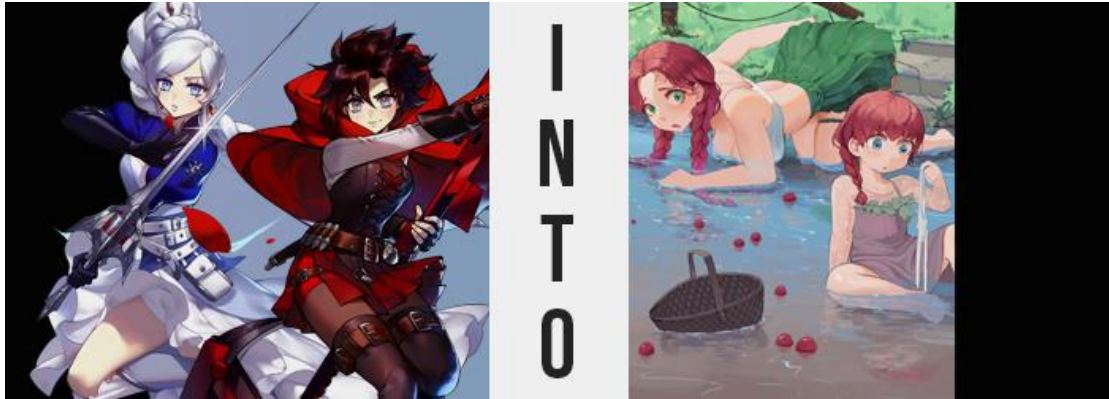


SIMPLER LIVING

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Was this what they thought life would be like when they were just kids?

In some form or another, it was a thought that had crossed the minds of every member of Team RWBY as of late. There was no denying that little kids always had the biggest dreams, and that those dreams were hardly ever realized in the way they had been imagined, if at all. It wasn't all that uncommon for the kids of Remnant to dream of becoming Hunters and Huntresses for example. Old fables romanticized the life of fighting Grimm and protecting the people of the world, and in many ways that was the strongest form of propaganda.

The reality of it all was something much grimmer. Tales of heroes often left out the suffering that transpired between battles. Losses were portrayed as necessary sacrifice without time spent on mourning, and even the fights themselves showed that no matter how tough the foe, through a strong will and the power of bonds, anything could be overcome. It wasn't at all surprising that children would be hooked on things like that.

“But reality isn't as kind as those stories make things out to seem...”

“Ruby...”

It wasn't a pleasant topic, but nonetheless it was one that had come up between Ruby Rose and Weiss Schnee as they had taken the evening off. Their stay in Atlas so far had been *interesting*, and it was nice that Ironwood had both given their team a dorm room to use while also making them fully fledged Huntresses, but the more of this journey they

experienced? Because of Salem and recent revelations though? It was becoming increasingly difficult for Team RWBY to stay positive. They were worn down from tragedy and loss, the Fall of Beacon having begun that decline.

“But it’s not like we can just go back to simpler times, right? All we can do is move forward.” Sitting on her bunk, Ruby repeated those words that she’d been telling herself over and over this past little while. Even though there were cracks, she was becoming more and more tired and scared deep down. It wasn’t like—

SIMPLER TIMES, HM? THAT CAN BE ARRANGED!

The sound of an unfamiliar voice in the room with them brought both women to jump, and ultimately, for a brief second, both pairs of eyes focused on what seemed to be a child in the center of the dorm room. A small girl with cat ears and two swishing tails. A child with a smirk on her face. But Ruby *nor* Weiss were able to make an inquiry about who she was, where she had come from, or what she wanted. Because the child snapped her fingers, and the two felt a *tug*.



“Uh... Ruby?” From Weiss’ perspective it had felt like she had been pulled back on her bed, but instead of landing on her mattress she had just been *falling* for a few seconds through a starry void. Yet the next thing she realized? She was standing. Not in the Atlas dorm room, but in what looked to be the common area of an old, worn down house. The wooden walls were so thin that morning sunlight filtered between the boards that composed them, and looking around? There weren’t any modern amenities whatsoever. It also didn’t *smell* right. Musty? Like the cleaning supplies she was used to weren’t around.

