

CROSSED, TAGGED, BATTLED

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“Ugh. Where did those two get to? And just when we’d finally bumped into each other again.”

Ragna the Bloodedge rubbed at the back of his head with a sigh, mismatched eyes surveying the surroundings that had enveloped him. It had certainly been a wild experience thus far, being warped into a strange world and being told to fight everyone else inside if he wished to escape. Stranger still was that the participants of this unusual tournament all hailed from completely different worlds entirely. On one hand it had certainly been interesting to cross blades with fighters of the likes he had never dreamed to see before. On the other?

It was kind of annoying, too. Whenever he found someone they just wanted to fight. That was why the reunion he’d recently had with Noel Vermillion and Rachel Alucard had been so comforting. While he had his own annoyances with the two of them, at the very least they were familiar faces that didn’t choose to quarrel with him unnecessarily. Well, aside from the vampire’s pointed words.

But upon taking shelter in what looked like to be a school of some sort, the three of them had almost immediately been separated. Ragna wasn’t even sure *how*, because they had been right behind him when walking in. In all likelihood it was probably a trick of this world. A trap of some sort to ultimately corner them and force them into another fight. **“Man, this place is annoying as *shit!*”** Of course he didn’t have any constructive criticism to offer. Not that there was even anyone to listen to it if he did.



...Or was there? “**Huh? Who the hell are you? Kind of... shadowy, aren't ya?**” Ragna had *thought* he was alone, but it turned out rather quickly that this wasn't exactly the case. Because standing in his path down the hallway was a girl? It was a question and not a fact because their visage was shrouded in shadows, obscuring anything about their physical features short of their height. He could only assume she was a girl based on the look of her frame, but maybe he was wrong?

Nonetheless, he wasn't exactly offered any answers. The shaded figure did not speak, and for a time didn't *move* either. The only assumption he could really make was based on the laws of this land. “**Heh. Guess you must be looking for a fight? Some kid from another world? Well, I ain't gonna go easy on you!**” This had to be an opponent then, right? What else could it really be? And so he reached for his blade, fastened to his back as it always was.

The shadowy figure, on the other hand, had plans of its own. Because it leaped at Ragna with an extreme speed. “**What!?**” He recoiled, but it didn't stop the figure from making physical contact with him. Rather than push him back or harm him in any meaningful way, though? It was like *it had disappeared into his body*. “**The hell just happened!?**” Surely that wasn't *right*?

Unfortunately for Mr. Bloodedge, that specter had been put there for a reason, and its one way ticket *into* his body, which he was now patting down with confusion, was part of that. In fact, beyond his knowledge this *fusion* of sorts had already begun to reap some sort of ill effect upon his body as a strange brain worm wriggled into his mind. Subtle in a way that he wouldn't notice until it was already too late. If he even noticed at all.

Externally there was a sign of this, and that single sign quickly spread into numerous *very* quickly. But where it started was Ragna's eyes. One usually green, and one usually red, both soon took on a rosy pink color that somehow complimented his silver hair. It was a feminine color that prompted feminine shaping, as even his eyes themselves softened in

their design, becoming rounder and, surprisingly, strikingly more *Japanese* in their shaping.

But again, Ragna didn't notice.

“That was *hecking weird!*” Although a surprising amount of energy was present in his voice as he went to curse again, though that expletive was ultimately replaced, strangely, by something a little safer for sensitive ears. He did blink a moment, wondering if something that he had just said was strange, but in the end he shrugged it off. That certainly couldn't have been true, could it?

The intimidating figure of Ragna's frame was undergoing changes that made it much less so in the meantime. The bulk of his muscles seeped away, leaving his skin soft and his body presumably weaker – but that actually *wasn't* really the case. Rather, his strength had remained and denied common biological fact. The same biological facts that had dictated his right arm was a fake. No longer was this the case, and it had been modified to be just as authentic as the left.

Now, Ragna was a tall man who towered at the height of 6'1" over most, but he had fought plenty of opponents that were much, *much* larger than him. And looking back? They would soon seem even *larger*. **“*Hu-wha!?*”** The sudden sensation of falling made him question his body's stability, but looking down his feet were clearly planted on the ground? So he wasn't falling? And had his voice just cracked?

