

"May I help you little lady?"

Though Jaune tried to ask as nicely and as friendly as possible, his pleasant smile was met with an indifferent stare from the little girl. She was dressed in a very adorable Grimm costume and the design showed that whoever made it really worked hard for it. It felt like a combination of pajamas tailored in the style of a beowulf creating a seemingly comfortable suit. Despite its clear fluffiness it looked like it'll be warm for winter but not too hot if worn at another season. Going beyond, the girl clearly worked more than just the costume as her skin was fully white with some black spots and her eyes gleamed red. It was honestly scary when she first popped up beside him, almost making him spill his drink. Her attitude didn't help either as she just blankly stared at him the entire time even before he asked that question. It almost felt like a minute and he almost spoke again when she finally responded.

"Your costume sucks,"

Jaune couldn't help but be confused and also a little bit offended. Partly he hoped that this kid just misunderstood the situation, and he voiced his response with that still same, if not slightly strained, smile.

"But I'm not wearing a costume."

"You're not?"

"Nope! I'm a full fledged Hunter! In training. But almost there!"

"Oh. Your regular outfit sucks then."

Well, that answers that question. Kids are still blunt and vicious. Jaune sighed, thinking back to how he got stuck in patrol and how he shouldn't even be dealing with this. It wasn't his fault he got assigned so many tasks and had so much fieldwork that he couldn't find time to prepare for Halloween. Then again maybe this kid just doesn't like how he looks?

"Oh wait.... Ah! I get it!"

"? Get what?"

There's a new sense of wonder in the kid's eyes. She almost seemed ready to hop in place or run circles around him but barely containing that energy. It was a much more fitting expression on a child in a Halloween costume. But something about it didn't give off a good feeling.

"You're actually Salem!"

"... Salem?"

The name was weird. He hasn't heard of such a name before. Maybe it was a name in the legends? Could it be some sort of tale from a small town? Some sort of obscure hero or enemy? There was a reason he cheated his way through the academy but managed to work with Pyrrha on truly understanding his academics. Still something he didn't know though as fairy tales might have some use for historians, but Jaune was no such person. The kid was also getting even more excited.

"Yeah yeah! The big bad evil witch! You're just in disguise!! You're mommy!"

Ahhhh?

She was a weird one for sure. Then again kids like these have the wildest imagination. Though looking at this kid, and at her dyed black and white hair she thought she saw some similarity with another student she met before. What was her name again? Cindy? It wasn't as if he was good with remembering everyone either considering the scale of students in Beacon.

"Ahaha, but I'm a Hunter clearly," Jaune waved her off, hoping to not disappoint her too much. "I'm no witch in disguise."

"Riiiiight," The child winking as if she was pretending to agree with a lie was truly confusing. Well, she's certainly a determined one and she at least didn't act like a creepy child in some horror movie anymore. "I'll totally keep your secret then!"

"... Uh huh," There was no winning against this one. Then again there was something that was bothering him. "Speaking of-where's your parents?"

"Right here!"

"I'm not your-"

As a Hunter, he should've seen her move and reacted in kind. Even if a substandard trainee like him would be able to see bullets and raise a shield or duck out of the way. So the fact that this child almost seemed to vanish from his view despite staring at her face to face was alarming. By the time he realized where the kid went, near his blindspot, she had grabbed ahold of his chestplate and smacked him by the jaw with it. A grunt escaped his lips, that felt bruised as he might've accidentally bit on it.

"OW-OW Agh-- why did ewe do that!?"

His hands grabbed at his jaw and mouth, feeling a definite swollenness to it that wasn't there before. The pain had left him in a daze, alongside the disorienting feeling of the strike to the jaw, which almost made him forget that this kid grabbed his gear and smacked him with it. His other hand weakly rubbed his lip, which didn't seem to get smaller. If anything it felt bigger than

before. How bad did he hurt it? Though rubbing his jaw, it felt off too. As if it was much more different. It wasn't bleeding, but it's angled a bit more differently?

"You... are going straight to your parents!!"

Jaune barked, growling as he gazed down, gaining his bearing for every second. The child was still clinging onto his armor, who only grinned at his frustrated glare. It wasn't as if he was scary but even a brat like this should understand what happened if you were to piss off a hunter, whether they were a trainee or not!

"But I'm right here!"

