

# I, SUMMER SENPAI

SUMMER 2020 BONUS STORY

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It was *that* time of year again. People who played gacha games waited for it to come every summer: swimsuit unit season. And in no game was there ever more speculation than there was around who the welfare would be for Fate/Grand Order's summer event. Would it follow the trend of converting a popular SSR character into the free summer SR? If so who would it be? Skadi? Ereshkigal? Saberface #666?

As it turned out, this year was a trend breaker. Consort Yu, Yu Miaoyi; however you wanted to refer to her she was a Servant that was already an SR then getting another SR in the form of the 2020 summer welfare unit. For many this was a decision met with joy! She'd been very popular since her release in the Japanese version of the game after all. But there were others that were upset. How dare they break this established trend!?

I was in *neither* camp. Largely? I was pretty indifferent. I liked Consort Yu. She was neat. She just wasn't so high up there on my radar that I had been anticipating her getting a summer variant or anything. But that didn't stifle my enjoyment of the event in any capacity.

I'd swept through the story and the epilogue, max leveled my summer Yu while fully increasing her Noble Phantasm level. There really wasn't *anything* left for me to do. But *that* was when I'd noticed it: a challenge quest. Not the one that had been up since the epilogue had been released, but a brand new one. That was weird. It *definitely* hadn't been there before.

Naturally I wanted to 100% complete the event no matter the cost. Even if the enemy level seemed to be UNKNOWN for some reason. And so I

tapped my finger against the icon on the tablet and that's when everything went to hell. Well, based on your feelings about being turned into a volatile anime vampire.

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**“What the--!?”** It was like I had blinked and over the course of that blink the entire world had transformed around me. No longer was I standing in my air conditioned apartment but the inside of what seemed to be a rustic log cabin, all of the humidity of summer sticking to my skin uncomfortably. And I meant all of my skin, because I made the most unholiest of noises as I realized I was completely nude.

This *wasn't* flattering. I was a young man with a less than desirable figure, with a notable belly and barely any real muscle to speak of. Forget taking time to try and comprehend where I was or how I'd ended up here -- I needed to cover up! Or so I'd thought. No sooner than I'd thought about it did I finally find parts of my body obscured by pieces of clothing.

But they weren't suited for my body type. It was almost restrictive to my breathing in how a white bikini top with a red cleavage window had found itself wrapped around my chest, pinching the fat I had to almost look like a woman's breasts when contained inside. Then down below? A matching white bikini bottom held up by thin, black strings was ill-fitted considering the eye of my dick peeked out of the top and it did little to cover my rear.

I was *panicked*, but not necessarily because I was evidently in a woman's swimsuit. Had they been the right size I might not have been so perplexed since I did like and appreciate cute clothes regardless of what gender norms felt should be applied. After all, I had no problems with wanting to look cute. **“Is this supposed to be some sort of weird Lancer cosplay? Actually... That wall looks like one of the event backgrounds?”** I was beginning to piece things together. The bikini I had suddenly be shoved in looked like the one adorned by the summer welfare Yu Miaoyi, and this cabin was the one from the event?

But *how* was this possible?

Sweat was beginning to decorate my body thanks to a combination of anxiety and humidity. I had to cover myself up but with what? What could I wrap around my *gut*? **“Oh... That doesn't feel good.”** My stomach ended up gargling pretty much on cue. It was a pained, nauseous gargle like I'd eaten something bad, but it also didn't feel like I was going to need to use the bathroom. This sensation intensified and pushed me to lean forward, but then something *amazing* happened.

The gut I'd grown and had been working on trimming down as of late? It had begun to trim down on its own at an alarming pace that could only be perceived as *unhealthy* by modern medicine. The protrusion faded against my stomach as any feelings of deep hunger gave way to a more constant satisfaction while the sides pinched inward to give my gut a more pronounced shape. It was like the fat was slurped right out of my belly, and I could see the gains diminish in both my chest and thighs as well. More curiously any arm and chest hair I'd grown had begun to recede as well.

This was a game changer for the attire mismatch I'd been forced to endure. The bikini top was able to rest more comfortable across a thinner chest, cups empty as if begging to be filled with a woman's tits of the right size. And naturally my butt had shrunk as well, allowing the bottom to sit comfortably without strain.

