

FATE / CLASS WARFARE

CH11: THE PRETENDER

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Bazett Fraga McRemitz had always been the type of woman to place emphasis on preparedness.

That was part of the reason she had become so distraught by her present circumstances. The mage had suddenly found herself in a completely different environment than she was supposed to be in. **“No, that *isn't* true, is it?”** While running her thought processes through all that had happened, the woman had to draw a vaguely different conclusion from what she had originally believed. Her surroundings *were* unfamiliar, but not entirely. **“This is definitely *Fuyuki City*.”**

The very same city that she had been dispatched into during a very unusual Holy Grail War. She recognized the bridge that stood maybe ten miles away from her present, beachside location. Not that being on the beach really mattered all that much. Based on the position of the moon in the sky, it must have been well past midnight. The sandy shores were entirely unoccupied aside from Bazett herself.

“But things look both more *worn down* and more *futuristic*.” That was the impression she got from the cityscape she could see. Some buildings had clearly grown older, while others were replaced or built upon. It was the same city, but it certainly wasn't the same *time*. And she surely had the summoning circle at her feet to blame for that. The magical device was just as much of a mystery to her as everything else, though.

It was the clear indicator that she had been *summoned*, but Bazett also knew enough about magecraft to be able to recognize its purpose. It was a circle for summoning a familiar, and more likely a *Servant*. Something

that she certainly wasn't (and of course she had no knowledge of a certain Alter Ego that Chaldea would one day summon). These circumstances were a little bit different, naturally.



“The barrier preventing my movement... Is it possible to break it somehow?” It was a possibility that the mage needed to explore, at least. Unfortunately for her, she couldn't find a crack in the defense that was deep enough to do just that. That meant she would *probably* need to wait it out and see if it weakened. Considering the barrier's nature, it likely wouldn't take *that* much time to completely slip away. At worst it would fade by morning. It *had* to. Magecraft was supposed to be a secret to this city.

Despite her own assumptions though, she was quickly forced to re-evaluate her point of view. It didn't take long at all for her to realize that the barrier's light was growing stronger. It wasn't leaking mana, but rather *creating* it. A mana that remained trapped within the barrier; at least until her own *body* absorbed it.

“That... in all likelihood isn't good.” An astute and accurate observation to be sure, but it also wasn't like she could do anything *about* it. The most she could do was observe her situation. Observe with a pair of eyes that had begun to momentarily *glow* under the power of the mana that had entered her body, colors ultimately lightening to a pinkish red instead of their once darker shade. Bazett hadn't observed this, though. She *couldn't*.

It wasn't *only* her eyes that had found their color altered by the mana, however, and if she'd known where to look then the magus *might* have noticed before her mind began to become *occupied* by the new personality of the Servant that was overriding her existence. But she didn't. The woman didn't seem to notice at all as the red hair atop her head lightened – not towards pink but towards a shimmering silver that cascaded down her shoulders.

No, it ended up reaching a *little* farther down than just her shoulders. As she shuffled about the magic circle in hopes she might find a way out, it didn't occur to Bazett that the weight upon her head was slowly increasing beyond a quick, subconscious acknowledgement that was pushed aside as a new personality began to emerge. **“Hm...”** Nonetheless, her hair ended up lengthening all the way down to her ankles, fanning out behind her in wild, silver locks while bangs perfectly framed her face. Including the ahoge, it all looked quite *fluffy*, actually.

“This is all very interesting, isn’t it? I feel like I have a grasp of what’s happening.” She’d had an epiphany as a *wealth* of magical knowledge poured into her mind. The woman could now properly translate the magic circle beneath her down to the finest detail, all while her skin paled until it was porcelain colored and her face was wiped of any semblance of her old identity. Her lips filled and her eyes brightened. A rounder facial shape graced her, bringing elegance and refinement as well. She retained her European appearance, but it was far fairer and more naturally beautiful.

The delicateness that her face demonstrated was soon transferred into the rest of her body as well. Bazett had always trained tirelessly to keep her body in tiptop physical condition, and yet? Some of those efforts had been erased in what seemed like the blink of an eye. Her hardened muscles became... *less hard*, her skin softening around any place where those toned muscles would typically bulge. This meant that she was technically physically weaker at the end of things, but with a Saint Graph now fully developed at her core? She was actually much stronger physically than she had ever been.

One of the benefits of being a Servant.

Seeing as she understood what was happening now, the woman probably *should* have taken issue with things. Or at least have been a little *worried*. What prevented her was the carefree nature of the woman she was becoming. **“Hm! I wonder what will change next?”** She seemed to be more *curious* about what was happening than anything, wearing a little smirk on her lips while raising her arms up. Her hands *did* look a touch smaller now, didn’t they? **“Oh, it’s not just my hands.”**

By giving a quick glance around and by considering how it felt to wear her clothes, Bazett drew the most obvious conclusion that she possible could. She was getting *smaller*. The pants and sleeves of her suit had begun to bunch up around arms and legs that crunched inwards vertically, and the torso of her jacket slid down to her thighs while the button-up underneath bunched up just above the belt they were tucked into. She was normally 5’8”, but she had to be around 5’1” by the time the shrinking had ended. No, she *knew* that she was 5’1” for a *fact*.

It was *her* height, after all.

But she could also tell that her height wasn’t the *only* thing that had shrunk. The mage was still *clearly* an adult woman, but the size and weight of her curves had lessened as she’d become smaller of stature. This meant that her breasts had diminished, but it was only an *inch* or

so. On the contrary? Her butt was actually *perkier* somehow, her hips even forced to push a little wider to accommodate both them and thighs that had extended an additional inch. It almost felt like fair trade for all of *the knowledge* she had gained as a result of this transformation.

Like the other *intellectual* Servants that had been fashioned for this war, the silver haired woman initiated her own costume change. All it took was a snap of her fingers to disintegrate the suit she was wearing. She had all of the ability of a Caster despite *not* being one. What reformed in the suit's place was a black, skintight bodysuit underneath an elegant black gown. Big ribbons appeared in her hair, helping tie braids above her forehead, and heels ended up adorning her feet. It had been said before and it needed to be said again.

She was beautiful.

“Hmm~! I’d definitely say that this is a very curious situation, isn’t it?” The happy-go-lucky nature of the *Pretender* class Servant shone through as she did a little twirl and ended things with a happy smirk. It was very much in the nature of *Lady Avalon*, true name *Merlin*, to take things as they came. Being summoned over top of the existence of a human mage was certainly a new one, even to her. But she wasn’t one to shy away from new experiences!



This was *clearly* a Holy Grail War. The summoning had blessed her with that knowledge. The issue was that the Extra classes weren’t typically invited to such *prestigious* events aside from the Ruler class, depending on the system used. The Pretender class had only very recently been realized thanks to Chaldea’s efforts, and so it certainly didn’t fit into your standard Grail War.

Which meant that this *wasn’t* a standard Holy Grail War.

Beyond that, she didn’t have much information to work with at present. Not that she saw it as all that much of an issue as she stepped off the faded summoning circle. **“Ah well! All of that information will come with time! I might as well scope things out for the time being, hm?”** Maybe she could even meet some interesting characters in the meantime! That could certainly prove to be entertaining enough!