

BLAZBLUE: CROSS TAG

PANIC

CHAPTER 9: PRINCESS POWER

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Akatsuki didn't understand how he'd wound up here. Having fought an epic in a series of battles against his nemesis the Blitztank, to which he'd succeeded, he'd thought himself free to be taken to a safe zone on the whims of the ones running this farce. System, fickle as she was, seemed to be mediating the fights for the most part to make sure they did not grow stale, but she had been strangely silent for the past few days.

It had made the clashes difficult ones, particularly when the tank was stubborn and quick to repair. A teleport away from it for a day or two in order to catch his breath would have been an extremely welcome reprieve. But when he'd finally been given it, he'd been confused.

The young man thought himself pretty familiar with the lay of the land by now, but the throne room he'd appeared in was not one of those familiar locales. The Phantom Field had seemingly reached its maximum capacity recently, so how did this new venue come to be? Looking above the throne was a set of three triangles mounted in the shape of a larger triangle. Was it the emblem of some kingdom long past? A message? Akatsuki didn't have the means to comprehend their significance, nor the understanding to identify why the bottom right triangle had begun to radiate a golden light.

Said light resonated with him. *Literally*. It was difficult to describe, but the moment it had become aglow he'd been more or less frozen in place. "**Wh...at!?**" It was like a power was pouring into him, something completely different than the power of the Blitz Motor he was used to.

With his black gloves on he couldn't quite see it, but the triangles had branded the back of his hand with the exact same pattern, though the bottom right triangle on that marking glowed just as the one above the throne did.

His dark eyes which were normally dilated suddenly expanded as the power pouring into Akatsuki grew even more intense. The color of his irises wasn't what it should have been -- they were instead a rich blue that did not burn with fierce rage. Instead they almost seemed aflutter as growing lashes flickered up and down. The man could tell something had happened to them, just as he could feel his eyebrows tingling as they became thin and were dyed a golden blonde.

It was *strange*. For as foreign and unfamiliar as the throne room had seemed, gazing upon it with his eyes now almost brought a sense of *nostalgia*. He'd certain never seen a venue like this before, but the feeling of 'oh, everything is as it should be' washed over him. This was merely the beginning, for like every other fighter that had been made a victim over the course of this incident he was being slowly assimilated into his new role.

This castle hadn't existed before because it was meant to serve as a battleground for a new world being brought into the Phantom Field, and Akatsuki was meant to serve as its first fighter. Apparently System had grown bored of his constant attempts to thwart Blitztank in particular.

The blonde that had claimed his eyebrows quickly swept through his hair, the man himself still frozen with his hands stuck in fists at his sides. Those beautiful, blue eyes of his caught sight of his bands beginning to square off in cut as the fancy golden lit up the usual black of the strands, and while he could momentarily feel it tickling his neck the sensation was abated after prodding into his collar and presumably tumbling back longer and longer. The hair likewise covered his ears, which impeded his ability to hear properly.

Although this was but a momentary inconvenience.

Some of the hair that hung past his neckline on either side of his head was granted a forward push. Was something displacing it? It certainly seemed that way, and the sudden and inexplicable ability to hear properly again on;y made Akatsuki more skeptical. Since he couldn't see, a million possibilities ran through his head. Was this new, long hair getting cut? Was he getting even more hair?

From the viewer's perspective it was pretty blatantly obvious. The tips of his human ears had become pointed and were slowly sliding backwards, the length of either ear poking out more and more from behind his

golden locks until essentially the whole thing was exposed, new cartilage shaping long points that almost looked like elven ears.

Hylian? Why was he suddenly reminded he was Hylian? What *was* a Hylian? Where was *Hyrule*? What were all of these terms that had begun to make his head spin?

Wasn't this... *Hyrule Castle*?

Akatsuki's inner war was painfully interrupted thanks to his jaw suddenly collapsing inward on either side. He couldn't be sure, but it felt like his teeth and tongue were smaller, and the very taste of the inside of his mouth was more pleasant. As pleasant as the scent that became to dance from his skin. A floral fragrance wafted off his cheeks and nose as the quality of his skin was rejuvenate. The narrower jaw gave her cheeks a smaller feel, and his nose was tugged inward to take a very obviously smaller and rounder shape from before. What might have been most alarming was that nothing about his face really resembled a man anymore, and when his traditionally angled eyes became round and expressive, he couldn't even be called Japanese either.

