

RWBY: FAUNUS FRENZY

FINAL CH: OUTFOXED

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Neopolitan didn't have any words for the woman that she found inside that cell.

Well, she didn't speak in the *first* place, but upon returning to Monstra, Salem's base of operations, that prisoner *was* there. She was claiming to be *Emerald*, which could only make the short woman laugh internally because she looked and sounded absolutely *nothing* like her. She was even dressed in a revealing maid uniform – something that had happened between Emerald's transformation and Neopolitan's arrival.

That's none of my business! Or so she thought to herself as she walked away, twirling a familiar cane in her right hand. She knew someone who was lying through her teeth when she saw one... but that was just an unfortunate side effect of Cleopatra's personality. She actually *was* telling the truth; it was just a very difficult truth for anyone without context to accept.

But as Neo practically skipped off to the personal room she had been given within the Monstra, she didn't realize that she was being tailed by the same Grimm that had turned Emerald into that busty Faunus maid in the first place. Salem hadn't sensed discontent *only* with Emerald, and as she saw it, Neopolitan was far more of a wildcard when it came to her plans.

This wasn't about helping to control Cinder at all. She just didn't like the ice cream-colored woman.



The jaws of the door to her personal quarters slammed shut as she stepped through, but not before the little critter slipped in behind the short woman and hid under the nearby bed. It had been given its orders, and now it was in the perfect position to execute them as it saw fit. Neo herself didn't know what she was going to do with the rest of her day. *Sleep?* But being in Salem's domain made her feel like she always had to be on guard.

She didn't like it, and Salem was right to be suspicious of her intentions. It was almost an inevitability that Neopolitan would betray her; she was already considering the *best* time to do it. She knew what Salem was after, after all, and she had an idea of how she could make it best hurt. She owed Roman that much when it came to the revenge for his death – a death that only occurred because Salem saw everyone working under her machinations as dispensable.

Regardless, none of that would matter very soon.

Neopolitan was quick to notice the *moment* something became wrong with her body shortly after hanging up her hat. But then again? Considering how sensitive she already was about the fact that she was only 4'10" despite being a fully grown adult, well... There was no way that she *wouldn't* notice if something was wrong with her *height*. "...!?" She didn't have the words to express her shock, but her eyes *did* go wide once it occurred to her.

Her pants were bunching up around her knees and ankles with the belts between them and her heels becoming loose. In fact, the heels felt a little too *big*? And her gloves slipped off while the base of her top inched down to cover her *navel*. "**SMALLER!?**" She was definitely getting *smaller*. In fact, she'd lost four inches, dropping all the way down to 4'6". But even she was shocked at what she'd realized in the aftermath. "**I can speak!?**"

It wasn't really a matter of Neo *choosing* not to speak. She was *mute*. She'd been so since *birth*. Or, at least, she was supposed to be. "**I didn't think my voice would sound quite this shrill, though?**" It definitely *was* shrill, but there was a softness to it. Neo had never being able to speak to know *what* words she'd use, so she was kind of mad-libbing it, but wasn't her choice of wording fairly *refined* for a woman that had grown up on the streets as well?

As she continued to express shock at the fact that she could now do something she'd always *wanted* to be able to do however, the Grimm's curse did not stop with her. It appeared to be targeting elements of the woman's *maturity* now that she was even smaller, with the cleavage of her top gradually flattening until it was loose. The fat in her tits had succumbed slowly to loss, but their skin tightened as if she'd never had that weight in the first place. Even her nipples were much smaller, as if she was a young girl and *not* a mature woman.

Of course, her breasts weren't *alone* on that front. Her ass and thighs shrank similarly, with her cheeks pressing towards the back of her pelvis until they had only the slightest bubble shapes. Without that mature mass to accommodate, evidently there wasn't much of a reason for Neopolitan's hips to remain so wide. They narrowed, which in turn straightened her posture and allowed her pants to finally slip from her waist. But it was fine. Her shoulders narrowed too, and the straps of her top finally slipped so that the base fell *just* enough to cover what needed to be covered.

She shed the big jacket from her shoulders to better look at her hands. **"Small, dainty... Like a child's hands? It's strange though. Shouldn't I be more worked up about this?"** Neo wasn't *wrong*, but her mind felt so at ease. Almost... *fatigued*? She couldn't see it happening, but her pink and brown irises both brightened to the same color: a supernatural *gold*, though this came with the added side effect of the eyes *narrowing* until they appeared *Japanese*, with an added droop to them as her lids appeared to become perpetually closed. Thinned lips, a smaller nose, and plusher, rounder cheeks stole away whatever maturity remained. She looked like a *child*.

And not even one that looked like Neopolitan *herself* at that age.

Her body was foreign, but the girl felt more and more comfortable the more that her body changed. It was actually *largely* done, in fact. That said, her dark and thin eyebrows promptly brightened to a bubble-gum pink, and that color became all the more obvious thanks to those brows *thickening* into rounder, almost caterpillar-like shapes. This color was eventually passed onto the hair on her scalp (because the rest of her body hair had shrunk away as she'd become more youthful).

Half of Neo's hair was *already* pink, but it was a duller shade than the color of her very fluffy eyebrows was now. The color stood out on both sides, whether dull pink or black, as a result, and while it was already plenty long? Her pinkened hair lost some of its waviness at the tips in favor of straightening and fanning out. It was far more egregious when it came to her *bangs*, which grew out in a fluffy, gentle slope above her eyes. It was cute, and she didn't really have a problem with being cute.

Physically? She was only *twelve* after all.

But that *wasn't* all. **“Hm? This pressure... Well, I suppose it's to be expected~! It would certainly explain that woman I saw earlier, I guess!”** Only Neo herself knew what she was referring to, but the *pressure* came from behind her, at the base of her spine. It was a *tail*. She was becoming a *Faunus*. And the brown, fluffy fox tail that lifted the base of her oversized top confirmed that along with the pointed and fluffy ears that were fashioned from her original pair. They crept up from the sides of her head to rest comfortably on the top of her skull, where tufts of soft white lined their interiors.

“I'm much smaller, part fox, and I can even *speak*? Oh dear... This is all so much to take in.” The tiny fox Faunus girl looked around the room sheepishly with her drooping, perpetually tired-looking expression. *Tamamo Aria* wasn't much of a fighter, contrary to the beliefs and skills of the woman she had been before. She was merely a young girl that couldn't be any older than twelve; much too young to be a combatant, and far too powerless to stand up to Salem.



Thinking of that, though? **“...Was that her intention? That's not good!”** Salem must have done it. How? She wasn't sure, but if that was the case then she was probably in danger. She *had* to escape Monstra and... **“Ah! That girl! This means she really *was* Emerald!”** That complicated things. Aria was kind-hearted, she couldn't just *leave* that jackal Faunus behind bars! Which meant she somehow had to get out with Cleopatra in tow.

“It's alright. I'll figure it out!”

Ultimately, Aria *did* manage to escape with Cleopatra, but just barely. Unfortunately, the Atlas they found *when* they escaped was one embroiled with confusion. It hadn't *just* been them. Whatever had changed them into Faunus women had affected the entire population. As the people learned, anyone turned into a Faunus woman had their Semblance stripped away because the shapes of their souls had been altered. They stood no chance against Salem's advances.

But funnily enough? Salem simply became *bored* with Atlas. She took what she wanted with little resistance and moved on. With no one to challenge here, then what was the point in fighting them? She'd give them a *chance*. Learn to live with their new bodies and come for her in the future. They *still* wouldn't stand a chance, but who knew?

Maybe they could unlock *new* Semblances and make things amusing again?