Her hands slipped inside his chestplate and Jaune let out a soft shriek. It was as if frigid snow shaped like palms were now pressing against him, making him jump and hit his head against a lamppost behind him. Not painful but it added the disoriented feeling he already had. Once again he howled, suffering yet another consecutive barrage of pain. It felt like he cracked his head or something, which prompted him to massage his cranium. Again, he was distracted as flesh that was held back began to pour, as if hidden all this time. Almost proudly Jaune thrust his chest forth, still cursing the metal obstruction that was behind him. All while the child giggled, continuing to pat Jaune's shirt, and seemingly causing his armor to turn into a snowy white. The stroke of her touch felt like a blizzard draining his strength.

"Kid--- stop that---"

He grabbed her by the arms. Easily slipping them out of the armor, frantic and panting. Yet when doing so, the sensation of his strength being sapped was refocused. His heart was racing a bit less and he wanted nothing more to rip off his chestplate. That desire was exchanged swiftly when the child refocused herself, gripping his wrists and causing the permafrost to gather there.

"How are you doing that!?"

Jaune cried out, the disorientation and abundance of strangeness starting to abate, and in the crevices of his mind he started to realize that this child might not be a child. Especially when his attempt to pull off his hands failed, as the child continued to grip his rapidly shrinking arms. Was she draining all his aura? His mass? The strength this -- monster had was unbelievable! Jaune's breathing grew haggard, his chest no longer feeling the frigid cold but an intense heat. As if all the temperature in his body was in a disarray trying to flow in an uncontrollable manner.

"I'm not doing anything! I want to ask you that! But you're having trouble breathing so--"

Her hands let go of his arms, which he could barely raise. And then she snatched the chestplate. Or more accurately, tore up what was once armor. A metal plate that had saved him from many dangerous blows, shattering as if it was just lush snow being spread out. Or would it be more accurate to call it styrofoam? Jaune would be more worried about that if not for the

relieving nature of that, as his chest thrust forward in a rebound. Two fleshy orbs, growing yet large, bouncing. The scene of it visible to him, but almost coming off as a confusing hologram. It was the a trick of the mind right? The reason why he was being pulled forward with his center of gravity messed up was because the kid pulled her, right?

It wasn't because he had breasts that would give Yang a run for her money.

Stunned silent, Jaune weakly reached for them. He could feel their heaviness drag him down in a slouch, but surely this was a trick. Yet even that he couldn't deny when his fingers, daintier than any man or woman he has ever seen, grazed him. He felt the sensation of touch from both his fingers and his newfound bosom. A strained shocked expression, perhaps in a cute pout due to his swollen lips, persisting at the new endowments. Thankfully they weren't bouncing anymore from his sudden lunge forward and the kid had now decided to just stare at him in wonder. What the fuck was that kind of reaction? The action of cupping them alone made it a grim reality that this was a definite fact and not a hallucinatory effect, as every breath he took actually made them jiggle a bit. Or was that perhaps from how every few seconds, they seem to grow a millimeter and strain his shirt a bit more. None of it made sense at all!

"If Ozpin was here, he'd tease me for this!"

Jaune blinked

"What."

That statement was very worrying.

Even in this state of disarray, Jaune was rapidly realizing the wrongness of this. His increasingly changing form was more than alarming. A Hunter's instincts was to survey the area for potential threats or at least check on one's status, so it's what he did. His gaze immediately caught the closest reflection, a window on a store, where a figure of a busty blonde woman gazed back. Not to mention the numerous cracks on his face that seemed to come from where he took the hit on his jaw and head. It was like a porcelain doll having been tossed by a child in a tantrum, his face seemed more delicate than ever. No trace of blood or bruises leaked and even his lips looked fuller and poutier.

And this child that was throwing a tantrum was overjoyed right in front of him.

"Yay! I found you after all!"

The little girl cheered far too excitedly. An emotion that Jaune did not share as he tried to process his current state. His aura was clearly there but it was as if it had dwindled. Not because of overuse or a strain but rather as if it was simply ceasing to be. His training as a Hunter invited him to stay calm and immediately back away. But even so he still faltered and shrieked, in a feminine squeal.

"The fuck!? Ah--- my voice!?"

This time it wasn't because of a comical fear that caused him to sound like a woman. Rather it felt more like that was his actual tone. Adding in with the bits of strands of gold draping over his vision, it was a rapid tell that he was becoming a woman and he had no idea why. Or rather, he had no idea how the girl in front of him was doing it.

But it had to be her!

