

# FATEFUL SAWS

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The Fall of Beacon had certainly been a difficult time for everyone involved.

At the time, no one aside from the faculty at the school had known of the true darkness lurking behind the assault on the Huntress academy. That a great evil had been pulling the strings of Cinder, Adam, and all of the others in order to topple the school. Far too many lives had been lost during that incident, and naturally? All of the students had been sent home, their teams inevitably broken up and scattered across the world back to where they had come from.

Some were ultimately trapped. If not by people that wanted to keep them that way, then by their own hearts that had been traumatized by Beacon's fall. But not *everyone* had been stuck in place. Some decided to carry on the only way they knew how. And Ruby Rose was *one* of those people. **"Whew! Another good night's sleep— Huh? Is no one else here!?"**

The short haired Huntress-in-Training had emerged from a crudely pieced together tent in front of a fire that had been put out. There were a number of other tents put up as well, all empty – but so was the campsite. Where were Jaune, Ren, and Nora? What *time* was it? **"Crud... Did I oversleep?"** Come to think of it, the sun above Mistral *was* a little too high for it to be early morning. Whoops!

They must have gone to gather resources, but without knowing *where* they had gone, Ruby knew it was better to stay put than risk the possibility of getting lost. After all, their trip to Mistral Academy would be all for naught if one of them ended up separated from the others. Or

worse. Left with only her thoughts, though? Ruby began to pace around the campsite. She wasn't exactly the most *patient* girl in the world.

Just as she was pondering what to do until the others got back, though? “**Huh? Singing?**” It seemed to be far off, but that was *definitely* the sound of a woman singing. The only other girl she had been traveling with was *Nora*, and the voice she was hearing was *far* too deep and mature to be hers. And what was stranger still was the realization she had that the voice sounded *familiar*?



Not in the traditional sense, perhaps. It wasn't familiar in the way where she immediately knew *who* it belonged to. The teenager couldn't even figure out which *language* the voice was singing in. But of all the people to flash into her mind the moment she started thinking about it even a little bit? It was definitely strange that it was... “**...Weiss?**” Even Ruby was confused regarding why she immediately thought of Weiss Schnee.

For one? There was no way that Weiss could be in Mistral at that moment. Her father had taken her back to Atlas after Beacon's fall, and what she knew about that situation seemed to suggest there was no way she'd be breaking free anytime soon. As much as Ruby *wanted* to see her again. But there was a more fundamental issue too. That definitely *wasn't* Weiss' singing voice, so why had she connected the two in the first place?

It was something the girl couldn't comprehend. Why did she feel that way? And why... was she walking towards the source?

Ruby didn't actually ask herself that last question, but all things considered, she probably *should* have. She'd already left the comfort of the campsite despite her prior assertion that it would have been better to remain behind, taking an untreked path through the surrounding forest. Maybe she was being a little too optimistic deep down. While the

chances were slim, maybe she might *actually* find Weiss at the source of the singing.

**“What language are these lyrics in?”** She had to ask herself as she drew closer. The girl didn’t claim to be an expert on languages, but it wasn’t Remnant’s modern common tongue. Was it a language native to Mistral? It was a plausible theory, but it didn’t align with her assumption that it might have been her friend from Atlas singing. Unless Weiss was well versed in local dialects? **“...Maybe I need to stop thinking about this so hard?”**

Before long, she had been walking for about five minutes. She finally stopped for a moment to reorient herself, namely because she’d become a little bit *confused*. **“The singing voice hasn’t gotten louder for a while now. I can’t be going in the wrong direction though, or else it would have gotten quieter?”** Was the singer moving *away* from her as she drew closer? It was only then that Ruby considered *another* possibility and rested her hand on the grip of her scythe, Crescent Rose. **“...I didn’t fall for a *trap*, did I?”**

It could have just been a Grimm attempting to lure out an unsuspecting Huntress-in-Training, and she’d taken the bait hook, line, and sinker.

Fortunately for her, that wasn’t the case. And what she’d initially assumed was *correct*. The singer *was* Weiss. Or, at least, who Weiss had *become*. Maria Cadenznava Eve. The Symphogear user had been drawn to Mistral after escaping Atlas, though for what reason she didn’t know why. Something had compelled her to *sing* too. With hope in heart that she might be reunited with *someone*.

