

RWBY: FAUNUS FRENZY

CH4: BUFF BUNNY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Yang? Wait... She was just beside me a second ago...”

It wasn't long after Blake had been privately brooding about Atlas's treatment of the Faunus that she had received a summons from Ironwood alongside Yang. There was no point in repeating what was already known in detail, that the two of them had been tasked with cleaning out and sealing off the sewer line uncovered by one of Salem's attacks.

Though, she'd had other things on her mind too. She hadn't been able to get into contact with Ruby *or* Weiss. Weiss was understandable because Ironwood had also given her a job, but Ruby was off? Maybe she had met up with Penny or something like that, though? They were probably both just busy, but Blake had a bad feeling for some reason. It had been nagging at her even after entering the sewer system.

Of course, her current predicament *certainly* didn't help things. **“I guess it was more than just a hunch. I'm still in the sewers, but...”** She was certain of it after looking around. She had been teleported to a different entrance somehow? It wasn't that Yang was missing. In fact, assuming Yang was still in the same location then it was likely it would have looked like Blake had gone missing to her. At least they had their Scrolls.

“...No service?” Or *not*. It didn't matter how high she lifted her Scroll; the concrete above seemed to be deflecting any signal. The entrance



she'd appeared nearby was pretty close, but she was also being cautious. She didn't know *what* had suddenly displaced her, *how* they had done it, or *why* they had done so in the first place. The most likely culprit was Salem, but this still felt a little small scale. **"I should be careful... Should I try and leave, or try and reunite with Yang?"**

Realistically speaking, if she followed the sewer line in front of her, she would eventually reunite with her girlfriend. Her enhanced eyesight and hearing as a cat Faunus meant that she could probably manage to do so pretty quickly, too. But there was

probably some kind of trap, and while that *was* true? She didn't recognize that the trap in question was already watching her.

A certain monkey-shaped Grimm. It had no reason to turn Blake into a Faunus seeing as she already *was* one, but Salem had given it the orders to do so. If the point was to sow confusion, then *all* of them had to be confused. Faunus were so varied in species that plenty could be done either way. And considering what it had done to Yang? The monkey had the perfect form in mind for the cat.

Funnily enough, it was the part of the woman that made her a cat in the first place that was targeted by the Grimm's ability initially. Blake herself didn't immediately realize, but the *shapes* of her ears had begun to change. They slowly inched upwards, their tips rounding and the color of the fur on their exterior lightening to a snowy white with pink on their insides. They eventually grew so tall that they *bent* near the top. They looked much more like the ears of a *rabbit*, stretching nearly eight inches above.

"Huh? Wait..." The Huntress had been walking forward, and so the length of those ears bobbing finally caught the young woman's attention. She reached a hand up to check and winced when fingers rubbed against skin and fur that was softer – and more sensitive – than what she was used to. Not to mention the length? **"What *the hell* just happened to my ears!?"** ...She *was* shocked, but had that level of aggression been

necessary? It definitely wasn't normal for Blake of all people, who was typically rather reserved.

She felt far more *irritated* about it than she was confused, and that feeling only grew more intense as the second ticked by and she realized that the back of her pants felt tight. “**Huh?**” The Faunus whipped her head back and reached a hand behind her, just above her ass. They had been described as ‘pants’, but in reality, Blake was wearing a skintight bodysuit. There was no gap between her ‘pants’ and her ‘top’, it was all one piece of clothing.

“What’s up with that bulge? Based on where it’s located... Is it a *goddamned tail*?” Aggression seeped out again as her hand prodded a lump that occupied the space in her bodysuit. She used her other hand to pull out her weapon, Gambol Shroud, and reached back with the blade to cut a slit... just in time for a short and fluffy tail of white fur to escape. **“A rabbit...”** Looking at it and considering how her ears had *felt*, that certainly made the most sense. **“A *goddamned rabbit*!”**

There wasn't really anything *wrong* with being a rabbit, she was just mad because she wasn't *supposed* to be one. Although, to add to that image? The young woman's eyes were dyed red. It was part of a broader set of color changes that made her own identity all the more difficult to distinguish. Such as how her skin was slowly darkening until she possessed a medium tan, or how the snow white from her ears and tail had seeped into her hair. Blake had cut her hair semi-recently, and yet? It had been growing until it reached *well* past her ass, with her bangs parted in the center to show off her forehead.

