

# BLAZBLUE: CROSS TAG

## PANIC

### CHAPTER 4: EYES ON ME

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Hot springs? All the way out here? I suppose it reminds me a little of home, but...”** Yukiko Amagi couldn’t shake this sneaky suspicion that something was amiss. She was fortunate to have stumbled upon a place where she could sleep for the night, and even more fortunate to have found her best friend Chie Satonaka a little before that, but... Maybe it was nothing? Any break from all of the fighting had been a welcome one, and Chie had made a point to reassure Yukiko with that logic before going down to check when the hot springs of the attached inn opened, leaving the latter alone in the traditional Japanese room they were using.

The Investigation Team, before separating, had resolved to not fight one another. Surely it was a sentiment shared by other groups that knew each other from their home dimension so they didn’t really feel bad, but they also couldn’t have known that they were being observed by someone that didn’t want truces like these. Chaos was needed to bring the most out of this Field, and good-two-shoes bffs kind of put a cork in that plan.

And Yukiko and Chie? They were the *best of friends*. It was honestly a huge pain in the ass, so the only method to make them fight would be to turn one into an obvious enemy, right?

Yukiko’s finger traced the silken sheets of the bed that was meant to be hers for the night, eyes moving from the bedding to the window over it as she took in the starry night sky that overlooked the outdoor hot

springs. Not that she could see the springs themselves with the large wooden fence all around, but at the very least she could make out the steam rising against the moonlight. **“It’s really taking Chie a while...”** How long had it been now? Ten? Twenty minutes? Left by herself she was beginning to get antsy. She couldn’t help but wonder... *how did Chie’s breasts feel?*

**“Wait. What?”** What in the name of Izanami had caused that thought to surface? She didn’t have any sexual feelings for her best friend, or at least she was pretty sure she didn’t, so why did her mind wander there? Why, even now, did her fingers ache to touch them? **“This is weird... Is it warm in here?”** The heat was enough to make her fan herself with her hand desperately, a bead of sweat rolling down her neck as she gulped.

But it wasn’t warmer in the room. The Amagi heiress herself was heating up, and her thoughts were no exception. Chie’s breasts, her thighs, she wanted to put her hands all over them! Except she didn’t! But she really did. It was conflicting and it tugged her from side to side. With a sigh she allowed her tush to fall onto the bed, tightness beneath her fragile brassiere not unnoticed yet not deemed concerning at the time. Yukiko assured herself it was just the way she’d sat down.

That *wasn’t* why. By the time she’d slid her hands against the sheets behind her the tension had grown even stronger, and she had to push herself upright because there was absolutely no way she could leave it unattended to if it was this uncomfortable. Fingers saw her crimson outwear unbuttoned and cast to her shoulders, the uniform shirt below taking her by surprise. **“Wait... This isn’t possible!”** The uniform shirt was a button-up too, but the uppermost buttons were tightly pulled into their fastenings, strained by a mass beneath that didn’t belong. Her bosom was clearly bursting forward, breasts not a trait of the high school girl’s that most would see as a charm point usually... because they were quite lacking and often hidden by her clothes.

As the first button of her Yasogami high dress shirt popped off and fell onto the hardwood floor nearby though, that usual assumption would be tested. Yukiko could see the flesh of her breasts now that the top flap had opened with no button to hold it in place. It was puffy and lipping over the top of her white bra, the clasps of the strap behind it beginning to stain as her brassiere began to act more as a binding to make breathing difficult than an object to keep her breasts supported.

*But why wear a bra? Seemed like a pain in the ass.*

That uncharacteristic mentality was enough to convince the girl, and she very quickly saw the remaining buttons of her blouse undone so that she

could reach behind and un-clip the clasp, relief immediately administered without her bra pinning her chest in place -- although the visual phenomenon was much like watch a compressed ball spring back into shape after you removed your foot from it. The shape and size of her tits bounced forward now that they - *and Yukiko* - could breathe.