Her eyes focused on the door, as well as a basket of apples sitting on the floor beside it before shaking her head. **“How did I get here? And**

where did Ruby go for that matter?” But she must have been nearby seeing as they had been together when *whatever this was* had happened. So heading out the door made the most sense. **“I shouldn’t forget the apples though...”** That statement lingered in the air for a moment.

“Huh!? What did I just say?”

Apples? She could easily recognize *what* she was talking about. It was obviously related to the basket beside the door. But *why* she had said it was the concern. She had no history nor intentions with that basket, so why had she spoken like she had something to do with them? Weiss furrowed her brow, oblivious to the fact that just beneath them, something *odd* had begun to happen.

The pigmentation of her irises was *off*. Almost like someone had slid a hue slider, but only on her irises, her typically ice blue gaze was plagued by a touch of yellow. They became *green* in a matter of moments, and not only that but the shapes of her eyelids were slowly curved, seemingly making them larger and more expressive, with lashes that were longer than average. Just as concerning? The scar across her left eye was gradually repaired until that blemish, no small part of Weiss’ identity, had been entirely smoothed away.

It was more than just one blemish, too. All of the scars and callouses upon Weiss’ body were smoothed away, calloused fingers from wielding a rapier left free of *that* sort of wear. On the other hand, different markings appeared against softer skin that was slightly yellower in tone. Different, smaller scars on her flesh but, most notably, vaguely faded stretch marks on her stomach. Either she’d been very overweight at some point, or...

“I... need to take that basket somewhere?” Was she *not* going crazy? She felt like, vaguely, she had promised to do something with it. The Huntress couldn’t piece together *what* just yet, but it felt like, little by little, it was coming to her. Her befuddled expression was one that changed in intensity, growing more passive as her facial features inherited a fuller look while her face overall seemed less narrow, and more spherical by design.

The bigger, more effeminate eyes already helped, but a slightly wider nose, fuller lips, and slightly pudgy cheeks added to it. The fact that she didn’t look like Weiss at *all* in the face anymore. She almost seemed *plainer*, like a girl that had grown up in the countryside without any of the amenities city girls had access to. No, even then? Perhaps ‘girl’ was the wrong word? Her face was more reminiscent of a woman in her mid-20s than anything.

Whatever it was that was changing her body, it came for her iconic locks of silver-white hair next. Strand by strand came alight with a subdued red, creating the impression of a field of snow that was quickly set ablaze as this red became more and more common. What's more, her long, braided ponytail appeared set to unravel. Not because of the color change, of course, but the length of the braid appeared to shorten overall. Too short for the tie that held it in place, all of her hair then unfurled as it reached the center of her back. Hair thin and slightly dirty, lacking any signs of modern haircare.

Of course, the wilder, red bush beneath her skirt and panties was in a similar situation.

Weiss exhaled and wiped her brow. **“Is it just me, or is it mighty warm in here?”** A deepened voice carried a subtle accent, her choice of words a little more *rural*? It seemed to better match a body that had developed the odd freckle from sun exposure, though that wasn't really a concern in the grand scheme of things. She felt warm because transforming someone wasn't really 'magic'. Changing flesh and blood exerted energy, and so of course it made you feel warmer.

The fact that she now noted it meant that it was happening on a much larger scale than it had been before, but really? That was obvious to everyone *but* Weiss. Her 4'11" (without heels) figure had begun to rise, limbs stretching so that her gloves were forced downward and her skirt was raised higher, showing off her white panties below. **“I'm a bit dizzy too, but I'll never get the apples on time if I sit down for a spell...”**

She felt... weaker? Her body was softer and weaker than it had been before, so maybe that wasn't too surprising. But it didn't help that she was 5'5" now, and what's more? She was becoming *heavier* too. Those faded stretch marks on her stomach became a little clearer, but just a touch, for her tummy widened horizontally and took on a touch of weight so that it lipped only an inch over her pelvis.

In terms of *weight*, though? This broader tummy had gotten off easy compared to everything below it. Hips were inched wider not of their own volition, but because the weight of everything beneath them had left them with no choice. Thighs adopted additional weight with an alarming velocity, flesh jiggling and rippling as a verifiable pair of thunder thighs were formed, rubbing sensually together even as she stood up straight, each thigh thicker than her own torso.