*If only real weight loss was this easy!* Within a matter of moments I stood a shadow of my former self, body lean but not to the point of being overly so. There had likewise been the added benefit of my tummy seeming... toned? **“How the hell did-- THIS happen!? Ack!”** I'd had to pause mid sentence to cough, and the words spoken after? **“What's going on with my voice!?”** My pitch was like that of a maiden, albeit one that flagged me as familiar. I couldn't quite be certain considering how one's own voice was skewed by point of view, but it was fairly evident...

*The voice matched the bikini I was wearing.*

Had my vocal chords shrunk? It wouldn't be terribly surprising if so, because all at once my very line of sight showed signs of spiraling downwards. I could feel the length of my bones retract, arms and legs becoming a little stubbier as a rough twenty centimeters was shaved off of my physique overall, and I stumbled from side to side as my shoulders appeared to collapse inward to grant them lither forms. On the contrary my hips caused a stumble for the opposing reason, and I almost fell to the ground as they popped wider, bikini straps hugging them tightly as my member still poked out of the bottom.

**“Wh-What's going on!? This is stupid!”** Why would I possibly label this situation 'stupid' when there were so many better adjectives to use? This was when I'd begun to feel it: my mind slipping. It wasn't disappeared per se, but there was a very evident tilt towards various mannerisms that didn't quite suit my personality; instead better matching that of the bikini's real owner. Not that it seemed that using that identifier would be much different than referring to myself much longer.

My overall appearance was beginning to better match *my* voice! At roughly one-hundred and sixty centimeters, with my proportions as they were, I looked pretty androgynous at a glance. Small and lean with no weight distributed in a sense that might make me seem more like a woman -- yet. Although the subject of my biological sex would very quickly be corrected.

It began as I felt my dick slowly slide back into the front of the bikini. It was never super big, but this struck me as an alarming development since, looking down, otherwise I could have *very* easily been mistaken for a young woman. In fact that organ was the only telling feature, and so my hand slid with haste into the front of the bikini to make sure it was merely the typical shrinkage -- maybe the arousal I'd felt had passed?

No such luck. **“Wh-What!? It’s gone!?”**, I had no choice but to declare boldly as fingers had pushed past a surprisingly bare crotch (*free of protruding dick, balls, and hair alike*) and accidentally slid into a crevice. A crevice that made my squeak considering the level of sensitivity. I very quickly yanked it out, cheeks dyed crimson. **“No! That’s only for Lord Xiang Yu!”**

Shame momentarily washed over me. How could I fathom touching myself when I was so *loyal to my dearest husband!*

Suddenly being a woman biologically aside, I was confused by what I'd just said. What was this yearning building up beneath my chest? For the Berserker-class Servant, Xiang Yu? He was a giant mecha centaur man in FGO, but beloved by Yu Miaoyi all the same. **Never in my life had I thought of him as interesting, neat, or even a little bit cool, but now? My heart was beating so fast just thinking about him! I couldn't wipe the lovestruck smile from my face! “Ahh... Lord Xiang Yu...!”**

Schematically how could he even have sex with me? Wouldn't he just split me in two!?

Maybe that was where the immortality came in?

**“This can't be happening!”** Thankfully I'd wrestled some sense back from the thoughts and feelings pouring in. **“I'm becoming Yu!?”** Unbeknownst to me the color of my eyes had changed during my lapse in personality retention, and they now shone a dull crimson in the dimly lit cabin; no doubt the light was stimulated by the momentary passion I'd been subjected to. Not only that, my lashes were longer and the shapes of these eyes more pronounced in angle. I most certainly looked

to be native Chinese as a result. **“I mean... of course! I’ve always been Yu! For hundreds, thousands of years!”**

To call me arrogant before this moment would have been a laughable accusation. I had an extremely low self-esteem and never projected myself as anything but, yet I was beginning to speak with feigned elitism as my identity was put into doubt once more. That didn’t change that I still had low self-esteem however. Consort Yu? She was very much the same in that regard, she merely hid it behind bluster like the tsundere she was.

