

SWEET SUMMER CHILD

MAY 2021 REQUEST STORY

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Weiss knew that Ruby and Yang had been in the middle of a fight, but weren't things a little *too* quiet? Typically, when Ruby was down on her luck at this juncture, she had gone to her 'bestie' Weiss for comfort, but in this case? Not so much as a peep. For a short time she had merely chalked it up to the fact that things were *different* now.

After the Fall of Beacon they'd all been separated, only to recently reunite in Mistral despite the odds. It was only natural that there might be some friction between everyone, but... **"I just don't know. It doesn't sit right with me."** Sitting in her inn room, little did she know that her paranoia was justified and [something terrible had not only happened to](#) Ruby, but it had also [happened to Yang as well](#).

And not only that, but the culprit of both cases? A suspicious looking Grimm? It was eyeing the excommunicated heiress even now, having blended in with the room. Fun had been found on its part by feeding on the memories of its victims, and by making a victim of Ruby and Yang both? Their memories hosted a shared existence that the Grimm would be gleeful to force on this frosty maiden.

Thinking it better to go look for her two teammates just in case, the girl had finally torn herself from the couch and was making her way to the front entrance when something suddenly gave her pause. **"Am I getting sick?"** Chills had suddenly wracked her, and a weakness beset her body. Little did she realized that a shadowy existence had levitated not *through* her, but *into* her from behind.

Weiss would *not* be finding her friends any longer.

“Ruby and Yang? I don’t remember them fighting that much…” Not even Weiss herself was sure why she had blurted this out. Not because it was inaccurate – they really hadn’t fought all that much at the academy – but because the memories that justified this assertion didn’t make sense. Why was she picturing both of her friends... as *kids*? It certainly wasn’t like she’d ever seen them in their youth! They’d been in their teens by the time she’d met them at Beacon.

“Okay, I feel really weird.” And yet, not as weird as she was beginning to *look*. There wasn’t even anything subtle about what was happening, not as the icy blue of the young woman’s eyes was robbed from her without her even realizing. Gradually the blues had darkened from top to bottom as if a gradient had claimed these eyes, but in the end? What was left was a dark and *familiar* silver.

Of course, this wasn’t something easily noticed without a mirror, and the only one in this inn room was in the bathroom. Not that Weiss had even realized that she had a reason to check, not *yet* anyways. Black was beginning to play at her hair though – not simply at the excess atop her head, but at her eyebrows (*which grew all the fuzzier*) and the hair above the girl’s crotch (*which did the same*).

The slightest amount of red ended up dancing among the black, largely mixed throughout Weiss’ bangs. Once again, there was some familiarity in its appearance, but the distribution seemed thinner... as did her hair itself. The volume of it all was steadily thinning while the length was stolen from the back. This length was lost so quickly that from the maiden’s point of view, it was like something had just been slurped up into her skull, the whiplash from the sudden motion as jarring as the sound of the hairpiece that normally bound it in the back clacking against the wooden floor behind her.

“What the he- *heck!?*” On the verge of using an expletive, something at the back of her mind halted the word before it could come out and a more family friendly alternative was blurted out in its place while both hands immediately jumped to the back of her head. **“Where did my *hair* go!?”** From what she could feel, it hovered just above her shoulders and was uncharacteristically fluffy in the back. It didn’t feel like her hair at all! As darkened bangs suddenly swept themselves to the right, allowing Weiss to catch sight of their color, she became even more alarmed.

A mirror. *She needed a mirror!* Weiss had all of the evidence she needed that suggested looking into a reflective surface, and so she recast her intended direction from the exit to the bathroom; but fate seemed intent on preventing her from reaching that point. Each step she took felt more labored than the last, provoking a pause from the Schnee. It wasn’t like

her steps were heavier... Well, maybe they were? But it felt like her boots had grown a size or two too small, and her feet were aching from the pressure.

Weiss was forced to redirect herself again as a result, plopping her butt down on the inn room's well-worn couch. "***Ugh! Seriously, what is going on? Is this some kind of Semblance? If so... I need to protect my daughters!***" She'd been coughing out this word salad as she yanked boots from her feet, revealing feet that appeared a little more swollen than she recalled. It took a moment of her words hanging in the air, however, before the absurdity of what she'd just said finally struck her.

"***Wait, my what!?***" Weiss certainly wasn't of an age where one daughter was plausible, much less *multiple*. Yet upon searching her mind for an answer? "***Ruby and Yang?***" After throwing her last boot against the ground in a manner that was more haphazard than the ex-heiress would typically stand to, fingers then began to caress her neck. Her voice was *off*. But the treatment of her nape was merely subconscious.

Her silver eyes were instead wide as she tried to process this new realization.

That Ruby and Yang were her daughters?

