

# RWBY: FAUNUS FRENZY

## CH1: MIKON!

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been some time since Team RWBY had made it to Atlas. A lot had happened in that time, too. They had been reunited with Penny, and Ironwood had taken them into their Huntress academy. Through his efforts, they had even become fully fledged Huntresses – although that didn’t take away from the fact that Salem’s forces were working against them on the daily.

One of her underlings had infiltrated Atlas without anyone noticing, in fact. It wasn’t an entity that could have gone undercover as a *student*, no. It was a very mischievous *Grimm*. One so small that it could move through the vents. It took the vague appearance of a monkey, and not only had its body been optimized to be quick and quiet, but it was also intelligent enough to take orders from Salem in the first place.

### *SEEK OUT A MEANS TO SEW CHAOS.*

That was the task it had been assigned, and so it had lurked throughout the academy in search of inspiration. It just needed something ‘fun’ to work with, because it had some rather *interesting* powers. The power to alter reality, but only in a way that reshaped the lives of individuals. Which was why it was picky, but also why it was blessed with a *great* idea while observing a dissuaded Blake Belladonna. **“I can’t help but feel like Atlas is still pretty hostile towards Faunus... Probably because of the SDC...”**

*It could work with that.*



The very next day, Ruby Rose was alone in the Atlas Academy dorm room that she shared with the rest of her team between two bunkbeds. Because they were effectively in wartimes, the school itself was closed, but they still made use of the dorms for those willing to fight for Ironwood's cause. **“What am I going to do *today*!? Why'd I get a different day off from everyone else anyways!?”**

Things had been quiet over the past few weeks, but Ironwood still had the girls on a strict training schedule. They usually were given days off so that at least two of them shared a day, but it

didn't *always* happen and for Ruby, it was one of those days where she was effectively all alone. She was just laying on top of her made bed as she wondered what to do. Only to shoot up and hop off when she heard something *weird*.

**“Uh...? Is there a bird or something stuck in the vents?”** There were two vents in their shared room. One in the far wall, and one in the connected bathroom. Ruby thought for *certain* that she'd heard something rattling around inside, but it had gotten quiet. Assuming they were all connected, then maybe it had moved into a different room? **“Should I *report* that *maybe*...?”** But to *who*? Who handled 'vent affairs'?

The girl ended up a little sidetracked only a few moments later though. **“Eh?”** The tips of her ears were itchy... and they felt like they were *twitching*? She did what anyone with even the smallest *iota* of common sense in that situation would do and reached up her fingers to touch the areas that were moving. After all? She knew that *some* humans could move their ears, but she *wasn't* one of them. **“Why are they...? H-Huh!?”**

Ruby's voice experienced an exceptionally sharp crack the *second* her fingers came into contact with her ears. What she'd touched wasn't the rounded cartilage that she had *expected* to find, and instead she found something *soft* that she rubbed between her index fingers and thumbs on either side. Hair? No... *Fur*? She had a hard time keeping track of it, if only because it slowly crept higher and higher on the sides of her head. It took her a moment to realize it was because her *ears themselves* were moving!

**“Wh-What’s going on!? It’s like I have the ears of an *animal*!?”**

The girl bit her tongue when it occurred to her how that sounded. Faunus could have animal ears too! She shuddered as her hands explored their growing lengths, as they were soon nestled on the top of her head and had to be about four inch long *triangles* based on what her fingers could explore. They had become quite sensitive, and while she couldn't *see* them? They were surrounded by a light brown fur and had balls of white fluff inside of them.

Her sense of hearing had been elevated as a result. **“R-Right! There’s a mirror in the bathroom!”** She could go have a look at herself there! Maybe she was just tired? Maybe this was some sort of dream? But she'd have to accept it if a pair of big, fluffy ears appeared in her reflection! Yet, even as she looked towards the bathroom door, the silver of her eyes brightened to a glowing gold. In a turn of events that was arguably fortunate for Ruby, she ultimately *didn't* need to go all the way to her mirror for that reality check, though.

**“MIKON!?”** A very *weird* sound of surprise escaped her lips as a burst of pressure *exploded* from the base of her back. Her shirt and halter vest were forced upwards in the back as a long, fluffy, *brown* growth rapidly developed into what could only be an exceptionally *fuwa* tail. She looked back at it, mentally likening it to the tail of a *fox*, but essentially being at a loss for words. It was roughly five feet long and it felt very *uncanny*. It threatened her balance as she stood upright, and while she could control it? It just felt *weird*. As weird as her ears twitching.

