

RWBY: FAUNUS FRENZY

CH7: CROSSFIRE

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Boooooored.”

Emerald Sustrai didn't have a lot to do, exactly. She had ultimately become an ally of Salem's because she had been working for Cinder, and ever since they had joined Salem's main forces... Well, she hadn't exactly had a lot of work to do. Salem seemed to be keeping a close eye on her, and it wasn't like she could do into Atlas when it wasn't for a mission anyways. Ironwood and his goons knew who she was. There was a bounty on her head, and she definitely stood out in a crowd.

Since Salem had seemingly been holding off on any big operations, the young woman hadn't exactly had anything to *do*. No, it was probably more than that. Emerald didn't really *want* to be there. She didn't trust Salem and thought that even though she herself was a criminal, that monster's methods went *way* too far. Even so, she would continue to follow Cinder. If this was what she wanted to do, then...

Salem, as it turned out, had mutual feelings about Emerald. The monster did *not* trust her. She was a fool, and hardly even a useful one at that considering the track record of Cinder and her operations. What happened to that girl really wasn't her concern, but she also saw Emerald as a potential obstacle. Cinder still had some semblance of humanity, which made her hesitate. Bonds could lead to that humanity.

Killing Emerald to erase that bond would likely have the unintended effect of pushing Cinder away; not that Salem needed her. But now that



she had *that* Grimm. There was another way to dispose of her. Salem did not care about being 'humane', but she also could not bring back the physically dead. What if then, she 'killed' not Emerald's body, but modified who she was? Then she could promise Cinder that she would return her to normal if she did as she was told. She could exploit the little bit of humanity that she had left.

"And she's got me cleaning cells today..."

Meanwhile, Emerald was annoyed by the duties she had been given. Because she couldn't go out in public, she was often tasked with pointless maintenance tasks at Salem's base of operations. It was a creepy place. She hated it, especially

because Grimm could turn up at any minute even if they *were* passive without Salem's instruction. Even in that moment, she was unaware that a small monkey Grimm was watching her on Salem's orders from the shadows.

CLANK!

The sound of steel banging together sounded when the girl was deep enough in the open cell that she wouldn't be able to run back in time to stop what had occurred. **"The hell!?"** Not only had the cell door behind her been slammed shut, but it was locked? Emerald ran back and gave it a good shake to no avail, and she knew full well that the bars were impervious to any damage afflicted by Semblances. She was effectively trapped. **"Who the hell just locked me in!?"** There wasn't a sign of *anyone* else being around. But considering *where* she was, in Salem's domain, it was possible there didn't *need* to be someone there.

"Salem..." The young woman didn't bother to keep her theory to herself. If it really *was* Salem's handiwork, and it very likely was, then it probably didn't matter at this point. The most generous read of the situation she could make was that she was being tested. The *least* generous read was that Salem had something *much* worse in store for her. While she didn't want to find out *what* that was, did she really have a choice? She hadn't brought her weapons in for a *cleaning* job, after all.

But what Salem had planned for her, or at least what she'd commanded the Grimm to do, had *already* begun to take affect. **"Huh? What the hell!?"** Knowing that Emerald was powerless to escape, much less fight against what was about to happen to her, the Grimm seemingly wasted no time in making sure the woman knew that something was very, *very*

wrong. It targeted her hair, something that she was very meticulous about and, as a result, it was something she *instantly* reacted to.

While Emerald kept two longer bunches of hair behind her, most of her green locks were kept cut at her chin's length. She didn't like having to maintain it if it was *all* long, and she felt like having it largely shorter suited her much better anyways. The issue was that, short of her bangs, all of her hair that wasn't already long was *growing* even at the sides of her head, leading to it falling past her shoulders and down her back. And if that wasn't enough?

“My name is *Emerald*, not *Ebony*... or *Purpley*!” Without proper context, it might have sounded like an odd moment to talk about her name. However, Emerald was a name that was shared with the *color* of her hair, and once it had lengthened? It *darkened*, largely to black, but with a lighter purple shade directly underneath. Her eyebrows and even her pubes, which had shortened, darkened to the same shade of black. **“This has to be some sort of *joke*!”**

It certainly *wasn't* a joke, though. What she wrote off as a *voice crack* already kind of suggested that, and if she'd applied a little more critical thinking in that moment then she might have questioned why that 'crack' had *softened* her voice rather than making it higher. The exact moment her voice had cracked had brought new physical changes too, all of them focused on her *face*. The most immediate and striking of them being the paling of her crimson gaze until it was the same color as her hair's purple highlights.

