

The Voiceless Voice Has Been Heard! (Lo Tg)

Chapter 1: Probably a Scam, Definitely a Mistake

Logan sat in his room, legs kicked up on his desk, staring blankly at his laptop screen. It was a typical Tuesday night—meaning absolutely nothing interesting was happening. He had already burned through all the new anime episodes, beaten his favorite game for the fifth time, and scrolled through every possible social media feed at least twice.

Bored out of his mind, he found himself diving into the darkest abyss known to mankind.

The weird part of the internet.

Clicking through random forums, he eventually stumbled upon a thread that caught his eye.

**"HOW TO SUMMON YU-GI-OH MONSTERS IRL (REAL, NOT FAKE!!)"
(98.6k upvotes, pinned post, tagged 'Proven Results')**

Logan blinked. Then blinked again.

"...Right, because that seems legit..."

Curiosity got the better of him, and he clicked the link. The forum thread was an absolute mess—half the replies were people claiming it worked, the other half were calling it fake, and somewhere in the middle was a guy trying to sell bootleg Millennium Items. Because of course.

Still, Logan had nothing better to do.

The original post laid out an incredibly stupid set of instructions:

1. **Use a deck you are spiritually connected to.**
2. **Draw five cards at exactly 3:33 AM.**
3. **Chant the name of the archetype while holding a candle.**
4. **Spin in a circle twice, slap yourself, and demand the Heart of the Cards bless you.**
5. **Profit.**

Logan rubbed his temples. "This is so stupid. Who actually believes this?"

Then he scrolled down and saw:

- **"HOLY CRAP IT WORKED!!!" (43k upvotes)**
- **"I summoned Dark Magician and now he won't leave my basement." (29k upvotes)**
- **"Help, my Blue-Eyes just ate my dog???" (11k upvotes, locked thread)**

He stared at the comments. A normal, rational human being would have closed the tab and moved on with their life.

But Logan?

Logan had nothing better to do, and as a person who had nothing better to do, weird ideas become increasingly tempting.

“...Screw it.”

— **Much, much later.** —

He grabbed his Voiceless Voice deck from his shelf. It was his favorite deck by far. It was cool, powerful, and massively underappreciated. If nothing else, at least this would give him a laugh.

He glanced at the time.

3:32 AM.

“Oh great, I’m actually doing this.”

Lighting the nearest candle (a cheap vanilla-scented one from his mom’s decorative set), he drew five cards from his deck (which he definitely stacked beforehand).

- **Skull Guardian, Protector of the Voiceless Voice**
- **Saffira, Dragon Queen of the Voiceless Voice**
- **Sauravis, Dragon Sage of the Voiceless Voice**
- **Ritual Sanctuary**
- **Pot of Greed** (*which does absolutely nothing in this context, but he felt cool drawing it*).

Then came the chanting. He felt ridiculous, but he was already committed.

“Voiceless Voice, hear my call, summon forth—”

He hesitated. This was dumb. So dumb.

Still, he had already lit the candle. Might as well go all the way.

“—your protector into this world!”

He spun in a circle twice.

He slapped himself.

Then, feeling like an absolute idiot, he threw his arms up and shouted:

“HEART OF THE CARDS, GUIDE ME!”

A moment of silence.

Nothing happened.

Logan let out a sigh. "Yeah, okay. Of course, it was a scam. Like summoning an actual monster was—"

BOOM!!!

The entire room shook as a pillar of eerie blue light erupted from his deck. The candle snuffed out instantly, and a powerful gust of wind tore through his room. Papers flew everywhere, and his laptop shut off on its own.

A deep, echoing chant filled the air, as if the universe itself was making a dramatic entrance.

"THE VOICELESS VOICE HAS HEARD."

Logan froze. His brain was still trying to process what was happening when suddenly—

A MASSIVE ARMORED FIGURE CRASHED INTO EXISTENCE IN FRONT OF HIM.

The figure was huge, towering over him, covered in ornate dark armor with glowing blue energy pulsing beneath the surface. Two heavy longswords extended from both of its arms, and a fearsome, skeletal faceplate stared down at Logan like he was the most important person in the world.

Then, the figure spoke.

"PROTECT LO."

Logan blinked.

The armored skeleton knight stood completely still, staring at him.

"...What."

"PROTECT LO."

"...Who's Lo? Wait! Do you mean THAT Lo?"

"PROTECT LO."

"But Lo isn't here!"

The Skull Guardian stares.

A beat of silence passed between them.

