

BLAZBLUE: CROSS TAG

PANIC

CHAPTER 8: FEELING SQUIRRELY

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The campfire in the distance had been a beacon of hope for Weiss Schnee, whom after wandering through a dark deciduous forest for so long had somehow slipped into an ill-fitting bamboo grove all the while in search of her dear friend Ruby Rose. The two had been unfortunately separated after their last match and without a partner the heiress knew she'd just be paired off with some rando if she didn't reunite with Ruby soon, which added extra stakes to her anxieties born from being alone.

She couldn't imagine anyone else would be out this way so late at night, considering how easily the small pool of fighters for this tournament was scattered across a seemingly infinite amount of space, so she was confident that the flickering flames had belonged to Ruby. The hot springs on the side though? Those she wasn't expecting. If she managed to find her friend sooner rather than later perhaps a dip would be in order?

“Ruby? Helloooooo? Ruby!?” As far as she could see though there wasn't really anyone around. The fire looked like it had been tended to as recently as ten minutes ago, and the nearby ground looked like it had been stirred by a person with wet footsteps scattered around, but no one was immediately present. Maybe they were off using the bathroom somewhere?

The truth of it was that Ruby was a lot closer than Weiss could possibly realize. The problem? She was no longer Ruby but an extremely buxom ninja. She couldn't have possibly known this though, or known that a

similar fate awaited herself for that matter. Well... the buxom part at any rate. The form decided for her might as well have been the anti-thesis to a ninja.

Weiss groaned. “**I guess she isn’t here.**” If Ruby had heard her name there was no way she wouldn’t have rushed in to give her a hug or something. But going back into the forest with only the light of the moon to guide her was treacherous too. Maybe it would be best to wait alongside this fire until its creator returned? *If* they returned. And if they were hostile? Well, that was something she’d have to sort out in a worst case scenario.

But the latter didn’t seem to be the case. Tens of minutes passed by without incident, to the point that Weiss herself was considering finding a way to sleep. She didn’t really have anything but the clothes on her back, but... “**Hey, is that a sleeping bag?**”

It was a good question, mostly because of the location. There were a number of rocks that were several times larger than the heiress herself nearby, and illuminated by the light of the fire the closest one seemed to have a secret sticking out from underneath it. Bright orange polyester that looked suspiciously like a sleeping bag’s corner. But how did it even get there?

She tapped her heel against the ground as she knelt down to inspect it, eventually giving the sleeping device a gentle tug to see if there was a trick to it. It didn’t even budge an inch though, meaning the rock was completely resting on top of it. But that was when she had a seemingly stupid idea. *What if I just pick the rock up?*

There was absolutely no reason to think this would work. Weiss’ spaghetti arms weren’t exactly renowned for their strength and she was well aware of that fact, but something like a voice in the back of her head told her she could do it and do it *easily*. For some reason she thought it wise to listen to that voice and dug her fingers beneath the stone. If she just put her back into it...

Nope! Didn’t budge at all. Now, Weiss would typically give up in a situation like this, but for some reason she didn’t. It was like a newly discovered stubbornness had taken root, she didn’t even mind that her hands were getting dirty despite her usual aversion to filth. But that persistence was greeted, oddly enough, by hope. Hope born from the fact that the gigantic stone had seemingly moved upwards a little? “**I’m doing it!?**” Despite her own confidence, of course she was shocked!

But that feat came with a price, and as she managed to force the protrusion higher and higher off the ground that price became steeper.

The muscles in her arms had been straining from the lifting weight, and this was something echoed by the muscles in her torso and legs too. The second she'd seen progress in lifting that strain bubbled up in a very physical sense, and the muscles across the entirety of Weiss' body bulged. It was a little bit at first, but as the rock came higher and higher her muscles grew in kind, straining the delicate fitting of her dress.

