

FATEFUL BLADES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Still no sign of Ruby, huh?”

Jaune Arc had just gotten off call on his scroll with his teammates, Lie Ren and Nora Valkyrie. They had all ventured out to the Kingdom of Mistral alongside Ruby Rose, the leader of team RWBY, but a few days back the Huntress-in-training had suddenly *disappeared* without any notice. It really wasn't like her and they were right to worry, but they also all knew about how capable of a fighter she was.

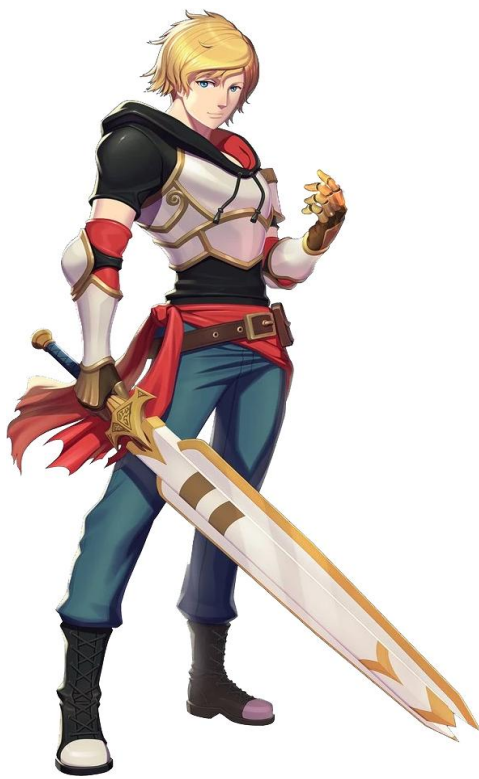
And so? They had held onto hope as they continued towards their destination: Haven Academy in Mistral's capital city. After the fall of Beacon Academy, and after enough time had passed for everyone involved to lick their wounds and steel themselves, they had decided to venture there for answers. To try and unravel the conspiracy behind the Vale. Because their destination was the same, it made sense that they'd find Ruby there if something had pushed her off course.

That was why, after finding a place to drop off their luggage – at an inn in the city – they had split up and taken to asking around. They probably could have pushed to Haven Academy that day, but it had already been early evening when they had arrived, and there was still a bit of a push to the campus. Besides, they didn't want to take the next steps unless they knew for certain whether they could count Ruby among them.

“No rumors of a girl that match her description at all...” And all Lie Ren and Nora had reported were rumors of mysterious voices singing throughout the night? Voices belonging to women and girls, but as far as Jaune knew? Ruby wasn't really much of a singer as far as he

was aware, so he couldn't really imagine that one of those singers was *her*. **“But that doesn't mean there's no hope! There are still a few places I can ask around...”**

The sun had only *just* finished setting entirely as the boy navigated Mistral's streets. Even though it was dark, there were still stalls and shops illuminated, with the hustle and bustle of the city only having faded a little. Mistral *was* known for its night markets, and the cultural differences were quite apparent to him when compared to Vale's customs.



Jaune held a map of the city, one he had picked up from the inn they were staying at, as he navigated the busy streets. Maybe they were a little *too* busy, because he was having difficulties pushing past the crowds to get where he wanted to go. That was when he noticed it. **“Oh! Is that a shortcut I spy?”** Any *normal* person would have *not* understood what the boy was looking at to be a ‘shortcut’, at least not one that was viable.

It was dimly lit, if at all, presumably wrapping around the market in a way that *would* get him where he wanted to go. But anyone that was familiar with Mistral at night would know that adventuring into such places unprepared was a fool's errand. The city's criminals still functioned within the lights of the night, but within the darkness they were even *more* brazen.

So then, it stood to reason that there was a *high* likelihood that Jaune would get jumped if he walked down that path. Mugged at best. Killed at worst. But he was so single-minded in his search for Ruby that he didn't really consider these risks. If it would get him where he needed to go, then... **“Off I go!”** He stepped off the illuminated path and into the shadows.

Only the light of the moon above filtering through the gap between buildings provided any light, but it was enough to go off of. It must have been foolish to set down that path, but the young man wasn't unprepared for the possibility. He was still a warrior in his own right, just like the others. But he'd probably be taken off-guard in the dark if he wasn't paying attention. **“Huh... This path is longer than I**

expected.” He couldn’t see an exit in front of him, nor the entrance he had stepped through any longer.