Logan slowly pointed at himself. "...Are you talking about me?"

"PROTECT LO."

Logan ran a hand down his face. "Oh my god. I'm gonna regret this, aren't I?"

Skull Guardian nodded.

"PROTECT LO."

"Screw this," he muttered, shaking his head. "I am not dealing with this at 3 AM on a school day. No way. Nope. Not happening."

"PROTECT LO?"

"Yeah, yeah, protect Lo, whatever." Logan turned away, waving dismissively. "I really hope for you that this is all just a bad dream, because if I wake up tomorrow and you're still here—"

He paused, pointing an exhausted finger at the ten-foot-tall skeletal knight.

"—I'm throwing you in the trash."

Skull Guardian nodded solemnly.

"PROTECT LO."

"Good talk," Logan grumbled, throwing himself back into bed and dragging the blanket over his head. "Future me can deal with this crap."

With that, he closed his eyes, determined to ignore reality until morning.

As Logan drifted into sleep, something shifted.

His hair, which had always been a boring dark brown, began lengthening ever so slightly, the tips darkening into a deep, vivid blue.

His shoulders shrank just a bit, his frame narrowing, his body subtly adjusting, as if reality itself was casually updating his character model.

If Logan had been awake, he might have panicked, screamed, or started googling "Why am I turning into an anime girl?"

Instead, he snored lightly into his pillow, blissfully unaware.

Skull Guardian watched his sleeping summoner, his glowing blue eyes unblinking.

Then, slowly, he turned to the corner of the room.

With the kind of grace you wouldn't expect from a 500-pound skeletal warrior, he shuffled over to the corner and sat down.

Then he just... stayed there.

Completely motionless.

Both his massive sword arms rested across his lap, his helmeted head slightly tilted forward, like some kind of knightly watchdog.

Even as the sun began to peek over the horizon, even as Logan's body continued its slow transformation, Skull Guardian remained.

Silent. Loyal. Unmoving.

Protecting Lo.

Chapter 2: Future Logan's Problems are now Current Logan's Problems

The alarm blared at 7:00 AM.

A hand groggily slapped it off.

Logan sat up, rubbing his face. "Ugh... what time is—"

He froze.

Something felt off.

His hair fell slightly into his face, longer than before. He blinked, lifting his hands to push it back—

His slimmer, smaller hands.

Logan slowly turned toward his desk mirror.

His reflection blinked back at him.

His hair was definitely longer. The tips were blue.

Was his face always that... soft-looking?

Silence.

Then, from the corner of the room—

"PROTECT LO."

Logan jumped three feet into the air.

"OH MY GOD, YOU'RE STILL HERE?!"

Skull Guardian nodded.

"PROTECT LO."

Logan grabbed his head. "THIS WASN'T A DREAM?!"

He had bigger problems now.

Like the fact that he apparently woke up with anime hair, that his skeleton bodyguard was still sitting in the corner like an obedient puppy, and most importantly: He still had school.

Furthermore he had no idea how to explain any of this.

For almost ten minutes, Logan stood frozen in front of his mirror, staring at his slightly longer, now blue-tipped hair, his smaller hands, and the general sense of "something is off" with his body.

A rational person would have sat down, carefully examined the situation, and tried to understand what was happening.

Logan was not that person.

Instead, he did what any self-respecting teenager faced with an unexplainable supernatural phenomenon would do.

He decided to pretend it wasn't happening.

"Okay, okay. This is fine. It's probably just stress." He nodded to himself, throwing on his school uniform and grabbing his bag. "I'll just go to school like normal. No weird magic. No creepy skeleton knight. Just a totally normal—"

Then he turned.

Skull Guardian was still there. Sitting in the corner like a very obedient, very large, very impossible-to-ignore dog.

Logan pointed at him. "Okay. You stay here. I'm going to school."

Skull Guardian stood up immediately.

"Protect Lo."

Logan's eye twitched. "No. No protecting Lo. Just staying put and not following me into—"

Skull Guardian stepped forward.

"Protect Lo."

Logan held up a finger. "That's not an answer!"

— An adventurous bus ride later —

Logan power-walked through the school hallway, staring straight ahead, determined to not attract attention.

This, of course, was impossible.

Because directly behind him, like some kind of ancient eldritch bodyguard, was a ten-foot-tall skeletal knight in full armor, and people noticed.

The school was buzzing. Students whispered to each other, eyes wide with excitement, curiosity, and absolutely zero fear.

"Dude, look at that thing!"

