reforming according to her new Saint Graph into a white, one piece dress that revealed her thighs, cleavage, and bellybutton thanks to diamond cut-outs. Blue ribbon adorned her breasts and hips, while matching leggings and boots hugged her thighs and feet. It all ended with a big, blue bow that tied her white hair into a low ponytail, as well as a white furred half-cape that was bound to either upper arm.

“And that’s even better!”

The soft, white-furred ears upon the woman’s head twitched – sensitive to each and every sound from within the dungeon. **“Ew... There are a lot of creepy crawlies in here, aren’t there?”** *Dobrynya Nikitich’s* feline tail swished back and forth behind her in tandem with her twitching ears, but it straightened when it occurred to her that some of them must have been *big*. The very thought prompted her to snap her fingers, summoning a pure white dragon that she jumped onto. **“Up!”**



This *Rider* decided that fleeing the damp, dark location was for the best despite the circumstances, and it didn’t take long at all for the dragon to zip through the hole above and soar high into the sky above what she now recognized as Fuyuki City. The site of the Holy Grail War that she had been summoned to... *unconventionally*. **“This is a lot to take in, but I certainly couldn’t linger there...”** The cat girl had no desire to be a big bug’s food!

Nikitich could recall her point of origin as Hakuno, but it didn’t really take precedence mentally. Her new identity and the role she served according to her summoning were much more important. **“Is this war being fought without Masters? Hm...”** With the glowing moon in the sky as the dragon rider’s backdrop, she zoomed off to the other side of town.

“Perhaps I should do some investigating?”