

BLAZBLUE: CROSS TAG PANIC

CHAPTER 2: STOKING CONFLICT

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Yeesh, he didn’t have to hit me so hard!” Not too far from the house made of sweets was a small forest, and within it Noel Vermillion had nestled temporarily to lick her wounds. She’d gone toe-to-toe with Ragna a short while prior and he’d absolutely wiped the floor with her. It was to be expected though: he *was* a lot better than her, as much as she hated to admit it. But this entire situation? Having to fight one another to earn energy so that they could go home? It weighed somewhat heavily on Noel’s conscience. She didn’t like fighting her friends and certainly not for a reason like that. Was there really no other way?

She downed a flask of water quickly, green eyes wandering across the empty forest horizon. This world really was strange. Even with a forest like this there wasn’t any fauna. The only sentient existences here were the fighters that had been summoned to participate in the tournament. Just how many of them were fighting for nothing now exactly?

Even though the forest seemed completely still however, a sudden rustling in the bushes nearby startled her. **“Who’s there!?”** Noel had been fighting friendlies with people she knew for the most recent duration of events, but there were still people that would attack unprompted. Nu-13 for example, and there were definitely others from the different worlds involved too.

Noel’s question received no answer though, but the rustling did grow louder. It was better to err on the side of caution so she reached for her

guns of Bolverk that were typically crossed behind her, but fingers slid through blank space where they should have been. “**Huh!?** **Bolverk!?**” Head spun to look over her shoulder, long mane of blonde dancing to the side in the process. Bolverk was gone! It wasn't on the forest bench she'd been sitting on either...

And she certainly wished she had those guns. From the rustling bush a screech sounded, a long **SCREEEEEEEE** that didn't quite sound like an animal but also didn't sound quite mechanical. It was loud and piercing, and she had no doubt it would draw any nearby fighters. She did her best to cover her ears to drown the sound out to no avail... almost like it was now echoing within her head.

It was *loud*. It was *painful*. It was *annoying*. Annoying. Annoying. **Annoying.**

Driven by agitation despite her usual patience, Noel raised a hand towards the bush as if *that* would do anything. *But it did*. A blade of shadows rose from the ground and cut right through the bushes before promptly disappearing, leaving Noel aghast that she'd just wielded a power she'd never seen before as well as confused that with the bushes split there didn't appear to be anything hiding inside. The sound had stopped too.

Her mouth hung agape in surprise for a moment from surprise, but it was a little more than that. With the use of that power had come something peculiar. A pleasure? It was like something wriggling into the back of her mind. Slowly that open mouth contorted, corners pulled upward as a sadistic smile took shape... and her right eye took on a red glow.

But Noel snapped out of it. “**Wh-What? Did I do that!?**” Her hand was still outstretched in the bush's direction. But it felt a little uncomfortable? The fingers she housed in her usual gloves felt a little like they were constricting and she pulled it back and fumbled to remove her gloves on both hands. What she saw shocked her. Nails on either hand had elongated and while she never painted them, they were done with a rotating black and white. It looked like a lot of time and effort had gone into them, but... “**I didn't paint these!**” No, it wasn't just the paint... Were they not a little longer? And her palms seemed slightly more worn than she was used to.

The golden blonde of her hair had begun to dim in the meantime. Waves of hair didn't quite lose their blonde tone, but it was certainly a darker and dulled blonde than before that plagued it. Head became heavier and heavier as volume increased, length ultimately plummeting to her ankles as bands quickly tied it into a single ponytail. And this all didn't

go unnoticed by Noel, who very quickly had laced her strange-looking fingers around the ponytail and had pulled it to the front. **“My hair too? What’s going on here? It feels…”** Scary? Surreal? Terrifying? Uncanny? But her expression spun into a twisted smile again, voice deepening. **“Good?”**

It was difficult to explain from her perspective. She knew it was weird. She *knew* it didn’t make sense. But she was also beginning to feel powerful, confident, and ready to trample anyone that crossed her. The problem was that it wasn’t without cost. Her level of aggression was rising, but at the same time her intellect was waning slightly. She was becoming the case study for ‘power strong, head empty’.

Noel’s interest in her corruption only grew more as the front of her shirt began to constrict against her chest -- or that had been her initial impression. The opposite was actually true. The paltry showing of bosom that had made her the mockery in so many conversations was actually pressing up against her top because it was growing, and that just made her feel even more powerful. How long had she wanted larger breasts knowing it wouldn’t happen? This was pretty much a dream come true!

Now, Kokonoe had crafter her current outfit to hug her curves perfectly -- even the top had indentations perfectly scaled to allow her tiny tits to slide in perfectly. But her bosom had already doubled in size and had begun to pull the top up and away from where it rested just above her stomach, additional fat pressing against the inside of the top and threatening to tear it. But relief, fortunately, came in the form of the fact that her clothing was changing as well. More space was allotted for her breasts as the cups loosened and expanded, a lowering neckline revealing cleavage as her bosom became rounder and perkier.

Noel couldn’t keep her hands off of them even as her outfit seemed to split into a dual color scheme: black vertically on one side and white on the other with her cleavage as a parting point. Even though the top had been tugged upward by the initial growth it was soon stretching down and over her navel, merging with her blue skirt which rapidly lost its pleats and showed signs of sporting a the same split color scheme.

“Ohh... This feels so goood... Does it always feel this good to feel so strooong?” The woman moaned mid-commentary as she fondled tits that were DD in size, creamy flesh visible through the cleavage and engorged nipples evident by touching the front. Distracted by the breasts she’d always dreamed of, and otherwise incapable of seeing past her own cleavage now, no real attention was paid to her lower form expanding as well.

With a rack so huge it was only natural to have a rear to match as well, *right?* And so as her skirt smoothed over it constricted around the bulging cheeks of her ass, fat born from her natural figure and her age settling in a taut manner that looked ripe for squeezing while hips parted to better accommodate their mass. Thighs followed soon after, and the skirt of her monochrome dress hugged them to show just how rich and supple they were. Leggings dyed black, her body was soon supported by white heels that she stood in effortlessly as the final change grew awash in her facial features.

Noel's face looked more... Japanese? Her jaw had certainly become narrower, but it was her eyes that have it away. Once they'd been big and blue, but now they were thin with the right one red and the left an empty gray. She couldn't help but lick her lips sadistically, feeling how plump and firm they were. **"You know, I really do feel good! I wonder who'd like to fight me? No, I wonder who will fight me."**

Black fur sprouted out across her costume, the remnants of her cape distorted into this fluff that now lined her collar and sleeves. Much like Hibari in the sweets house, Noel was under the influence of her new personality without completely forgetting who she once was. Rather, memories of her old self only made her more sure that she wanted to stay like this.

That she wanted to remain Hilda. That was her name now, after all. The bangs on the right side of her face spiraled down into a single piece, the rest side-swept confidently to show as much of her new face as she could.

How many men and women could she get to bow before her and kiss her feet? Yes, that sounded like a worthy time investment. But she didn't want to seek them out, either. And so she fell back on a chair born of shadow, one made by her own powers. **"Come. Look for me heroes. I'll enjoy making you mine. Ahahaha!"**

But of course Hilda was an idiot. Her plan to idle by, ultimately, would result in her not crossing paths with anyone for several days...