"Is that Logan's new cosplay or what?"

"Did he finally start playing D&D?"

"Holy crap, is that an actual Yu-Gi-Oh! summon?!"

"Protect Lo."

Logan kept his head down, desperately hoping if he ignored it, it would go away.

It did not.

Then, his best friend Mark strolled up beside him, grinning ear to ear.

Mark was the kind of guy who never took anything seriously. A total goofball, always looking for a chance to mess with Logan, and apparently completely unfazed by the giant undead knight currently following them.

Mark clapped a hand on Logan's shoulder.

"Alright, man," he said casually, "I gotta ask. What's up with the ten-foot-tall bone knight?"

Logan clenched his jaw. Took a deep breath.

And in the flattest, most exhausted voice possible, he replied:

"I don't want to talk about it."

Mark nodded, unbothered. "Cool, cool. But, like. He's real, right?"

"Unfortunately."

"Nice."

"Protect Lo."

Before Logan could properly wallow in his suffering, the teacher walked in.

She took one look at the classroom. One look at Logan. One look at the massive armored skeleton knight looming in the back like a gothic horror statue.

Then, with a sigh that carried the weight of a thousand disappointments, she rubbed her temples.

"Logan," she said, voice entirely too calm for this situation, "if you're going to bring a pile of bones into class, please warn me in advance next time."

Logan groaned. "If I had a choice, I wouldn't have brought him."

The teacher nodded, accepting this answer without question.

"Alright. Everyone take your seats. Class is starting."

Skull Guardian remained standing in the back of the classroom, looming like an ancient, forgotten war god.

Logan slumped into his chair, dropping his head onto the desk with a defeated thud.

Mark gave him a thumbs-up.

"Yo, your life is way more interesting than mine now."

Logan silently screamed into his arms.

Chapter 3: More Summons = More Chaos

Logan sat at his desk, furiously typing into his laptop.

His fingers flew across the keyboard as he scoured the same insanely sketchy forum that got him into this mess in the first place.

"HOW TO UNSUMMON YU-GI-OH MONSTERS IRL (REAL, NOT FAKE!!)"

(0 upvotes, no replies.)

Logan groaned. "Oh, fantastic. Apparently, everyone figured out how to summon monsters, but no one thought about getting rid of them."

Behind him, a familiar deep voice rumbled.

"Protect Lo."

Logan didn't even turn around. "Yeah, yeah, I know. You've said that twenty times now."

"Protect Lo."

"You can say it as much as you want, big guy. It's not gonna fix my problem."

"Protect Lo."

"Cool. Very insightful. You should be a life coach."

Skull Guardian nodded approvingly.

"Protect Lo."

Logan groaned and buried his face in his hands. "God, I hope I'm actually just hallucinating from sleep deprivation."

But no, the ten-foot-tall skeleton knight was still there. Just standing. Watching. Protecting.

Sighing, Logan decided to examine his deck again—maybe there was some kind of clue about how to reverse the summoning process.

He reached for his cards... and that's when he saw it.

A faint, almost invisible blue glow hovering just above his deck.

Logan frowned. "Huh." He leaned in closer. The glow was like a tiny, swirling portal, as if the universe had left a 'click here to open' button floating over his cards.

That... probably wasn't normal.

He hesitated.

Then, because clearly, he hadn't learned from his previous mistakes, he reached out toward it.

As soon as his fingers grazed the light, everything happened at once.

A screeching gust of wind nearly knocked Logan off his feet as the small, flickering glow exploded into a swirling vortex.

Then—

A voice.

A very loud, very excited voice.

"LOOOOOO!!! MOMMA IS COMING!!!"

Logan barely had time to register those words before—

TWO MASSIVE BREASTS CAME LAUNCHING THROUGH THE PORTAL, RIGHT INTO HIS FACE.

And attached to them was the rest of Saffira, I guess.

WHAM!

Logan's world became nothing but warmth and suffocation.

Flailing helplessly, he tried to escape the plush, smothering trap that was now his reality.

"MMPH—!!!"

Saffira, meanwhile, was too busy celebrating to notice his distress.

"YES! I MADE IT! I'M HERE! I'M WITH LO!!!"

Logan flailed harder.

Saffira squeezed tighter.

"OH, LO, YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW HAPPY I AM!"

Logan very much had an idea. He was currently trapped between two very overwhelming arguments.

Skull Guardian, standing to the side, observed the situation silently.

Then, in a deep, wise tone, he offered his insight.

"Protect Lo."