As those thighs flowed into her ass, it wasn't surprising that her cheeks experienced a similar phenomenon. The surge of weight they

accumulated wasn't *quite* comparable to her thighs, but cheeks were rendered dense and round, and naturally the panties that were meant to fit her thinner form were wedged uncomfortably. "**Oh!?**" She felt it, she acknowledged it, but she couldn't figure it out. Why *were* her panties so tight?

Though, tightness elsewhere soon became more alarming. She was finding it hard to *breathe*? Like with her panties, it wasn't easy for her to understand the reasoning. But *unlike* with her panties, if she had looked down for even a second the answer would have been staring her directly in the face. Her breasts were growing *huge*, at least compared to how small they had been before. Having already grown well beyond the confines of her dress' cups, they eventually had no choice but to spill through the small neckline and flop fully into view in all of their G-cup glory. Despite their weight they seemed to be perky, but there were signs they had been fed from in the past.

Which matched up with her stretch marks. *This body of hers had birthed a child years ago.*

The dress she was wearing *clearly* didn't fit her anymore, and yet stylistically it didn't match the environment she had been transformed into being part of either. Her clothing was replaced by something much better suited, and something new memories could actually recall buying. A simple, short, white top with spaghetti straps that did all of the work of a bra in holding her huge tits in place. Her tummy was bare, and so was plenty of her thunderous thighs, but a green, pleated skirt sat on her waistline. It was tight enough that you could make out the shapes of her hips and pelvis, with a triangle cutout to show her bellybutton.

"Oh no, I told Miss Williams that I'd bring her share of the harvest by lunchtime. Where is Rita? She was supposed to be back by now..." It was obvious enough that there had been a very stark change in priorities in the mind of the plain, young woman that now quickly picked up the basket of apples beside the door to *her* house.

Wendy, like everyone in this small village, had grown up there. It was a farming town where nothing exciting really happened, in a world that wasn't anywhere near as developed as Remnant had become over hundreds of years. The life the people of the village lived was a simple one. They worked on the farmlands to



make money and support their families day in and day out.

Stepping out into the morning sun, Wendy wiped her brow with the back of her free hand and double checked her braids to make sure they were still bound. **“Okay... I guess I can just find Rita on the way!”** A woman that supported herself and her young daughter, she was always running errands for her fellow townsfolk. It was hard being a single mother, but at least life wasn't too complicated?

If only she could get her daughter to behave!

“OOF!” Unlike Weiss, Ruby had landed flat on her butt in the middle of an unfamiliar outdoors location. **“Where... the heck am I!?”** She



immediately stood, realizing she was on a hill overlooking a stream that passed under a nearby bridge. It was a quiet looking village in the early morning, and aside from herself it didn't look like there was anyone else around. **“Is... Weiss here somewhere?”**

She was worried, naturally. She had obviously just been *teleported* somewhere somehow, and that child that had appeared suddenly was concerning. But she didn't have information. Finding Weiss and perhaps a villager would be integral. At the very least, she could find out where on Remnant she'd ended up! Of course she didn't know that she wasn't even on Remnant

anymore. **“Okay, so I should go... *Find mama! I was late leaving Judy's!*”** Like with Weiss, her words hung in the air before it dawned on her.

“...Who is Judy?” And her *mama*? Her mother was...

Ruby hardly had the time to process what she had just said before it struck her. Something was *off*. The fit of her clothing just didn't *feel* right in certain places. The corset she wore, typically so full as her breasts had grown larger as she'd gotten older (especially over the last

couple of years) had retained their shape thanks to their leather make. But the contents? Ruby raised a hand to her right breast and pushed in. The leather bent in without any resistance whatsoever. “**Um... Did my chest...?**” Get *smaller*? She pushed in further, and there was absolutely *no* resistance until she reached the very bottom. That was to say... her chest had no wait to it at all.

“**That’s... Well, I’m gonna get bigger someday!**” The Huntress had been so close to calling it out as wrong, only for her to blurt out something vaguely off topic and, honestly? A little childish. Why had she sounded like a kid there? But... wasn’t she? “**My head hurts... Why is everything spinning?**” Was it spinning, or were the changes to her brain disorienting her? There was no real way to tell.

