

SUMMER RESURGENCE

FIRST PERSON STORY

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If you told me that people would be talking about *Blazblue* of all things in the summer of 2026, I would have called you crazy.

The fighting game series hadn't had a new entry since *2016*, with support for the game having ended not all that long after that. There had been a spinoff game that was only loosely related to the main lore at best, but as a fighting game? It had effectively become a retired project with no hope on the horizon for a new game. And while there wasn't chatter *because* of a new game? The reason everyone was talking about it might as well have been the next best thing.

During EVO at the end of June that year, Arc System Works dropped a bombshell: that after ten long years, the game was going to *add a new character*? It was completely unheard of – *Dragon Ball FighterZ* had done the same thing recently, but *Blazblue Centralfiction* was a *much* older game. The character choice, Trinity Glassfille, made a lot of sense though. She was one of the big name characters in the story that hadn't been represented as a fighter.

“And I’m *still* not very good at this game.” The hype had become so real that even *I* had picked it up again, but it was a game that I had never really been good with in the first place. Then again, it *had* been ten years. I decided to take it seriously for a few days to start and spent a lot of time in the training room. But it *was* summertime. There were also other things I wanted to do. **“I wish I could play *and* do more summery stuff...”** Especially with how *hot* it was. I'd really wanted to go swimming.

Little did I know that this wish would actually have a tangible effect on my reality.

“H-Huh?” I had *been* playing Blazblue on my PS5 just moments ago, having only stood to go to the kitchen to grab a bottle of water. But the moment I passed through the door to my hall? Well, it was pretty *unbelievable*. I was standing on a *beach* – a *tropical* one based on the nearby palm trees, when I didn’t live anywhere *near* the ocean. **“H-How the heck is this possible!?”**

I turned around to see if my door was still there, but it naturally *wasn’t*. Just more beach and a small resort off in the distance. It wasn’t until I turned back around to face the water that I realized there was more to this little *issue* than I had originally thought. Because I could feel the breeze tickling my... Well, my *everything*. I was fully clothed, right? *That* was the problem.

“WHAT AM I WEARING!?” When my eyes fell down, I clearly *wasn’t* dressed in what I had been wearing in my home. I was only dressed in a blue-and-white striped bikini that did little to hide the bulge in the front of my crotch – or at least I assumed as much with my gut somewhat obscuring the view. My feet were too big for the pink sandals on my feet, and there were little golden bows on the straps of the bikini top with a golden decoration dangling from between the cups.

That ornament looked *familiar* somehow, but I couldn’t quite place it.

Identifying its point of origin wasn’t exactly my main priority in the moment, because I had been kidnapped from my home and dressed in something *extremely* embarrassing. I could only imagine how ridiculous a full shot of me might have looked dressed in those clothes while standing so tall, fat, and vaguely hairy. ...Vaguely? Shouldn’t I have been *hairier* than that?

That thought alone *should* have attracted my attention to the body underneath my new bikini, but it *wasn’t*. My attention *was* pulled down there by the feeling of something *else* happening. Something more *dramatic* than losing a bit of hair, although I did mentally note that my pale skin had become effectively *hairless* by this point in time – soon entirely hairless aside from my pubes, brows, and the hair atop my head.

“Wait... a second. Is my stomach... flatter?” What had brought my attention down there had been an unusual tightness, like I was sucking in to make myself appear thinner, but I wasn’t doing *any* sucking at all. The stretchmarks across my belly were healing to match the rest of my

skins tone, which in actuality had very vaguely been darkening to be a much healthier pink. Regardless, I watched with my mouth agape as the huge bump that typically represented my belly had *halved* in size and continued to shrink, not only until it was flat, but until it *hardened* to show off my newly swollen *abs*.

In fact, I felt a rush of energy course through my body due to its overall level of health increasing. It hadn't just been my stomach, although it *had* also slimmed at the sides in a way that made my thighs appear significantly wider. My arms, legs, and pectoral muscles were all much stronger, though in exchange for some callouses on my hands and feet that hadn't been there before.