Logan finally managed to wrench himself free, gasping for air. "OKAY—personal space, lady! I need that to live!"

Saffira pulled back just enough to beam at him.

Up close, she was gorgeous—long flowing silver-blue hair, shimmering dragon wings folded behind her back, and a figure that absolutely did not belong in a children's card game.

She clapped her hands together, beaming.

"Oh my gosh, you're even CUTER in person!"

Logan blinked. "I'm sorry, what?"

Saffira gasped dramatically. "AND your voice! Oh, it's getting there!"

"...Getting where?"

Saffira ignored the question in favor of grabbing Logan's hands in hers.

"Lo, Lo, Lo! We can do so many things together now!" she gushed. "We can go shopping! Have adventures! Bond like mother and child!"

Logan stared at her, absolutely dumbfounded. "We can also not do those things."

Saffira was not listening.

She gasped again, clutching her chest like she just had the greatest idea in the universe.

"OH! We can do your hair! I always thought you'd look so cute with longer hair, maybe in twin tails—"

Logan held up a hand. "Stop. Stop talking."

Saffira pouted. "Oh, but Lo—"

"NOPE. STOP. STOP SAYING 'LO' LIKE WE'RE BEST FRIENDS."

"But we are best friends! Or, well, I guess I'm more like a cool, fun mom—"

"I DO NOT REMEMBER SIGNING UP FOR A MOM."

"But Lo, I love you!"

"YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME."

Saffira dramatically gasped again. "Lo. I have always known you."

Logan was too tired for this.

"Okay, great. Fantastic. Now, please, if it's not too much trouble, could you maybe **NOT CRUSH ME TO DEATH WITH YOUR MASSIVE—**"

Saffira immediately grabbed his head and pulled him back into her chest.

"SHHHH, SWEETIE, MOMMY'S GOT YOU."

"MMPHH—!!!"

Skull Guardian nodded in solemn approval.

"Protect Lo."

— One breathless minute later —

Logan lay flat on his bed, coughing and desperately sucking in air like a fish out of water. His lungs were not having a good time after nearly being smothered to death by an overenthusiastic dragon mom's chest.

He wheezed. "I almost died."

At the foot of his bed, Skull Guardian stood tall, now wearing a pink nurse apron over his usual heavy armor.

In his massive, gauntleted hands, he held a tray with a bowl of soup and a glass of water, carefully balanced with the precision of a five-star butler.

Logan slowly sat up, squinting.

"Why—" he coughed. "Why are you wearing that?"

Skull Guardian tilted his head slightly.

"Protect Lo."

Logan groaned but begrudgingly reached for the water.

"Okay, fine. Thanks, I guess." He took a deep sip, feeling his throat burn less.

In the corner of the room, Saffira was kneeling on the floor, staring at the wall like a guilty puppy.

Her wings were drooped, and her head was hung low in shame.

"I'm so sorry, Lo," she mumbled, hands wringing the hem of her dress. "I was just... so happy to see you, and then... then I almost... almost—!"

Her voice cracked.

Logan paused mid-sip. "...Are you about to cry?"

Saffira sniffled dramatically. "I almost smothered my precious Lo to death with my love! I'm a terrible, terrible mother!"

She buried her face in her hands.

Logan slowly slurped on a spoonful of soup, watching this unfold.

This was his life now.

A giant skeleton nurse.

A dramatic dragon woman mourning her own boob-induced manslaughter.

And him, just trying to eat his damn soup.

"...Good soup," he muttered to himself.

Meanwhile... His body continued to change.

As Logan drank and ate, he felt strange. Not just the normal 'oh crap, I just summoned two Yu-Gi-Oh monsters into my house' kind of strange, but physically strange.

His frame shrank even further, his shoulders narrowing into a softer shape. His hands, already smaller from before, lost the last traces of masculine roughness.

Then, he felt something new.

He froze, spoon halfway to his mouth.

He looked down at his chest.

A very faint swelling.

Very, very faint.

But it was there.

Logan stared in horror. "Oh no."

His hair had grown longer, now brushing comfortably around his shoulders, the brown almost completely overtaken by deep blue.

His face felt... softer.

His voice was just slightly higher.

He slowly turned to Saffira, eyes wide.

"You," he pointed at her, "You know what's happening to me, don't you?"

Saffira lifted her head slightly, peeking through her fingers.

"I mean, yeah, kinda?" she said hesitantly. "I only know bits and pieces—it wasn't exactly a big deal to me once I heard I could come into the same world as my beloved Lo."