5'3". That was the height that his stature diminished to in the end, clothes hanging off of him like loose blankets thanks to how dramatic this loss had been. Arms and legs were shorter as was his torso, but they were also much *thinner*. His waistline above all, because it pinched in with the intent of making his hips appear wider by contrast. Fingers and toes were smaller and fairer, nails were longer. It was all quite... *girlish*.

As was his face. It seemed that the high pitched squeal that he had released when shrinking hadn't been as unrepresentative of his appearance as one might have initially assumed. For the ruggedly handsome look of his jaw and the chiseled shapes of his cheeks all melted away. All that was left was a cute, youthful roundness. His already large eyes had contributed to this, but now he had a smaller nose and puffier lips, too.

“*I, uh... What was I doing?*” Something important, right? At least he *felt* like that must have been the case? Yet his mind was so groggy and his memories so inconsistent. Pink streaks danced through his silver head of hair all the while, streaks eventually overcoming their original color and forcing the spikes to flatten and curve around his head. Aside

from one spot of hair that created something impossible. *A heart-shaped ahoge.*

Ragna certainly looked unlike himself and incredibly *androgynous* by this juncture, though the latter issue quickly solved itself – just not in a way that brought his appearance in line with the picture of masculinity that he might have represented before. His body was already small and girlish, resembling a Japanese girl around the age of *fourteen*, but he was missing some key traits.

Well, *she* was.

The existence between Ragna's legs was irreparably altered, switched over to the 'opposite side' so to speak so that her sex was absolutely undeniable. And with this change in sex came memories of the struggles of a teenaged girl. All the while, her hips and rear end filled themselves so that they were plumper, and a pair of nubs began to push out beneath her oversized coat. What eventually came to fruition was a small chest that was comparable to a B-cup size, and her femininity was more or less assured.

With a quick flash of light her clothing, too, came to reflect her new gender and age. A Japanese school girl's uniform clad her, with a white shirt and orange skirt. Blue running shoes and white thigh highs flowed up into a pair of blue and white striped panties, and a red tie hung from her neck. And just like that, everything clicked into place.

“Eh!? Where the heck am I!?”

Rocking back and forth on her heels, *Heart Aino* seemed to be utterly oblivious to what had just happened. Though to be fair, the teen was often utterly oblivious just in *general*. She at least remembered the basics. That she was in some weird world where she had to fight strangers, and despite all appearances? She was a *really* good fighter! But other than that? She couldn't remember how she arrived in this particular place. Wasn't it a high school hallway?

Fingers laced behind her back, she soon leaned forward and began to take childish long steps. **“Oh well! I'm sure if I just keep walking I'll bump into someone, right!? Maybe they can give me answers? Or a fight!? Either is good**



with me!” She really didn’t have any issues with this whole setup. Which was kind of the point, in a way.

Because Ragna had resisted it far too much for his own good.



“Um... Ragna!? Miss Rachel!?” Unlike Ragna, who had weathered their separation with some degree of calm, Noel Vermillion was immediately panicked by the revelation. After all, she’d been following close behind Ragna through the school doors one moment, and the next? She was in a classroom without either of her new travelling companions in sight. And just when she had finally found some people that didn’t want to constantly fight her, too!

Well, on the bright side, if this was just a school? **“They have to be here somewhere, right? I just need to find them!”** How big could the school be, really? With a bit of work, she’d definitely find them soon! Now more optimistic, Noel went to step towards the classroom’s exit door. Only to find a shadowy figure looming there. Kind of like... a woman in shape? One much more endowed than she was! Not that Noel had prioritized checking that (*she had*). **“Umm...?”**

Before she could answer that though? The figure lunged at her. And went *into* her. **“AH!?”**

Hands to her chest with surprise, Noel blinked, unsure of how to process what had just happened. There was no one there when she looked over her shoulder, so it hadn’t passed *through* her, and yet...? **“Huh? Wait, what’s wrong with my – CHEST!?”** She’d been perplexed by the encounter, but not so perplexed that she didn’t notice a throbbing sensation within the bosom her hands had been anxiously resting upon.

She eventually screamed because she realized that they weren’t just throbbing because of her heartbeat, or because of something that might have otherwise been inconsequential. Instead? She could feel the mass of her breasts growing more ample under the touch of her fingers. **“Th-This is impossible!”** But not unwelcome, either. Noel had always

wanted larger breasts, so there was a small part of her that was morbidly curious.