That, unfortunately, would only subject Ruby to a process similar to what she’d (now unknowingly) undergone. The music was messing with her brain. That was why, despite putting forward the possibility that she might have been in some sort of danger, she continued to move through the woods. **“I... should probably stop, right? But what if *she* is really there?”** The lack of a name was both intentional and not. Ruby had surely *wanted* to say Weiss’s name there, but in that instant two faces and names overlapped in her mind, making it impossible for her to speak only one.

**“I... Who? What? Why do I feel kind of...?”** Kind of what? She seemingly couldn’t even put *that* descriptor to words. The word she had been looking for was ‘light’. She’d been thinking of it more in the mental sense, like her mind was so light it was a little hard to think. But there was actually a much more *physical* application to it as well, it was just a little hard for Ruby herself to notice at first.

This 'lighter' feeling targeted some very deliberate aspects of her body, and yet these areas were difficult to notice if only because there was a looseness to Ruby's costume that made it difficult to tell. Take the girl's *chest* as one example. Her breasts had definitely gotten a little larger since she had first started attending Beacon. They were almost C-cups now! Or... they were *supposed* to be, anyways.

Alas, her bosom was one of these areas that was becoming a little lighter. It was only natural that a pair of breasts would grow lighter if there *wasn't as much in them*, which was what the girl had failed to notice. Her breasts were *shrinking*; the weight that normally pulled her skin tightly around it was draining, though that loose skin tightened so that it didn't sag in the process. Before long? Her breasts were *A-cups* at best.

The cleavage upon her dress was now bunched up against what was practically nonexistent. Had Ruby looked down, she probably would have immediately noticed – but her attention was still trained in the direction of the sound of that singing voice. “**How much further could *she* be? If I keep going in this direction...**” Would she reach it eventually?

Because she was so fixated on *that* voice, she hardly paid attention to the sound of her own. It was pointedly higher, but it was also a matter of *how* she was speaking. Calmly. *Too* calmly. Her childish energy had all but dissipated, and so her tone came off as being closer to *Blake's* than anyone else she knew.

Since she was lighter, each step felt a little bit easier. But it was actually more widespread than *just* her breasts. The thigh high tights that the girl was wearing began to slowly slip *down* her legs and bunch up around her knees. It wasn't exactly a surprise as to *why*. Not when you could clearly see that her thighs appeared to be thinner. There was still a maidenly thickness to them, but they had *definitely* lost a few inches of girth. This was a sentiment shared with the cheeks of her ass, and it likewise applied to the narrowing of her hips.

Ruby *did* finally notice that her body was changing, but not until it occurred to her that her stride had shortened. Each step through the soil didn't carry her as far as it had before, and her clothing felt *large*. “**Huh?**” She looked at her hands first. Her fingers had become narrower, and were nowhere near as calloused as they should have been considering how she wielded her scythe. “**I'm getting smaller?**” Those hands slipped up into her sleeves before long, because her arms were no longer long enough to keep them out.

She had *been* 5'2", but by the time her height finished dropping she had dropped down to a meager 4'11" instead. Her feet no longer fit in her boots, but because they now reached her knees it was difficult to step out of them as well. She finally stopped walking. "**How did this happen? Why am I so small? No... Wait, I'm not just smaller, am I?**" Her more serious nature also seemed to come equipped with a sharper mind. "**This isn't my voice. Or how I'm supposed to act...**"

And there was also the matter of her *face*. Now that she was smaller, her face was clearly rounder and immature in its shape. She had thinner lips and larger eyes, though at the same time? The *design* of those eyes had shifted. Her eyelids narrowed in the corner and became hooded, which in turn momentarily concealed how a splash of pink had made its way into her silver irises. Those eyes would have been considered 'Japanese' elsewhere, and oddly that was the word that would have come to mind in Ruby's case now, too.

