

FATEFUL SCYTHES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I guess I should be thinking about what to do next...”

Much like the others, Blake Belladonna had *also* gone her own way after Beacon’s fall. Not only did she have a good reason to flee in general, but one of the perpetrators behind that incident was an old friend: Adam Taurus of the White Fang. Not only had he been responsible for what had certainly been *countless* deaths during the incident, but he had even critically injured Yang, taking her arm clean off. She’d been too afraid to face everyone after that.

But in the wake of it all? She had inevitably returned to her homeland, Menagerie, a place almost completely populated by Faunus and a land where her father was a chieftain. Despite everything, she was welcomed back to her coastal hometown with open arms. That was a good thing. She had felt *comforted* by the familiar sights and sounds of both where she grew up, as well as the people that had been there like her mother and father.

Blake could only rest so peacefully, though. The guilt that she felt about abandoning her friends was immeasurable, and not only that, but Blake felt like everything that had happened had only occurred in the *first place* because she had kept so many secrets from them. She’d had a good heart to heart with her friend Sun about it though, so she was beginning to feel a little more confident about what she wanted to do next.

“Hm...” It was late at night – *well* after midnight, and the young woman was sitting on the farthest dock of Menagerie. It actually ran towards a nearby beach path. She was close enough that she could jump

to the shore from where she was standing, which begged the question why that dock was there in the first place (it was for easily training the children how to fish). It was the most isolated place in the village however, which made it the best place to sit in peace to think while not heading into the nearby forest.



Nobody was stupid enough to go past the village borders at *that* hour. The dangers of wild Grimm appearing aside, the locals always set their traps. Some of them were for hunting, sure, but there were some to ward off or capture intruders. With the reputation Faunus had these days, it was unfortunately for the best. And because of that... **“Huh? Singing?”** The cat Faunus’s ears, not hidden by ribbons like she had at Beacon, twitched at a gentle melody that hummed in from the direction of the forest.

“What? Is someone out there?”

If some ordinary fool had wandered out into the woods, then that wasn’t

necessarily her problem. She also couldn’t ignore the possibility that the singer was actually a *Grimm* attempting to lure someone out of the village to make easy prey out of them. **“...Should I investigate?”** But the voice of the singer didn’t *sound* like it belonged to an adult. It was sweet and soft, more likely the voice of a young girl than someone capable of taking care of themselves. If it wasn’t a Grimm, then it would eventually *attract* them.

Blake stood up on the dock and looked back at the village. There wasn’t a single soul other than herself awake, and it didn’t seem that anyone else had heard the voice. That wasn’t that surprising when *she* had only barely heard it through her cat ears. **“Guess I don’t really have a choice...”** It didn’t sound like it was *that* far away, and she knew where most of the traps were. And so, with Gambol Shroud at her side, she cleared the distance between the dock and the shore and sprinted into the shadows of the forest.

The only light she had to work with was the moonlight that filtered in between the trees, but with her special sight as a Faunus she could see more than a regular person would. Her speed was impressive too, but there was something odd. Based on how far away the singing had sounded before, shouldn’t she have found the singer within a matter of

minutes? It *did* sound closer, but she didn't really feel like she was making much progress.

She eventually stopped in a small clearing and looked around. Her ears twitched here and there as she picked up the various sounds of the forest. It didn't sound like the singer was getting farther away. It *wasn't* moving, and it was too far away to know how to move when she did. **"Maybe it really is a Grimm..."** The cat rested a hand on the hilt of Gambol Shroud as if to suggest her subconscious wasn't certain if she'd need to defend herself or not.

But there wasn't any movement in the trees around her. Things almost felt a little *too* still, but it wasn't like she usually made a point to be out in the forest that late. It *might* have been normal enough for things to be so silent. But if there was *one* thing that *did* stick out to her... it wasn't actually her *surroundings* that felt off. She put aside the plan to continue searching for a moment because she felt very *lightheaded*. She found herself focusing on the sound of the singing voice.