The issue at hand (*no pun intended*) was that Noel's top was absolutely limited in its fit. The chest area in particular had been designed solely for her smaller chest, and so there was no room to accommodate what was swelling at the time. So it only took a moment for tears to begin to emerge in the fabric, for flesh to begin to peek out as those tears grew larger, and eventually...

RIIIIIIIP!

Those tits, now E-cups, *blasted* through the fibers that remained and bounced to attention, Noel's fingers immediately pressing into them with surprise as their weight forced her to lean forward more extremely than usual. "**Th-There's no way! But... Mm... M-Maybe?**" What was that purr? Why had she just licked her lips? The gunkata-wielder had been concerned for a moment, but that concern quickly dissipated.

Having a chest that big made her feel more *confident*, as did the changes that saw to it her lower half was just as alluring. After all, her hips promptly swung several inches wider not long after, allowing the space for the girth of her thighs to expand to *double* their original size. This weight was soft and cushy, as well as abundant enough to rub together with each step she took. At least once she got out of the thigh highs that were now so painfully tight around them, muffining the tops.

Though thighs paled in comparison to what became of her ass. It grew into a heart shape as it protruded several inches out behind her, lifting up the back of her skirt and prompting her panties to wedge themselves into her ass crack. "**Oh...**", she moaned. It felt unpleasant, but also a little *nice*?

It was fortunate for Noel that her top was already so separate from her skirt, because if not then the height her spine eventually inherited would have prompted a whole new wave of clothing malfunction. Instead, as she grew five inches taller? It simply made the curvature of her tits and ass seem a touch less ridiculous now that she was so tall. If anything she had something of a *mistress*-like appeal to her body.

Though that was partially the fault of her face, too. "**Was I just worried about something?**" Her voice now deeper and more seductive in nature than before, that felt a little *unlikely*. She felt much too confident in no small part because she was so conventionally *sexy*. Spoken through lips that were *twice* as full as they had been before, this encroaching mature sexiness spread fully throughout those facial

features. Distorting her face into something that better resembled those of a woman in her late twenties.

While her eyes changed in color. Like Ragna had once possessed, her right one glowed red now. While the blue in the other? It dulled to grey. The shapes of those eyes lifted so that they were narrower now, too, beneath brows that were both thinner and a much lighter blonde than was standard for Noel.

Though that color quickly spread through *all* of the hair on her head. It lengthened and thickened too, and to a dramatic extent at that. It fell to her ankles and was incredibly thick and attractive. It was clear it was well cared for, but also that a ridiculous amount of care would be necessary to do so.

And then with a flash? Her destroyed outfit was replaced by a long, flowing dress. One that was split down the middle in color, with white on the right and black on the left. Black tights were hidden beneath it, and she walked upon white heels. Her impossibly long hair was also now tied up by a black tie.

“Mm? A *high school*? I cannot imagine I’ll find any strong opponents here.” *Hilda the Paradox* was just as confused about her surroundings as Heart was elsewhere in the school, but she had a much more measured response to the situation at hand. It *was* strange though because she felt a little disoriented. Almost like she wasn’t familiar with her own body? But that couldn’t have been true. It was *her* body after all.

Even so, looking down her own front prompted a raise of her eyebrow. Something about this view of her deep cleavage did feel different? But perhaps it was just a passing feeling in the end because pride eventually overtook any concern about it. **“All of this fighting must be getting to me. Perhaps I should turn this classroom into my bedchambers for the day?”** Not that Hilda needed her beauty sleep, seeing as she was so beautiful already.



But everyone needed sleep eventually.



“Oh my. It seems that we’ve fallen for more of our captor’s tricks.” Parasol across her shoulder, Rachel Alucard idly noted her changed surroundings without any whiny or groaning. It was to be expected that a girl of her background could gracefully adapt to any situation she was thrust into, and this realistically wasn’t all that different in that regard. **“A library, is it? Though not one I would find much enjoyment in.”**

It was a school library clearly, surely one inspired by a world that one of the other competitors in this tournament had hailed from. Where was the scent of dusty old texts? What was a *light novel*? She hadn’t the foggiest. But aside from the books there *was* something else in the room with her. **“Ah, company. Were you looking to strike me down as well? I’d hardly think a library is the place for it?”** A shadowy figure that bore resemblance to a young woman had appeared. If she had meant Rachel any harm, then—**“Erm!?”**

It bounded suddenly, passing right *into* the vampire.

