

CROSS TAG FREEZE

BIWEEKLY STORY 27

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"Aww, Weiss! You're no fun! Stay in a little longer!"

Weiss Schnee rolled her ice blue eyes at the calls for a return that echoed from the hot springs behind her. Traveling with her dearest friend Ruby Rose through an unknown world, they'd stumbled upon a Japanese hot spring facility that gave promise of warmth and rejuvenation while offering competitive prices! And Weiss only knew that because Ruby hadn't shut up about it the whole time they'd been in the water. **"Just stay in a bit longer, Ruby. I'm going to get changed and see about our room."**

"AWWWWWWWW."

It was likewise extremely handy that the spring had been attached to an inn. The two had been in fight after fight thanks to the whims of some strange being they'd only heard the voice of, never seen. It was a tournament that pit them against fighters from different worlds, as crazy as that sounded, and so the dip in the hot water had been a more than welcome moment of relief. But Weiss the more responsible one of the two. She wanted to make sure their room for the night was ready so they didn't both come out only to have to wait around in the lobby.

The white-haired princess let out an exhausted sigh as she reached for the shelved basket that she had folded up her clothes and put them into, but upon looking inside she found they weren't there at all. There was just a pure white kimono and what looked to be a hair ribbon. **"Uh, these aren't my clothes."** But there had only been two baskets when they'd gone in, and the second one still contained Ruby's outfit.

Her first thought might have been that maybe they had taken her clothes to clean while they'd been in the spring and left the kimono in its place, but then why leave Ruby's outfit behind? It would make sense to clean both of them right? Weiss didn't really have much of a choice though. She couldn't walk out in only the white towel she currently had wrapped around her slender body, and while the kimono itself looked a touch too big it was still clothing. Resolving to put it on at least for now, her fingers dug into the silky cloth but...

A strange chill passed up her spine the moment she did, bringing her entire body to shudder. The moisture on the ground around her feet, likewise, suddenly hardened as it froze due to the influence of a power that had just seeded itself in Weiss' soul. There was an immediate physical reaction as well, though Weiss would not realize until things had grown too late. The first immediate sign was the scar across her left eye -- or rather the absence of it altogether. The skin had raised and repaired, leaving her body without blemish. The other early sign of things to come could be seen in the tips of her long body of hair. Pure white since birth, just as her father, sister, and brother, an almost ashen tone swept the tips away not only in color but length as well. Yes, it seemed as the darker color swept up the untied mass, length was eroded just as quickly.

"Whoa!" Bare feet suddenly slipped upon the wooden floor, the young woman just barely catching herself by grabbing the shelf that housed the two clothing baskets to keep herself upright. She did not notice that the weight of her hair had lessened in the fall, but her attention instead focused on the ground proper. The room had been so hot and steamy thanks to the entrance to the springs being little more than a cloth divider, but the area directly around had frozen over almost in a perfect circle. **"Ice? Why is there ice here?"** Ice was something Weiss could create with Dust, but it wasn't a power she had or anything. It almost looked like she was the source with how she stood in the center...

Well she *was*, she just didn't want to face that reality even as the steam in the air around her began to crystallize and produce snow that fluttered only in Weiss' direct vicinity. **"Snow now too!?"** Her blue eyes went wide, their vibrancy slowly upped while retaining their icy coloration. But even though they were wide with surprise, what was considered 'wide' for their size was quickly tested.

The corners of her sockets pinched in, pulling their rounded shapes into a much more angular, almond-like design that suggested a shift in ethnic group for the girl that had once looked to be Western by design. Paired with how much of her hair was gone now and the ashen gray color had spread all the way to her roots, it was abundantly clear to an outsider looking in that she looked to be a Japanese woman now. Were this not a world where language was dashed so that all of the fighters could communicate regardless of background, it might have been easier to tell that she was speaking Japanese now as well, but instead it was best noted to be the language her thoughts had begun to be processed in.

Snow began to accumulate on her head and bare shoulders, the overall temperature of Weiss' body having lowered without her realizing. The girl herself was understandably confused, and clutched the white towel at her chest as she contemplated calling to her friend Ruby-chan in the springs.

Ruby...*chan*? That was one of those honorifics she'd heard that Investigation Team using, wasn't it? Why had she just applied to Ruby's name? "**Ruby-chan?**" She murmured it aloud, but it sounded right? What's more, the soft melodious tone of her voice felt correct as well. It was like the natural agitation she generally conveyed when speaking had all but melted away, her fiery personality essentially put on ice.

Why did she want to call Ruby-chan again? What was wrong with this situation? Looking through the light dusting of snow that fell, born of the moisture in the air, Weiss just felt like she couldn't remember.

But that didn't mean there wouldn't be anything urgent to remind her. Head had essentially completely changed, yes, but there was still an entire body left to be the playground of whatever was affecting her unknowingly. The more she changed, too, the more the ice across the ground spread as a power within her became more and more intense.

