

FATE / CLASS WARFARE

CH3: THE BERSERKER

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“Ue!? Where am I!? Isn’t this in the middle of the forest!?”

Illyasviel von Einzbern had a *lot* of questions about her current predicament. Hours had passed, and for some reason neither Shirou nor Rin had returned to the Shirou household after they had all made plans for dinner. It had been *worrying*, but Saber had assured her that she would look for them. It was probably nothing, the Servant had said at the time, but it was better to be safe than sorry during a Holy Grail War. It had also been so late that the homunculus girl had *already* been nodding off.

Eventually? She’d fallen asleep on the futon in the spare room she’d been using before Saber had even managed to return. The girl didn’t know *how* long she had been asleep in the end, just that she had suddenly been awakened by the sounds and sensation of the room turning upside down. A strong wind had blown, knocking things around and blowing off her covers – but it *wasn’t* wind from outside. It had been *magecraft*.

And the next thing she knew? Illya was standing in a familiar clearing in the forest that bordered Fuyuki City. She only recognized it because Einzbern Castle was about a ten minute walk away, and since nature didn’t really change *that* much? She wasn’t as quickly tipped off to the fact that it wasn’t *her* Fuyuki as the other two had been. It was still the dead of night however, with the full moon high in the sky.

But it was actually two days *after* Rin had been summoned. Or, well, *Mecha Eli-chan* had been summoned.



“But how did I end up out... here?” She’d basically answered her own question by looking down, drawn by the dull glow of red in the fallen leaves at her feet. There was definitely a *summoning circle* down there. She had studied them in great detail so that she could summon her own Berserker, or rather she had been *forced* to study them. Unfortunately, she didn’t have the same talents that Rin did. She couldn’t tell much about it from a glance. At best she only knew how to replicate the one she’d needed at the time.

Illya simply pointed out what was obvious. **“Aren’t these just for summoning Servants and familiars? So how did it summon *me*?”** She also didn’t know who the circle *belonged* to. Someone must have drawn it, right? But there wasn’t exactly anyone around. **“Hello!? There must be someone out here, right?”** She didn’t see the circle as an issue otherwise and went to step out of its perimeter.

“Ow!?”

But she walked right into the invisible wall that trapped her inside.

“That smarts... Am I stuck in here? Hmm...” Illya stared down at the summoning circle beneath her pensively as she tried to figure out a way to escape. **“It feels like the mana is running out. Maybe once that happens, I’ll be able to leave?”** That sounded like a plan that required very little effort on her part, but the homunculus wasn’t really factoring in what might happen in the meantime. Because she hadn’t been summoned just to stand there as *herself*.

Because of the glowing circle, the girl’s eyes had already begun to glow an eerie *gold* instead of their usual red, in fact. Perhaps it wasn’t *merely* a matter of color though? While she had been born to a European homunculus and a Japanese man, her appearance had *always* seemed more like the former than the latter. But that imbalance was shifting in the *opposite* direction. Little by little her eyes, and her face as a whole, looked much more like the face of a pure-blooded Japanese girl.

Even if the color of her hair didn’t exactly tell the *same* story. Strands of white almost looked like they were being *dyed*, because the pastel pink that began to jump from strand to strand certainly wasn’t a normal, natural hair color for a human. **“What if I— *WAN!?*”** Wan!? Like a dog!? Had she just barked like a dog!? **“Huee... Why did I *do* that?”** She hadn’t the foggiest idea, but it at least prevented her from

immediately recognizing how her pinkening hair seem to grow impossibly pink and wild in its style. Even her bangs grew thick and choppy, hanging between her golden eyes just out of her *immediate* perception.

“**Why would *Illya* bark, *nya*? N-Nya!? Like a *cat*!?**” That wasn’t even the only error with what she had said. But Illyasviel referring to herself in the third person hadn’t been as striking as meowing like a cat just after barking like a dog – with both instances unintentional in nature. Ultimately, she soon found that she had *much* more to worry about regardless.

While the girl *was* eighteen years old, she was only 4’4”. Because of her background as a homunculus, she never really physically matured past the age of twelve or so, and it had always kind of bothered her. But almost as if her body itself had suddenly decided to make up for lost time? It practically *exploded* in every sense aside from the literal one. “**UWAAAHH!?**” She couldn’t stop herself from crying out as that height of hers shot up until she was a respectable 5’3” instead.

