

FATE / FULFILLMENT

CHAPTER 2: THE AI INSIDE



JUNE 5TH, 2015

He could hardly believe his eyes as he bore witness to the day circled on the calendar in front of him. It was the 5th of June were it to be believed, and in the year 2015 at that! Unlike the Servant Saber who'd been drawn from the past it was the opposing case here. The boy that stood alone in a bedroom he didn't recognize had come from the *future*. It would have been foolish to just assume based on the date of the calendar of course, only coming to the conclusion that he was correct after consulting a nearby computer that was sitting on an idle screen. It asked for a password, but the date and time were still clearly displayed.

Brown eyes flickered from sight to sight in the room. A worn tatami mat, a broken kotatsu in the room's center, a television so old it was practically a giant rock, everything covered in dust. This room hadn't been lived in for a very long time and it showed. Which made it stranger that the computer was on. An orange glow from the setting sun filtered through a singular window at the room's back, giving the space an almost eerie glow.

Hakuno Kishinami was used to weird situations. An amnesiac that had been chosen as a Master of the Moon Cell, his fortune had always been somewhat poor. Summoning a Servant that he had to raise the parameters of despite all of his peers summoning their Servants at full strength, his bonds being tested by the match ups of the Moon Cell Holy Grail War itself... and this was all before the Sakura Labyrinth opened up.

He idly glanced down at his right hand where he expected to see a set of Command Seals but nothing was there. Of course they weren't. This was a different place, a different *time*. There was no way Caster would be able to reach him here.

Which begged the obvious question: *now what?* His options were limited it seemed. He could remain in this dirty room, or head on outside and get a better grasp of his situation. The last thing Hakuno wanted to do was spend more time in a room as unhealthy as this, so the latter option was the most appeal. But first... he glanced at the computer. Information would be key here, and so didn't it make more sense to check what the internet had to offer? The password was a setback, but he was a hacker. He could figure it out... *probably*.

Hakuno rolled up the sleeves of his school uniform a little before he began, not wanting to get dust on the navy blue sleeves from the keyboard itself, and it took very little time for him to enter in his first password guess. '*This is not your current password*'. Another. '*This is not your current password*'. And another. '*This is not your current password*' 1234567890? '*This is not your current password. You have one more attempt.*' He thought real hard for a moment. If he were to get locked out it wouldn't be the end of the world of course, there were definitely computers outside.

Fingers ran against dusty keys one final time, but what he typed wasn't what he'd planned on putting in. He'd intended on a Western password favorite: qwerty, and yet he'd very clearly typed '*hikikomori*'. The screen flashed, the password accepted. Hakuno had expected to see a desktop, or really anything familiar, and yet what flashed upon the screen was a golden card. It was decorated with the image of a man in a skull mask, and at the bottom the word *ASSASSIN* was scrawled in English. This was a clue he'd first thought, a connection to the familiar he was aware of. Assassin was a Servant class after all and it definitely wouldn't just randomly pop up on a computer screen in the past.

So was there a Holy Grail War? What if he clicked the image... *CLICK!*

...and the computer shut off to the sound of a soft "**Damnit**" from Hakuno. Clicking the power button on the tower didn't seem to restart it, which left the door beside the desk his only option. He had to go explore this new world. One step and two, it didn't take long to close the distance between the two before he placed his hand on the doorknob. He designated all the energy he needed to his hand in order to turn the knob and yet... he didn't. He couldn't. *He wouldn't*. Subconsciously he didn't want to go outside? It was a desire that conflicted his conscious will, but he couldn't deny this desire building in his soul and showing in his body.

The thought of going outside made him sweat, palm looser against the doorknob while Hakuno's heart started to pound uncharacteristically. Going outside, as a concept, was making him anxious? Why? Was it because it was the past? No, he'd never had such a crippling anxiety before. He always faced what he feared head on without any regrets, so...

A cool glow filled the room and contrasted the setting sun before a CLACK could be hear in the direction of the computer desk. He turned back to find the computer missing, upon its surface resting a tablet that had been turned on with a stylus beside he. Going outside clearly wasn't an option, so he thought it best to check out

this new lead. It was definitely a tablet, albeit a model that would be considered ancient by Moon Cell standards. He held it up in front of him before sitting in the dusty computer chair beside the desk without any of the concern he had for getting himself dirty he'd had prior.

