

FATE / CLASS WARFARE

CH4: THE AVENGER

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“Um... Hello?”

Sakura Matou was feeling a little bit *anxious*. She was aware of the Holy Grail War that was ongoing, of course, but she had kept her true role in that war a secret to avoid a worst case scenario depending on how things ended up playing out. But that wasn't really what was making her anxious. In fact, it was rare for her to feel anxious upon stepping onto the grounds of the Emiya household. It was a trip she took practically every morning these days and being there brought her a great deal of ease.

“**Is no one truly here?**” But she was upset because there was something *different*. She was *always* greeted soon after arriving at the household, but she had made it inside the front door without anyone so much as calling out to her. Shirou always waited for her, but when she entered the kitchen? There were no signs that he had been preparing breakfast. “**Emiya-kun? Illya-chan? Saber?**” It didn't really matter *whose* name she called out. There just wasn't a reply.

“**I hope nothing bad happened to— AH!?**”

Everything had gone *black* as the sensation of being enveloped by mana blotted out the rest of the Matou mage's senses. But she was only left suspended in the void for a short period of time before her senses were once again overloaded with information from her surroundings. Surroundings that were *not* the same as they had been before the darkness had swallowed her in the first place. “**This is...?**” Sakura could at least *recognize* where she was.



“Is this Homurahara Academy?” Or a classroom within it, at least. She recognized the room shape and the view from the window. How could she *not*? She was a student there, after all. But because she was familiar with the location, things were all the more confusing for her. Those surroundings didn’t *quite* line up with what she recalled. **“These desks...? That chalkboard?”** The former looked like they were brand new and had a super futuristic appearance to them. While the latter? Was that actually a chalkboard or a really big, really flat television?

Sakura’s location wasn’t even the only thing that had changed. It was clearly the dead of night outside, and only the chalkboard illuminated inside the room. That was what she had believed at first glance, at least until she noticed a *different* glow radiating from beneath her. She was standing on a magic circle of some kind? No, like Rin she was fairly fluent in circles of that type.

“This is a circle for summoning a Servant!?” If so, then it had *really* messed up since it had summoned a Master instead!

Or so she thought, anyways.

“Wait... This feeling...” At first, Sakura hadn’t questioned it. The sensation of high density mana lingering in the air. She had *assumed* it was merely the mana that the magic circle had exerted to summon her at the first place, but it had drifted towards her body now that she had lingered. It clung to her. It *seeped into* her. The teenager’s skin rose into a layer of goosebumps. **“The summoning circle is still active? What is it doing?”**

As the Matou Master was dressed in her Homurahara uniform, not much of her skin was really exposed. This made it harder for her to take note of how goosebumps weren’t the *only* thing wrong with that skin of hers. You could definitely see it in the exposed skin of her face, hands, and around her knees though. Her complexion was *darkening*. Shade after shade its usual pale became a thing of the past as a relatively dark tan bled into its place. It might have been easy to *assume* that this tan was fake but... *it wasn’t*. It was actually a byproduct of magecraft overuse.

The trait of the Servant the girl she was becoming was based upon.

...Which sounded *very* confusing.

Sakura quickly realized that she was trapped within the summoning circle as she tried to exit. **“Is it not going to let me leave until the mana flow has dwindled?”** Could she brute force a solution with her *own* magecraft? Like with a *sword*? **“Wh-Why would I think of a sword? I’m not Emiya-kun!”** *Can I say for sure that that’s entirely true, though~?* And *that* was a thought that absolutely hadn’t belonged in her head. Yet, it was left completely unquestioned.

What was peculiar was that, unlike the others who had succumbed to these summoning circles, Sakura began to resemble one of her friends. One of the ones that had already been summoned, actually. It was plain in her tanned face with rounding features and thinning lips. Even the shapes of her eye, which became vaguely more European before the purple irises within underwent a flash of orange and red that completely painted over what they had been before.

If not for her tan and the vaguely different colors of those eyes? Sakura would have strongly resembled *Illyasviel*. That was something meant in every aspect too. She facially looked as *young* as Illya looked, maybe even ever so slightly younger – not that the rest of her body really reflected this as it remained steadfast in maintaining its sixteen year old form for the time being. A sixteen year old with manicured fingernails that had been painted... bright blue?

“I feel like I was summoned here for some kinda purpose, but my memories feel kind of jumbled... Hm?” Her voice? Had it *always* been so high and squeaky? No? Yes? The young woman was leaning more towards *yes* as her brain’s transition continued. Almost like what was happening to her brain was also affecting her exterior, her purple hair soon lightened from the roots. A silvery pink color emerged in its place that pushed the length to extend down her back and even untying the character design-defining red ribbon on the left side.

Apparently the preservation of her previous age hadn’t been much more than a fleeting sentiment. **“Eh?”** Because the girl had begun to feel a lot *lighter*? She looked down at herself with confusion. She wasn’t getting smaller, right? And it almost felt like she was *too tall*? But contemplating this led her away from noticing the *actually* cause of that weight loss. The front of her uniform had begun to gradually flatten around the chest, the culprit none other than the sizable bosom within slipping away into naught.

Where had the fat gone that had once left them so big and perky? Once they became practically non-existent nubs upon her breasts it probably

didn't matter anymore. And really, the same could be said about what was happening beneath her skirt simultaneously. Her plush bottom and thighs alike were all sapped of their feminine charm until there was practically none at all. She looked pretty boyish with that build at that height, honestly.

But things made a lot more sense moments later when she was better sorted out *proportionately*. “**EHHHHH!?**” Sakura let loose a childish cry, but only because she had felt like she was falling for a brief second. It only really felt that way because her mind had been wired to reject the truth of it. That her body's stature was collapsing in on itself, bones and skin pulling tighter until she was a height that better fit her perceived age of *eleven*.

She had shrunk all the way down to 4'4” and most of her clothes had slid off as a direct result. So it was fortunate that it didn't take long at all for those clothes to *change*, becoming a black bikini underneath a long, mesh jacket with a lime green scarf crossed around her neck. She had black and lime cat ears on a headband in her hair, connected to two white flowers above hair that was braided into two thick braids bound by pink ribbon. And when it came to her legs? Footless leggings with the same black and lime green color scheme, hanging over matching sandals.

But why in the world was she dressed for the beach!?

“**I guess I need to put all of these thoughts of editors and deadlines behind, huh? Who woulda thought I'd be summoned for a proper Holy Grail War?**” The *Chloe von Einzbern* of the *Avenger* class was understandably a little bit skeptical about the situation she now found herself in. She wasn't even supposed to be a Servant in the first place and had only become one after being summoned by Chaldea. And the Avenger shtick? Just a convenient summer change! That was why she was in a *swimsuit*!



But now she found herself summoned to strange place in the dead of night with the understanding that she was going to be fighting in a Holy Grail War while representing a class she wasn't really *supposed* to be a part of. “**Huh? Wait a sec... Isn't this Fuyuki?**” Even in her world, she had lived there with Illya and Miyu. She kind of recognized the

school from *spying on Illya's brother*. **“But this is the distant future? Huh...”**

More concerning to her was how *hungry* she felt. She'd been summoned with such low mana levels? **“And not a single Master around to be seen? But I must be bound to someone, right?”** Typically a Servant would rely on a Master to replenish their mana, but in the absence of one? **“I guess I'll have to deal with this problem the old fashioned way!”**

When was the last time she'd kissed a cute girl?