Fortunately, there also wasn’t any movement. But he soon *heard* something. Not the sound of anyone moving about, but the sound of... singing? It wasn’t just one voice, but three. And their voices were enchantingly beautiful. Jaune didn’t recognize the language they were singing in, but he could tell they must have been a way away from him too. **“Oh! Isn’t this what Nora was talking about? Rumors of mysterious singing voices...”**

She hadn’t mentioned if they were considered *dangerous* or anything. It probably classified as a public disturbance according to local law, but so long as they were *only* singing then there was no tangible harm to it. It must have just been disturbing the people who were trying to sleep... or something. But it was strange. *What* was strange? Even Jaune wasn’t immediately certain. But he felt *off* somehow? He paused to look around. **“Maybe it’s just a chill!”**

He wasn’t used to Mistral’s climate, so that was probably it! He’d just caught a chill from the weather! There was absolutely nothing for him to worry about! Nothing at all! Well, aside from the things he was beginning to notice that were absolutely 100% worth worrying about. **“Uh... What?”** Part of the issue was simply that he couldn’t comprehend *why* they were happening.

Jaune raised an eyebrow at first. He could tell that something was *different*, but it wasn’t immediately clear as to *what* that difference was. Did the alleyway appear a little *larger* somehow? He wasn’t that familiar with it, and so he had been willing to just shrug it off as a misunderstanding brought about because of that lack of familiarity. And yet? There was an element to it all that he couldn’t so easily shrug off.

It was his clothing. He had tried to take a step forward, but doing so had given the young man pause. **“Huh? Are my pants not sitting right?”** He’d almost wondered if he’d just stepped at a weird angle or something, because his pant legs felt a little too... baggy? Like they were about to slip from his hips even despite his belt, and then there was a matter of the material bunching up around his knees and ankles as he leaned forward.

That said, the act of leaning forward on led to him realizing that it *wasn’t* isolated to his pants alone. He could feel it in his upper wear too, though it made sense why it hadn’t been *as* immediately obvious to him. The black, short-sleeved shirt that he wore underneath his armor was already baggy and bunched up naturally above his pants and beneath the armor piece he wore around his chest, so even if it had somehow

become larger against his frame, it wouldn't really move much more than it already was.

What had *actually* made it more obvious was the armor plate itself. It slipped to the side of his shoulder, making it clear to Jaune that it had grown bigger much like the rest of his— Wait, no. That wasn't what was happening, was it? When he also considered the fact that the alley felt larger somehow, then there was only really one other logical conclusion. One that wasn't really all *that* logical at the end of the day. “**Am I... shrinking!?**”

Raising his arms, this truth become all the more undeniable. The armored gloves he wore along his hands and forearms *clearly* weren't sitting right, and one he dropped his arms down again? They slipped *right* off, pulling the elbow plating and cloth beneath them right off to reveal hands that didn't appear quite... *right*. “**What is happening to me!?**” The singing off in the distance continued as he raised his hands to look, noting that his fingers were thinner, his palms smaller, and the nails upon them slightly longer.

It wasn't even isolated to his hands alone, because if he were to lift his feet again? They would undoubtedly pull out of his boots as his body's shrinkage moved towards completion. But not before first seeing to it that his physical *build* was changed in the process. More obvious was the narrowing of his shoulders, which had led to his chest armor slipping already. But there was something more blatant that he couldn't help but notice a little too late. “**Where... did my muscles go?**”

The bulk that he'd built in his arms and chest was simply *gone*, stolen away along with his height as he finally stopped shrinking at 5'6" – which wasn't really *that* short, but it was when you considered that Jaune's original height had been 6'1". “**This is weird... This is... weird?**” There was a lot happening, and it was difficult for him to pick and choose which battle to focus on, but his voice... was a new one. His voice had sounded off, so he repeated his words to try and correct it. But it wasn't corrected. He was now speaking with the voice of a *woman*, and in a tone that was uncharacteristically no-nonsense.

But if Jaune thought he *sounded* like a girl, then he should have gotten a load at the rest of his appearance. His smaller and narrower frame had already been suggestive of the possibility even though it was arguably more androgynous so long as he retained his masculinity, and the voice wasn't as much of a mismatch with his face as he'd even realized. Not with his stubble erased along with the *rest* of his body hair and, well...

Its design was also becoming quite different. You could easily take the man's eyes as an example of this. Not only had his eyes become fuller in

shape as a dark blue ultimately seized his irises, but they also narrowed in the corners as his eyelids became monolid. They were the eyes of someone native to Mistral, or *Japanese* in our world, and were accompanied by a leaner and more angular facial shape, slightly fuller lips, and a daintier nose that made him appear quite... *pretty*. And even a little older, but only a year to make him *nineteen*.