"That was shocking! I didn't think you'd pretend to be such a weak Hunter!" The child's insulting statement would've ticked off Jaune a lot. But right now even he had the capacity to focus. This was a Grimm. A grimm that was changing him through touch. So he stepped back and drew out his sword, pointing it accusingly at her. "You were too good at playing your part!! I didn't recognize you at all!"

"Stay back!! I'm warning you!!!"

Even so, it wasn't as if he wanted to strike a child like Grimm. If she wasn't Grimm, she was still a threat to him. Yet he really didn't want to harm her just now. He just wanted this undone. He needed reinforcements, as embarrassing as it is to be seen like this. His free hand reached for his pocket, attempting to draw out a scroll while backing away. Thankfully the child just continued to watch, tilting her head in curiosity for the entire time that he tried to set the call. It almost made him stop backing away till a voice spoke from the Scroll, alongside a familiar image of Nora Valkyrie. It's a blessing to have teammates that are available. Just his luck.

"Heyo Jaune~Things okay?"

"Yeah, just wanted to tell you something important," His lips felt off. It was as if he was speaking in the wrong way. Still he continued, glancing at the stationary Grimm and the Scroll's confused huntress. **"I'm going to be a bit busy. Going to go AWOL for a bit. I need to visit my siblings."** Jaune's eyes widened only when he finished the third sentence. His mouth was open, frozen for a bit, momentarily wondering why his lips looked like they had lipstick. **"I'll keep you guys posted!"**

"Kay~! Sounds great! Er? You got a sore throat? You sound different?"

"I think it's the reception and I have a sore throat. I'll be fine though!"

"Gotcha gotcha! Love the new lipgloss by the way!"

"Thanks!" Jaune's mouth moved before he could say a word. It would close before he can even speak. His body was not his. It would not function that way he desired. **"Pass it on to Ren and Pyrrha!"**

“Aye aye captain! Boop!”

The Scroll disconnected, leaving a stunned Jaune.

“W-what.”

That was becoming his catchphrase, as his eyes snapped towards the child that was still calmly staring at him. Dread and fear spiked up at the idea that he wasn’t even in control of his own mouth. Was it because it was paler? Transformed? Wait. Would that mean? Jaune’s eyes fell towards his arms, which had begun to lower his sword and scroll.

“Oh you’re leaving the disguise then?” The child asked, skipping towards him with a cheshire cat grin.

“This isn’t a disguise,” Jaune weakly refuted, gasping as he heard his voice. It was a bit deeper, more close to his original tone. Yet his throat ached, as if feeling a coldness restricted it. There was something he wanted to spit out but rather than do that, it felt like it encroached downwards. A sinister sinking feeling. “I-- how did you do that---what did you do?---”

Jaune had so many questions to ask but he knew this wasn’t the way to do it. He needed to flee. So using the rapidly dwindling aura, he bolstered himself and turned to run away from the child. He cleared a great distance before he found himself stopping. It wasn’t the bounce of his newfound bosom slowing him down. His center of gravity was a mess but even he adapted to that. What stopped him was how his sword embedded itself onto the ground, and now tightly squeezed it. Despite how dainty and slender his incredibly pale arms looked he found himself unable to budge. His arms were not his to control, forcing Jaune to growl and use his legs to attempt to kick up the sword. To at least knock it away so he could be free. An attempt that honestly would work if he could just knock away this ball and run the wide open streets.

“Are we playing tag~?”

Such hope and optimism was taken away as the child’s hands reached for his ass. It was a slight pat but the frigid cold that followed made his knees buckle. His pants felt so tight and warm, yet his body ached and itched with the cold that seared to his very core. It was a sensation of dullness and yet increasing sensitivity and by the time Jaune came to, things felt different below. His hips pressed against each other in a plush and unfamiliar way, as if pushing away each other. They were bulky and meatier, or rather it would be more accurate to compare it to the headmistress Glynda’s lovely childbearing hips. Though he and many other students, male and female, had an appreciation for the wonderful and wise professor’s form, he didn’t crave having them! Now that his lower body had changed, he could feel his member being squeezed in by the full hips pressing on all sides, straining the pants he wore. It looked like they were cracking, almost ready to burst. Not to mention any attempts to kick and run was now impossible, as his form steadied into a straight standing position. In fact he was taller than

before, towering over the child. There were heels down there. His shoes had turned to heels at what time???