Logan's eye twitched.

"I am not Lo."

"But you are."

"I am not."

Saffira sighed dramatically. "Okay, fine. You say that, but tell me, Logan," she leaned forward, smirking slightly, "Did you always have a cute little body like that?"

Logan turned bright red.

"SHUT UP."

She grinned. "Did you always have a sweet, soft voice like that?"

"STOP TALKING."

Saffira giggled. "Awww, don't be shy! It's perfectly natural for a growing girl—"

"I AM NOT A GIRL."

Logan, fuming, grabbed his deck and pulled out one specific card.

The Lo, the Prayers of the Voiceless Voice card.

He stared at the artwork.

Then he looked at his reflection in the mirror across the room.

Then back at the card.

Then back at the mirror.

Then back at the card.

Then back at the mirror.

His stomach dropped.

His breath caught.

His soul left his body.

"Holy crap," he whispered. "I really am turning into Lo."

Saffira nodded sagely.

"...Yeah. Like I was saying."

Logan stared into the abyss.

Skull Guardian nodded in solemn approval.

"Protect Lo."

Logan screamed into his pillow.

Chapter 4: It Got Worse

Logan was already dead inside before he even made it to school.

Yesterday had been bad enough with one ridiculous summon following him around.

Today?

Today was worse.

Because now, he had two.

On his right, Saffira was gliding gracefully through the schoolyard, chatting happily with anyone and everyone, like a cheerful celebrity on a PR tour.

"Oh yes, my sweet Lo is simply the most talented summoner! Such a kind heart! Such a beautiful soul!"

"Ah, you must be one of Lo's classmates! Isn't she just amazing? She's amazing."

"Did I mention how cute Lo is today? Because just LOOK AT HER! Isn't she adorable?"

Logan ground his teeth and stomped ahead, pretending he couldn't hear any of it.

On his left?

Skull Guardian.

Who, after yesterday's disastrous attempt at being normal, had decided to be more 'stealthy' today.

Which, for a 10-foot-tall, 500-pound armored skeleton knight, meant...

Trying to sneak around inconspicuously.

This mostly involved him awkwardly hiding behind trees that were way too small to actually cover him.

Logan walked forward.

Skull Guardian quickly ducked behind a lamp post.

Logan kept walking.

Skull Guardian shuffled behind a bench, crouching as if that would somehow make him invisible.

Logan rubbed his temples. "I can still see you."

Skull Guardian froze in place like a kid caught mid-act.

Then very slowly—as if maybe that would help—he slid behind a vending machine.

Still maintaining full eye contact.

"Protect Lo."

Logan let out a long, exhausted groan.

By the time Logan made it to his locker, he was already at his wit's end.

That's when Mark showed up.

Mark, as always, looked far too relaxed for someone witnessing what was essentially an anime protagonist's mental breakdown in real time.

He strolled up beside Logan and grinned.

"Hey, dude. Your hair is half blue."

Logan sighed, rubbing his now shoulder-length hair.

"Yup."

"Like, really blue."

"Yup."

Mark nodded, clearly holding back laughter.

Then he gestured to the giant, stunningly beautiful woman with dragon wings casually chatting with some students.

"Alright, now tell me about the ridiculously hot lady you brought with you."

Logan's eye twitched.

"She is not mine."

Mark gave him a look.

"Uh-huh. So, just to be clear," he said, holding up a finger, "Yesterday you showed up with a giant armored skeleton bodyguard."

Logan groaned. "I don't wanna talk about it."

"And today, you've also got a gorgeous winged lady who will not stop calling you 'Lo' and bragging about you to literally everyone."

"I really don't wanna talk about it."

Mark grinned. "Logan, my guy—"

"I swear, Mark, if you say something dumb—"

"—are you becoming a protagonist?"

Logan dragged a hand down his face.

"Y'know what? Sure. Fine. Whatever. Let's say I am. Let's say I summoned actual Yu-Gi-Oh monsters, and they won't leave me alone. Let's say I'm slowly turning into the person on one of my own cards."

Mark blinked.

Then smiled even wider.

"Nice."

Logan glared. "That's it? That's your reaction?"

Mark shrugged. "Look, man, I've known you since we were kids. I always figured you'd either become a pro duelist or end up in some magical transformation nonsense."

He slapped Logan's back.

"Frankly? I'm just glad I bet on the right horse."

Before Logan could properly process Mark's stupidity, the teacher walked in.

