

# BLAZBLUE: CROSS TAG

## PANIC

### CHAPTER 1: ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Huh. Guess this is the house made of sweets that Celica was talking about.”**

Taking a breather from his most recent bout, Ragna the Bloodedge settled into a building that looked to be made of cookies and candies. That damned Hazama had forced them all into that world where different universes collided again, and their host didn't have the energy to send them home. So, in the end, they'd all been forced with one another again.

Over and over. Over and over. All to obtain the energy needed. This place was fucked up. It was a tireless cycle and since the winner of each match didn't obtain anything it was clear a lot of the other fighters were becoming dejected. But Ragna wasn't; because he wanted to go the hell home. That was all the motivation he needed under any circumstance.

When everyone had met up and defeated Susanoo several days ago they'd all exchanged information. This location had come up in Celica and Heart Aino's recollections. A building made entirely of sweets was pretty unbelievable, but... **“Won't this shit just go stale?”** He tried to prove his theory and took a bite of what looked to be a cotton candy pillow resting upon a cupcake couch. Of course he wasn't aware that this world was beginning to shift and influence the fighters within so that the gathering of energy would hasten, and he would be the first target.

The candy was stupidly sweet, and while he'd probably blame it the moment things went astray it wasn't actually the cause of his oncoming troubles. There needed to be a change in some of the fighters to hasten the collection of energy, one that would drive conflict more naturally again. So why not just replace the current fighters with a new set? It was easy to pull from the memories and fantasies of the warriors already here, and Ragna's new shape had been snatched from Yumi's recollections.

**“Weird. Candy hasn't gone stale after all. Though I s'pose I shouldn't make assumptions about a world as weird as this one.”** The only thing that typically made sense here was that *nothing* made sense at the end of the day. Trying to explain shit here with common sense and logic was about as fruitless as attempting to resist treatment from Litchi.

The early effects of Ragna's transition began to slip in where he wouldn't immediately notice, the most obvious to any onlooker seen in his eyes. A man that typically had heterochromia of the eyes with one green and one red, speckles of blue pigment erupted in the irises of both simultaneously, rapidly washing away the mismatched colors and leaving them as blue as the sea. Were that all it might not have been too significant of a change, and yet his pupils dilated and lightened in a single motion, before exploding into a pink floral shape in the center of either eye.

Floral eyes were peculiar for a reason. They housed a power Ragna was not aware of, for it was a power unique to the world of ninjas. It was the Kagan, a special eye technique that allowed one to control the minds of others. It was fortunate that there was no one in the sweets house with the swordsman at the time because he might have unintentionally controlled someone.

Now, Ragna wasn't the type of guy that was obsessed with sweets. It totally didn't fit his badass imagine in any stretch of the concept, and he knew the attached health risks as well. But after eating the cotton candy he couldn't really get his mind off of it. He was craving sugar, something sweet to tickle his tongue. This wasn't the fault of the sweets themselves, but the slow rewiring of his mind as he slid into the personality being imposed on him. A love of sweets was being instilled in him and his heart began to beat as the home made of treats began to excite him.

**“The hell? Why am I so damn hungry!?”** Despite his confusion he'd already slid a gloved finger into the wall, ripping a cookie panel from it and scarfing it down. It was damn good! It was like his taste buds had been electrified, and lips grew messy with cookie crumbs as manners weren't exactly in the forefront of his mind at the time.

Munching and munching, he was too distracted to feel the inside of his mouth collapsing into a smaller size, the health and size of each tooth regenerating to be a little younger. Some of the crumbs fell from his lips as they abruptly swelled to twice their size, surface soft and glossy.

To say Ragna usually had a pretty scary face would have been a correct assessment, yet with all of the changes so far it was almost beginning to look... adorable? Those soft lips were one thing, but fat settling into his cheeks and eyes widening while also taking on a narrower almond shape to suggest Japanese descent was giving him a cute, girlish appearance that was emphasized by bangs of light pink. In fact all of his white hair had begun to droop over and flatten, a light rose color accompanying a much fluffier texture. Almost like the cotton candy he'd been snacking on in between cookie pieces. This mane crept longer and longer, ultimately reaching for his neck.

Because all of this was out of his field of vision he'd yet to really notice. His nose wrinkled as it shrunk to match everything else, but he'd ultimately just attributed it to the chance he might sneeze. **"Why is all of this so damn tasty!? AH!?"** Not until his voice squeaked did he think anything was amiss. The voice that called out from the back of his throat, which lacked an Adam's apple, was shrill and bubbly. It didn't match his demeanor at all.

Both hands reached up to cover his mouth as he gasped, a mannerism that wasn't his own but he might expect from a young girl. Were that not strange enough, the action saw both gloves, loosened from something he'd yet to determine, whip off and hit the floor made of cake. That left hands bare, and he almost screamed at what he saw. Both hands were small and dainty, fingertips accentuated with trim pink nails. They didn't resemble the rough, calloused fingers he was used to seeing without gloves. And come to think of it, his right arm felt... strange? *Real*. Unlike the false arm Kokonoe had given him. **"What the hell!?"**

Of course, in character as that phrase was for Ragna it still came out as a squeak.

