

# FATE / CLASS WARFARE

## CH7: THE RULER

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**“Is this Fuyuki City? Well, at least it’s not on *fire*.”**

Ritsuka Fujimaru had a very *personal* history with this city, even though it was extraordinary circumstances that had introduced him to it in the first place. When he had first become an employee of Chaldea, when everything had gone *wrong*, he had been thrown into a Singularity with Fuyuki at its core along with Mashu and Olga Marie. Things had ended on a tragically sour note back then, and memories of that incident were seared into the back of his mind. There was no way he could have forgotten what the city looked like. In ruins of flames or not.

In fact... **“Isn’t this the street I was Rayshifted onto back then?”** It was a street on the city’s outskirts. He recognized a familiar shop sign nearby and had almost not realized since this was his first time seeing it modernized. No, wasn’t it a little *too* modern? **“What year is this?”** The only other time he had visited Fuyuki City was to intervene in a Singularity surrounding the Fourth Holy Grail War, and that had taken place in the 90s. Things seemed to be more futuristic than they would have been even in what he considered to be the ‘modern’ era.

He wasn’t even sure *how* he had ended up there in the first place, but he had a feeling that the summoning circle that he was standing on was part of it. **“Safe to assume this summoned me *somehow*, but I definitely couldn’t say for what reason...”** For better or for worse he was *used* to bizarre things like this happening to him. *Danger* usually followed, and since magecraft was clearly involved he could only assume that this wouldn’t be much different.

**“No way to brute force my way out of here, either. And I can’t contact Chaldea for some reason.”** The roundabout way *would* have been to use Mashu’s shield in a worst case scenario, but since she didn’t *seem* to be present underneath the night sky with him then that was an impossible solution. She could have possibly broken the barrier the magic circle created if she had been present in the first place. **“So, what are my options?”**



If he had no way of calling for familiar help and no way to bust through the barrier that had been erected, then either he had to wait for someone who *could* help to pass him by, or he could wait and see if the circle ran out of mana. The former solution also felt unlikely. Not only was it the dead of night but the chances of a *mage* specifically passing by was unlikely... unless it was the one who had trapped him there in the first place, but he wasn’t sure he *wanted* to meet *them*.

**“So, what are the odds it runs out?”** Ritsuka looked down at the circle beneath his feet and stared at it for a moment. He’d only intended a quick glance, but he had to be sure that what he was seeing was correct. Not only did it look a little brighter than when he had noticed it moments before, but it seemed to be glowing even *more*. **“Why... is it ramping up again?”**

The young man didn’t have a concrete answer at first, but he was immediately overwhelmed by the feeling of mana pouring into his body. The weak magic circuits within felt like they were overheating, a side effect of the *Saint Graph* rooting itself within the very depths of his core as had been the case with every other Master who had been summoned to this Fuyuki. Unlike *most* of the others, though? This led to the colors of his eyes darkening to *crimson*.

But *more* akin to most of the others? It was those eyes where it first became clear that his racial identity was being uprooted. The Japanese slant that his eyelids took rose, corners flaring a bit so that they structurally appeared far more Western by comparison – more akin to a European or American, but also more of the former than the latter. This led to a number of related alterations in turn, such as a lengthening of his face overall, or a thinning of his cheeks...

**“Something’s... *COUGH*... happening to me?”** Ritsuka’s voice felt strained, and in actuality it was raising in pitch gradually even as he

spoke until it matched the same cough he had let loose in the middle of his sentence. This seemed to correlate with his Adam's Apple smoothing away until not even the smallest lump remained, or the series of *additional* transfigurations that soon consumed his already Westernized face. Such as? Well, lips swelling mightily plump was not something you would expect to see on a *man*, nor was such a small nose or big eyes.

If a mirror had been erected for the man to see, he would have *immediately* recognized the face staring back at him. It was identical to a face shared by multiple Servants he had summoned as Chaldea's Master. Servants who all shared the same long, *purple* hair. Which was incidentally a trait that that he was now developing himself. Blacks lightened to that very same shimmering purple while the spikes of his hairstyle flattened and grew out, well past his shoulders until it reached the base of his back.

Changes were already happening mentally, and his new name became clear rather early. Likely because of the keen intellect of the Servant he was becoming. "**Wait, so I'm...? This is... *fascinating*?**" Surely that *wasn't* the right word for it, but it was what had left his lips, nonetheless. He immediately turned his attention to his clothing. It felt *loose*, and he could certainly tell *why* that was. It had happened with very much significance, but he had lost a couple of inches off of his height. If he'd been 5'6" before? His sharpening mind approximated he must have been around 5'4" now. Well, it was approximated before his memories *confirmed* it.

**"Ah... I suppose this would happen; all things considered."** It was a reaction to a change that was not easily seen while clothed, but *she* could certainly *feel* and make sense of it. It had been the sensation of her male genitalia smearing into her loins, the flesh of her old masculinity mending into the crevice and lips of an adult woman's pussy, because her face certainly suggested an older physical age. Her *thirties*, perhaps? She *felt* older, much to her dismay.

The little muscle that Ritsuka's body had sported softened, and from there *additional* softness accumulated in all of the right places. Since she had *already* accepted her fate, she didn't really express much shock as the front of her uniform jacket began to feel tight. Rather? She got to work unbinding it so that the flesh pooling in her chest below had room to breathe. Once paltry nipples were almost as plump as her eyes by the time they reached *G-cups*, lifting up the interior of her shirt and pushing out *well* past the jacket's embrace. She poked at her own tits with slenderer fingers curiously.

All as another hand made its way down to explore the dark below. Well, it wasn't really *that* dark. Quite the opposite, in fact, with her pale ass

cheeks swelling larger and larger, their curvature becoming just as impressive as the size of her tits before the growth halted to leave them in a bubbled heart shape. As her breasts did too, they *really* stood out once her waistline had pinched in a little bit. The peaks of her thighs more or less *rivalled* the width of her waist by the time they had taken on the excess weight that her ass couldn't accommodate, too. **“This class, however...?”**

The new Servant recognized that her class was unusual even *before* her clothing changed, but those clothes scattered into golden particles seconds later, regardless. Freed from the confines of a shirt that was much too small, the new exposed tits bounced up and down for a moment before they were forcibly confined again. Now by a dark purple sundress that appeared to be knitted, its short skirt revealing her thighs and her upper cleavage exposed with the pale blue straps that kept it on wrapped around her neck. Sandals, a translucent white jacket, a watch and bracelet, and even a scrunching tying her hair into a long ponytail accessorized the look otherwise. Not to mention the purple thong *under* the dress.

And the round rimmed glasses sitting on the bridge of her nose.

**“I see... These are unlike Nordic runes, but the gist is similar. I suppose I don't need to contemplate what the *purpose* of them was.”** *Scathach Skadi* had knelt down to examine the magic circle at her feet for a moment before returning to a standing position. The results spoke for themselves in the short term, since the *Ruler* in the purple dress recognized her point of origin. **“A summoning circle that overrides a host with a Servant. It functions differently from a Pseudo Servant, but why is it that a *Master* is the requirement to act as the base?”**



Skadi adjusted her glasses and looked at her hands. There were no Command Seals to speak of, so she *had* been stripped of Ritsuka's Master status. **“Magic Circuits? But then the quality should be relevant, right? Ritsuka Fujimaru's circuits weren't that**

**strong.** *She* knew that better than anyone, really. “**Even then, if this is a Holy Grail War...**” Then why had she been summoned in the *Ruler* class? It had merely been a summer guise she had taken up.

**“I suppose I shouldn’t let it bother me. Answers will come with time. But I *am* a little curious about who’s behind this.”**