'Use your thumbprint to access', the screen said. Hakuno pressed his thumb against the reader and got an error, of course. A second time? Same thing. The third? *'Welcome, Hime.'*

"**Hime?**" He murmured, not too perplexed by the fact that his thumbprint had just accessed someone else's tablet. It wouldn't have been all too surprising had he paid more attention to his hands than he had. He might have noticed that his nails had lengthened and, where they'd apparently been manicured at some point, they were chipped in multiple places from a lack of caring afterwards. He might have noticed how each finger had shrunk subtly or how their surfaces had grown much smoother than those of a man that tirelessly fought for his own freedom were. Or perhaps he'd have come to the conclusion that for his thumbprint to work on someone else's tablet, his thumbprint would have to be someone else's. But none of those thoughts came to mind, as if he was internally looking away from things he didn't want to see.

Anxiety. He was feeling so much anxiety.

The chestnut of his hair darkened as it began to tumble down his shoulders, some spilling over his eyes comically to give him a very Grudge-esque look before he used delicate fingers to part them in a panic. His reaction was far more overblown than it normally would have been since he was so on edge, but this allowed him to finally realize something was happening. "**What!?**" Hakuno practically shrieked, voice like a banshee as it heightened in pitch mid yell. He leaned back in the chair, allowing his hair to pool behind him without interruption. It was so long that it began to pool on the floor, the tips a lighter shade of brown at its tips.

Not only was he incredibly sweaty now, but his clothes were beginning to cook him alive. He stood suddenly, though when he pushed back on the chair its wheels accidentally rolled over some of his new hair, and when he went to move forward he let out a cry of pain as he felt the pull on his scalp. "**What is happening? Why is this happening...?**" Hakuno barely every spoke. He was an AI after all, and one that went with the flow. But the more that happened, the more the anxiety rose, the more difficult it became for him to swallow back his monologue.

He fumbled with the buttons of his uniform jacket, not yet quite accustomed to the state of his own hands. His wrists had shrunken inward as well in the meantime, becoming fragile and hairless, and this phenomenon had altered the design of his arms in general. His skin had lightened slightly, to an unhealthy shade of pale that suggested he seldom went outside. Eventually the boy got the final button loose and quickly shed his outer layer. His white button-up was still on underneath, and it became apparent just how loosely it was now hanging off of him. Mass had been

lost while he wasn't looking, his shoulders having pressed inward to give his upper body a more compact design.

Hakuno was never particularly muscular, but even that had faded into nothing as his figure grew more malleable. Stomach was flat for but a single moment before it became, if only slightly, a little pudgy. He wouldn't muffin over a pair of tight pants or anything, but rather it was like the fruit of an individual that had just broken off of a diet and had decided *'yeah, I don't give a fuck anymore'*. Despite it, his stomach arched painfully inward as hips exploded out against the material of his black uniform pants, popping the front button off with how sudden the expansion had occurred and sending Hakuno to the ground in agony. He hadn't even had time to free his hair from the chair yet, and now it was looking even more impossible with how it had gotten caught in the wheel.

"WHY IS THIS HAPPENING TO MEEEE!?" He screeched again, almost wanting to cry. His voice was so girlish now that it was unrecognizable and there was so much more personality in his voice than there'd once been. He just wanted to huddle under the kotatsu and die, or something like that.

The boy was crumpled on the ground, chest against the floor with his ass high in the air as he rested on his knees. It was likely the preferable pose for the next set of changes, which saw the back of his pants sliding downward across his cheeks to better accommodate new growth. The pants slid in slight jolts as Hakuno's ass grew thicker and thicker, eventually sliding right off along with his boxers as his ass shone bare against the little light that remained from the outside. It was full and flawless, perhaps a little pudgier than it could have been but it wasn't a huge deal. Hakuno, who'd felt it despite his embarrassing posture on the ground, had reached behind and dug manicured nails into the soft tush to get a feel for just how much it had grown, merely letting out an ashamed sigh when he was content with his survey.

