

GYARU GIRL SUMMER!

BONUS STORY

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Summer was here, which could only mean *one* thing!

“I’m worried about what kind of summer event we’re going to have to deal with *this* year...” Mashu Kyrielight, the Demi-Servant residing within the Shielder class was alone in the cafeteria late at night lamenting the changing of month. The calendar had just flipped over to August which could only mean that within the next five or six weeks something would *inevitably* go wrong. A Singularity would pop up, or they would go on a trip and something Servant related would go wrong.

It *always* happened. But she honestly felt like she was the only one who worried about it. Her Master, Ritsuka, didn’t seem to share her concerns about the summer season at all. She was always in high spirits and willing to greet whatever happened with a smile. Well, it wasn’t really *that* surprising. Considering how hard their Master worked year round, she undoubtedly found it relaxing to go on summer trips even *if* there was a little bit of work for them in between.

They’d been stranded on a deserted island, gone to Hawaii, Las Vegas, been camping, gone exploring with dinosaurs... Each year the adventure was unique in some way, but there was still an underlying vacation experience to be had in between their problems and for an extended period after the problems had been dealt with. In all likelihood? Ritsuka was looking on the bright side about it all.

Mashu had a hard time remaining as positive as her Master had. But there was a reason for that: she didn’t *always* get to go on the summer trips. There had been at least one instance of her being left behind, and while she had no issues with supporting her senpai from the sidelines

she didn't *always* want to be on the sidelines, especially when there was a vacation to be had in the meantime! **“Sigh... I hope I'm not left behind again.”**

She'd practically collapsed on the cafeteria table. Since it was so late at night there wasn't anyone around to bother her nor overhear what she was mumbling about. Or at least that's what *she* thought. **“Hm~? I'm pretty sure I heard another Servant muttering something like that!”** The sound of another woman's voice promoted Mashu to shoot back up and jump out of her chair, only to find BB leaning in close to her.

BB was in her swimsuit; the third ascension with the tan. She was wearing a mischievous smirk too, but perhaps that wasn't exactly unusual. **“BB!? Another Servant...? What do you mean?”** The Mooncancer didn't usually approach her, particularly in private, unless she wanted something or *worse*, was *up* to something. There was a glint in BB's eyes that couldn't be ignored.



“What do you mean, Mashu~!?” The purple-haired woman put on a cutesy act as she grabbed Mashu's exposed wrist without warning for just a second before letting go. The act made the Shielder narrow, but she didn't look down at where she had been grabbed. **“I was just thinking! Tans are in, right? Wouldn't a gyaru girl summer be fun this year~?”**

What was she going on about? She knew what gyaru were, it was a fashion style in Japan with tanned skin and light colored hair among other things. **“What do you— Uh!?”** Before Mashu could even *ask* for elaboration, BB was already skipping out of the cafeteria. How cryptic could she be!? When she was gone, however, was when Mashu finally looked down at where her wrist was grabbed. **“T-Tan!?”**

There was a handprint wrapped around her wrist where she'd been grabbed. In a dark tan.

“...Did BB have paint or something on her palm?” Mashu immediately assumed that this was some sort of prank, even though that could have been farther from the fact in truth. She used her opposite hand to rub at the spot thinking it might rub off *whatever* was causing that color change. But it didn't do anything. Why would it though? The actual melanin of her skin there had been changed; her skin was

naturally tanned where she had been grabbed. “**Hm... It won’t come off?**”

Red flags hadn’t been raised just yet, even despite the fact that there were growing reasons for them to have been raised. And those reasons had begun to grow *literally*. If you spared a momentary glance to Mashu’s hair you could see that her neat bob was both decreasingly less *neat* and decreasingly less *like a bob*. Her hair was weaving longer and messier, cascaded far down her back behind her while bangs thickened as they were messily swept to the left.

What’s more, there was a subtle change in *color* when it came to these strands. The paleness of the woman’s purple hair was retained, the *purpleness* of it was not. Rather, almost like her locks were subjected to some manner of hue slider they all rapidly took a turn to a pale *pink* instead. While this would go for all of the hair on her body, body hair and even her pubes shortened until they were gone entirely. Only her lengthened mane and brows remained.

