

FATEFUL WHIPS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had taken a lot for Yang Xiao Long to take the first step.

The Fall of Beacon had wounded the young Huntress greatly. The physical aspect of this ‘wounding’ had been great, of course. Her entire right arm had been severed during that battle, leaving her to believe she would no longer be able to enjoy the things she had ever again. But the *emotional* toll had been just as great in the aftermath. Weiss had been taken away; Blake had *run* away. Pyrrha was dead. And Ruby? Ruby was *Ruby*. She had run off with the remnants of Pyrrha’s team towards Mistral.

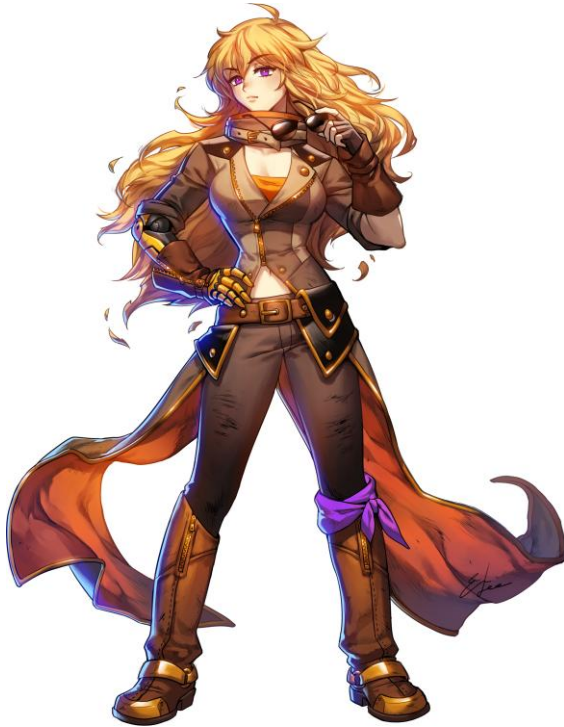
Could you really *blame* her for falling into a depressive spiral? She had been trapped in a hole that she had dug within her own mind, and it had taken a lot for her to finally claw herself out of it. As it turned out? A little support from her own *family* had been just what the doctor had ordered. Well, that and a new prosthetic to replace her original arm! Re-armed and with a clear head, she had traveled to Mistral with her motorcycle, Bumblebee, with the intention of catching up to Ruby.

“I guess I’m gonna have to stop here tonight...” But it *wasn’t* a trip she could make in a single day, even on a motorcycle. After getting off the boat that had taken her ashore, she had managed to travel almost the entire day on a single tank of gas before the sun had begun to set, at which point she stumbled upon a small inn and gas station out in the middle of nowhere. It was a stroke of good luck in a way. Not only would she be able to sleep with a roof over her head, but she could refuel.

The check-in process had gone smoothly enough. Yang had naturally carried money on her for just that reason, but after getting her keys and

heading towards the stairs? She looked back to see a trio of women entering through the front door. One woman with pink hair that must have been in her twenties, and two shorter girls in their teens that were practically hanging off of each other. Yang couldn't help but think that they were dressed a little unusually. She had never seen fashion like *that* before.

But it wasn't really her business. She just wanted to crash on a bed!



Hours passed without incident, and how could there really *be* an incident? Yang had basically locked the door to the room, removed her prosthetic to place it on the lone table in the room, and then hit her pillow. She passed out almost *immediately*, only to wake up in the dead of night. “**Ngh? Where...?**” She felt a little disoriented initially. The room was vaguely unfamiliar to her freshly woken brain, so it took a moment for it to click that she had checked into an inn hours prior.

“**What time is it, even?**” She hadn't really checked out what was *in* her room before knocking herself out, and evidently, they had not included a clock. If they had, it was shrouded in too much darkness for her to see with the ceiling light off. The room only had a singular, small window through which the light of the full moon could filter through. “**...Late, if anything.**” She yawned and waved it away with her left hand, only to then use that hand to push her out of bed. “**Gotta pee...**”

Unfortunately, her room didn't have its own bathroom. There was a shared toilet on each of the two floors, so she had to leave her room to do the deed. It wasn't hard to leave her room of course, but once she got out into the hallway? She heard something... *nice*. Three voices singing in harmony. It was a beautiful song, and she could still hear it even when she was relieving herself in the nearby bathroom. By the time she had flushed and washed her hand, though?