His pants slid farther and farther down as a similar expansion bore fruit in his thighs. They became rounder, softer, free of any blemish as the same sickly pale washed into his skin tone. Inevitably his shins and feet were consumed as well, feminine cuteness reshaping them and bringing plasticity to heels that were worn from walking or running constantly. No, these feet were the feet of someone that sat around on their ass all the time and only got up to make instant ramen.

"Urgh! Not there! Not my dick!" His member had been freed by the loosening of his pants, and so far it had been spared by anything other than his abundant thighs rubbing seductively against his member. He wasn't one to arouse easily, but the more the changes had occurred he was not only becoming more comfortable with them, but he'd noticed his preferences starting to shift as well. For one he absolutely did not want to go outside, and for another... he was growing more perverse. **"Huhuhu..."** He'd reached back and gripped his own dick in one more desperate attempt to salvage it, but of course he knew it was destined to disappear. He was becoming a woman. The name had been bothering him, but he was pretty sure he knew *who* he was becoming too.

'Hime'. Osakabehime. A shut-in from legends of Himeji Castle. He'd only drawn this conclusion because it just so happened his Servant in the Moon Cell was a friend of hers.

A manicured finger slid into a moist slit as the penis pursuit came to an expected close, Hakuno letting out a feminine moan as she rolled onto her back. The light of the sun had all but faded, but lost in pleasure she hadn't noticed artificial light had taken its place. The lights in the ceiling was on? She turned her head to the side, magenta eyes looking at the kotatsu that had been broken only a moment prior. It looked to be fixed? She could even feel the heat coming out from underneath. In fact the whole room had become fixed up. It looked livable. It looked *lived-in*.

She blinked, tiny nose taking in the scent of instant ramen boiling somewhere else in the house. Hakuno hadn't thought about it prior but did other people live here?

Still laying on her back, eyes glanced back at the hair still caught in the computer chair. The dust had been completely removed from it, but she was still embarrassingly stuck! Fingers gripped the strands tightly and pulled to no avail, but she was torn away from freeing herself anyways.

The first button of Hakuno's white undershirt popped as twin peaks began to erupt a little less than humbly. The new girl was already aroused, and so she couldn't help but start freeing the rest of the buttons themselves as flesh pooled and perked upward, gravity tugging them downward as she lay on her back. Not that it mattered as she perversely began to play with each breast with one hand, the second reaching past her pubic bush to tease her nethers. Her breasts were quite impressive by the time they'd fully scaled, a respectable D-cup that glistened with sweat much like her whole body did beneath the light above.

And then the door opened at the end masturbation, as Hime's thighs rubbed together at climax. In spilled a a girl with long, brown hair, wearing the girls version of the uniform 'Hakuno' had been wearing only a few moments ago. In fact, pieces of it were still sprawled out across the floor.

Osakabehime, who could no longer recall her own name but knew this wasn't her true identity, quickly turned a shameful crimson as her body clenched up. Someone had just walked in on her... On her... "**A-AAAAAAA!**" Immediately she pulled herself into the fetal position against a nearby wall. Doing something so shameful...! It was embarrassing! But it was also kind of... exciting?

The stranger(?) seemed to have a look of empathy despite it all, and glanced at the hair of the Servant still locked in the wheel of the chair. Gently and wordlessly, she knelt down before the seat and unraveled frayed locks, before turning to Hime to smile. It was a pure, innocent smile that immediately excited her. There was something else, too... If she was a Servant, then...

"A-Are you my Master?"

The stranger smiled again and stroked Hime's head. It was comforting, it eased her anxiety a great deal. **"I don't know what's happening, really, but I think so."** She held up Command Seals. **"My name is Hakuno Kishinami. You are?"**

"A-Assassin. Osakabehime... BUT! What you just saw! I'm... It's not like...!" She didn't get to finish her thought as her Master peeled what was left of boy's clothing from Hime's shoulders.

"It's okay. We're all people in the end, right? Let's get you cleaned up! I have a bath drawn downstairs, and you should be able to pull out new clothes from your Graph, right? So let's go. Together."

"R-Right!" And so would begin a prosperous and uncanny Master-Servant relationship. The Servant still hadn't the foggiest why she was existing in that state, nor could she understand why her Master's name was so familiar. She merely knew what she knew: that regardless of *who* she was, she was Osakabehime now. Until she knew better, she'd live like that.