“**WHA—!?** What’s going on with my hair!?” It was only inevitable that Mashu would notice this hair growth as she grabbed a handful of it, but the initial shriek of realization was much higher pitched and shriller than any sound the woman had ever made before. She was too perplexed by her hair of pink-blond hair to even *notice* that, but something else did quickly catch her gaze. The hand she was holding her hair with... it was *completely* tanned now. “**I knew it! That stupid BB did something to me!**”

Her eyes had widened with surprise before that gaze narrowed into something irater, but the actions of doing so had seemingly been tied to a dramatic change *in* her eyes. The colors of her irises *were* part of it, with purples brightening to an orangey red while the tanned pigmentation, which had been gradually wrapping itself around her body, finally began to spread into her face. More than that was their *shapes* though. They narrowed oh-so-slightly in the corners to give her a vaguely Japanese appearance, albeit one that must have been mixed blood. Yet the eyes simultaneously seemed *larger* and made her appear *younger*.

Well it wasn’t *just* her eyes doing that. Her face’s design as a whole took a youthful turn. Her lips thinned until there was almost no definition to them whatsoever, her nose collapsed, and her face’s design thinned overall. If not for the rest of her body you might have assumed she was a *child* based on her face alone. A child with a striking resemblance to those of the *Einzbern* family.

“Hey! What the hell!? Wait, why is my voice so squeaky!?” Not only that but her reactions had become increasingly more chaotic as her transformation had worn on. But *this* outburst had been because her glasses had slid off of her shrunken nose and had fallen to the floor. But wasn’t that odd? It had happened before, yet they usually hit her chest... before... **“AH!?! MY BIG TITS!?”** That *certainly* wasn’t the way Mashu would have phrased it under normal circumstances.

She wasn’t wrong at all though. While her face and hair had been changing and the tanned tone had spread across her skin, her body had gradually been, well, *lessening in mass*. Mashu was a surprisingly curvy young woman, but all of the weight in her ass, thighs, and breasts had slowly been deteriorating so that her clothing hung much more loosely off her frame. Glasses had fallen past her bosom because there *was* no bosom. Her chest was completely flat short of the promise of something growing in the future, and the same could be said of her rear end as well.

Mashu agitatedly clicked her tongue. That wasn’t a habit of hers *at all* but losing her curves had put her in a bad mood for some reason, even though she’d never cared about them before. **“Why would you take away all of the good stuff!? What am I supposed to— AHHH!?”** She was being so noisy that it was a wonder no one had come in to check on her, although she had screamed because of the thought she had been falling for a second.

While she hadn’t *actually* fallen, it was easy to understand *why* she had thought that. Her stature had suddenly plummeted from 5’2” to 4’4”. There certainly wasn’t any doubt that she was a child *now* and hearing herself scream in that moment she’d felt pretty confident about where she had heard that voice before. **“No way, did I...? What am I wearing!?”**

It wasn’t so much that her old outfit had disappeared. Rather her dress was hanging off her, skirt touching the floor while one shoulder poked out through the neck. It was there that she could see mesh cloth and a lime green... scarf? Struggling to do so, she eventually pulled her dress up and over her head to toss it aside. By the time she had? She was wearing something different altogether.

A black and lime green bikini hugged her child-sized body, though it was vaguely obscured by a translucent, mesh dress that hung down to her thighs and revealed a red tattoo around her bellybutton. Boots that matched her bikini reached her thighs, and that lime green scarf was tied around her neck. Curiously, when the girl had lifted her old dress over her head, when her hair had come out the other side? It had been styled into two, thick braided tails that were tied with pink ribbon – and a pair of black and green cat ears rested on a headband.

She *should* have been more fixated on all of that, but...

“Grr... They’d better not leave me behind this year! It’s no fair that Illya got to go without me!” The irritation that *Chloe von Einzbern* had been growing over the course of her transformation finally found a target, but she immediately realized *why* that target was wrong. **“I-Illya!? Wait a sec! Shouldn’t I be more concerned about this!? I’m a little girl now! I’m Chloe!”** She could still recall *being* Mashu but couldn’t control how she was acting nor the thoughts that crossed her mind.



