

# MOON'S COLLAPSE

## JANUARY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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**“You really were a thorn into my side right until the very end, but at least this way I have a means to make use of you.”** Words pointed, a bare-chested man with a glowing pattern of lines across most of his torso loomed over a brunette boy caged away in a forgotten cave. The young man, imprisoned, seemed to have difficulty breathing let alone standing, while the darker-haired individual looming over his cage had a twisted smile of success.

The boy imprisoned was Hakuno Kishinami, the sole remaining Master of the Moon Cell that had seemingly obtained knowledge from another timeline meant to foil the plans of his captor. Archimedes, a Caster Servant infected by the power of the void that was meant to corrupt and consume the Moon Cell they inhabited in its entirety.

Altera, the one meant to fulfill the necessary role, had disappeared. Archimedes could only assume the boy had something to do with this disappearance, but had crafted a contingency plan. A vial. A virus. An infection. A corruption. Loading it into a spell he pointed his palm at the boy. **“Still not going to talk about what you did with Saber, huh? Even though I disposed of all your Servants. It’s fine, it’s fine. I’m not going to kill you. But maybe this is worse? You won’t exactly be able to tell me afterwards but... it’s all your fault it came to this.”**

Caster knew the boy wouldn’t respond, and so the virus-infected blast of mana was shot from his palm and into Hakuno’s torso, the boy tumbling over from the collision. Other than the knockback he didn’t feel much at first, and yet in the center of his torso, just below his chest, a sudden pain ate away at him. It felt like flesh and bone alike in this centralized point was crushed, twisting, swirling. **“GAH! G-GYAH!”** Tossing back and forth on the ground of the cage he almost threw up... or at the very least felt the contents of his stomach churn like they might. But there was a

weird disconnect, like his stomach was somehow no longer connected to his throat like it should have been.

Turning... Turning... It felt more like, where the pain had peaked, these was something turning around and around. Laying on his back, Hakuno struggled to reach to his torso and run a hand across where the pain had once been, but instead of cleanly tracing the cloth of his garb his fingers slid downward, ultimately touching the floor beneath him, *through* him. "...!?" A hole? A hole had formed in his body!? He didn't feel any pain but there was no way he was wrong about that! Lifting his chin up he could merely see fingers plunging into him, but moving those fingers collided with something hard in the center. Something both sensitive and surging with a powerful heat. It felt like it was cube-shaped.

Like a core.

The boy tried to grasp it properly, ultimately shooting up into a sitting position despite the cage, but the turning of the cube was stronger than his grasp and it just pushed past it. The corners of the object dug into his hand, which would sooner trigger an additional change, but for now he'd pulled it away so that his hands could tear away at the regal robes he'd been adorned with when the Moon Cell had shifted from the War setup into the current one where the Regalia existed.

It didn't take him long to cast robes of white to the side, bare arms and chest on full display under the dim light of the cage. In this state he could properly see the gaping hole in his torso and crane his body forward so that he could see the multi-colored cube embedded within his bloodless wound. It was small but familiar. Hakuno felt as if he'd seen this object before. But the hole and cube weren't all that was peculiar about his torso now. The coloration of his skin was growing increasingly *bizarre*.

Calling the color of the skin around his chest 'pale' might have been a mis-characterization, for while it certainly was paler than the healthy pink he'd known it to be, Hakuno could likewise note a light shade of violet to the paleness as well. Running fingers across the newly colored area revealed that the skin was strangely cold, almost lifeless. But his stomach? Just above his bellybutton? The coloring was growing significantly different. Instead of growing lighter it was growing darker, the shade of violet a fully blown purple that sank into his navel and ran beneath the pants he was wearing at the same time. The cut-off that divided the two colors was quickly denoted by the emergence of a series of familiar, yellow markings that not only wrapped around his torso hole but ran down the sides of his stomach, hips, as well as up his chest and across paling arms.

"**Sefar...**" It was the markings that brought the realization of where he'd seen them before. These were the markings that ran across the body of the White Titan, the alien existence that threatened to consume the Moon Cell. The cube in his torso? Sefar had one of those as well. But Altera was supposed to be Sefar wasn't she? So...

**“That’s right. You’ll be the new Sefar. You’ll consume the Moon Cell yourself. I’m sure you have a lot of questions, but before long you’ll be nothing but a mindless beast that seeks to destroy so I don’t really feel like giving you any answers.”**

Archimedes’ voice was little more than an echo now, the Caster having chosen to make his escape before the transformation was too far along. The last thing he wanted to do was get crushed as the boy flailed around mid-transformation. Because after all, Sefar wasn’t called a ‘Titan’ for nothing.

Hakuno was left in disbelief. *He’d* be the new Sefar? That couldn’t be possible, could it? But the core in his body, the markings, the quickly turning coloration of his skin... even his hair was losing its vibrancy as browns faded to whites. It was growing difficult to deny that such a thing was happening from a physical point of view, but the young man could likewise feel something happening internally too. An urge that was building more and more. One that made him feel as if he had to crush, pummel, destroy. One that threatened his very ability to reason with logic and feelings. It was eating away at a common desire that did overlap with his sense: the desire to break out of the cage, but it wouldn’t drive him to action quite yet.

