

BLAZBLUE: CROSS TAG

PANIC

CHAPTER 3: CATSCRATCH FEVER

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Had he gotten separated from everyone again? It was surprisingly difficult to keep the Investigation Team together within the Phantom Field, where individuals were whisked away to fight battle after battle with or without their permission. The situation they were in now wasn't even due to anyone from their own world even with Adachi present. It was all the fault of some guy named Hazama that came from Ragna's world.

But Yu Narukami had been pulled away himself, this time to fight a combatant he hadn't recognized. She'd called herself Hibari? She seemed to be a ninja in the same vein as Yumi, and considering she could make herself giant it had been something of a hard fought battle. One he'd, unfortunately, lost. Winning wasn't really a big deal in this space though: the only real goal was escaping back to their own worlds and fighting was just a means to those ends. Framing things in that perspective that really meant there were no losers.

However, that perspective would also make him a target for the power that had given birth to Hibari in the first place. The fighters in the tournament had become too complacent. Real drama, real battles! *That's* what would recharge the energy supply faster!

After walking for a while in the wake of his battle with the well-endowed ninja girl, Yu had eventually come across a strange location. It was a vast library nestled within a jungle space, but oddly enough it wasn't hidden from the elements. There was no ceiling, no walls, just shelves

after shelves of books arranged in the midst of a forest. **“How do the books not get damaged? I wonder if this area is so superficial that the weather doesn’t change?”** The sun had been high in the sky for a while now. The only way this place could exist as it did would be if it was designed to be left undisturbed. That didn’t stop the high school student from wandering around through the maze of shelving however.

Eventually he’d take a book off the shelf to look at. Who wouldn’t? Especially when they weren’t expecting a worst case scenario to come from it. In the end it didn’t matter which book he’d removed though, the effect would have been the same. Because every book was the same one, just printed in a different binding. **“Catscratch Fever?”** That was the title anyways. Opening it up though, there was only a single word on the first page. Yu read it aloud. **“Nya?”** Clearly this wasn’t a text for intellectuals. What was on page 2? *Nothing*. Page 3? *Nothing*. Page 563? *Nothing*.

“Is this just a big ‘like, nya?’ joke?” It was a pretty big meme on the internet back home, but why any of these books would be making reference to a meme from his home world he didn’t have the foggiest idea. It wasn’t significant at all, but he kept wandering back to the word. Maybe he’d just say it one last time. **“Nya?”**

POP!

Yu was momentarily disoriented by a strange feeling. It felt like something had emerged... from on top of his head. He had the good sense to reach up and run fingers atop his skull to see, but before he could even do that he felt something -- *a pair of somethings* -- twitching uncontrollably. He couldn’t not check now, and with no mirrors or reflective surfaces nearby he had no choice but to reach up and touch the... fluffy... velvety... **“Animal ears!?”** While he had no way to tell this, they were characteristically feline and were decorated with fine black fur that was bleeding into the silver hairs of his head all in the meanwhile.

Change was a sweeping ordeal now that he’d said the nya word not once, not twice, but three times. Though for some reason now that he thought about it couldn’t some people take offense to it? Like... cat people maybe? Why did he feel a little bit personally offended by it?

“How is this possible? I guess that’s a stupid question since I’m in a world where nothing makes sense.” There was no telling if there was a combatant among the ranks of his fellow captives that could do something as surreal as give him animal ears, soft as they were under his touch. His eyes had shifted too beyond his knowing and had

become a piercing gold, slanted pupils accompanying an enhanced vision that the boy hadn't quite taken note of yet. One of his prominent thoughts was: *what happened to my human ears?* Yet dropping hands down to the sides of his head he found them still in tact, though perhaps a little more pointed than they typically were?

The boy bit his lip as anxiety began to rear its ugly head. He was typically composed, but the ears atop his head were giving him a dose of anxiety. He felt like he should cover them up so that they couldn't be seen. They were too suspicious. He'd be discriminated against as a Faunus.

"Faunus?" Yu bit his lip again, this time biting into more flesh than there'd been previously. They were plumper, just as his nose was smaller and his voice more feminine. Where did that word come from? He'd never heard it before and yet it almost made his chest hurt. It was the name for a group of people with animal features? They had been discriminated against? White Fang...? He couldn't fathom where all of this info was coming from, but it didn't really matter since it merely settled into place as fact.

It was required of him to cast his eyes over his shoulder, wavy black hair dancing to the side from the movement of his head. What had drawn the youth over his shoulder was a tight feeling in the back of his uniform pants, and looking down the cause was evident enough. His butt looked... *really big*? He usually wore his shirt loose and past the hem of his pants, but it was clear enough that cheeks had become so padded that the shirt couldn't hide it all. Size aside, his pants were constricting more than he'd expected, making their curvature all the more noticeable. Grey cloth was in the process of whitening, below this section -- which looked increasingly like skintight shorts -- the legs of the pants themselves darkened and thinned into leggings.

Realization dawned on Narukami. It was the wrong realization, but a realization nonetheless. **"Why am I staring at my butt?"** Kind of a weird thing to be doing wasn't it? He couldn't really remember *what* had drawn his attention there in the first place. The book was still in his hands and he finally put it back on the shelf, though when he leaned forward an imbalance almost smacked his chin against the shelving. **"Huh?"**

Once again the cause was clear. His torso appeared misshapen (*or did it?*), and his outfit was in disarray. The high school jacket and dress shirt didn't really match his booty shorts and leggings, and with his chest heaving forth with the fresh bounty of ripe bosom the stylistic mismatch was begging for correction. It was blessed that the reality alteration program that was in effect wouldn't leave his garb untouched, and both

the black jacket and his white dress shirt began to seam together with a lacy pattern around the bosom, leaving the cloth around his breasts a lily white while the rest remained pitch black, jacket dangling behind splitting into long coattails.

He was left sleeveless as most of the arms unraveled, leaving bare skin that sported a sleek but notably muscular design for their size. Fingerless gloved decorated his right hand, the fingers they didn't hide slender and sharp of nail. Yu placed that hand on the bookshelf as he corrected his posture from the fall.

“This is really bizarre.” Undoubtedly playing the part of a woman from voice to appearance, all that remained was his dick tucking in between *her* newly fashioned pussy lips as boxers around them contorted into a black thong that rode her perky ass comfortably while allowing for flexible movements. And boy did she feel flexible -- almost like she was a gymnast. **“But I guess my name is Blake?”**

Blake Belladonna. A member of Team RWBY and a cat Faunus it seemed. That's what her memories told her, although Yu's ability to recognize his old self didn't wane. It was more of an afterthought like '*I'm Blake, but I guess I was Yu? It doesn't matter since that's not who I am now*'. Like the others there was no real desire to change back.

A ribbon had appeared in her hand, and she used it to tie up her ears so that no one could see them. Her anxiety about her Faunus lineage immediately dissipated, but she also felt a little guilty since it meant she was hiding her true self. Blake turned her attention back to the bookshelves, sighing as she approached another with her heeled boots clacking against the ground. Under certain light, leggings she'd thought were black were actually purple.

“A shame all of these books are the same. I really would have appreciated a good story right now. Oh well.”

She supposed it was time to find an opponent.