Her affections and interests were the same as Chloe’s too. She couldn’t stop wondering about what Illya and Miyu were doing at that moment, or thinking about how Miyu would *totally* be jelly that she got a swimsuit before she did! **“N-No! Why would I care about that!? But she’s totally gonna be— ACK!?”**

Even her reactions were the comical outbursts of a child. But despite her young age, why did such mature things keep crossing her mind? Like giving Illya a big kiss, or Chloe a big kiss, oh... **“Hehehe... NO!”** No matter what, it was almost impossible to keep thinking *as* Mashu. Chloe’s personality was winning out, which would make it difficult to convince others of her old identity.

And she hadn’t even realized she wouldn’t be able to introduce herself as Mashu anymore yet.



Unlike Mashu, she had been wondering what this year’s summer event would bring with interest. Would they be going to an island this year? A resort? A forest? Most of the fun of the summer events was going to a new and interesting location. Sometimes there were incidents that involved fighting, and she couldn’t deny that, but they were still a lot more relaxing than fighting for her life in a Singularity or Lostbelt.

Her thoughts about summer, prompted by remembering Mashu mentioning it earlier in the night, had suddenly been interrupted. **“Huh? BB? Is something wrong?”** Ritsuka had been about to get ready for bed when a knock on her room’s door had coaxed her into opening it. Everyone’s favorite Mooncancer was on the other side of the door in her swimsuit. It wasn’t like her to drop by, at least so late at night. **“I was just getting ready for— H-Huh!?”**

Ritsuka was taken off guard as BB grabbed her hand and gave it a quick shake before letting go and doing a little twirl. **“Nothing much, Master~! Mashu is off getting excited for our gyaru summer this year, so I just thought you might like to join in on the fun too!”** And before Ritsuka could inquire as to *what* she had meant by that, the woman skipped off down the hallway.

“Okay... then...?” Utterly baffled, Ritsuka allowed her door to close before eventually looking down at the hand that had been grabbed. She didn’t know what BB had been talking about, yet she’d been stunned by the sight of the hand that had been grabbed. Her palm was *tan* in color? Had the AI been pranking her or something? It seemed harmless enough and she assumed it would just wash off. So Ritsuka started to cross her room towards the adjoined bathroom.

She didn’t make it that far before something else gave her pause.

There was an odd pressure at the base of her spine. The Master reached a hand behind her to try and press against it, but much to her surprise there was *resistance*. Something was protruding from her tailbone which, naturally, could only be... **“A tail!?”** It was almost like acknowledging its existence caused it to grow, because it *exploded* in length and pushed out between her skirt and undershirt as strawberry blonde fur fluffily grew out of it. It resembled a tail of a *fox*, and she could wiggle it with her own will.

Since she was so distracted by her fluffy new appendage (with its fur that seemed to be becoming pinker closer to its tip) Ritsuka hadn’t quite clued in to the fact that something, or a *pair* of somethings had begun to twitch atop her head. With fur similar to that of her tail, a pair of *fox ears* had appeared. They were blonde with fluffy, white tufts sticking out from inside – clearly mismatching the dark orange of the hair that surrounded them.

“Why do I have a tail!? But that pink dye at the tip looks *totally dope!*” Did it? It looked ‘totally dope’? Never in her life had the woman ever uttered a phrase like *that*. Nonetheless, it *had* escaped her lips. Lips that had become a tad fuller and glossier, pastel pink lipstick

now giving them a more obvious sheen. Not that this was the *only* change to her fact, in fact.

Her complexion as a whole was becoming more and more tanned and that included her face, but unlike Chloe's skin? It was artificial. It was the type of tan you received from remaining under the sun a while with the appropriate lotion spread sensually across your body, but it covered her ass and tits completely to suggest she had done so *naked*. There were only two places that *weren't* tanned, and they were designed as a pair of hearts just left of her navel. Upon a tummy that no longer had any scars or blemishes just as the rest of her body didn't.

But more specific to her face? Aside from fuller lips and tanner skin there had been a very pointed adjustment in the shape of her maw. Her chin was narrower, and her cheekbones raised, giving her a much more classically beautiful Japanese appearance. Lashes lengthened both naturally and thanks to the boon of mascara and her nostrils were smaller. Eyes soon glittered with gold instead of orange, with freshly applied eyeshadow really drawing attention to them.

