

BLAZBLUE: CROSS TAG

PANIC

FINAL CHAPTER : SPOTLIGHT

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Yumi was troubled. She'd been coming across more and more shinobu from the Japan she knew over the past couple of days, but there had been no indications of new arrivals from System. But there *were* signs things were changing, including new structures such as the large castle on the city outskirts. None of the shinobi she'd come across were from her own school however, and short of one nasty encounter with her half-sibling she'd also been dealing with the lecherous Katsuragi that had been following her around.

Was she drawn to her figure? Whenever she least expected it, that girl appeared with her hands spread wide. Apparently she'd terrorized Miss Satonaka back at the springs only to give up when she found her chest too lacking. Yumi had never particularly felt strongly one way or the other about her endowments -- they were large but fairly standard compared to other shinobi -- but for the first time she felt that it might be more convenient for her to have a smaller figure.

Making such a wish at an old Japanese shrine she didn't think it would nor *could* be granted, and she certainly didn't think it would pave way to a series of related changes that would not only change her body but darken her soul at the very same time. But System was tired of it all. This stagnant feeling. She wanted the Phantom Field to feel *FRESH* and *EXCITING*, and if that meant turning nice Japanese girls into evil monster Japanese girls, she was *abso-lutely okay* with it!

Yumi had kept her icy blue eyes closed when she prayed, but as a shinobi she kept her other senses honed at all times. Under no circumstance would she be crept up on by a threat - that's what she believed. But there was an exception to everything, such as a threat that could not be heard, felt, nor smelled. Enemies that did not have physical forms, enemies like shadows.

In the bright of day the shinobi was producing her own shadow of course, but that shadow had become the target of a multitude of others. Absences of light on the ground snaked with high speeds into the greater form of Yumi's shadow, said shadow distorting until it didn't even match her own shape. And when Yumi finally opened her eyes, her shadow on the ground opened *its* eyes too.

A menacing, glowing gold.

The shinobi was none the wiser at first. She carried on as normal, rising from her kneeling position to her feet to finish off her moment of silence. Though the sheer difference between her own figure and the figure her shadow projected might as well have been night and day. Yumi was voluptuous and it should have readily shone in how the light reflected her, but her shadow was as thin as a waif. The presumed attire the shadow was showing didn't even quite match Yumi's flowing kimono.

It was actually her clothing that led her to the conclusion that something was awry. A suddenly difficulty breathing had claimed her, and the feeling of her kimono tightening against her bosom brought a hand to press against one of her breasts. Space that should have been bare wasn't. **"Guh...! What iS!?"**

Cloth was growing towards her shoulders, but even as it did the stitching had become tight and intent on squeezing her huge breasts into a contained that they were not meant for. The feeling of the material against her fingers did not even feel like soft silk anymore, but more like a cheap polyester as the strain seemed to darken the whites to blacks midst the process.

Yumi clawed at the overlap of the kimono in order to try and loosen the restrictive force, but despair quickly settled in when she found the overhang sealed. The cloth had encroached upon her neckline by this point, and her tits were uncomfortably squished to the point that she could feel the sides tucked to the left and right of her body, maiden left gasping for air.

She fell. Her body tumbled to the side and onto the stone path of the outdoor shrine as breathing became a very immediate issue. She could feel the cloth of the kimono sleeves now tightening around her arms,

design clearly meant for smaller limbs than she could provide. A gripping feeling around her thighs indicated that her legs had not been spared from this phenomenon either, and while they were meant to be bare, thigh highs had pulled up from her socks and were sitting very uncomfortably against her tender legs, muffin-ing the hell out of the portion that was left uncovered. She was even wearing a pleated, patterned skirt now, panties having shrunk to better match.

Muffled breaths escaped her mouth as breathing became harder and harder. It felt like her ribs were being crushed, and everything was growing numb. Her consciousness was fading quickly, everything turning to black. But before she reached the point of knocking out completely, she saw it. In the shadow of her head cast beside her, a pair of golden eyes glaring back at her manically.

“....!?” It was the adrenaline kick she needed to not fall unconscious entirely, but Yumi didn’t realize the very same golden menace was beginning to reflect in her own gaze, eyelids pulled wide as the blue was taken away and her lips turned up into a smile that didn’t look quite right. It was in that moment that the real threat had taken root in her soul, her body too bound to reject its nature any longer.

And through her wheezing came an uncharacteristic cackle.