She took one look at Logan. Then at Skull Guardian, who was very clearly trying to hide behind a bookshelf that was barely taller than Logan's desk. Then at Saffira, who smiled brightly and waved.

"Good morning, ma'am!" she chirped.

The teacher slowly turned back to Logan.

He was already red in the face, looking like he wanted the earth to swallow him whole.

The teacher took a deep breath.

Paused.

Then sighed.

She did not ask questions.

She did not react.

She simply turned to the board and started class.

Logan's head fell against his table.

Chapter 5: Sagely Advice (That No One Asked For)

As soon as Logan stepped foot into his house, he made a beeline for his computer.

No hesitation. No stopping. No breaks.

Just pure, unfiltered desperation.

He dropped his school bag on the floor, threw himself into his chair, and started typing.

**"HOW TO UNSUMMON YU-GI-OH MONSTERS IRL (REAL, NOT FAKE!!!)
PLEASE HELP ME I'M LOSING MY MIND."**

(23 upvotes, still no replies.)

"Of course," Logan muttered. "Of course, there's still nothing. This site was so helpful when it came to summoning them, but the second I need a solution—poof! Useless!"

Behind him, Saffira gracefully walked into the room, smiling warmly.

"So, Lo!" she said, clapping her hands together. "How was school today?"

Logan didn't even turn around.

"Point one: Horrible."

Saffira blinked. "Oh, dear—"

"Point two: You were there. You should know."

Saffira tilted her head. "But... I don't remember anything bad happening?"

Logan's eye twitched. He finally spun around in his chair to face her, arms crossed.

"Oh, really? You don't remember anything?" he asked, voice laced with frustration.

Saffira tapped a finger to her chin, thinking.

"Well, I remember meeting all of Lo's classmates, and spreading the word of how wonderful my Lo is! Oh—how that nice young man, Mark, kept asking about your hair! And how Skull Guardian was trying so hard to be sneaky! It was adorable!"

Logan took a deep breath.

Then another.

Then another.

Before finally throwing his hands in the air.

"Saffira. You embarrassed me the entire day."

Saffira's smile faded.

"...I did?"

"YES. You are so overbearing!" Logan groaned. "I couldn't go anywhere without you shouting to the entire school about how great I was!"

"But Lo, that's because you are great!" Saffira said, looking genuinely confused.

"THAT'S NOT THE POINT!" Logan stood up and pointed at her. "You're too much!"

Saffira gasped, clutching her chest. "I—I was just doing what a loving mother and a good summon should do!"

"A good summon should listen to their summoner! And a good mother should not suffocate their child with their boobs!"

Saffira opened her mouth to argue—but then paused.

Then slowly looked away.

"That's... technically fair."

"THANK YOU—"

Before Logan could even finish his victory moment, Saffira suddenly lunged forward and grabbed him.

"Wait! I can fix this!"

"Wait—WAIT—NO—"

SMUSH.

Logan was once again buried face-first in her chest.

"MMPHHH—!!!"

"MMPHHHhhhhhhh...—!!!"

— One near faint experience later —

Logan lay flat on his bed, his soul leaving his body for the second time in two days.

His face felt like it had just gone to war and lost.

Beside him, Skull Guardian, once again wearing his pink nurse apron, was carefully placing a plate of freshly baked cookies on Logan's shelf.

Saffira sat on her knees beside the bed, bowing her head repeatedly.

"I am so, so, so sorry, Lo! I didn't mean to knock you out! I—I keep forgetting how delicate you are right now! I just—I just wanted to apologize with warmth!"

Logan, still somewhat dazed, managed to mutter:

"...Warmth almost killed me again."

Saffira let out a pained whimper.

And then—

A new voice chimed in.

"Shehehe, yeah, I gotta agree, those mountains are weapons of mass destruction."

Logan's brain stalled.

Saffira froze mid apology.

Skull Guardian paused mid-cookie placement.

Slowly, everyone turned toward the doorway.

There, leaning against the wall like he had been there the entire time, stood a silver-haired man in loose robes, his arms crossed and a smug grin plastered across his face.

Sauravis, Dragon Sage of the Voiceless Voice.

Logan's eye twitched violently.

"WHERE THE HECK DID YOU COME FROM?!" he screamed.

Sauravis chuckled, brushing some dust off his sleeve.

"Oh, y'know," he said casually, "The front door was unlocked."

Logan seethed. "You just WALKED INTO MY HOUSE?!"

Sauravis smirked, wagging his eyebrows. "Not my fault you didn't fortify your castle, princess."

