

OFF TO THE RACES IV.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



If there was one member of Team RWBY that had the rockiest relationship with Weiss Schnee, then it was *absolutely* Blake Belladonna. Weiss was the heiress of the Schnee Dust Company after all. A company that had done irreparable damage to the Faunus community over the years. When Weiss had first arrived at Beacon Academy she had been incredibly ignorant about the struggles that Blake's people faced.

It certainly hadn't helped coax Blake into revealing the feline ears atop her head any earlier.

And so the young Faunus woman probably had the most complicated feelings about diving into Weiss' dreams to save her. This didn't mean that she didn't *want* to save the Schnee Dust Company heiress, not by a long shot. They had patched things up a little since the clash with Roman Torchwick some months prior. But Blake was still hesitant to see what she might find within Weiss' dreams... *especially* if the Nightmare Grimm was somehow influencing them. She was scared her opinion of Weiss might fall further than it already have.

"...Maybe I was worrying for nothing? I don't actually *know* how to feel about *this*." Any fears that she had possessed seemed to evaporate the moment she gained even the smallest iota of awareness about the dreamscape she had come to occupy. Blake had been worried it might be some sort of horrific battleground, or she might learn something irredeemable about Weiss that would once again alter the nature of their relationship as teammates.

A scenario that she certainly *hadn't* anticipated? Well, she *definitely* hadn't expected to 'wake up' on the side of what seemed to be a gigantic race track. **“Actually, isn't this kind of bad? There are people cheering in the stands... Wait, are they people?”** In the corner of her golden eye they had certainly seemed that way, but looking at them more closely now revealed that they were simply shadowy husks. They had generic shapes and lacked faces, giving them an eerie appearance that evoked remembrance of the fact that this *was* a Grimm that they were dealing with.



“I don't think they're going to attack me. They should have definitely noticed by now...” The cat Faunus had idly gone to rub one arm with the opposing hand when an unfamiliar sensation stirred her attention. **“Huh? What the heck am I wearing?”** She wasn't wearing her usual clothing but instead a modified version of that costume. A bodysuit with stitched legs and a low neck covered by thin, pale-blue cloth. What had caught her attention were the large, fuzzy, cat paw gloves she was wearing on her hands though. **“I supposed Shion did say the dream might affect us a little. I hope this isn't what Weiss thinks I should be wearing.”**

Then again? The more she moved around in it the more comfortable she became. Even the gloves seemed like they might have some utility in a combat situation with how sharp the claws were. **“Still... I was supposed to come to somewhere near the others, right? Ruby!? Yang!? Can anyone hear me!?”** There was no immediate reply, but thankfully it didn't seem to attract the attention of the shadows either.

Of course there *were* other questions on Blake's mind. **“Why a racetrack? Weiss didn't seem like the type to have any interest in cars but... I guess she is rich.”** And rich people *did* tend to have expensive hobbies. The teenager didn't really understand why she had appeared where she had, either. She was on the side of the racetrack, but she was standing beside a stand with three pedestals on it.

She knew *what* the stand was for. There were trophies on each pedestal. A bronze one on the bottom, silver on the middle, and gold on the top. **“Is this where the winners of the race are given their awards? I guess that makes sense.”** It didn't seem like a race had happened yet but the revving of engines off in the distance seemed to suggest that one might soon. The starting line was far off, but at the very least she thought she could make out a red sports car?

“I should probably go into the main part of the open stadium though. I’m not going to find Ruby and Yang out here.” It was an idea spoken with good sense. She didn’t want to get stranded outside when the race began in case an enemy spotted her too. *That said?* Before she could even turn a little to step away from the awards podium, she ended up saying something contradictory. **“No, I need to stay here to give out the trophies at the end...”** The words lingered, unchallenged for a moment.

“Wait, *what* did I just say?”