“**Ahaha ha hahaha!**” She couldn’t believe her own ears as she laid there cackling, though the laughter brought a change that was most welcome. Her clothing was feeling less constrictive where it mattered most: around her most ample features. Since the clothing had been what was changing so far it was easy for her to believe that it had just changed further to accommodate her proportions, but as her posture began to turn over the truth was made clear.

The clothing wasn’t changing anymore. Her *body* was. While she’d been laying on her side after falling, supported by her huge breasts, her posture had begun to slowly tilt her face towards the ground despite no effort on her part to roll over. The fatty flesh that had been shoved into the uniform top without any regard for their size had begun to withdraw, a much more reasonable size met after a few moments while still being far too large for the top and lifting it to keep her navel revealed.

But what it brought was *room to breath*. Her chest rose and fell with some discomfort as wind pipes found reprieve in more allotted space, and as breasts dipped below even a D-cup Yumi’s entire body began to heave to catch up to the breaths she’d lost in the interim.

She finally fell onto her stomach, the feeling of breasts diminishing further felt as they settled into a newly constructed bra, but as she

attempted to steady her breath she found her eyes meeting the golden glare of her shadow again. It instilled a need to cackle once more, but more than that Yumi could feel her ego... *breaking*? Where she was calm and reserved, an element of chaos was being superimposed on her personality.

There was also something else. A desire. To be fawned over. For everyone's eyes to be put on her. She didn't matter how she earned that attention though. Maybe she'd *strip*. Maybe she'd *act cutesy*. Everything seemed to be on the table for the sake of taking the attention of everyone in any room at any given time. Which of course, made it a shame that those sexy curves of her wouldn't remain.

Thighs became more comfortable with her new thigh highs as the muffin-ing that had been apparent around her thick legs slowly settled, and her ass began to protrude with less intensity out the back of her skirt. Since she was laying on her belly and breasts her butt had been sticking straight up, pink panties clearly trying their best to stick on. But as the cheeks shrank, the skirt could clearly be seen falling and the panties were wrestled free of the tight grip of a once-huge bottom. It came full circle to meet her thighs, which while still impressive in their own right, were much more impressive for a petite girl.

A *realistic* girl, at least when compared to the women from Yumi's realm.

Twisted smile upon Yumi's features only grew wider as it became harder and harder to think about who she used to be. Her body felt so much lighter without her ridiculous curves, and since the worst of the transformation seemed to complete she planted her hands on the ground and pushed herself up to her knees. As she did so, she caught sight of her hair falling down around her in dark brown locks before being tied up in a pair of flirty twin tails. The ribbon she normally wore in her hair was gone and replaced with crunches, which a bright yellow ascot dangled from her neck across breasts that couldn't be any larger than a modest B-cup.

“Feast your eyes on the new and improved *Risette!*” More words bubbled up from within, the moment she'd spoken that name immediately becoming the one that ended her self-internalization of her identity as Yumi. She was... *Risette*? *Rise Kujikawa*? No, not even that was quite right. Her memories were not those of a human. They were distorted desires, misconceptions, negative feelings that swirled around and kept her animated as her golden eyes were kept wide. Not even her face resembled who she used to be, but Yumi would never have made such an expression to begin with.

As the girl rose to her feet, she was beset with a burst of energy. Taking hand of a pole in the ground near the shrine she did a little twirl around it like a pole dancer, leg kicked in the air and revealing her panties. Even if there had been an audience, the Shadow wouldn't have cared. No, she'd *like* them to see. ***“AHAHAHAHA!”***

“Do you *really* think this is doing any good? The readings haven't improved at all since you started changing them you know.” Hazama tapped his foot against the ground as he examined one of the many monitors in the room meant to serve as the Phantom Field's control center. System had been changing people left and right, but the energy levels hadn't changed for the better. It was almost like the AI was just having some fun at the expense of everyone else.

“Oh shut up, Hazama. Be a good little girl and go investigate the others for a while.” System's retort was quick, tired, and confusing.

“What do you mean by-- Oh, no. You didn't. *SysteEEEEEM!*” But as the suited man yelled out her name, the pitch of his voice shot way up. His body collapsed, clothes wrapping around his short stature and ample curves despite this in the form of a pretty dress. As much as she was still Hazama and had no intention of taking orders from this damn AI... **“Understood. I will investigate the circumstances surrounding the others.”** The words she spat out in utter monotone betrayed her old personality.

After all, there was no way Es would defy a direct order.