“No!! We’re not playing tag!” Jaune yelled, voice still raspy and sore. He wanted to scream to alert anyone nearby, and bit by bit he could slowly find the energy. If his aura would not go below, he could maybe focus it on his throat. To louden his last attempt to break free. He took a deep breathe, and shouted as loud as he could. **“You were in a very exposed area. You were very foolish to try and unearth my disguise in such an area.”**

Jaune’s voice was smooth as honey. His eyes twitched at the realization of the altered message once more. The soft tone was stern and commanding. It was compassionate yet sounded disappointed. The child in front of him faltered at her creepy act, as she was now looking down at the realization of her blunder and seemed ashamed to make her mother unhappy. It wasn’t that Jaune was happy to see the child back down from her. It was the fact that she seemed to look at him as a completely different person.

“Ah... I’m sorry... I was just so excited.”

“Sigh. Cinder. I expected better from you. But perhaps punishing you by turning you to a child had some frankly expected downgrades,”

Cinder- Cinder Fall?! That was who he remembered?? He remembered her as a tall and beautiful if not overly confident woman. Jaune avoided those types since they always felt like bullies. The child was so different in every way in terms of personality to Cinder yet it didn’t dawn on him that she was even her or a relative. She- she was a Grimm?

One of Jaune’s hand reached to his head in frustration, having a side effect of pulling his hair longer. It felt like the drapes of gold had reached his neck now, and was turning paler. **This child before and after the changes had been stressful no matter what.** !! No no no. Those thoughts were intruding in his mind again. It wasn’t just what he said now.

“I-I’m sorry! Please forgive me!” The child squeaked, looking up at him with teary eyes. “I won’t disappoint my mother!! Let me try again!!”

“Stop that!” Jaune shrieked, making the child cower. A part of him winced a bit at the show of fear the mini Cinder gave him. Another part salivated it, feeling stronger and more refined. “What I mean to say- is if you turn me back--- I-w-w--w-w-ill-”-it took a lot of effort to try and speak. A strained expression on him as he took over. “I will forgive--- you- if you turn me back-- and **fix my dis**---turn me back to my-- original----f-f-form-”

“But that is your original form,” Cinder interrupted with a confused look. As if a child was unable to process his question.

“NO!!” Cinder looked like she was about to cry. “!!!! Am!!! A!!! Hunter!!! A!!! Man!!!”

It took every effort and willpower to say that. Jaune was breathing hard and looking furious. But if this kid turned him into this, he can turn back. Hope. Hope was returning. He was absolutely exhausted, but it looked like the child was having second thoughts about this. This was it.

“But um... you’re my mother Salem. A Grimm matriarch. How can you possibly be an insignificant male Hunter in any way shape or form?”

It was a slight tap at his crotch.

Then it was gone. Hips expanded once more, and there was the sound of something shattering. It wasn’t just clothes. It was whatever’s down there, giving way to something that has ‘always existed’. The fabric that made up everything else ripped apart and turning to something akin to ash as her body widened a bit. Jaune loomed over Cinder a bit more as the world around became a bit smaller. Jaune’s expression only showed shock as dread and despair began to encroach. The remnants of his humanity, his face, had turned completely white in shock.

His eyes blinked.

Dark blue gave way to black and red.

And a cruel but satisfied grin formed on **her** face.

“Good. You passed the test,” The person that was ‘Jaune’ leaned a bit closer towards the nervous Cinder. The child smiling awkwardly, before looking stunned at her head being patted. **“The disguise was ruined so there was no point returning to that.”**

In an annoyed expression, she turned towards the blade that was on her hand. Crocea Mars looked less like a weapon to swing and more like a small dagger at her hands. Right. This was a weapon she plucked from the Arc family after having developed the identity there. It was useless now, so she simply crushed it into a ball of metal with a slight gesture.

“R-right Mommy Salem! But um!!” Cinder twiddled her thumbs, seemingly very happy at the arrival of her boss. “W-would you turn me ba-”

“You’re right!” Salem interrupted. “There’s many other dangerous individuals here,” She stepped forward, ignoring the flustered and flailing Cinder trying to catch up. The regressed girl had more use as an initiator of changes rather than anything else. “Self proclaimed heroes that try to stand in our way. But we also have allies disguised amongst them. Follow me, child. We shall awaken our sleeping allies,”

“R-right!! And turn me ba- Wait! Mother!”

Salem had no intention of ending Cinder's punishment. But she desired nothing more than to awaken 'everyone else'.



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