That color change might have been the most immediately *striking*, but it wasn't even the most dramatic change to Emerald's face. The shapes of her eyes softened for one, while her nose shrunk and her face gradually *rounded* in its overall shape. Her lips even swelled puffier as if they had been beestung, although that new thickness wouldn't have gone away regardless of how much time passed. **“What is going on...? ...Ah?”** The woman definitely found how she was speaking strange. Where had her usual, aggressive spark gone? She sounded too *reserved*.

“*WAH!?*” And the sound of surprise she made when her tits suddenly, without any choreography, pushed *out* of her crop top's cups was a little clumsier than she would have liked. To be fair, the woman *did* end up stumbling forward from that unexpected change in weight. What had happened to her face had gone unnoticed, so she had only really been going off of her hair changing. For her B-cups to suddenly *explode* into a pair of *I-cups*, with nipples that were bigger than her *eyes* becoming erect in the process...

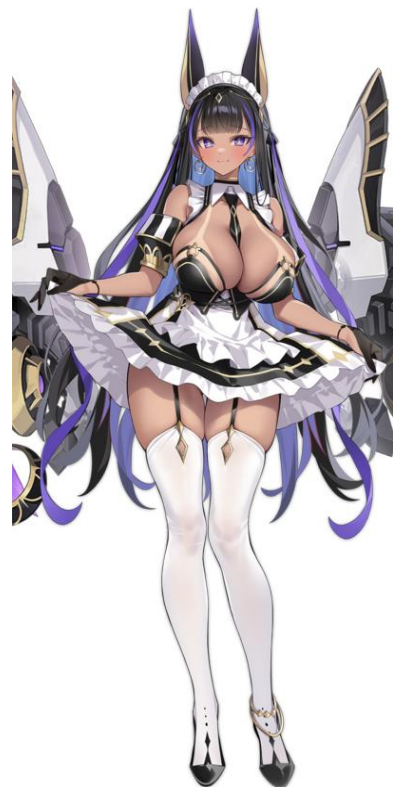
That had been a pretty *dramatic* escalation from her perspective. “**Wh-What? My chest is...?**” Because they *were* her own breasts, she didn’t hesitate to try and use her hands to cover her nipples. They were *heavy*, but that was a trait that would soon be shared with the rest of her body. Her tight, leather pants were growing even tighter. The cheeks of her ass peeked out and over the back of her waistband before long, that ass cleavage courtesy swelling of her butt cheeks nearly *tripling* in size. Similar gains were passed onto her muscular thighs... but the fat that they gained quickly buried that strength and forced her pants to *split* at the hems on the side so that her dark skin could escape.

...But wasn’t that skin *lighter*? It wasn’t *white* by any means, but the very dark brown of Emerald’s skin *was* lightening. It did so until it was a shade of bronze instead... but even *that* was a misdirection. The skin around her nipples became even lighter in a triangle shape, and lines ran up from it to her collar and around her back. They were *tan* lines; with the yellowish hue they depicted Emerald’s new *natural* skin color. Like the skin of a darker-skinned *Macedonian*. “**This is all so strange...**”

And it promptly became stranger! Her human ears did not disappear, but a pair off long and pointed animal ears, with black fur on the back and gold on their inner surfaces, ended up sprouting and twitching. It wasn’t unheard of for a Faunus to have two sets of ears, and the woman that Emerald had inevitably become was one of those cases.

“**I... Oh dear. How did this occur? For what reason?**” Emerald hadn’t been privy to what Salem had been doing to Team RWBY and the others, so it wasn’t surprising that *Cleopatra* couldn’t understand why she had become a tall and beautiful *jackal Faunus*. Like the others, she still had her senses and could still point out that she had *been* Emerald, but this new name felt more *accurate*. “**And why imprison me? What are Salem’s intentions?**”

While Emerald hadn’t necessarily been the smartest nor calmest person in the world, Cleopatra was both. Despite how alarming everything was, including the fact that she was practically naked above the waist, she was still able to calmly think through what had happened to her. “**I suppose this could be the work of a Semblance, but...**” Did it really matter? Her



imprisonment was an issue, but she *had* been tasked with cleaning the cells.

“Why am I so fixated on cleaning? I suppose it’s my duty as a Royal Maid, but...?” Was *that* what she was? A maid? She did feel *strangely* compelled to clean and be of service, but how could she do that locked in a cell? She wouldn’t have any answers for the time being, and Cleopatra didn’t exactly have anything *else* to do in the meantime. And so, half naked or not?

She began to tidy up the cell she was trapped within.