It almost sounded *nostalgic*.

Blake contemplated turning back. It would have made the most sense to do so, but she couldn't shake the feeling that she *had* to find the one singing. At first it had been because she had been worried that someone was in danger, but without her noticing, her motivations had shifted. Instead of thinking she needed to rescue a stranger? She now believed she had to *reunite with someone important*. What made it stranger was that she didn't even know *who* that somebody important *was*... at least not yet.

Even so, she wasn't (yet) so oblivious that she was blissfully unaware of the fact that things she was familiar with had begun to *differ*. **"Hm?"** The fit of her crop top was a good example of this. The Faunus's attention slowly moved downward when it occurred to her that it felt a little *looser* than she remembered? And, in fact, there did appear to be more space with how it seemed to be bunched up around her bosom. She didn't wear a bra under it, so... **"Wait."**

The girl didn't speak aloud what she had concluded because it basically felt impossible. *Are my breasts smaller?* That was the only change that could lead to that happening to her shirt, right? Well, maybe aside from the top itself getting bigger, but she could tell that wasn't the case. Her first assertion had been the correct one. Her breasts had shrunk a singular cup size in exchange for a vaguely increased perkiness; but that was still enough with how tight her crop top had been.

“How is *that* possible?” It was definitely a valid question. Blake was trying not to panic, because if she *was* in some sort of danger then panicking was the worst possible thing that she could do. It could have been some sort of deranged trick or joke from a Grimm... but were they intelligent enough to pick out a woman’s breasts of all things to shrink? It *could* have been random, but there was also the chance that there was a person using a very strange *Semblance* on her. An intelligent enemy was a more dangerous one.

Her eyes skimmed the trees that surrounded the clearing she occupied. She couldn’t see anyone, but maybe it was the singer? *But I’m looking for the singer, it isn’t her!* That line of thinking went abandoned. Even so, the young woman soon found herself *squinting* as she stared at the trees. Her cat-like vision should have made it so that she could see the shadows clearly enough, but she was struggling to see past what the moonlight could eliminate.

She removed her hand from her blade’s hilt to rub her eyes, but all that accomplished was a change she couldn’t see. The golden glow of her eyes had dimmed to shimmering emerald and their slits had rounded – although they weren’t alone in that regard. The overall shapes of her eyelids became more circular and, as a result, made them seem more *expressive* as a result. **“What should I...? E-Eh? What’s up with my voice!?”**

Blake had sought to think through her plan of action aloud, but attempting to do so only raised more questions. Her voice was *way* too high, and that was without addressing how that aura of calm she’d been trying to maintain quickly *crumbled* in favor of a bubbly alarm. That voice sounded like it belonged to a *completely* different girl altogether, and her continuously changing face made that plain.

It wasn’t *just* her eyes. Her nose soon pressed closer to her face, her lips things, and her cheeks even rounded until her somewhat mature, late-teens complexion looked a little *younger*; a little more childish. Perhaps placing her a few years younger, around *sixteen*? Her face was smaller, and within moments it was even framed by a shorter and lighter hairstyle. Long and flowing black had regressed until it sat as a short and messy bob with bangs that reached her chin at the sides. Once it had shortened, it almost appeared to become *bleached* as a light blonde replaced the darker colors – and that was true of *all* of the hair on her body.

“Gack!?! Whoa!?” The girl was already struggling to remember what had been bothering her just twenty seconds ago, so she was already at the phase mentally where she could only really react to things that blatantly affected her. Like in this case? Her posture suddenly

straightened without any motion on her part, namely because her hips had tightened closer to each other so her knees ended up straightening.

This change led into a new bout of clothing malfunction, though it was focused on her *pants* this time. It was already pretty obvious that nothing about her body was going to *grow* – if her breasts hadn’t made that clear, than the more youthful aesthetic of her face probably would have. So, it wasn’t really surprising to see that her leather pants were slowly becoming *looser* around her thighs and buttocks. Both thinned *significantly*. Her legs were left lanky with the slightest bit of pudge, though there was a sizable gap between her thighs, whereas her butt only bubbled slightly.