“Ah... Gahhh...” He still tried to make noise to no avail, but the voice that came out wasn't the gruff masculine voice he was used to. It was high and squeaky, perhaps something he might expect of a girl in her late teens. But it was his voice, and it coincided with a smoothing of his neck that washed away his Adam's apple.

For a man whose body had been so meticulous trained up through battle after battle, it was still difficult to tolerate the violent manner with which the rest of his body was deformed into it's new state. Much like how his jaw had been collapsed, his shoulders were forced inward in an extremely violent and painful fashion that provoked feminine gasps from swollen lips. Were that not enough, it then felt as if someone had taken either arm and pushed it up into his socket, arms themselves becoming short and muscle free as the attacked hands became both smaller and daintier, with delicately handled nails.

Were that not enough, his costume was beginning to change along with his body. The gloves that had covered his hands essentially liquefied before wrapping around his wrist, hardening into golden armlets and leaving hands free to breathe. The white sleeves of his top pulled up towards his shoulders, leaving arms exposed as crimson cuffs faded into thin, white sleeves with blue horizontal stripes. It was very easy to see just how weak looking his arms were now.

The very same phenomenon stuffed his legs next, and his point of view fell along with the painful crunch of his legs shrinking all at once. Knees

became small and knobby, muscle evidently wiped from them entirely as a girlish plumpness beset his thighs. While they'd crunched in, his thighs popped out a short ways and forced his posture into a position where said knees were partially tilted inwards toward one another.

The legs of Akatsuki's pants began to flow wildly, no longer bound in a form that wrapped around to contain both legs individually, but instead opening and attaching to one another to form the beginnings of a skirt. It lengthened and fluttered, spreading out as if possessed by a breeze that didn't exist, while further down he could feel his toes breathing the cool castle air as boots opened up into brown leather that left shrunken feet partially exposed.

“Ngh!?” Another gasp was forced, but this time thanks to a suction between the man's thighs that obliterated his bulging dick. The front was left smooth short of some golden pubic hairs, and it was all tightly kept in place by lacy pink panties that were holdovers from whatever *her* undergarments had *once* been. Even then they were tight in the front but loose in the back... at least for a brief moment.

It hit her like a dodgeball. A double whammy in both her torso and her rear that provided gains while all she'd received so far were losses. The shape of her torso *did* crunch inward, a gentle and waif-like curvature crating ramps to her hips and rear, but rounded slopes did too emerge from her chest to provide a teenage girl's bosom. It was nothing to write home about, and as the remnants of Akatsuki's jacket formed a loose-fitting upper segment to her dress, complete with a bright pink banner that fluttered down, hit was clear her garb was not designed to bring attention to them.

But her ass? Considering the rest of her figure it grew almost misleadingly large. Cheeks rapidly bulged to not only fill her panties but to test their integrity, her rump pushing back so comically that one might think it *inspired by an internet meme*. Of course, such a thing wasn't possible, right?

“Hah!?” Hm? Ah!” Movement restored, the young girl almost fell forward as she attempted to adjust to her new figure. She felt uncomfortably off balance at first, yet as a pleasant numbness stirred in her mind it was very quickly becoming second nature. What was more perplexing was that she couldn't seem to speak coherent sentences. Every time she tried to talk she either made a weird grunt or just some melodic sound that didn't really mean anything.

But that's just how things were in Hyrule. In the kingdom she was *princess*. Recalling this caused a circlet with a red gemstone to cover her otherwise bare forehead, and the Triforce to decorate the pink hanging

down from her dress. Yes, that symbol on her hand was called the Triforce, and she held the Triforce of Wisdom. **“Hya!”**

Zelda, as she now identified herself, psyched herself up as she looked out the castle window. There was an entire world she didn't recognize out there. Buildings she'd never seen before. Powerful fighters. But she had to protect the castle as princess, and that desire was more commanding than the old identity of Akatsuki that had become dormant.

Though she was surprised when a tank with a skull face suddenly crashed through the front gate...