“I can't really complain about this, can I? I *did* want to lose weight...” There *was* a part of me that wanted to look at a silver lining to try and bury how *shocked* and *anxious* I should have felt, but wasn't I being a little *too* optimistic all things considered? **“*Oh!?*”** Even as it became abundantly clear to me that my transformation had not stopped with a thinning and strengthening alone, I chirped with some pep – and some *pitch* – that was very uncharacteristic of my personality.

Especially when what had caused me to squeak in the first place had been a little more *compromising* than simply thinning... though the narrowness of my waist might have protested that assessment. Still, my eye level was now *dropping*; I was *shrinking*, which probably deserved a little more than an ‘*Oh*’ of surprise. I'd been a pretty tall guy, almost six feet tall, but I had lost so much height so quickly that it had almost felt as if I was falling.

Before long, I stood at a mere 5'4". The fact that I was wearing a bikini (which was now *much* looser from the weight lost), saved me from suffering any significant clothing malfunction otherwise from the decline. By it felt like the bikini bottom was close to slipping from my hips, and it wasn't like the top was covering my nipples without anything to fill them. My hands, still calloused, were daintier with lengthened nails, and my toes no longer peeked over the edges of my sandals.

“I'm... so short! And my voice? I... sound like a girl, don't I?” There was a strange sense of *déjà vu* that came with saying that. It wasn't like I'd somehow been transformed into a woman *before*, right? But then... why was I not entirely certain that was the case? Maybe when I was a little but younger? **“Um, wait... Did something like that happen to me?”** The nature of *what* was happening to me might have been more apparent if I'd had a mirror handy. Of course, there were no mirrors in the middle of the beach.

The reason it would have been more obvious if I could see my reflection was because I would have been able to see my *face*. It would have revealed to me that my voice was hardly a mismatch to my face, which had not only become a little longer, but had inherited rounder cheeks and fuller lips. My nose had not only slimmed, but shortened as well, while my eyes had grown larger with lashes fluttering long around eyes that found themselves dyed a red that would have never be seen as a *natural* eye color in the world I came from.

But I also appeared much *younger*? Probably around *twenty-three* or so.

“**AH!**” After hearing myself speak enough, I finally began to piece some things together. The charm hanging from my bikini top! That belonged to a *Blazblue* character, didn’t it? And my *voice* sounded like the voice of that character! And my hair... *My hair*? It only clicked when strands of dark purple swung between my eyes, wrong in both length *and* color as my bangs parted around them. It was only then that I found myself focusing on the *weight* of my mane, as it was inching longer behind me. It tickled my shoulders and cascaded well down my back and past my ass.

But it was soon pulled up into a *very* high ponytail as pink flower ornaments and a pair of heart-shaped glasses appeared atop my head, two antennae-like strands peeking up behind them and dangling forward. As for my pubes? They were shaved away *entirely* after darkening to the same purple. “**Even my hair is like hers...**” It was both unfamiliar and *not*, because more and more of her memories were being crammed into my head.