Blake’s pants were *already* at risk of slipping off from that alone, especially with her weapon hanging off the side, but those circumstances became all the more precarious when she began to *fall*! Well, she didn’t *actually* fall. “*Uh!?*” But the girl *did* panic like she was beginning to do so as her eye level quickly dropped. Not counting her cat ears, she had been 5’7”, and yet it only took ten seconds or so for her to plummet all the way down to 5’1”; a height that made much more sense for her otherwise smaller proportions that even came with tinier hands and feet!

Speaking of her *ears*, though? They had remained as the sole trait from her past life. The part of her body that still made her a *Faunus*. And yet? By the end not even *they* were spared. A melody began to bubble up from the back of the girl’s mind, but before she could sing it? Those ears had folded into her head, allowing a human pair to grow out from her head’s sides behind her blonde hair. Her pants ended up sliding right off finally, but it didn’t really matter for very long.

If I sing back, maybe she’ll stop running away!

That was the girl’s line of thinking when she began to sing a song she hadn’t known minutes before. It was the same language that the voice singing in the distance was using, but what Blake song also wasn’t just *any* song. Her body was engulfed in a warm glow for a moment, and once the light dimmed? She was wearing a sleeveless, green dress with big, armored pauldrons and a matching headpiece that resembled a witch’s hat in part. Futuristic boots of the same color had been slid over green and white striped leggings, and she even had guards around her ears! It was the same type of armor that Kirika and Maria had worn, but it had way more... pointy bits.

Even Gambol Shroud was missing, but it was more like it was now one with the armor? Its essence was contained within the pink crystal above her breast, and when she summoned her *scythes* in the future...

Now fully transformed and wearing her Symphogear suit, *Kirika Akatsuki* looked around at the trees with an energy level that most sixteen-year-old girls probably *wouldn't* have being out in the dark and scary woods that late at night. But she didn't feel uncomfortable at all. She felt *very* comforted by the sound of a familiar voice singing. **"Shirabe-chan is here? Does that mean Maria-san is here too!?"** There was no person in any world, much less this one, that Kirika was closer to than Shirabe. The two were practically inseparable. They *loved* each other more than anything.

That was why the Symphogear user didn't even hesitate to run towards the source of the singing with her physical abilities enhanced by the suit itself. **"Huh. Why did I think it might get farther away? Sounds pretty close to me!"** Vague fragments of the memories of the young woman she had once been *did* linger, flashing in here and there, but she would soon forget basically *everything* about being Blake Belladonna. How could she have even been someone else in the first place?



It only took a few minutes of rushing past the trees before Kirika found a new clearing. One with a pond in the center that was *not* unoccupied. Standing beside the water was another girl her age dressed in a pink Symphogear, singing with her eyes closed. The pink-haired, mature Maria watched from the sidelines. It seemed that her hunch had been right on the money! **"Shirabe-chan!"**

Hearing her name called, Shirabe silenced herself and finally opened her eyes to find Kirika flying at her. **"Kiri-chan! You really *were* here! Maria-san said she had a hunch, and if I started singing you might show up like I did for her. I'm surprised it actually came tr—!?"** The twin-tailed girl didn't get to finish her sentence before Kirika jumped in to hug her.

"I missed you! But how did you know I was here, Maria-san?" The blonde turned to look at the older woman while she continued to embrace her equally tiny girlfriend. Her mind was still a little muddled. She knew she wasn't from this Remnant place, but she also couldn't remember how they'd gotten there. **"Did our suits malfunction? How did we even end up here?"** Much to her dismay, her senior just shook her head.

“I wish I could tell you, but I just sort of had a hunch.”

“Aww. Bummer!”

Hopefully they could inevitably find a way to return home!