“That was most certainly... *unusual*.” Was there a better way to describe it? If so, Rachel hadn’t bothered to search for those words. Whatever it was, it now housed itself *inside* of her body. She could tell as much due to how uniquely powerful she was. But she could already tell that her fate was now sealed. She had no means of removing it, and so she could only sit there calmly as whatever its intentions were took hold.

The shadowy presence within her certainly didn’t waste any time, either. Not even moments later, two black growths had begun to poke out from the top of her scalp and from beneath the bed of her hair. Little more than a pair of tiny nubs at first, they were undeniably covered with a black *fur*. And the reason for that became obvious rather quickly as they grew larger, knocking her black ribbons so that they unraveled, and her blonde hair spilled out behind her. When all was said and done, a pair of black *cat ears* with white tufts of fur at their bases had appeared.

“Oh? I’m not becoming a Kaka now, am I?” Having reached up a hand to touch one of the ears, and noticing her regular ears still remained, she could only wonder and hope that wouldn’t be the case. Though as soon as she *mentioned* the Kaka, she immediately forgot what that word *meant*. **“Odd... What was I saying again?”**

An illustrious gold hue sparkled in the vampires in the girl’s eyes, completely eradicating the crimson that was plainly placed there otherwise. And in terms of color, those eyes weren’t the only places affected. Even looking at her eyebrows you could see the color of her hairs there darken, and that soon spread into the hair atop her head.

The color was as dark as the night sky, and before long any remaining semblance of the original blonde had been consumed by it. What’s more, the length of it all shortened until it merely hung to the base of her back rather than her ankles, and the bulk of it became much more voluminous as well as naturally wavy.

“I *guess* there isn’t much I can do about... whatever this is.” An uncharacteristic shrug of Rachel’s shoulders was made alongside words that felt substantially more casual than the usual, uppity and proper way the vampire usually spoke. Though she was looking less and less like a noble vampire anyways. The fangs within her mouth retreated in size for one, becoming less pointy and dangerous, and without them? There were no physical racial traits of a vampire left on her!

The girl’s dress felt tight, prompting a groan from rosier, poutier lips that likewise sounded deeper than her normal voice. In fact, aside from her lips her face had changed to appear like the face of an entirely different woman. Her cheekbones were higher, her chin sharper, and her eyes now narrower. Even more than all of this, she also appeared *older*. Rather than having the face of a girl in her early teens at most? She looked to be around the age of seventeen or eighteen.

And to that point? **“Ugh!”** Her groans became louder, prompted by her dress squeezing her body much to tightly in every possible facet. It certainly wasn’t difficult to see why, because her frame was growing – along with every *other* facet of her physical form. She certainly became taller, growing up to around 5’4”, which pulled her knees up and out of her goth loli boots and lifted her skirt up past her hips.

But more prominent was the emergence of curves that were undeniably much more *developed*. Widened hips were unfortunately hidden by how big her skirt *still* was, and that skirt likewise concealed just how her thighs became much meatier, and how her ass had swelled into a peach shape behind her. Farther up, the front of her petticoat blasted open

thanks to a pair of breasts that were C-cups at best, though the fit of her current clothing could *not* house them. “...**Great.**”

Rachel went to cast an arm across her exposed chest, confused about why she had even been surprised about their size in the first place. But she quickly found she didn't *need* to, for a black buttoned vest with a white chest, matching short shorts, and dark purple stockings brought a new outfit together. She also had heeled boots, ribbons wrapped around her forearms, and a big black bow in her hair that disguised her new Faunus ears.

“Strange. I don't exactly recall coming into a library here. But I'm not about to complain, either.”

Blake Belladonna calmly walked towards one of the nearby bookshelves, immediately reaching a finger out to a spine in order to pull it down and grab a book. An avid reader, she couldn't exactly see an issue with this after all of the fighting she had been subjected to. Lost in this strange world, she had been desperately trying to find the rest of Team RWBY. But she was tired, and so a quick break with a book might as well have been in order.



The Faunus took the book over to a nearby table and sat down, quickly burying all of her thoughts into the text for a time. She hadn't felt like anything was off about herself, and she wasn't really in a rush to escape the school either. Why bother? It was probably safer in a building than outside where you could just run into *anyone*. And if there was an opponent to be found, they would probably just be brought to her anyways.

“I wonder if there are any vending machines in the hall...?”