“**It's a pretty song, but they should probably quiet down a bit...**” If they kept on singing, well... She didn't doubt that it would disrupt the other patrons, but she was actually being misled. The vent in

the corner of the bathroom was actually directly connected to the vents in both the hall *and* the room where those three rooms were singing from thanks to some old and shoddy architecture work. That was why she hadn't heard it in her bedroom before leaving to pee.

Once she had finished cleaning up, it would have made the most sense for her to return to her room and go back to sleep, right? It was definitely possible that someone else on that floor was waiting for her to use the bathroom, too. But for some reason? Rather than leave like she should, Yang felt compelled to hang out in the bathroom for just a little longer. That song was pretty. It was comforting. It was somehow *familiar*. **“There’s no way I’ve ever heard this song before, right?”**

She *had* heard plenty of songs over the course of her life, so she couldn't deny the possibility that she had heard it and forgotten at one point or another. Still, it felt even a little too nostalgic for it to be that.

It just felt so... *personal*. Maybe it wasn't the melody? Maybe it was one of the *voices*?

Perplexed, Yang mulled this over in her head as if she were a kid trying to remember where she's heard a song in passing before. Nothing really *came* to mind, and in fact she was actually drawing a complete and total blank, but that lack of success didn't make the feeling *disappear*. In fact, she felt even *more* certain that she'd heard one of those singing voices before... vaguely. It was almost like there was a 95% match, with the *pitch* being slightly deeper than she could remember it? **“Like my sister...?”**

That was *somehow* the thought that had come to mind, even though there was a blaringly obvious issue with it. **“Huh? Ruby can't sing!”** And she was pretty *bad* at it, too. The last time she'd heard Ruby singing was in the shower, and the older sibling was *pretty* sure that there had been birds perched on the nearby window that have *immediately* flown away the second Ruby had tried to string together a melody.

Then... *who*? She had just confirmed to herself that Ruby *couldn't* be the singer, but the idea of *‘it's my sister singing!’* did not fade. She somehow felt even *more* convinced that this was the case as she continued to listen, and that feeling of nostalgia grew all the more intense. Mind you, she seemed to be utterly oblivious to the fact that things began to seem off about her *body*. The main one being... that there was now a hand resting on her right hip.

If you recall, Yang had slept *without* her prosthetic arm and hadn't put it back on when she had left for the bathroom. She shouldn't have had a

right arm *to* place on her matching hip, and yet it was there. Slowly but surely, the smoothed stub at her elbow where the rest of an arm had once connected had *grown*, forming a new forearm and hand that weren't a perfect match for the arm on the left... yet.

“If it was Ruby, she... would... Huh?” But the woman couldn't remain ignorant forever. When she *finally* went to leave the bathroom, she had reached *out* with that right hand to grab the doorknob. That was when she noticed it, and also when she froze in place. **“My... hand?”** No, her whole *arm*. Fingers that were thinner and daintier than she remembered had grabbed the knob, but she pulled them back with surprise to examine them. By the time she'd raised her other hand to compare? It had taken the same smaller, daintier form as the new one.

Why would it be strange that I have two hands? Everyone has two hands!

A valid point, sure, but not valid for a woman that had *lost one in a fight*. It seemed that Yang couldn't even *remember* losing that arm now, even though just moments ago she had been so shocked to see it. That said, it was hardly the only change to her arms – much less her body as a whole. All of the muscular bulk in her upper arms melted away so that they were gentle and narrow in shape, and everything from her thighs to her tummy had lost any of its rugged musculature.

Additionally, her body had shortened down to 5'7" from 5'8", but that was hardly that notable considering everything else that was happening, really. **“Come to think of it... I feel really strange!”** Almost like everything was slightly *off* somehow? She couldn't make much sense of it, but it led to her head feeling oddly *groggy*. It was hard to think, much less remember anything. That singing voice really *could* be her sister, because the memories of this 'sister' soon felt like less 'Ruby' and more like someone else.

While Yang struggled with the mental aspect of the song's influence, her body *continued* to change. If she had noticed that her voice had softened, then she was doing a poor job of making that obvious. However, it softened alongside a number of adjustments to her face that stole away her 'hotness' in favor of making her appear much *cuter*. Her lips, for example, thinned but became much more upturned in shape upon a face that became rounder both structurally, but also because some extra fat was padding her cheeks.

