

I, KOUHAI

MAY 2020 BONUS STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



With the Golden Week collaboration event that usually ran for Fate/Grand Order canceled there wasn't a lot for you to look forward to as a player in the near future. It was unfortunate but with the real world circumstances, at least, you *understood*. There was plenty to keep you occupied in its stead. An event rerun, *a free SSR Servant* -- at the very least they'd thought well enough to make it up to their player base even if they didn't have to.

Speaking of that free SSR Servant, today was the day for you to pick it up! You'd stayed up so late waiting for the daily rollover on the Japanese Servants, which meant it was either the dead of night or the middle of the day wherever you were in the world, but whether you were up late or woken up early, you knew it was going to be worth it.

You quickly boot up the game. An update download? That's to be expected! What takes you off guard is how long it takes though. Ten minutes? Even putting that aside there was the issue of the Servant profile that was typically displayed. It was clearly the profile of Mashu Kyrielight, secondary protagonist and girl of the Shielder class, but so much of it was blurred out by distorted text. Oh no! Was your game crashing? In a panic you went to reset your device, but the moment you did...

EVERYTHING WENT BLACK

The next you realized you were standing in an unfamiliar place. Was that wrong? It was definitely not your room, but the long white hall with windows wide to display snowy scenery were definitely familiar, though

the scent of cleaning supplies that hung heavy in the air did not. You pressed your hand against the nearest pane of glass, eyes looking with dismay at the tundra outside. The glass was cold, and something about your reflection caught your attention.

My eyes? You posed your question internally but did not speak aloud. Typically they were an absolutely average color, but as they looked back at you now you could tell they were a well-saturated purple. What was more than that: had your eyes always been so wide? Round? Anime? You close them and open them again, and when your lids open up again you can swear your eyelashes had become longer in the interim. Everything around you seemed flatter now. Almost cartoonish. Like you were in the game itself.

“What’s... is this really カルデア?” You hardly notice how the way you pronounce the name ‘*Chaldea*’ slips into a more Japanese vocalization with heavier emphasis on the consonants. You can’t believe your eyes, and that was something both literally and figuratively as you were torn between the empty white halls around you and your reflection in the window darkened by the absence of sunlight outside. It was like every time you looked away for some reason, the second you looked back something about that reflection didn’t look quite right.

Was this because of the corrupted game update? Could a game even do something like this? **“Am I ドリーミング?”** Doriimingu. *Dreaming*. “...え?” *Eh?* It’s not the fact that Japanese is creeping up more in your sentences that makes you squeak out in surprise though -- or maybe it would be more fitting to say you weren’t normally the type of person that would squeak out in surprise *at all*? No, your voice is... different? There’s a sweet hum to it, a girlish tinge that didn’t quite fit. It sounded familiar. It felt familiar. But it was your own voice right? Wasn’t it normal for your voice to feel familiar?

A finger strokes your neck idly in response, noting how smooth the skin is there. If there’d ever been a lump, blemish, or any amount of hair there it wasn’t present any longer. You gulp, thinking maybe your throat was just dry. **“私に何が起きたのか?”** What is happening to me?

Definitely a fair question. Why do you feel so shaky? Why do you feel like something is... amiss. Are you missing something? *Someone?*

Bangs dancing to cover your right eye with sudden vigor you bring the index finger of the hand on the same side to brush them away. Had your bangs always been this long? This purple? You feel like they weren’t, but... it was strange, but you couldn’t recall what color it might have been before. Even your face, which looked more and more like a young

maiden's, looked wholly unfamiliar while providing the reassurance of *isn't this how my face always looks?*

You leave your bangs alone after tugging at them to keep them straight. Wasn't today an important day? You couldn't look disorganized. Because today, _____. What? No? This wasn't... *right*. You were supposed to be at home. You didn't have any big plans to get ready for!

The part of you that wanted to explore Chaldea, if this really was Chaldea, was overwhelmed by something foreign. A familiarity. You felt like you knew this place like the back of your hand, and actually... The back of that hand was soft. Skin creamy, fingers small and delicate. Again you're hit with the feeling that they used to be different, but at the same time you couldn't remember how.