Needless to say, she didn't look a single thing like Ruby Rose in her face, and despite looking younger she'd only aged backwards a single year to *fifteen*. Only her hair, still black with streaks of red, revealed who she had once been... at *first*. But even that unraveled as it consistently paled in color to a dark brown instead. What changed in color likewise changed in length, and this hair cascaded behind her as far as the center of her back... before strangely finding itself tied up into two *very* long twintails.

"**Wait. Do I know this song? Or a song... like it?**" She momentarily brushed at fluffier bangs of brown, momentarily distracted by their slight growth. "**Various Shul Shagana tron!**" The girl didn't know *where* those words came from, they just escaped her lips with a melodic flair. No sooner than she had uttered them did a red light emanate from just below her chin. "**Huh?**"

The girl winced as she tried to make out the source of the light. There was a pinkish red crystal of some kind? When had that even *gotten* there? Nonetheless, it was releasing a power so great that it was even pushing the air away from it. She had to look *away* from its glow because it became so bright, and before long, her entire body was shrouded in its glow. Once the light faded? She no longer needed to worry about clothing that no longer fit her, at least.

She was dressed in a sleeveless pink dress that was more like a *leotard* with a frilled skirt affixed to her hips. Not that it covered *much*, because the entirety of her thighs would have been exposed if not for the narrow tights that wrapped only around the insides of her thighs, reaching out from within metallic boots of pink, red, black, and silver. This was a



color scheme that was prevalent around this new costume, including the detached, gloved sleeves that left her shoulders bare. That crystal was affixed to the center of this costume, right above her small breasts.

The light of the crystal hadn't faded completely, however. Something nearby also began to glow in the same shade, prompting Ruby to turn around where she saw— **"Huh? Crescent Rose?"** She had dropped her scythe at some point during her transformation, but now it was just floating there, shrouded in a pink glow. Before she could wonder any further what was happening, it *broke* before her very eyes.

Those two segments flew to the sides of her head suddenly, and her twintails lifted to *attach* to them? They formed a bizarre looking headpiece of parallel blades that were almost as large as her body. Bound by hot pink joints, not only were they impossibly flexible, but she just *knew* she could eject things like *sawblades* from them for some reason. **"Oh. Does that mean it's over now?"**

With the scythe she had been carrying now affixed to her Symphogear armor as the blades extending down from her hair, Ruby found it *much* easier to move around all of a sudden. **"This all feels so natural..."** She spoke dryly. Her smaller body *already* felt incredibly light, and while she had no prior experience with the special armor she was wearing? She effortlessly understood how to utilize it, summoning yo-yo shaped wheels underneath her boots with tiny blades affixed that allowed her to move cleanly through the forest soil.



She continued moving towards the sound of the singing voice, though the picture of the woman who *was* singing in the back of her mind was completely different now. **"Maria... Hm? Who's... Maria? Wasn't I looking for...?"** It had been a different woman altogether, hadn't it? But then why couldn't she remember her name? ...*Whose name?* The louder Maria's singing voice became, the less of Ruby's memories there were.

Until finally? Only *Shirabe Tsukuyomi* remained. She was uncertain of *where* she was, but the comforting warmth of a familiar voice filled her heart as she ascended the nearby hill as quickly as her Gear would take her. **"If Maria is here, then..."** Maria Cadenznava Eve was important to Shirabe, but there was someone else too. A girl that she was so close to that they were basically *dating*. Maybe she was there as well?

“...Ah.” But that didn’t appear to be the case. She found a familiar, pink haired beauty standing atop the hill in her own armor, but she was alone. At the very least, Maria stopped singing and turned to face Shirabe, smiling. “...Maria? Do you know where we are? How did you know you’d find me here?” She had a third question to ask too, but she stopped short of asking it.

As always, Maria responded promptly. “I’m not sure *how* we ended up here, I just know that this world is called Remnant. As for how I found you here... I suppose you could say I just had a hunch?” She wasn’t aware that her own song had transformed someone close to Weiss into someone who was close to Maria instead. And they were *still* missing someone else.

**“Shall we go look for Kirika, then?”**

“Yes!” That might have been the first smile Shirabe flashed since her transformation concluded.

But then, who would need to be transformed to ‘create’ this ‘Kirika’?