"DON'T CALL ME THAT!"

Logan ran both hands through his now shoulder-length blue hair, desperately trying to process what was happening.

"Okay—okay, no—NO. That doesn't explain how long you've been here!"

Sauravis shrugged.

"Eh, fifteen minutes? Maybe longer. Might've been sooner, but Skull Guardian's cookies are one hell of a distraction. Shehehe."

Everyone turned to Skull Guardian.

Skull Guardian, still wearing his apron, simply nodded.

"Protect Lo."

Logan groaned and fell back onto the bed, screaming into his pillow.

He had been through a lot today.

Nearly suffocated. For the second time.

Publicly humiliated.

Stalked by a sneaky (but not really) skeleton.

Had his entire existence mocked by a smug dragon sage.

But just when he thought he could catch a break...

It happened.

A sudden, overwhelming wave surged through his body.

Like something had flipped a switch, and now his very DNA was speed-running a total system reboot.

His entire body trembled.

His muscles tightened, then softened.

His waist narrowed. His hips widened.

The remaining traces of masculinity were violently, mercilessly purged—as if the universe itself was saying:

“Nope. No more. Get this boy nonsense outta here.”

Logan clutched his chest as a very real, very present weight settled onto it.

His hair flashed a deep, vibrant blue, the last hints of brown completely erased, cascading past his shoulders in soft waves.

His manhood left her body.

Gone. Vanished. Just... deleted from existence.

Her eyes widened.

Her legs instinctively crossed.

"Oh. Oh no. No no no—"

Sauravis, who had been casually watching this all unfold, grinned.

"Well," he said, chuckling, "It would've been real weird to see a girl with a thing like that anyway. Shehehehehe~."

Logan's entire soul left her body.

"SHUT UP."

Saffira, laughing and wiping a tear from her eye, nodded in agreement.

"He does have a point, sweetie."

Logan wheeled on her. **"DO NOT AGREE WITH HIM."**

Sauravis leaned back, arms behind his head.

"Just saying, you look a lot more natural now."

"I AM A GIRL WITH BLUE HAIR! HOW IS THAT NATURAL?! NOT TO MENTION THAT I LOOK LIKE A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT PERSON!"

Sauravis shrugged. "Yeah, but like... in a good way?"

"NOT HELPING."

Saffira clasped her hands together, beaming. "Lo, I think you're absolutely stunning!"

Logan dragged a hand down her now very feminine face.

"I am going to scream."

Sauravis smirked. "Oh, go ahead, princess. We'll wait."

"I SAID STOP CALLING ME THAT."

— A few minutes of existential despair later —

Logan eventually stared at her own reflection in the mirror.

A fully blue-haired girl blinked back at her.

Face? Soft.

Body? Definitely a girl.

Everything? Ruined.

She exhaled sharply, dropping her head into her hands.

That's when Skull Guardian silently approached.

He reached out, placing a plate of freshly baked cookies on her desk.

Logan blinked.

"...Cookies?"

Skull Guardian nodded solemnly.

"Protect Lo."

For a moment, Logan just... stared at the plate.

Then, without another word, she picked one up, took a bite, and sighed.

"...Okay, you win. They're good."

Sauravis smirked. "I mean, they're magically baked by a skeleton knight in a pink apron. If they weren't good, I'd be concerned."

Logan shot him a glare.

"I don't want to hear a single comment from you right now."

Sauravis held up his hands. "Shehehe, wouldn't dream of it."

Saffira leaned in, tilting her head.

"So, Lo, are you finally starting to accept this?"

Logan swallowed the bite of cookie, then slowly turned around to face her summons.

She crossed her arms.

Then sat down on her bed.

Then, taking a deep breath, she spoke.

"Alright," she said, clearly exhausted, "Listen up, you weird summons from a card game that I only play like twice a week. Let's lay down some ground rules before we continue with anything else."

Sauravis immediately saluted, smirking.

"Yes, ma'am."

Logan's eye twitched.

Saffira clapped her hands together, looking overjoyed.

"Anything for you, honey!"

Skull Guardian stood at attention.

"PROTECT LO."

Chapter 6: Return to Normalcy – A Very Abnormal Normalcy

For the third day in a row, Lo walked to school with the determination of someone trying very, very hard to pretend everything was fine.

It wasn't.

At least today, she had a plan.

Unlike yesterday, she wasn't cowering, sneaking, or pretending this wasn't happening. This time, she was walking forward with confidence.