What was happening here? His hands looked like a girl's. His voice sounded like a girl's. Bringing one of those hands to his face, he could feel how squishy his cheeks were by pushing fingertips into them and by running one across his lips he realized that much more had changed than he'd realized. Was it the sweets he was eating? Were they the cause? But even if that was the risk he couldn't help it! He smacked his tongue against his lips as the desire to eat more just kept building.

Idly, he reached for the chunk of the wall he'd been digging out in hopes he could eat some of the sugary insulation despite his mind adamant

against it, but almost fell over when he committed to hard to the action yet didn't have the arm length to reach. "**Hyah!?**" He sounded even more like a girl there, mind disoriented by the inconsistency between how far it remember his hand being able to reach and how far it actually had. Did he move away from the wall?

After stabilizing himself a quick look at his arm exposed the problem. Sleeves that normally rested neatly at his wrists had completely swallowed his hands and hang over their edges loosely. His arms had gotten shorter, as had his shoulders narrowed so the jacket no longer fit comfortably. "**I'm... shrinking...**" It wasn't merely arms and shoulders. The body in its entirety was collapsing, folding in on itself as the clothes he was wearing became almost tent-like upon his frame. Pants fell to his ankles while boxers barely remained present, crimson jacket hanging off one shoulder while leaving the other bare and kissed pink by a growing embarrassment.

## **CHALLENGER APPROACHING...**

Was that new? The announcement sounded over invisible speakers, drawing Ragna's pink and blue gaze upwards in the process. Did that mean an opponent was nearby? But how could he face an enemy like this? Could he even use ~~Dead Spike Ninto Vroom~~ like this? What about ~~Gauntlet Hades Butt Go Boom~~? "**...Huh?**" He was trying to remember his attacks, but techniques that seemed to embarrassing to be real were just popping to mind instead. What kind of attack name was *Butt Go Boom*? To begin with, his butt was pretty... "**EEP!?**"

An unwanted wedgie yanked her mind away from attack names pretty quickly. Boxers that had been so loose that they'd barely clung to his hips a moment ago suddenly pulled tight against his groin and stuck within his cheeks. While he was so short that the jacket obscured his ass for the most part, looking over his shoulder he could still see the jacket force itself outward as his ass expanded to the point of being extra thicc for his height, hands immediately reaching behind to check to make sure. "**My butt's huge! And... these aren't my boxers...?**" Softness of her rump aside, fingers ran across a stretchy and smooth material. Spandex? Boxers had conformed into dark blue bloomers that left thighs exposed and stifled his dick.

But that dick only grew more uncomfortable thanks to the bare thighs. His narrow gait was filling out and filling out fast, thighs like sponges as they filled with soft fat that obscured muscles that didn't look characteristic for his body. Inner thighs eventually touched, knees buckling inward naturally. This all left his penis in a very uncomfortable place, pinned to his pelvis thanks to the bloomers while thighs

threatened to crush it even if it were free. It was so inconvenient that he almost wanted it gone, not knowing that desire would...

**“NO!”** It wriggled and slid inside her, white pubes above neatly rearranging as they were dyed the same pink as the hair on her head. She'd hardly noticed that the pants at her ankles were no longer there, oversized white socks and pink running shoes comfortably sitting upon small feet. Which meant there was only one area left, and it was one she was fearing most. **“I have a big butt and a girl's parts now, so that means...”**

Gurgling in her stomach spoke to how she was still hungry despite all the sweets she'd eaten, but it also accompanied a narrowing waistline as the curvature of her tummy tucked inward beneath the jacket. Said coat was beginning to regress in mass, bloomers now on full display as it retreated and began to hug her torso more effectively. The reds and blacks all washed out and a light pink replaced them as layer after layer, belt after zipper, all merged into a single piece track jacket that seemed a little spacious.

A little *too* spacious, because it was ready to accommodate growth. And boy oh boy did that growth come. Ragna's torso lurched forward as the weight came on quick, filling chest cavities that would support the fat of sprawling, lewd breasts that were oddly characteristic of the ninja like herself and Yumi. They sprung into place, track jacket wrapping warmly around them and holding them in place while Ragna's undershirt held them as a brassiere with a childish, teddy bear design. Her nipples were swollen and she could feel them rubbing against the bra, but considering her circumstances she had to find the will to calm herself. *Was this a taste of the pleasure women felt!?*

She blinked, three black ribbons appearing to tie her shoulder-length hair into pigtails. **“This is wrong... It's all wrong but...”** The girl was already munching on more cotton candy, having picked up a second pillow from the nearby couch. **“It... MUNCH... isn't that bad... MUNCHMUNCHMUNCH...”** She hadn't forgotten she was Ragna the Bloodedge, but a new persona was far more predominant. It was comforting. It made her think it'd be all okay. She felt... weirdly happy, being this girl. Being Hibari, as she recalled her name to be. Would it be so bad staying like this? Being all happy and bouncy and... *bouncy?* She jumped with her mouth full of food, tits bouncing freely. She liked that feeling.

**“Huh? Wasn't someone going to fight me? I should go say hello and wish them good luck!”** An overwhelming kind and gentle nature had overtaken Ragna's rough and tumble badass persona and she really didn't want to go back to how she was.

*Which was perfect.*

Now, every other potential fighter that might ruin her plans would have to change in the very same way...