This jump in height was nearly an *entire* foot, and she was practically bursting out of her child-sized dress and jacket as it was. “**Why am I so *tall*!?**” Why was her voice somehow even *more* grating than it had been before!? But neither of these questions touched on what could be seen in the girl’s face. She definitely *looked* a lot more mature now. Not just like she had reached her biological age, but a little *beyond* that. She looked closer to *twenty* than she did eighteen, not that this was as big of a difference as the physical differences suggested.

But simultaneously? Her face seemed much rounder, her cheeks much fuller, and she even had a permanent blush that stuck to her cheeks. It was... *cute*.

Cuteness and sexiness were two things that could exist side by side, though. “**And what’s up with *Illya Cat’s* hair— *WAN*!?**” The young woman had *finally* noticed her hair’s changes a moment too late it seemed, because she was pulled away by far more bombastic changes. The maturing of her body hadn’t been isolated to her height and face alone it seemed, but the other aspects of it had *swelled* later. A more adult, and *ample* figure was in the stars for her.

It was Illya’s own breasts that had made her bark like a dog in surprise again. They swelled and jiggled like water balloons, starting from nothing and practically *exploding* through the front of her child-sized clothing. Not that it mattered when she *wasn’t* a child any longer. Tattered cloth rained down from her person as a pair of *J-cups* jiggled about. “**Holy moly!**” ...Definitely wasn’t something that Illya would

normally say, but she blurted it out with lengthened fingers grasping them wildly. They were so jiggly and *sensitive!*

“Nyahaha! Look how big I am now!” The woman laughed goofily, surprise caving way for excitement instead. She found it hard to care when she looked so *sexy*, but an abundance of newfound energy left her feeling a *lot* more enthusiastic about it too. Illya swung her hips all on her own when they popped outward, flesh pooling in the thighs that were connected to them. Even the cheeks of her ass got in on the action, but there weren’t really any panties to floss between them before their swelling occurred. Her widened hips had long since snapped their waistband so that they fell to the ground, leaving her heart-shaped rump to spring into the air without much resistance.

She grumbled to herself as she took a moment to find her footing though. Why did she feel so *off balance*? It didn’t initially make much sense to her at all, but it *was* corrected a few moments after her ears traversed upwards on the sides of her head, pulling into brown fur-covered ears with tufts of white inside of them. They strongly resembled the ears of a fox. But that was actually an intentional misdirection on the part of *her original*. Whatever *that* meant.

What ultimately corrected her balance was the emergence of something *just* as fluffy... from the base of her spine. **“WAN!”** It almost pulled her backwards onto the ground as it formed – a big, fuwa fuwa fox tail that was nearly as big as her supple, yet surprisingly muscular body was. It perked up and swished about, an appendage that she found she could control with pinpoint accuracy.

“I’m Cat! Wait, am I a fox? Or am I a dog? Was that my name?”

The way that she was behaving wasn’t just silly, it was a little *stupid*? Her head was practically free of thoughts while she danced about within the dwindling summoning circle – the last of its light transforming her clothing scraps into a cute serving apron with pink pawprints on it. Underneath which? She was *naked*. A maid’s headband with cat decorations fastened to her hair appeared in

front of her new red ribbon-bound hair ornament, and a red collar with a big bell took shape upon her neck. White, lace thigh highs reached just



past her knees but, perhaps the most curious clothing decisions wrapped snugly around her hands and feet.

Two sets of big, brown paws that looked like they belonged to an animal.

As real as they looked, they were actually tragically quite fake.

“Gahaha! Maybe it’s a little bit too cold out to only be wearing an apron?” The *Berserker* class Servant, *Tamamo Cat*, could only laugh off the chill she was feeling – fortunate that her constitution as a Servant helped alleviate some of that discomfort in the end. She just felt glad that it *wasn’t* wintertime, because thanks to vague recollections from her past self’s memories, she could recall just how cold it *could* get. **“But Cat’s confused!”**

How could she *not* be? Who had summoned a Servant in the middle of a forest where people could see? There was also the matter of her having been a homunculus Master just a minute ago, but... Tamamo Cat just shrugged that off! Even if she wasn’t a total idiot overall, the spell that had changed her would always render the new Servant uncaring about the details.

“Where is my Master? Is there someone to cook for around here?” There was a castle deeper in the forest if she remembered correctly. **“Mumumu... Maybe I should just go there for now? I think I sense another Servant in that direction!”** She was just hoping that *whoever* it was, that they wouldn’t just attack her on sight! ...What were the chances of that?