Or at least, the closest thing to confidence a recently transformed blue-haired ex-boy could have while being followed by three supernatural entities.

As they walked, Saffira beamed beside her.

"Oh, Lo, you look so regal today! Head held high, shoulders back—that's the spirit!"

Lo groaned internally, but bit her tongue.

She wanted to complain about being called Lo.

But then she remembered their deal.

Their deal from yesterday.

So instead, she did the next best thing.

She turned around and re-stated the rules.

"Alright, let's go over this one more time." Lo crossed her arms, giving all three summons a sharp look.

"Skull Guardian— you do not need to hide. Just act like a normal bodyguard and don't draw more attention than needed."

Skull Guardian nodded solemnly.

"Protect Lo."

"Saffira—" Lo turned to her, already bracing herself. "If you're going to chat with people, don't make it about me."

Saffira pouted slightly, but nodded. "Of course, sweetie!"

"And Sauravis—" Lo's eyes narrowed. "Keep your jokes to a minimum."

Sauravis smirked. "Define 'minimum.'"

"Ten or less per hour."

"...Reasonable."

All three summons exchanged grins before Saffira and Sauravis spoke in unison:

"...And in exchange..."

Lo sighed deeply.

"...And in exchange, I'll let you call me Lo."

They all looked very pleased with this arrangement.

Lo wanted to die.

The moment she stepped into class, Mark was immediately at her side.

"Duuuude."

Lo sighed. "What."

Mark gestured toward Sauravis, who was casually leaning against the back wall like he owned the place.

"Okay, first we had big bone daddy, then hot dragon mom, and now we got old wizard grandpa?"

Lo rubbed her temples.

"Yep. That's one of us now, apparently."

Mark grinned. "This is so awesome."

Lo stared at him.

"You say that like you're not the one just watching all this happen."

Mark leaned in, lowering his voice. "Yeah, about that. I found the thread."

Lo's stomach dropped.

"What thread?" she asked, already knowing the answer.

Mark grinned wider.

"The summoning thread."

Lo felt her soul leave her body.

"You didn't."

"Oh, I totally did."

"You better not."

"Oh, I absolutely will."

Lo grabbed him by the shoulders.

"Mark. Buddy. Pal. Do NOT summon a monster. I am begging you."

Mark shrugged casually. "C'mon, Logan, what's the worst that could happen?"

Lo, having lived through the last 72 hours, could list at least ten things.

But before she could begin her lecture, the teacher walked in.

As soon as the teacher entered, she took one long, exhausted look at Lo.

Then at the three summons standing in the back.

Skull Guardian, standing slightly confused but very menacing behind them all.

Saffira, smiling brightly and giving an excited and polite wave.

Sauravis, raising a hand in lazy greeting.

The teacher looked back at Lo.

Lo, already knowing what was coming, raised her hands in defense.

"I will do my best not to summon anymore in the future."

The teacher exhaled deeply.

"...I don't get paid enough for this job..."

Then simply nodded.

"Good enough."

And with that, she started class.

Chapter 7: You Brought This on Yourself

It was 4 AM.

The room was silent, except for the gentle hum of the night outside.

Lo was dead asleep, face buried in her pillow, breathing softly.

Then—

BZZZZZT. BZZZZZT.

Her phone vibrated aggressively on her nightstand.

Skull Guardian shot up, already in battle stance.

Saffira groggily sat up, rubbing her eyes. "Oh dear, someone must have a lot of nerve to call at this hour..."

Sauravis yawned, stretching. "Shehehe, what do you think? Tax fraud? A secret duelist society? A wrong number that's about to regret everything?"

Lo blindly reached for her phone, still half-asleep, barely registering the name on the screen.

She groggily answered, pressing it to her ear.

"...Yeah?" she mumbled, voice heavy with exhaustion.

A familiar voice came through the speaker.

"So hey, Logan...? I might need your advice."

Lo blinked slowly, still half in dreamland.

"...Yeah...?"

Mark cleared his throat.

"So, uh... I bought myself a Dragonmaid deck yesterday, and decided to—"

Click.

Lo hung up.

She rolled over, pulling the blanket over her head.

"Your own goddamn fault." she muttered. "I told you not to do it."

Her summons looked at each other, confused.

Saffira raised a brow. "What... was that about?"

Sauravis shrugged. "Eh. She handled it."

Skull Guardian nodded.

"Protect Lo."

Lo didn't say another word.

She was already asleep again.



—

And you thought summoning yugioh monsters would be a good idea. Oh boy...