“YAAAAH!” Things hit their climax however when a sudden burst of energy saw Weiss flipping the rock - the entire rock - over and off the sleeping bag, stone falling into the spring behind it with a loud splash that caused hot water to rain down on the surrounding area. In tandem with the flip though, the muscles across Weiss' body had erupted almost explosively as they tore through her sleeves and clenched around legs and thighs, while a suddenly burst of height tore her skirt from the top of her dress, leaving a toned tummy on full display and the uppermost sections of her thighs exposed with the skirt looking shorter by contrast. It was almost comical, like she'd just Hulked out.

That really *wasn't* inaccurate to be honest.

“Uh... Huh!?” Anyone's reaction to such a feat would have been one of shock, but Weiss seemed a little more animated in her concern than normal. She'd just tossed a rock!? And what was going on with her body!? **“I look even taller and more built than Yang!? What's going on here!?”** Her voice was portrayed less like a gentle maiden and more like a wild spirit, her fingers patting against hard muscle all over her body while she completely forgot why she'd lifted that rock in the first place. Her fatigue was pretty much gone too.

Could it have been the effect of a Dust? Someone's powers in this tournament? She couldn't quite fathom why someone would see it fit to make her *tall* and *jacked* though. The endorphins from the change were really getting her pumped though, so much that she almost wanted to go for a run around these springs like an idiot.

All of a sudden her head felt strangely light, and turning her head around to see she just barely caught the sight of her ponytail being stolen by the wind as if it had been cut off. **“H-Hey!? My hair!?”** White locks were scattered by the breeze, and what remained wasn't exactly the snow white she'd always known it to be. A roasted chestnut coloring took root, turning the remnants brown with vigor as an ahoge sprung up from the top of her head.

Though that wasn't all that had sprung up. Weiss was momentarily deafened while the hair at the sides of her head grew thicker and obscured her ears, but in actuality her ears had disappeared. Her human ones, anyways. A triangular duo sprung up from her scalp in their place,

looking very much like an animal's, and feeling very much like an animal's as they twitched in reaction to ever sound. **“Why am I feeling so squirrelly? I guess that could explain why things are getting so nuts!”**

She couldn't really process where all of this squirrel-related wordplay was bubbling up from. These jokes were almost Yang-tier bad, but they were also becoming very realistic between the squirrel ears atop her head and the fact that the front teeth in her mouth had widened to better resemble a squirrel's nut-chomping set. Her icy blue eyes had browned to the color of a nut much like her hair had, while the scar that typically ran across Weiss' left eye had seemingly healed.

Then it all erupted. In two -- *three* -- places at once, a pressure was building to the point that she could only assume there would soon be a release. That release came, first from the back of her spine. Weiss couldn't help but lurch forward as her rear exploded. Her ass was part of it as cheeks swelling with muscles swelled forth with fat that gave her a taught, peach-shaped ass, but more than that there was something above.

A growth from her tailbone. A legitimate *tail* that lived up to the squirrel aesthetic she'd been adopting throughout her transformation. It was like watching a mound of brown fur explode backwards as the size built from a small nub and exploded into a tail that was roughly two thirds the size of her body *on its own*.

Butt and tail aside, the final pressure points were centered around her chest. It didn't take a genius to know what was about to happen, and Weiss had honestly begun to expect it. It was like she knew the form she was taking, like she desired it. She wanted to look how she should, and a pair of *big old titties* would finally complete that image. **“Ahn!”** But knowing just gave her an opportunity to make filthy, uncharacteristic noises as the front of her blouse was blown out by burgeoning breasts that seemingly defied physics... though remnants of her clothing did keep them bound in place even as they transcended norms -- though not as transcendent as Ruby's transformation before.

“Well that was weird!” The squirrel remarked as she watched the tattered remains of her outfit squirm around and take a new form that accentuated her muscles and curves. Weiss might have felt shame wearing something so revealing, but she wasn't really thinking of herself as 'Weiss' anymore. Makoto? That name just felt right, and while she still could remember being this Weiss chick, that just wasn't how things were now were they?