

FATE / CLASS WARFARE

CH10: THE SABER

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“Huh. Now this is a rather *unusual* situation to find myself in.”

If Caren Hortensia had been at all panicked by her current situation, then she certainly didn't give off that impression. This woman of the church had a very *calm* demeanor in general. You could seldom make out what emotions she was feeling at any given moment, and clearly that also extended to a predicament where she suddenly found herself in a different location. At the very least? She knew *where* this was. **“Fuyuki City. But it is also *not* Fuyuki City.”**

Perhaps it would have been better for her to put it like this: it wasn't *the* Fuyuki City that she had been in just moments ago from her point of view. Her surroundings were too *modern*. The church she was standing inside was the church that she knew, the church that her *father* had used, but there were plenty of signs that things had changed. The walls had been redone and stained glass touched up in places.

But there was also the matter of the *technology* in the church. A television that seemed a little too *flat* where no television had been before, as well as a clock that looked like it had come out of a movie about the future. **“I guess if I was to venture outside, I'd be able to note very similar things about the city.”** Unless she was being pranked, but she doubted this was a prank at all.

That was, of course, because of the magic circle at her feet. No one would make use of *summoning magecraft* just to play an epic joke on someone, at least not a mage that was in their right mind. Still, the circumstances of the Fuyuki City that Caren had been working within



had been constantly changing and constantly bizarre. “**No... Isn’t this a circle for summoning a Servant specifically? So why?**”

It was clear enough that she wasn’t permitted to *leave* it so long as it was active, so she was trapped behind the pews of the church. It was *inconvenient*, but the teenager wasn’t the type that showed much impatience. She didn’t care about waiting out the summoning circle until she could leave on her own. At least provided that she wasn’t in any *real* danger. She would have been content just standing there quietly for however much time was necessary.

But that changed when the light of the summoning circle began to brighten. “**Oh. That probably isn’t good.**” Or so she *imagined*. Was it possible that a Servant was going to be summoned in the same space as her? If so, if they had a big body then there was *no* way they would both fit. She also had to consider the possibility that they would kill her to charge their mana. None of these issues would *actually* come to pass, but...

She was at least correct that a Servant was about to be summoned in the circle.

“**Hm?**” She hadn’t been certain at *first*, but now Caren was. The circle was glowing brighter. Mana was being transferred from it into her body. And the more mana flowed into her, the *stranger* she began to feel. At first it manifested in a way where she felt more *durable*. Perhaps because a Saint Graph had been created at her core, but there was actually an additional, much more palpable reason. Her body had become *firmer*. As a woman of the Church, her body had already been quite toned. But she became even more muscular still. “**This feeling... Surely not?**”

Am I the Servant? The thought had crossed her mind, ultimately. She could certainly *sense* one, and that sensation was a call being made from inside the house that was her own body. She raised a brow. “**I’m more muscular. I can feel it.**” She could *see* it, too. Her uniform was so skintight that the vague ripples stood out against the material, but around her arms, legs, and torso it felt even more uneven. “**Could it be that I’m taller?**” A single inch, too.

Caren’s continued awareness of what was happening to her was intriguing, in a way. Most of the others ended up overreacting at most, or handwaving it at best. But this young woman just calmly observed things as her body continued to grow in various ways. Some were minor,

like her muscles and height. But *others* were much more prominent, noticeable, and in her present outfit? *Inconvenient*. “**Mmn...**” Like a tightness around her chest that made her groan in a voice that had her question if it sounded a little deeper.

It did. Of course it did. There was no reason to think that it *couldn't* with everything else that had happened before. “**I see.**” Adding to her certainty that *anything* seemed to be on the table at this point, she was left with the sight of her bodysuit's cups straining around breasts that had once fit inside so snugly. The previous size had been about right for a fourteen year old girl like she had been, but it by the time they had *doubled* in size they looked like they belonged to a woman who was at least a little older.

“**I really am becoming a Servant. The name... I don't know yet. But I feel like I will soon.**” Caren appeared to be coming off as *chattier* now, the Servant's personality blending with, and taking precedence over, her own. She twisted a little at the sight and sensation of her ass and thighs thickening, hips pushed apart in a way that threatened her bodysuit's integrity. It was *so close* to tearing in places but came just short of being stretched to that point.

This figure was much more enticing, and the woman herself could now tell. Physically? She was older. Eighteen? Twenty? It was *somewhere* in that ballpark, but for a Servant the exact specifics didn't really matter. She probably didn't look much like her old self now, not even *facially*. She didn't need to see her reflection to tell as much once she felt her face tingle. It rearranged structurally and aged a little to much the image of herself she saw in her mind. Bigger eyes, a flatter nose, a leaner face. Plenty beautiful, but there was something amidst it all that she rationalized must have been quite ugly.

Her gaze. “**My Mystic Eyes?**” Caren's expanding memories had clued her in just in time for her golden gaze to pale to purple. That wasn't what was odd, though. Her pupils darkened and shifted in shapes so that they were *square*, indicative of their magic power. The power to paralyze anyone who she stared at while active. Like the Gorgon of Greek mythology. No, not just 'like' it. It was literally *her* power.

Silver hair was the last of her body to change, and the mass of white soon wriggled about behind her. For a time, it almost resembled a sea of snakes, but with time those shapes settled down after darkening to purple that reached her ankles. The amount of hair seemed cumbersome, but some much needed ease was provided once it was pulled into a very long ponytail as part of a wider costume change.

The woman was left clad in a black dress with dark purple highlights. It possessed a pleated skirt and a matching jacket with a purple, wool-lined hood. A white dress shirt could be seen buttoned up underneath, and she wore boots that matched her jacket. Finally bringing the outfit together was a black baseball cap and shades with violet lenses.

The purple haired Servant pushed the rose colored glasses up on the bridge of her nose. **“That was definitely... surprising. But what can I really do in a situation like this except do what’s expected of me? Hm...”**

The *Saber* class variation of the Greek monster, *Medusa*, felt like she was stuck



between a rock and a hard place. She had chosen to *not* discard most of the woman she had been, and so Caren Hortensia now lived on inside of her.

Should she participate in a Holy Grail War that she knew nothing about? Summoned as a Saber, her chances of victory were certainly high, but she also didn't know anything about her opponents nor what the goal of this war *was*. **“If it’s a matter of granting a wish, perhaps I could use it to separate us again?”** Because Medusa had caught onto something that many of the other Servants summoned had yet to. Probably because more of them didn't exactly *care* about who they had been before.

But as things were? If she lost, Caren would disappear and only Medusa would remain. **“Assuming the other Servants are like me, then perhaps looking for a way to avoid defeating *anyone* would be for the best?”** But could she get the other Servants who would be summoned to agree? That much would be left up in the air. If necessary, maybe she could use non-lethal force? **“...I’ll figure something out.”**

It sounded like she'd *have* to.