Her nose? It shrunk into a button shape, whereas her eyes rounded. It was strange. She *almost* appeared a little younger, but that actually *wasn't* the case. She was technically in her *early twenties* now. Either way, that face *wasn't* hers, and a change in eye color to a bluish green

more or less made that the definitive observation. Perhaps, then, it was now the face of the woman to whom her changing memories belonged? ...Not that Yang herself was in any position to draw those conclusions herself.

Evidently, a singular inch of height was not *all* that she was destined to lose. The Huntress-in-training had always been understandably confident about her appearance. Her pretty face aside, she had a large pair of breasts and a fat ass, but the 'had' was doing more work in the past tense than you might have expected. After all, those ample curves of herself were *fading*. Her F-cup tits quickly became more compact within her jacket and top, shrinking down to a pair of *D-cups* that were still exceptional in size and perkiness relative to how dainty her body appeared otherwise.

Her *ass* suffered a little more, on the other hand. It *had* been an ass almost comparable to the ass of a supermodel, but the fat draining from it slowly saw it deflate as the skin tightened around what remained, leaving it as a perky bubbly behind her that was still *striking*, just not for the same reasons. The belt around her pants slipped a bit as a result, but also because her hips narrowed and her thighs thinned. "**Oh! These clothes? Why are they...?**"

The woman's head was clearing a little bit, leaving her confused about her *attire* of all things. The only thing that felt 'familiar' to her now was a red crystal hanging from her neck with two prongs on the sides. It pulled her attention away from her long and luscious, golden blonde hair. It had been a point of pride for Yang, and yet its striking color was fading into a dull brown. The messy waves straightened while their colors changed, and fluffier bangs parted to show the center of her forehead.

"**Maybe if I...**" She wasn't sure *why* she thought this, but she felt compelled to press the two prongs on the sides of the crystal with the thought that doing so might fix her clothing problem. And in a way? It did. She was engulfed in a bright, rainbow light, and when it faded? She was dressed in a futuristic-looking set of armor fashioned in cream, white, pastel pink, and green colors. It consisted of a sleeveless bodysuit, though there were *detached* gloves, a metallic skirt, armored boots and thigh highs, and a headpiece that looked like a pair of metallic headphones around her ears. "**I guess this fixed the clothing issue?**" She was about to forget *all* about it anyways.

She was back to thinking about the singing.

There was no point in denying it. Along with the Symphogear she was now wearing, the woman looked *strikingly* like another victim of that song. The *first* victim, in fact.

“That voice... it’s definitely sister’s!” While *Serena Cadenzavna Eve* did not understand why her Symphogear had activated, she was prompt in her plans to *deactivate* it. The armor and weaponry that had clad her all disappeared into the crystal on her person, changing her outfit into a cream-colored sweater top, pink skirt, black tights, and matching heels with her brown hair pulled into a ponytail. **“But why does it sound so deep...?”**



Serena was the younger sister of Maria Cadenzavna Eve, who Weiss had transformed into at the beginning of all this. But that Maria and this Serena hailed from completely different timelines. As far as Maria was concerned, her younger sister had died long ago. But for this Serena? The both of them were still alive... with the caveat that her older sister had been stuck in a childlike body while she had been able to mature.

Either way, the younger sister was confused about plenty of things. She didn’t understand how she had appeared in this strange world, but it *must* have been fate! She pressed out of the bathroom and continued down the hallway towards the source of the singing with her heels clacking hesitantly against the floor. She wasn’t so rude as to barge in and instead settled with a knock on the door.

Serena shuffled nervously, but her expression melted into one of joy when the door opened to reveal... *her sister*. Her sister, and yet she practically stood eye level with her, had a sizable bust, and... No, none of that mattered. **“Maria!”** She exclaimed before the woman could even react, pulling her into a hug. Maria was *understandably* confused, but then also *shocked*. Her sister was supposed to be *dead*, not... an older, beautiful woman!

“Serena...? Is it really you? Did whatever strange powers we have here... bring you back?” Evidently, that was how Maria had rationalized how people she knew kept appearing before her on

Remnant. It must have been related to their songs somehow. Like they could pull friends *into* this world. She just hoped that it didn't apply to *foes* as well. Maria returned the hug, perhaps holding her sister a little *too* tightly. **“But why are you so *tall*?”**

“I wanted to ask you the same thing!”

“...Huh?”