There wasn't much of a point in denying it by this juncture, so there wasn't really anything stopping what would amount to *her* sex changing. "**Mmn!?**" The young woman ultimately reacted sharply to what had been a sharp *pull* between her legs, seeing her masculine genitalia shrink until there was nothing left, and allowing a new slit to open up between her legs instead. A slit that was soon decorated by a bush of blue not dissimilar to the blue in her eyes just above.

But the feeling left Jaune... confused. "**What.. was that?**" It couldn't have been her losing a *dick*, because she certainly didn't remember having one in the first place. She had always been female, plain and simple, and that was ultimately reflected in the rest of her body while weight was gained. There was a bit of a tradeoff, however.

Her waistline slimmed to be about four inches narrower than her shoulders in exchange for her hips distending about three inches within the pants that already fit her. And from there? The areas both above and below this region gained heft, but not in equal measure. The chest beneath her lopsided armor couldn't even be perceived, but that didn't stop two *A-cup* mounds from blossoming beneath the undershirt. They weren't particularly *large*, but they were certainly *perky* to make up for this.

That said, *below* Jaune's belt was a slightly different story. The back of her pants bloated with a fat that pulled her skintight around the bubbled peach shape that formed, excess spilling into thighs that saw them thicken several inches. Because of the width of her hips and her straightened posture, those thighs were in no danger of touching each other even though they'd thickened. But then again? While her lower half fared better than her upper half, her body wasn't all that bombastic in general. It *was* very toned, but nowhere near as muscular as it had been.

"**...What am I even wearing?**" The young woman was stronger than she looked, in fact. If she hadn't been, then she would have easily been weighed down by Jaune's armor pieces. Their size made them burdensome, but she could easily weather their weight as her short, blonde hair was dyed the same blue as her brows and pubes and lengthened dramatically, spilling out down her back while her bangs grew and parted to reach her nose but leave her eyes exposed. "**Oh.**"

Much to her relief, her clothing situation was sorted the moment a familiar, red glow emanated from beneath her chin. “**My Relic is active?**” She evidently couldn’t remember her past self any longer, but she was more confused by *where* she was than anything else as the glow of that light swallowed her body and, when it faded, she was dressed in the armor she wore when she activated her Symphogear, Ame no Habakiri.

It largely consisted of a blue leotard with multiple layers of color: dark blue around the outside, black in the center and around the fronts of her breasts, with a lighter blue around her cleavage. It met black and white around her crotch that resembled skintight shorts, and her thighs were exposed aside from the armored, futuristic boots of white, blue, and teal that both reached up to the centers of her knees and had blade jutting out of the shoes and guards around the fronts of her thighs. Her legs were matched with similar gloves around her arms, reaching just below her shoulders with blades on top, while a headpiece guarded her ears and some of her hair had been pulled into a high side ponytail by a bladed, white and blue hair ornament on the left side of her head.

Tsubasa Kazanari was not one to speak unnecessarily. Now that her mind was ‘clear’, no longer clouded by memories that were not her own, and implanted with some understanding of her circumstances, she calmly analyzed her surroundings with her Symphogear still active. “**Maria?**” At the very least, she recognized the voices singing off in the distance. Not only Maria Cadenzavna Eve, but Kirika Akatsuki and Shirabe Tsukiyomi as well. They were all teammates from her world.

But she understood that she was *not* in her world. Something had *summoned* her to this place. It seemed that Maria was the key to unravelling this mystery, but the Japanese woman didn’t have anymore information than that. This meant that she would have to follow her voice to try and get some answers. But before she could take that first step?



In an instant, she drew her blade across the shadows. “**Did you think you could sneak up on me without consequence?**” As it turned out, there *had* been things lurking in the alley’s shadows. A trio of thieves that had only just stumbled upon her, taking an interest in her

armor and weapons as valuables that could be sold. With that singular swipe, she had disarmed the first as the second tried to circle around behind her.

But as a Symphogear-wielder, Tsubara was far more powerful than even a Huntress. Some common thieves would not get the best of her. Her movements were so quick that the thief circling her didn't even witness the strike that sent them flying back, leaving the remaining third member to drop their weapon and flee. "**Anyone else?**" Her words were met with silence. There *were* more watching, but they clearly had no intention of coming at her after witnessing what she had done to the original three. "**Good.**"

That meant that her path was clear. At least until she encountered those that hadn't seen her display of power. Still, there was an easier way. Tsubasa cast her gaze towards the sky and, in a single leap, jumped onto one of the rooves in a single bound. "**This should be easier than traveling down there...**" Considering the risks, honestly?

She couldn't imagine what kind of idiot would have elected to traverse that alleyway alone.