

RWBY:

FAUNUS FRENZY

CH3: MEOW MEOW MIX

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Blake? Uh...?”

The concern in Yang Xiao Long’s voice was *genuine*. She had been separated with her teammate and girlfriend all of a sudden, and they weren’t exactly in the *best* place for that to happen. The pair of them hadn’t known *what* to expect when they had suddenly been summoned by Ironwood, pulling them away from their original tasks for the day. But they were *supposed* to do odd jobs like helping protect specific buildings; Yang would have been all kinds of bored doing that (sorry Weiss).

At the time, the brawler had been *extremely* excited to hear that they would be doing some *exploration* instead! An old sewer entrance had been uncovered down in the city after a Grimm attack, and Winter was apparently worried that Salem might use it to send Grimm through later. It was a valid concern considering that monster’s usual strategies. There didn’t seem to be a line that she *wouldn’t* cross, and she’d use everything that was at her disposal.

And so? What had been asked of Yang and Blake was that the two of them head down into those sewers to make sure there weren’t Grimm hiding down there already. They were to eliminate any Grimm that they had come across, and once it was all clear? They had to secure the area to make sure that there was no way any monsters could sneak through. Even if there wasn’t anything to fight down there, the two of them were just glad they were able to do some field work!



But getting separated from Blake had taken the wind right out of Yang's sails. **"Hellooooo!? Blake!? Can you hear me!?"** Her voice echoed down the long tunnel, but she didn't receive a reply. **"How did this even happen? We were right beside each other!"** And the young woman couldn't remember there being a split in the path anywhere. Had there maybe been a hole or something? ...Blake probably would have screamed if she'd fallen into one, so she could probably rule that out too.

That said, their separation had been by *design*. Done with Weiss, the monkey-shaped Grimm had made its way into the sewer system at Salem's urging. She *had* planned on using those sewers as a means of infiltration,

and while she did have a backup plan in the case that it did end up sealed? If a little chaos could prevent that outcome, then she might as well take advantage of it to further her plans. Two members of Team RWBY had already fallen, after all.

And now yet *another* shoe was about to drop.

"I guess I should backtrack and figure out where Blake went, huh? She couldn't have gotten—?" The young Huntress ended up trailing off when she noticed that something was *off*. Her thighs were rubbing up against each other? On paper, that didn't sound all that strange. She was an attractive young woman with an impressive figure, but... Her wide hips were *part* of that experience, and they were wide enough that her thighs didn't touch unless she was crossing her legs.

But in just a few steps? She'd felt them rubbing closer and closer together. Not only that, but didn't her pants have too much slack on the sides? Around her *hips*, specifically. Which led her to one *very* unbelievable realization. **"WHERE THE HELL DID MY HIPS GO!?"** Well, if Blake was *anywhere* in the sewers, then she definitely would have heard Yang yelling *that* at the top of her lungs! Yang herself felt like it was an appropriate reaction, though.

Both of her hands reached to grab the sides of her legs, finding tanned cloth loose and those hands not resting where they normally would. Her

hips had lost roughly *four* combined inches from their overall width, pressing her thighs *and* ass cheeks closer together without their usual palette to spread across. **“H-How did this happen? Is this some kind of magic? A semblance?”** There weren’t many things that could accomplish such a task unless she was *dreaming*, but... it definitely didn’t *feel* like a dream.

Even if it was becoming increasingly incomprehensible. **“Wait! It’s still *happening*!? COUGH!”** Had that sudden slide in her pitch been related? All things considered, it was difficult for her to think it wasn’t. But what had prompted her cry in the first place was the sight of her open cleavage... *flattening*. **“Don’t leave me...”** Her impressive, cherished E-cups were shrinking before her very eyes, nipples collapsing with them until all she had was a pair of perky *A-cups* upon her chest!

That said? Without so much cleavage in her way, the woman could much more easily see her lower half. Both her narrowed hips, and... **“Ugh.”** ...the sight of the weight that had padded her thighs lessening. Her pants felt all the emptier once a few inches had peeled off either thigh, but at least they weren’t rubbing up against each other anymore? How loose her pants felt in the back also made it clear that her cheeks had thinned, and while her but did bubble? It was hardly all that impressive.