Purple anime eyes blink as your lips, swollen from how they once were, pursed from a spike in anxiety. You couldn't help but fidget, and to those ends you ran your right hand down your left arm. It seemed much more slender. Was it longer? Shorter? There was no way to tell for sure. All you earned from this gesture was the reassurance provided by the softness of your gray and white sweater, complete with a hood. It had been a gift from the Doctor--

Or... why would your *doctor* give you a sweater? That didn't make any sense?

“ああ？” Even your thoughts had conversely begun to process in fluent Japanese without your noticing, but it was a discomfort in the front of your outfit that had urged another perplexed noise from your lips. You could see the bulge in the front of your black chest changing shape. Had there been nothing there before? Had something bigger been there before? You couldn't quite place your finger on if either was true, all you knew was that your lily white brassiere had tugged tightly against an above average bosom, the anime-like roundness of either orb preserved like precious cargo.

You didn't touch them. You were in the middle of Chaldea's halls after all, but at the same time why would you? Their size, shape, weight -- you already knew all that. They were your own breasts, nestled above your own, lean but curvy waistline. You were just a teenaged girl, and not even a normal one at that, so...

No... *Again*... Giving in, you shake your head from side to side, lilac locks bouncing around in the process as you try to shake loose these foreign memories. As you shake, your hips rock back and forth and pop into a newly generated girth that left ample room for the plump rear

that swelled to fill panties and push back the skirt of your dress. It felt wrong to think you'd wear panties like those, or a dress like this, but wasn't this just the same as always? Every day in Chaldea was the same, that's why today was so exciting. The absence between your thighs seemed more substantial than it had ever been too, to the point that you couldn't help but ponder if something had ever been between then, or maybe what had been between them wasn't as youthful.

...Oh! That's right! You were supposed to meet with the director! Remembering this you looked back in the mirror and flattened your skirt against your plump thighs, their flesh wrapped in dark leggings to complete your ensemble. You brushed your bangs with your fingers again and adjusted glasses that may or may not have been there moments before, before ultimately letting out an anxious exhale.

“That's right, today is the day the new Master candidates arrive...” Saying this in Japanese, it felt a little nostalgic like it was an event you had familiarity with already happening. That couldn't be true though, right? You had to hurry along before it was too late!

You hustled down the hall, eventually joined by the fluffy Fou in the process as it wandered beside you into the main hall. The entire walk you were wrestling with this sinking feeling. *I don't belong here. I shouldn't be here. I belong somewhere else.* Though where that other place should have been was essentially a mystery.

But it all melted away when you saw her. A girl dressed in Chaldea's uniform, sleeping against one of the walls in the hall. Her hair was a crimson orange you'd never seen before. She was breathtaking. All of the anxiety you had, all of your uncertainty? Meeting them washed it away entirely. Eventually the two of you got talking. Her name was Ritsuka Fujimaru, one of the Master candidates. You didn't know it then, or maybe you had once known, but your destiny would be forever intertwined with this girl. Eventually, she asked you what your name was.

The answer was obvious. Your name was your name, regardless of what insecurities you had attached to it. **“Mashu... Mashu Kyrielight.”** At the sound of your name, Ritsuka smiled. That smile... you would remember it always. It made your heart skip a beat.

“Senpai, are you ready?” Five years passed, and over that time Ritsuka and yourself had gone through so much. You'd fought terrible enemies, traveled to amazing places. Heck, you'd almost died at least once. But with Ritsuka -- your senpai -- at your side you'd been able to

see it all through. There was no place you'd rather be, and that night was the anniversary night of your meeting.

“Ready, Mashu!” Your senpai stepped out of her room in a lavish black dress that left much of her body exposed. You stood and gasped at just how beautiful she was, but Ritsuka did the same for you. The white dress you'd chosen had been one Doctor Roman had bought for you prior to the events that led humanity on its quest for survival. It hadn't fit then, but now...

Senpai's hand in your own, you tug her towards the cafeteria for a night the two of you would never forget. This was your world, your story, your destiny.

Not that it could have ever been something else, surely?