For example, the hand grasping the towel at her chest, while not changing in a particularly substantial manner that would typically be easily noticed. Weiss' hands became easily calloused of course. She wielded a rapier in battle, and the overuse of the blade would only naturally birth hardened skin, but these callouses changed. They didn't disappear completely as an icy blue polish applied itself from nowhere across the attached nails, but the callouses rearranged to become more focused on her index finger and thumb as if she was typically wielding a different weapon.

Her mind, in turn, corrected itself to fix this discrepancy. She wielded combat fans, right? Not a sword! Though she had some formal training. After all, she was a nin--

"**Hah!?**" Before she could even finish her thought, movement beneath her towel caught Weiss' attention, a reserved gasp of surprise escaping her lips as she used her free hand to cover her mouth in the most ladylike manner imaginable. She'd been gripping the towel to her body with all of her strength so that it did not fall (*as she didn't know if any other guests would suddenly walk in*), but that towel ultimately fell as it felt like her chest had surged forth and knocked her hand away. Cloth resting on the ice around her feet now, the maiden's arm ran across her nips to cover up.

Never having had an abundant chest size it wasn't like Weiss was expecting to receive much resistance and would be able to completely cover them using this method, but the arm didn't entirely reach around? No... of course it didn't. She could see why. The motion that had forced her naked in the first place had been born of her bosom, or rather her bosom's expansion. Each breast, that might have been generous to call a B-cup before, had already swelled two cup sizes and showed no intention of immediately stopping in the swelling department.

Her arm pressed into the flesh as it continued to grow more substantial, skin eventually beginning to fold over the arm itself as she tried as hard as she could to at least keep her nipples obscured. But they were swollen and erect, and Weiss could feel them poking tirelessly into an arm that was actually softer by design as well -- although she'd *just* taken notice of that fact.

"I'm changing... is Ruby-chan okay?" Surely this is something that should have aroused panic in the girl, as her breasts finally settled in between an E and F cup which looked somewhat bizarre considering her short stature. All in all, though? She could only respond in a calm and measured manner. Acting polite and rational were traits of the type of ninja she wanted to become. **"...but since when did I want to become a ninja?"**

Without thinking, the maiden reached for the kimono in the basket. Of course she'd earlier noted it to not be her own clothing, with her mind tainted by new recollections and having a new identity slowly forced upon it, she didn't even *question* that it was her kimono anymore. She just wanted to dress herself before anyone saw. Throwing it over her shoulders, the arm was ultimately removed from her bare chest and the tits bounced around generously thanks to both their size and youthful vigor. Perhaps they bounced around a little *too* much though? It was like the slightest breath Weiss made saw a full jiggle jump through them.

Weiss(?) grabbed the white sash that had been resting beneath the outfit in the basket and began to wrap it around the costume's front so that it would stay together. Her tits were far too large to contain in her ninja garb, and so at some point she'd grown accustomed to just displaying her cleavage in its entirety, and as cloth was bound around them they squished against her body a bit.

Legs, too, were left bare, but with her body still changing this allowed for a spectacular view as the muscle she possessed did not fade, but was instead slowly accommodated by a clear plumping phenomenon. Fat, not born of poor health choices but a hereditary accommodation that bled through her family's bloodline, came to help deliver her an hourglass figure as hips widened and thighs became thick but supple, skin on the surface soft but elastic.

Her butt didn't hold back either, not in the least. Cheeks burst forth as if they were a pair of balloons being inflated - though of course this inflation was fat and not air. She couldn't help but gasp once more as she felt the pressure and gripped it through the kimono she'd now properly tied. Each cheek grew hefty and held a bounce without sagging in the least. Her figure overall was extremely impressive, and she would surely be the envy of any girl her age not only for that figure but for her natural beauty and elegance.

"AAAAAH!?! YUMI!?! DID YOU FREEZE THE HOTSPRING!?!?"

A cry from the water outside snapped the girl out of her stupor and she realized the snow and ice had spread all the way to the hot spring itself. But what gave her pause was the name Ruby-chan had used. "**Yumi? Yumi? Yumi.**" She repeated it several times, glossy lips enunciating calmly and with care. Yes, that was... That was definitely her own name. It was strange. Why had she believed it to be wrong? Ever since she was a little girl she had been Yumi.

But wasn't this a problem? How had she allowed her innate ninja powers to go out of control like this? She normally kept a tight cap on them, but... Oh! She hoped they didn't have to pay for damages. Yumi did not call back to Ruby-chan, but instead skated across the frozen wood and stuck her head out so that she needn't yell. "**I apologize, Ruby-chan. I will fix this immediately.**" And as she bowed in apology, her huge tits gave an equally apologetic bounce.

Wait, was Ruby's nose bleeding?