Her golden eyes flickered with confusion, though she didn't know just how much more widespread her problems had become. Not only were her eyes golden now, but their shapes had narrowed, and her eyelids had flattened until they were hooded. She appeared more like an *Asian* native of Mistral and based on how her lips puffed up and her nose lengthened, one who was slightly more *mature*. She looked more like a girl around *eighteen* or *nineteen*. And she was *incredibly* beautiful.

Ruby's face had changed so much that— **“Just what in the world is going on here!?”** The fact that the voice crack from earlier had now become the *permanent* sound of her voice at least suited her better. Her

back hair lengthened soon after, eventually tickling her shoulders in a way that had her grab a handful. “**E-Even my hair!?**” But by that point? She could also see strands of *cherry blossom pink* mixed in; it spread throughout all of her hair before it reached the center of her back in the end, while her bangs were full and swept in ever direction.

“**Oh dear! This is *very* strange! I seem so be some sort of fox Faunus, and... Why in the world do I sound like this~!?**” The young woman had already accepted the sound of her voice, but she was speaking specifically about *how* she was talking at that particular moment. There was an air of refinement and intellectualism to her choices of words that *certainly* hadn’t been there before, and her tone carried a much more playful tone than was typical of Ruby Rose.

She couldn’t even manage a guess about *why* her body was changing. What purpose did it serve? Had she done something to trigger it? Just how far would it go? But she hadn’t seen the culprit, and she’d first missed some of the signs that it was more widespread of a phenomenon than she had originally thought. For example? Her height had actually *shrunk*. Only an inch. She’d gone from 5’4” to 5’3”, which in the grand scheme of things was easy to miss. But it was also the *only* change to her physique that was missable.

Her clothing felt a little *tight*, and Ruby finally became aware of it. “**Hm~?**” There was a broader feeling of it that bothered the *entire* fit of her favorite outfit. It felt vaguely *sticky*? Like cloth and nylon was struggling to keep everything in. The cause was her body’s general *mass*. Her muscles had melted, leaving her skin much softer and slightly bulkier as a result. And while other aspects of her body would grow softer? They would do so in *much* more intrusive ways.

“**A-Ah!?**” All things considered, she had been taking things with a surprisingly carefree attitude ever since her voice had changed. But it was hard for her to *not* seem shocked when the front of her corset *exploded* forward, stretching the translucent nylon that covered her cleavage to the point that it *tore*. She gasped as her breasts *ballooned* two additional cup sizes, forcing her breathing to become shallower with all of that extra heft within the front of the corset.

Although, that wasn’t the *only* place where she had experienced tearing thanks to an explosion of weight. Her matching tights, specifically around her *thighs*, suffered the same fate as weight was packed into her upper legs. The fabric split all around them, with the strands that remained digging into the flesh that had burgeoned out. It forced her hips to widen several inches, while her plain undergarments dug into between the cheeks of her thickened ass. It had extended almost *three* inches out behind her!

But by the time her body had finished expanding? She couldn't explain it, but it just felt like the process was *done*. Like she could finally *breathe*. Even though everything was *weird*.

**“Mikon~!? What in the world happened to me? I must be absolutely beau-ti-ful~!”** The attractive fox woman cupped her own face and then prodded at her own bust through the torn nylon. *Tamamo-no-Mae* was certainly much too curvy for that stuffy old outfit she'd been wearing when she was *Ruby*, but she also didn't really worry about showing too much skin. More importantly? Despite how she looked and how she was acting, she hadn't forgotten who she had been.

Despite this, viewing herself by her old identity was a little... difficult. **“How could they transform a poor little Tamamo without consent!? Not that I mind, but... What had my name been before? It was on the tip of my tongue just a moment ago!”** All her memories remained, but her name... No, not just her own name? **“Wh-What were the names of my teammates again? One was like my sister or something, right?”** She could remember the names of some people, but not others.

Her ears twitched and her tail swished. *That* was concerning, but was it worth worrying about? She was bored just standing around there, and her outfit wasn't exactly comfortable seeing as she was busting out of it. In the end? She clapped her hands. **“Enough of that! I'll worry about it later~! For now? Let's go clothes shopping!”** Everything else? She'd deal with that when it came up.

But at the very least, she wouldn't be alone in that boat for long.