“Urgh!? The hell is happening now!? Why’s everything so *tight*!?” Blake has ceased even *bothering* to try keeping herself calm now, and her voice carried some deep-sounding aggression all of a sudden. She was incapable of noticing the changes to her face that came along with this, such as the swell of her lips or how everything became much more *angular*, from her nose to her jaw, or even her eyes – which certainly appeared much more *Asian* – *Japanese* specifically by real world standards. Her lashes grew very long as well. This face also made her appear *older*.

Technically? She was now *twenty-six*.

As for what felt so *tight*, well... She hadn't been lying when she said it felt that way *everywhere*. But it also wasn't *all* negative. **“I do feel *strong*, though!”** Those two realizations were *entirely* related. The discomfort had come from the woman's body growing more muscular. Like, *very* muscular. Blake had been fit, but she didn't have the bulging

muscles that built within her arms until they pushed her sleeves to the limit – a pair of verifiable *anacondas* capable of benching much more than she ever had before.

Even then, it wasn't isolated to her arms alone. Her pecs and abs swelled so that the top half of the bodysuit was snugger, and as her legs transformed into perhaps the *most* powerful part of her body. The skintight design of her pants did not leave very much room for growth, and so it became evident *very* quickly that the integrity of her bodysuit was about to be pushed too far.

“Hah!?” Blake practically *barked* as she leaned forward, watching the indentations of her leg muscles press against the material. But that cloth soon *split* down the sides as something else poured in to pad it. *Fat*. A round softness saw them explode further, and tanned flesh that amounted to a similar width as her waist forced its way out of those tears. **“And why am I tanned!?”** This was the first time she'd noticed, and some of her white bangs flying down over her right eye as she moved wildly eventually made her aware of her hair color and length *finally* too.

“WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING HERE!?”

It all reached a breaking point when the *front* of her bodysuit tore downward from the neck, showing off the tanned crevice of her cleavage. Her tits were swelling much like her thighs add, with newfound fat lifting them all the way up to *E-cups* – although they looked more like Fs with her abs so firm beneath them. What couldn't be stored elsewhere ended up tearing the hole she'd cut for her tail downwards so that her cheeks could swell into an enticingly full moon. The curvature of her body as it was now? It was *insane*.

Amidst it all, Blake hadn't even realized that she'd lost a fair bit of height. She'd slipped down from 5'7" to just shy of 5'3", but even that four inch loss hadn't freed up enough room in her bodysuit to save its integrity. Just like the fronts of her boots separated so that *three* gigantic toes could erupt through the front. The soles of her feet elongated in the process, giving her a pair of extremely powerful rabbit's feet to go along with her new strength.

“Hah!? I need some clothes that fit me!”



Rumi Usagiyama was not the kind of person to quietly accept any discomfort, and considering she was stuck within the folds of a once skintight outfit that she was *bursting* out of, she was *very* uncomfortable. Each movement the rabbit Thiren made ended up with torn fabric digging into her fat and muscle. It was so discomforting that she eventually reached down, and...

RIIIIIIIIIIIIP!

She tore all of the cloth that remained to shreds, scattering tatters around the sewer path with no regard to just *how* naked she was without even her bra or panties to cover up. **“Whatever, this’ll do.”** If it came to people seeing her naked? Well, she didn’t really have enough shame to care. It wasn’t like she looked any better in what she’d been forced to wear before. **“Goddamn it, and now I need to think about my teammates!”**

Rumi really *was* concerned about them, because if this had happened to *her*, then what had happened to *them*? Her now abrasive personality made it pretty difficult to tell, though. But if the intention had been to put Team RWBY out of commission? Whatever had done this to her had made a mistake. She was *much* stronger physically now, and she was going to use that strength to keep their teeth in when she found them!