Largely in part because another part of his body had stolen his attention. His body wracked with a cold feeling that accompanied the discoloration from head to toe, one place stood out as warm in comparison. It was, oddly enough, his chest. Now Hakuno didn’t have a particularly toned body, not excessively so anyways, but the purple-pale skin of his pectorals was looking rather... *blobby*. Softer, almost rounder. Almost like it didn’t belong on a man’s body. The two spots instead, he decided, would have made more sense upon a woman’s torso.

*As a pair of breasts.*

He was still sitting with his legs sprawled out across the cold ground, no difficulty found in remaining upright despite the fact that a large part of his torso was missing. Because of this he was able to reach in with pale fingers to poke these blob-like areas, ultimately giving them a squeeze with either hand and provoking a gasp from his lips. They were very sensitive. Almost so much that he wanted to continue squeezing them. But they’d grown rather sizable now, and for some reason his nipples had all but disappeared into their growth. Each ‘breast’ was without a nip, shiny pales and purples glistening bare as golden markings ran across them.

Despite his desire to keep touching them anyways, it was becoming very hard to do so. Hakuno hadn’t quite caught the mental changes that were occurring, but his thought process was growing simpler and simpler by the second as his actions were guided more by corrupted instinct than anything. This wasn’t quite what was making his ability to pleasure himself difficult however, nor was it the fact that his crotch had become incredible bare to the point that in the absence of his dick within his pants there was but a smooth, bare surface. Looking at Hakuno’s form, though, it would be difficult to see him as a man any longer.

It was her hands that posed the greatest problem. The tits had fit neatly in her palms at first but no longer. Instead to even touch the base of the soft flesh with her skin, her fingers had to crack and bend in unreasonable ways because otherwise the fingers of opposing hands would overlap one another. "*H-Huh...?*" She could barely vocalize her confusion as she looked down to find that her hands had swollen considerably, fingers practically reaching from each palm pressing into her bosom to her shoulders. Size aside, the girth of her fingers was not consistent with the size of her palms at all, and instead each digit had swollen at a much more pronounced rate than the rest of her hands. Fingertips painted a dark purple, her nails had likewise hardened to a level not unlike diamonds as they began to resemble powerful claws more than anything.

'Power' was a key word her. She was beginning to feel a lot of it welling up inside her, overcoming any human weakness she might have had before. Too frustrated with her inability to touch herself any longer she ultimately pulled hands away and examined them, watching gaping holes open in her palms as a pair of cores not unlike the one about her stomach appeared and began to rotate. Hands were growing even more grotesquely large in the meantime, each looking like something you'd see on a monster as opposed to a human... but there was nothing *incorrect* about that.

*RIIIIIP.*

A loud sound run out through the silence as she stumbled up and onto her feet by grasping the bar of the cage with one of her ample hands. Hakuno had felt that her pants had been seeming somewhat uncomfortable, but she'd likewise become incapable of processing what pants were or why she was even wearing them in the first place. The ceiling of the cage was looking lower and lower from her point of view, but that was because of course her own point of view was growing. Pants had not ripped from nothing, but because her body had begun to explode in size.

She could feel her weight burrow into the ground below as it began to crack and give way under the burgeoning height of a newborn Titan. More and more rips tore white pants to shreds, revealing supple and purple thighs that sparkled like a distant galaxy, a taugt and cute rear to match. Most, surely, would not be staring at this monster's ass however.

Toes erupted through the front of her white boots, tongues torn by the size and revealing that unlike her vastly purple legs, her footsies were a pure and brilliant white that shone like freshly fallen snow. Golden lines converged on their tips as some wiggled and twitched into their new abundant sizes, giving the three in the center of each foot an almost yellow coloration. But the ground beneath them continued to crumble, and her fiendishly gigantic hands finally knocked away the puny cage as a powerful, inhuman battle cry called from plumper lips.

A hiss that bore no resemblance to a sound a human would make called through the increasingly small room as, freed from their prison, her enormous palms slammed

into the ground. Twenty feet? Thirty? It was beginning to become difficult to quantify just how large Hakuno had become... not that it seemed to be a point of concern for him. Every object below, the Moon Cell that he'd wished to preserve... each and every tiny thing down there was now something he wished to crush and obliterate. This growing call to destroy saw her brown eyes widen away from Asian design and begin to glow a chaotic crimson, her porcelain face lit up by a plethora of rainbow colors that took a band across her forehead. A veil, perhaps simple in design but elegant in sway manifested atop the Titan's head and flowed out behind her, otherwise leaving her new form completed.

It would be wrong to call her Hakuno now, she had no memory of such a puny existence. She didn't even know what to call herself, now lost in instinct as logic had declined to the point that she was nothing more than a mindless monster. To sell that point, antennae soon erupted from atop her head. They flowed like silk, length falling to the ground below and ultimately only adding to the fact that this monster, this Titan, was nothing born of human blood. She was an alien, a chaotic existence from the depths of the cosmos. One that wished to only destroy all she could crush.

But in the distance something caught her eye. A tiny speck, a tanned form clad in the same veil as herself. She could not comprehend what that was, who that was, but their appearance set off something inside of her. "**AAAAAAAAA!**" More than anything, she had to destroy that *thing*.