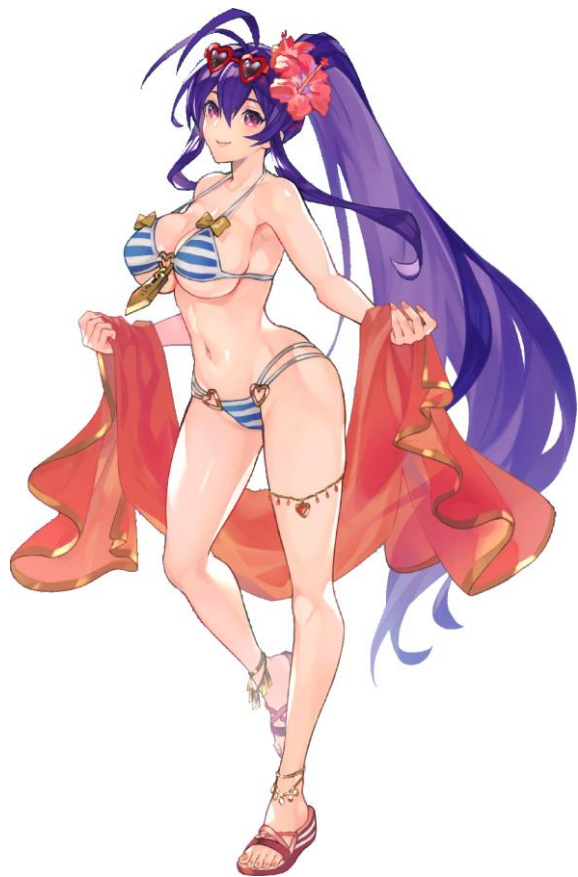
Those memories, and my memories of the character in question, all pointed to one realization in particular though. My body was *almost* completely like hers, but it was missing its feminine curves... and this character had an *abundance* of them. I ended up squeaking again as, almost as if they had been waiting for me to realize, those curves began to grow in. It began with a widening of my hips that saw the straps of the bikini bottom grip much more tightly.

And yet they ended up *digging into* my flesh courtesy of my *ass*, which bloomed with a seductive abundance that saw the nylon of its back slip slightly in between my cheeks. “**M-My butt is getting bigger...**” It wasn’t even *just* my butt, though my rump did burgeon into an attractively large and bouncing heart shape. Fat was fed into my strengthened thighs as I gawked down at them too, bare skin pulled around them until the sunlight was practically bouncing off of them.

“If my butt is growing, then...?” I didn’t even *need* to finish that sentence. My nipples were bare, so I could *clearly* observe how they were swelling almost like they’d suffered an allergic reaction – but it had been no such thing. They vaguely ached with a sensitivity unlike anything I had ever felt before, though for some reason that sensitivity didn’t rouse anything between my legs. This was because as my nipples grew, and fat began to pool beneath them? The cock that had made me a man was growing flaccid, shrinking, and threatening to escape into a new slit between my legs. **“Mmn!?”**

I ended up biting my lower lip seductively when that moment finally came, and what remained of my cock became one with the inner lining of my new pussy. I was biologically a *woman*, and one whose initially small breasts were now jiggling as the cups of my bikini top finally gripped and helped support them. It became difficult for it *not* to, considering my tits had ballooned into a pair of *H-cups* that were *almost* as big as my head.

My luscious lips were left slightly agape as I stared down at myself. My chest was weighed down by breasts that were *almost* as large as my head. They were a little distracting, especially when I couldn’t even see my own feet past them. **“Um... This isn’t what I meant when I said that. How is this even playing the game? Aren’t I in it!?”** I had definitely become *Mai Natsume* from the game, but it wasn’t like I was Mai in my home playing on my PS5.



I had been plucked right out of my world and thrown into another where I was living as Mai, and as my altered memories reminded me? I was at the beach to ‘relax’ alongside some old friends. Kajun, Noelle, Makoto...

“W-Wait! Does that mean I’m going to see them in swimsuits!?” Was that necessarily a mad thing? I was already *in* one, and Mai had once been a boy herself, so... Since I couldn’t stop acting like her and all, it was unlikely anyone would notice.

“What’s that, Mai~? You don’t want to see me in a swimsuit?”

“EEK!?”

I had avoided touching my own breasts the *entire* time, worried about how sensitive it might feel and how weird it might be. Only for my fears to be realized as *someone else's* hands reached around under my arms from behind to grab them, and I felt *her* breasts push against my bare back. **“K-Kajun!? That isn't what I meant! I'm sure you look great in a swimsuit!”** Had Kajun been flirting with me? Was I flirting with *her*?

For some reason, I just couldn't stop myself.

But maybe this wasn't *all* bad...