But they didn't cease at growing a size or two, no. They were very evidently continuing to swell even as she removed her blouse and bra, leaving upper body free. They were probably around a C-cup before she finally grabbed either tit with one of her hands, the nails on those fingers frayed and cracked as if she wasn't treating them with their usual care. Her arms and legs had become far stronger though it wasn't evident at a glance, muscles swelling but also being obscured by soft fat.

**“Oh! I can't believe they're so... large! These huge honkers!”** While her dialogue had begun in a manner that suited Yukiko, it very quickly devolved into something less *proper*. But could you blame her? Even as her hands sunk into those mounds, they were growing larger and pushing her grasp away, veins around large, erect nipples darkening as the skin struggled to properly contain what would clearly become an intimidated set of G-cups that looked out of place on her petite frame.

Drool had begun to hang at the corner of the girl's lips as she became lost in bliss, and because she was lost there was plenty that escaped her attention. Strands of hair that blew past her eyes for one. At moments it would be her usual raven black in color, the next a strand of bright blonde. They were like a plague sweeping through the girl's mane, as one strand tainted the next, and then another and another, until it was all a bright and foreign color. Not only that, length had gradually snacked downward and so hairs rested on the bed behind her as opposed to the center of her back, and would undoubtedly fall past her ass once she stood.

**“But these aren't the same! I touch my boobs all the time! I want to touch... Chie's...!”** The new personality was having a very detrimental effect on what was once a proper and polite young lady, and as she bounced onto her feet (*with unbound boobs also bouncing excitedly*) her eyes were wide and bright blue. Chie was downstairs, right? So she just had to go find her and those boobs would be hers! She grabbed the discarded blouse from her bed and hung it from her shoulders but didn't button it up at all, leaving it to fate whether or not her nipples would be covered at any given time.

As she sauntered towards the door however, the sway of her walk began to shift. The hem of her Yasogami High skirt was tested as hips widened and legs subtly pointed in towards one another, but it was the back of

her skirt where the change was most obvious. She was getting thicc. Not thick. *THICC*.

The bottom of the pleated skirt lifted upwards as the same fat that had blessed her tits came for her lower half, providing not only excessive volume to her thighs, but which gave her an ass that just wouldn't quit. Cheeks were so swollen that her panties slid down, though she didn't know they were beginning to take a plainer, blue and white striped design as the patterns of her skirt began to flow to a blue plaid.

On the bed behind her where she'd thrown her sweater was a blue headband and tie too, her old attire completely lost as toes wriggled in a pair of athletic sneakers that certainly didn't match Yasogami's clothing guidelines. *Nothing* about her appearance now did. "**Boobies, boobies!**" she chanted as she reached for the door handle, but before she could the door was opened and pushed in by another, almost smacking poor Yukiko in the face. "**Wah!?**"

**"Wah is right! I'm so sorry, I must have gone to the wrong room!"** It was Chie dressed as she always was. While Yukiko's personality had shifted into that of a perverse prankster that now answered to the name 'Katsuragi', her old memories and identity were preserved underneath it all. She still knew *aaaaaall* she needed to know about Chie! Her three sizes, her embarrassing secrets...! "**I'm just gonna go now--**" She really didn't want to deal with the chick who barely had her tits covered.

Before she could escape after turning around though, a weight against her back and arms wrapped around her front kept Chie in place. This girl was strong! Not to mention her chest was so hefty! "**H-Hey! What are you--**" But the stranger's hands did all the talking, and Katsuragi gave Chie's chest a less than subtle grope from behind. "**What the hell are you doing!?**"

**"Touching your boo-- WHOA!?"** Katsuragi was surprised by Chie's strength, the girl pushing her off immediately before jumping away and turning around, a furious expression upon her face.

**"You wanna go, huh!? I'm gonna kick your butt and get back to Yukiko!"**

Well, *about that...*