**“Ow!”** I had gone to scowl, but upon doing so one of my canine teeth stabbed into my lower lip: a combination of earning fangs that were more akin to a vampire’s and the glossy, plump feeling of bigger and more feminine lips. My tinier nose wrinkled in response to the sensation of the stab drawing blood, but after only a drop was spilled the wound healed instantly. My face was that of a natural beauty, fitting since Yu Miaoyi was renowned for her aesthetics. Still, said droplet rolled down to my narrowed chin before falling...

*And splattering on my chest.*

That shouldn’t have been possible. I wasn’t leaning backwards or anything. But now that I had a pussy? This was the most obvious next step. The blood droplet had landed on the beginnings of a pair of breasts, with my nipples standing firm against the bikini top that tried to hold them back.

Bit by bit fat accumulated beneath them as nipples themselves grew both fatter and longer, but they still paled in respect to the orbs that they were resting upon. Not overtly large but nothing to scoff at either, breasts that were roughly a small C in size were neatly fit within my bikini top, as if it was made to contain them. Well, *it was*.

One of my hands suddenly reached back, its smaller size and more slender fingers a detail I’d overlooked as more pressing changes had taken place, only to graze against something soft and fluffy. **“Huh?”** Turning my head over my shoulder to look at the source caused momentary confusion since the source moved as well, but I quickly realized it was because it was my hair. It had lengthened into a pair of ankle-length twin tails, hair still brown as it always had been though a little lighter in tone.

**“Why am I getting confused by my own hair? I feel super weird. Did that stupid Master do something again!?”** Efforts to reject the identity being forced upon me had been winding down. Even though I kept getting distracted by my transformation, even as I

wrestled with the possibility of becoming another, **I couldn't keep my mind from wandering back to my sexy, robot horse husband. But where was he?**

For some reason I felt compelled to wander over to the window. Maybe Xiang Yu was outside waiting for me!?! The very thought made my wifely heart skip a beat! But each step towards that window was another step towards completion. Every time one of my feet pressed down upon an old, creaky floorboard it looked just the slightest bit smaller. More elegant toes, manicured nails, a gentler heel. They were certainly a much better match for my new physique.

But there was something else. Each step brought about a jiggle. A jiggle that took on greater emphasis throughout my lower body to pop my ass into a perky, tighter, rounder shape while likewise granting my thighs a pleasant plumpness that were also evidently quite fit. My the time I leaned out the open window, my ass was big enough that it poked out quite prominently behind my with the gentle arch of my back placing emphasis on it. ***I better not catch my stupid kouhai staring at it again! Only my dearest husband can stare!***

Lord Xiang Yu wasn't outside, and so my heart sank. Turning on my heel and looking around at the cabin, manicured fingers reached down to adjust my bikini bottom. For some reason it was hanging too tightly - I liked to wear it low for the sake of comfort even though it ran the risk of accidentally showing off my coochie. A little Servant magic would make sure it didn't, however.

**“Where is Lord Xiang Yu!? Why the hell did I even come here then?”** Picking up my sunglasses from the coffee table in front of the old cabin couch, I slid them over my ears. I had been assuming maybe my *one true love* was down by the lake, but something gave me pause. On the coffee table was a modern tablet? **“Did the Einzbern brat leave this here? Maybe it was the librarian...?”** I wasn't sure, but a single tap brought up a menu.

It looked like a game HUD. Another tap. A map? It looked like the like we were staying on. I could even see the cabin with a blue box open beside it. I didn't realize it was an FGO game node any longer, but I was provoked towards tapping the node to start it. Because the title of the tab?

## **XIANG YU MANIA**

I couldn't ask for anything better! But I didn't really know what to expect? It was probably something stupid, but what if it was like, secret pics of my beloved Lord Xiang Yu!?

What I didn't realize was that I'd just triggered something terrible and was in the process of subjecting others to the same fate as myself. Everyone playing the Japanese FGO game would see that node in the real world, and when they clicked it? They'd be brought into the game as well. But they weren't so fortunate to become a beautiful immortal elemental like myself. No...

Each and every one of them was turned into a copy of Xiang Yu.

Each Xiang Yu would love me, and I would love them.

And so my eternal summer began.

My eternal, Xiang Yu summer of loving.

Incidentally, when your horse husband splits you in two with his robot dick, it is important to have the ability to resurrect yourself.

Over, and over, and over.