“Something's *way* not right here! BB *musta* done something to me, *huh?*” Ritsuka had been compelled to look at the hand that BB had previously grabbed. **“*Whoa! It spread!*”** She'd noticed not only the tan, but also that her fingernails had become both longer *and* fake, hot pink stick-ons the culprits. **“*The way I'm talking makes me sound so, like, silly too! Gawd! I just can't stop!*”** Hereabouts was where her voice eventually shifted into something a little *peppier*. She just couldn't stop herself from *exclaiming* everything she said like a vapid, trendy woman.

Which was more or less what her appearance continued to resemble. The platinum blonde from the fur of her ears inevitably bled into her orange hair, which lengthened and *curled* as the color washed through it. But this blonde? It was *bleached* with her new natural hair color being a more golden blonde than that. Yet hot pink dye colored curling tips like a gradient, increasing an appeal that was undeniably...

Gyaru.

From her blonde and pink hair to her fake, bronze tan to the way she was speaking – it seemed that BB's words had spoken her true intentions in the first place. **“*I'm totally becoming a hot and sexy gyaru! But what's with the fox tail? And oh em gee! I guess I have fox ears too!*”** Actually, didn't she already know a JK-loving woman with fox features that spoke *exactly* like this? But... **“*Whoa!?*”**

Ritsuka fumbled forward a moment because her hips had parted without warning. It was only a couple of extra inches but that was enough to lift the sides of her skirt high enough to see her underwear. Or what was *supposed* to be her underwear. With her ass bloating into a peach shape and lifting the back of the skirt it became easier to see. That the woman was wearing a hot pink, leopard-print bikini bottom with gold chains where her panties had once been. A very *gyaru* choice.

And wearing *only* her button-up undershirt since she'd been in the privacy of her own room, it became increasingly obvious that her loins weren't the only place that this leopard print pattern had appeared. "**Hey! Aren't my tits getting way bigger!?**" That was probably the crudest way the fox woman could have worded it, but she wasn't exactly *wrong*. Tanned flesh and a hot pink, leopard-print bikini top could be seen through the white top as it was pulled tighter.

Eventually the top few buttons popped off and ample, bronze cleavage bounced out. Ritsuka, guided by her changing personality, couldn't stop herself from squeezing them together and allowing them to drop with her hands. "**Heehee! These are the best!**" She certainly felt *proud* of them and for good reason! Weren't they totally *sexy!*? At F-cups they *better* have been – they practically looked like gelatin with how the thin bikini hugged them a little too tight. "**This fit just ain't working for me though.**"

She wasn't talking about the swimsuit underneath but instead the remnants of her old outfit. It didn't take her long at all to unbutton the rest of her shirt and shed it from her arms, revealing more jewelry had appeared upon her person. Golden chains with heart charms were draped across her hips, numerous bracelets and necklaces helped accessorize otherwise, and a pair of sunglasses now sat atop her forehead. Shimmying out of her skirt, a number of bangs hugged her left thigh so that its flesh was bubbling out a bit.

"**Like OH EM GEE! I've totally turned into Suzuka Gozen!**" The woman couldn't help but take in her own appearance, arching her back and moving her arms and legs so that she could drink in every single aspect of her sexy, tanned body. "**So this is what BB meant by a gyaru summer, huh? This is Hype AF!**" Try as she might, she couldn't stop herself from talking in that oddly



trendy way.

It was definitely the way she had assumed that gyaru spoke, but while she seemed optimistic about her transformation she still hadn't fully been assimilated by her changes mentally. Ritsuka still had the reigns, but the identity and personality of *Suzuka Gozen* was calling the shots. **"This is like so not good, but I'm totally hot, right? This tan is super sexy!"** Suzuka's enthusiasm and energetic personality was overwhelming Ritsuka's shock.

She was cute and sexy and strong. And so Suzuka was riding the high of all that new confidence. She even returned to giving her fat tits another honk or two with a perverse expression upon her face. **"But why'd BB do this, huh? Does this mean she, like, turned someone else into a gyaru Servant? She mentioned Chloe too, right?"**

"Eh? Did she say Chloe?"

And so the problems began.