But not unchallenged *forever*. Blake’s facial expression was one of obvious confusion. She had no need to hand out the trophies. She had only just arrived in the dream? Why would she even *do* that? It sounded like a miserable experience. But then a thought crossed her mind. **“Shion mentioned the dream might affect us, but...?”** Could it be affecting her mind too? *Affecting mine mind? What could be? What about this is even a dream?*

“No, but this is a dream! It’s...” Blake’s confusion on the matter was probably the most apparent struggle between her own changes and the reality she knew of out of all of her teammates, who had otherwise just gone along with their changes without questioning it at all. *Unfortunately?* That resistance could only really last for so long before she crumbled. **“This is all real.”** And it hadn’t really been all *that* long before she eventually fell ‘into place’ as it were.

Almost as if it was queued up to happen the very moment that Blake succumbed to the cloud that had been placed on her mind, her golden eyes then duller in color to a blue that bore hints of a silvery green; narrowing in shape and finding their lashes tickled longer in kind. This was just a small piece of what seemed to be happening to a greater whole, however. That ‘whole’ in question being the entire structure and design of her face.

In a way the best way to describe the earliest changes to its structure would be ‘wider’. It became a little longer horizontally, widening her smile and then her eyes even further while her chin’s point became sharper and her cheeks a touch rounder. But once *that* was done? Lips swelled to almost *triple* their original thickness and her nose narrowed, complimenting a natural attractiveness that was perhaps more beautiful than Blake had ever been, but also not in the *same way*. In fact? If not for what she was wearing it would have been difficult for her to be identified as Blake at *all*. She even looked a little older, like a woman in her *twenties*.

And from the neck up this only became truer. “**What was *mine own* confusion with...? *Mine own?***” Why was she talking like a character from an old romance novel? It had definitely struck her ear wrong for a moment there, but it became less of a concern the more she contemplated it. But on the subject of Blake’s *ears*, well...

The bow she was wearing had continued to conceal the feline ears on her head’s top and this had worked as a double edged sword. In truth? Beneath that bow the fur that wrapped around them had thinned away and, eventually, regressed entirely so she had a pair of pointy, pinkish pale ears atop her head. But those ears then began to move *downwards* to the sides of her head, triangular shapes both thinning *and* stretching longer until they reached the location where you might find ears on a *human* while the bow fell to the floor behind her.

But they were much too long and pointy to be a human’s. Like an elf’s. Or a *vampire’s*. Perhaps it was a mere coincidence that her canine teeth had begun to appear a touch sharper than normal? Perhaps it was related, but something had caught her eye and she commented with a slightly more sensual voice. “***Mine outfit? Mine outfit... ‘Tis something the matter with it?***” Amidst the growing chaos her gaze had eventually settled downward on the costume she was wearing.

To be fair? That wasn’t the outfit that Blake typically wore regardless. But still, she had examined it shortly after gaining consciousness within the dream. She shouldn’t have been so unfamiliar with it that it should have been striking her as ‘odd’, at least not in the way she did. At the very least she was soon given *actual* grounds to question what she was wearing. *Because it increasingly felt like it didn’t really fit properly.*

“***Hmst...***” The woman continued to stare down at herself, still uncertain about what was *actually* bothering her. There was a lot of tension in her *pants*, wasn’t there? A little too much if she was being honest. Silvery blue eyes squinted at the stitching on those pantlegs. And squinted. And even squinted some more as the discomfort grew. Until *finally?* ***RIIIIIIP!*** The stitched seams in the front finally came undone, exposing ampler thigh flesh that felt relief as it breathed fresh air.

And this was only one *part* of what was happening below her waist! Burgeoned thighs had helped push Blake’s thighs a touch wider, but they were soon wedged even farther away from each other so that her knees buckled at the mercy of the ex-Faunus’ *ass*. Swelling cheeks had struggled against the tight packaging of her pants in the rear but, much like had been the case with her thighs, the seam down her ass crack eventually split so that heart-shaped cheeks spilled out with panties wedged in between the cheeks. Her pants split entirely around the cheeks in the rear.

The pointy-eared woman blinked, plump lips forming a shocked O-shape. **“O, what dost render my pants asunder? Wherefore wast I wearing pants that may be sundered?”** The very *dramatic* way in which she spoke had only worsened as she lamented the fit of her pants, confused about why she had even put them on in the first place. Yet as she *theatrically* lamented this new tears, additional changes had begun to seep into her head.