What was disturbing Yang the most at that moment wasn’t *actually* what she had lost. It *was* alarming, yes, but she was more concerned about the little voice in the back of her head that was suggesting it was *normal* for her body to be that thin. **“No... No, that’s not...? Ah!? My voice!? It sounds... It sounds... *familiar*~?”** Wait! That wasn’t what she wanted to say! But it really *did* sound familiar. Almost... normal?

Her eyes glazed over as this inconsistency in her mind forced her mind to seize up temporarily. It wasn’t like she was inheriting new memories or anything like that, it was more like her mind was being rewired to put up as little resistance to what was happening to her as possible. Evidently, the Grimm’s powers had realized Yang’s will was so strong that these measures were *needed*. And so, she didn’t so much as bat an eyelash as her height suddenly unraveled, the woman’s body dropping a handful of inches in a matter of seconds so that her jacket slipped off her shoulders, and everything else she was wearing just grew *incessantly* baggy.

“Wait... My arm!?” When had it even *happened*? Yang was so small now, but that wasn’t what she was thinking of. Looking over at her right arm, where there *should* have been a prosthetic... there *wasn’t*. There was a flesh and blood arm with smaller, sharp-nailed fingers. Had her

prosthetic turned *into* that arm? Or had it been swapped? She didn't know. Her head was groggy, and even then? That arm and the attached hand were *odd* in a different way. Her skin on that arm had a darker tone than the rest of her body, a light tan.

Yang flexed her finger to make sure it was *real*, ignorant to the fact that the blue was being sucked right out of her purple eyes, leaving them *red*. She could feel the warmth of that hand, the sensation of her fingers digging into her palms; things she thought that she would *never* feel again. That infatuation apparently dwarfed any chance of her noticing that the darker skin tone was spreading throughout the rest of her body as a triangular tattoo was inked onto her forehead.

Her face just appeared *much* younger too, with rounder eyes, a smaller nose, thinner lips, and *far* pudgier cheeks. Even so, she couldn't have been any younger than *sixteen* or so. Which was *still* a three year drop when it came to her age.

Though, that tattoo wasn't exactly obvious with her blonde bangs in the way. Perhaps with the intention of showing it off? Her bangs parted in the center as part of a broader change to not only her hair *style*, but her hair *color* as well. Blonde darkened to brown and then darkened farther to black, as natural waves straightened *and* shortened until they only hung a few inches past her shoulders. Considering how much Yang valued her hair, you'd think she'd overreact to these changes when she noticed, but... "**Huh.**"

When she finally noticed, that was the *only* reaction she could provide.

"Well, this is kinda inconvenient, but hey! My arm is back!" Was a new arm *really* all it had taken to get Yang on board? *Kind of*, but part of it was just a side effect of the personality changes she'd suffered. She was more carefree and cunning, so it was easier for her to let the inconveniences roll down her back. "**Hm?**" Case-in-point? She kicked off her now *vastly* oversized boots and began to turn in circles, chasing a pressure at the base of her spine that amounted to *two* black cat tails erupting from her back. "**Tails? Like a Faunus? Like a kitty? Like Blake?**"

When not controlling those tails via her own will, they swished back and forth on their own. Just as her *ears* twitched without any particular input once the cartilage crept up her head's sides and both flattened and bent into a pair of four inches triangles. They were coated with black fur on the outside, red on the inside, and she had tufts of snow-white sticking out from inside. Every strange noise made them twitch.

“Uh!? I guess... Good things aside, this is kind of inconvenient, isn’t it?” The moment that *Nekomiya Mana*, shortened to *Nekomata*, attempted to move, she was immediately reminded of the fact that the clothes that had fit her old body did *not* fit her new one. Her jacket was sitting on the ground behind her, and her pants were just kind of *dangling* there while the empty cups of her bra sat there sadly. The new *cat Faunus* wasn’t really sure what to do. It was definitely *strange*.

But she also didn’t feel too *bad*? She was energetic and could tell that her combat proficiency hadn’t wanted. Her specialties might have been related more to *speed* than anything with her body the way that it was now, though the swishing of her two tails and the twitching of her ears was *not* helping an evidently *much* shorter attention span. **“But a cat Faunus, huh...? Isn’t this kinda good? Now I can relate to Blake even more!”** That was certainly a silver lining, but...

It hinged entirely on Blake remaining a cat herself.