Nonetheless, it wasn’t *just* her chest that had been emptied. Any weight to her rump and thighs? It had all be demolished, and so her black tights were all bunched up against a flat bottom and extremely thin legs. It made her appear surprisingly *lanky*? A problem that wasn’t really much of a problem for long. Or for *short*? You’ll understand that zinger in a second.

Okay, it was because Ruby was *shrinking*. Not just a little bit, but a *lot*. She was swallowed up by the bulk of her outfit in a matter of moments, limbs, hands, feet, and even her head shrinking along with her. Stubbier, dirtier digits with nails chewed slid out of her gloves, her tights slid off and sunk low as tiny feet and legs were forced to kick off her boots before it was too late. “**Wah!?! What’s happening!?!**” A high pitched voice cried out, muffled by the corset and long sleeved top her head had been swallowed by.

It was a wonder she didn’t fall over with how she flailed about, particularly as she reached the lowest height of only *four feet*. Her skirt had fallen off, and she was only really wearing that top like a child-sized dress now – though the sleeves were *exceptionally* long considering how small her arms were. It took Ruby a second to do so, but she finally managed to find and get her head back up through the neck hole with a “**Haaaah!**” It was nice to have fresh air, it was really hot in there!

The face that emerged from the hole was still Ruby’s, at least for now. But that didn’t mean it was *unchanged*. Her head had shrunk to suit her four foot tall body, but it was also notably younger. Like *significantly* so. Not like she was a preteen or anything like that, and her body’s shape didn’t support that anyways. There wasn’t a single shred of maturity on her face whatsoever, she wholly looked the part of a small child.

“**W-Woah!?!**” She almost fell again. The weight of what remained of her old outfit was still too heavy for her smaller form. But fortunately a

sudden change of clothes alleviated that concern. All traces of her Huntress outfit had been erased, and now? She was clad in a simple, purple dress with spaghetti straps and appropriately sized underwear. Her two-toned hair was tied into a small braid, too, which seemed suitable for a child.

Though the red soon swept through the black, completely dying her head in a shade of crimson that was nearly identical to *Wendy's*.

The child blinked with confusion, and that simple movement was enough to alter the coloration of her infamous Silver Eyes, stripping them of their power and making them bright blue. Those eyes seemed *bigger* somehow, and in them you could see a growing resemblance to Wendy that spread throughout the rest of her tiny, pudgy face. Before long she almost looked like a miniature version. Which made a lot of sense considering, well... She was biologically Wendy's daughter now.

“...*Uh oh!*” She'd been feeling dizzy for a little bit now, or at least that was how the six year old girl had processed her transformation now that it had concluded, and so her balance was finally knocked over on the small hill that led into the stream below. With a squeaky shriek she toppled over, rolling several times through the grass before her tiny body flopped onto its back in the stream itself. “*Oowie...*” Now her mom was going to get mad about her being late coming back from staying at her friend's house overnight *and* because she was soaking wet! *Rita* loved her mom a lot, but she hated being grounded!



Or at least that's what she had *thought*. “*Ohmygosh, Rita!*” Still lying in the water, *Rita* finally pushed herself up with her little arms as she heard her mother's panicked voice. She must have seen the child fall, because there she was, running down the small hill with a basket of apples in hand. This seemed like a touching moment of concern from a mother towards her daughter, but *Rita*... she knew her mom well. This was probably going to— “*WAH!?*”

Yup. *Wendy* tripped over her own two feet and went flying face first into the creek herself. *Rita* knew her mom was known as the village klutz. She was really clumsy! But it seemed that endeared her to other people. It must have been hard having a daughter at such a young age. *Rita* was old enough to realize that, so she wasn't so hard on her. “*Mama!*”

She went to wade through the water to make sure *Wendy* was okay, watching apples from the dumped basket float past her. But there was

also *something* else. A piece of white cloth? Rita fished it out, noting her mom was getting up on her own, evidently not hurt. The mom looked to what the child was holding in her hands, before noting a draft on her butt and groin. A hand immediately shot back to cover her ass. “**R-Rita! Can mama have those back!?**”



How on in the world had her panties come off when she'd fallen!?