Or, well, namely her *hair*. The woman’s roots had lightened from their usual black. Not towards a blonde or even any other *normal* lighter hair coloration. Instead there was a *pink* that was several shades darker than cotton candy. It swept through her hair in its entirety, any length that was dyed ultimately relieved of any curliness and straightened so that it all seemed *longer* in the end even though it technically wasn’t. When it came to Blake’s bangs? They were raised over her left eye, while bangs on the right were pulled back into a small, red bow.

...Where had that bow even come from?

“Mine own bosom doth feel too tight as well!” A very *odd* thing to shout aloud, but Blake didn’t seem to be especially concerned by the idea that someone might be listening in on or even watching her change. This was, in fact, the final physical shift in her form. But her words were right on the money about *what* was shifting.

After all, the translucent cloth around her breasts could be *easily* observed stretching under the bulge of added mass beneath them. Nipples eventually poked up and over the darker cups of the top, their shapes and colors clear as the thin fabric was pulled even thinner. The heft of her tits heaved and jiggled, and the capacity of this weaker cloth was eventually compromised by the heft of a pair of boobs that were more than *three times* as large as they had been. Tears formed and, eventually, they almost broke out entirely. **“Ahh... sweet relief!”** Just like her thighs and ass, those tits could now breathe in the cool racetrack air.

At least until they no longer *couldn’t*. As had been the case with the others she was owed an outfit change. And that change occurred just as quickly as the rest, torn and tight garments eventually replaced with a black racing swimsuit with crimson highlights. Her thighs and ass were entirely exposed, the bulk of it resembling a one piece swimsuit with a very narrow cleavage window both above *and* below her huge tits. She also had matching gloves and thigh high tights, red heels, and silver hoop earrings that had been clipped into her pointy ears. It was a very *sexy* outfit for a *sexy* woman.

And that was the end of Team RWBY.

Along with Weiss herself, all four of them had succumbed to the nightmare that the Grimm had begun – but had lost control of somewhere along the way. **“’Twould be a shame to depart from mine post too soon, for I am contracted to deliver thine awards!”** The peculiar way that the pink-haired, long-haired woman had begun to speak over her transformation’s course had seemingly lingered until the very end. But that was simply the way that *Duke of York* spoke.



Dressed like a race queen not unlike Suzuka, as she now knew it the two were both comrades in arms. Models of a sort, but Duke of York had an additional job here as well. Dressed in her revealing costume she handed out the trophies to the race winners each and every day. It was a humble job for a woman of such great renown as herself, but it was one that she had no complaints about at the day’s end.

“Hm... From whence didst I even get the idea to leave?” That was something that didn’t make a whole lot of sense to her. The woman *loved* her job, didn’t she? Er, well... She had been doing it for a long time, right? **“Mine memories...?”** Why couldn’t she remember anything from too far back? Everything felt *recent*, even the unusual feelings she had for one of the racers who would be performing soon. The woman in the red sportscar, in fact, but that was neither here *nor* there.

In the end such a confusing thought merely provoked a shrug from the vampiric-looking woman. It wasn’t really a big deal so long as she was content, right? **“Such fair weather for a race. ’Twould be a shame to waste it lamenting upon nonsense!”** And it sounded like the race was about to begin in only a few moments! She could hear the engines revving up more. The spot she had beside the track was perfect for observation, and once the race had come to an end? The prestigious duty of bestowing the trophies to the best of the best would fall on her shoulders.

And it would happen the next day. And the next. And even the next! The very thought excited her, didn’t it? It certainly *should* have. But wasn’t there more to life than that alone? No, more than that... Duke of York

had the vague feeling that she had forgotten something *important*. It would only be a matter of time before her new personality corrected herself once more, but this did prove *one* thing. There was a chance that the girls were still in their new forms somewhere. Could they be returned to normal or, at least, have their old selves reawakened? That remained to be unseen.

But it also wouldn't matter if no one was there to capitalize on the possibility, now would it?