That couldn't be right, could it? Yet with each passing moment, she bore a greater resemblance to the former. The narrow cheekbones and pointed chin of Weiss' face had begun to round, softness finding its way into cheeks as the slightest bit of weight was applied to them. Not a youthful weight mind you, but one more suggestive of the fact that her body had begun to move past its youthful prime.

This face? It definitely looked closer to Ruby's, but it didn't look quite the same either. Passively her eyes widened, allowing more expression to be conveyed by those silver optics – and the scar that had always plagued Weiss' left eye? The skin from this marking repaired itself, evening out until there was no indication of a wound ever being there in the first place.

It was actually a common trend across her skin, where old wounds found themselves healed up. Even the callouses across her fingers were ultimately erased, only to be redistributed to accommodate a much different grip, almost as if she was accustomed to wielding a weapon other than her rapier. This was no more apparent than in how callouses surfaced on the hand that she usually kept free during battle.

“No, no, no! That can’t be right, can it!? Ruby and Yang aren’t my daughters!? I mean Yang and I aren’t related by blood anyways, but!?” Anyone who knew Weiss even a little bit would be able to see that something was wrong with how she was acting even without the dialogue about having children. Her tone was brighter, and she was being much more expressive with her hands while she jumped back up and onto her feet, body beginning to pace back and forth restlessly.

While pacing, she began to feel a little... *tired*? Not in the sense that she was exhausted, but more like she was *worn down*? Looking at Weiss externally, there were some suggestions to the cause. Her face certainly looked older, perhaps a little past thirty years old despite how cute she appeared? And some aching came as her body stretched to apply a few inches to her height, lifting the base of her skirt in the process.

“Come on, think! What’s going on here? Why is this all weird? AUGH! I can’t even think straight!” Where was she? Why was she here? Where were her *daughters*? All questions that had no immediate answers, and they certainly weren’t questions that could be answered by what was continuing to happen to her body.

As if piling onto her aches and wear, portions of her body showed signs of *thickening*. She hardly noticed it for it wasn’t all that excessive, but her breasts pressed up against the cups of her dress thanks to the apparition of fresh flesh that presented Weiss with an additional cup size, skin protruding past her dress’ hem ever so slightly as a result.

Farther down, what were among the finishing touches bled in as even further weight. The *woman*’s thighs grew pleasantly plump but never excessively so, as her panties gripped the cheeks of her ass ever so tightly before slowly being pulled into the crevice. It was clear from both this and the way the back of the skirt was being pushed up that her ass was growing – and her hips? They had no choice but to part a little wider to accommodate.

Yet despite these aches and feelings of wear, as her memories found some stability the woman couldn’t help but hum with some cheer. She felt kind of good, actually? The initial discomfort had faded, and while her outfit no longer fit, she felt stronger than she ever had! **“But I have to be strong so I can protect my family!”** It was odd. Somehow, she felt as if, if she’d said that only a few minutes earlier, it might have been a strange thing to say.

Summer Rose continued to hum to herself as she started towards the door, thinking about giving her daughters a piece of her mind for all of the trouble they’d caused. Of course, she still believed them to be



children, and not a lot of her memory really made all that much sense, *but!* She had a duty as a parent, didn't she? That meant looking for your kids even if you were dressed in something that looked like it came from Atlas' trove of gaudiest looking dresses!

“Something about all this feels kind of like a dream though. When was the last time I even visited Mistral?” Not that she hadn't numerous times over her travels, but she couldn't recall a reason for visiting *now*. In fact, this all felt kind of like a dream. Her recent memories were fuzzy, but her distant ones were as clear as day.

Almost like she didn't have any to begin with.

As the woman started out the door, she remained ignorant to a shadowy sight drifting free of her body. The spectral Grimm, now armed with new information and its taste for mischief high. At high speeds, it flew towards the west – in the direction of where the

Branwen Tribe made their home.

About an hour later, Raven Branwen had finally settled in for the evening. To clarify: this is the original Raven, not the Raven that Ruby had been transformed into previously. After her battle with Cinder she wanted as little to do with her daughter and those annoying friends of hers as possible. Qrow was with them anyways, so even if she were to worry (*she didn't*), she wouldn't have much of a reason to. They didn't get along at all, but he was a competent guardian.

The repairs that their home needed after the rampage of the Schnee girl's knight had caused damage had come along quite nicely, and with Salem having set her sights elsewhere, Raven was confident that as the Spring Maiden she could now have a moment of reprieve. Yet why couldn't she stop pacing around her quarters? **“I'm not bothered by it”**, she grumbled as she thought about her daughter's words.

Distracted as she was, the Spring Maiden did not notice a ghostly Grimm entering by way of her window. It could mask its presence, so she couldn't really be faulted, but that didn't make the danger it posed any less real. It had made mothers of most of Team RWBY, but the mothers that already existed needed to be dealt with. And so, as it

slithered into Raven Branwen's body from behind? It began to project its power, presenting her with the worst fate imaginable.

And it was already getting to work.

“Hm? The hell's going on here!?” Raven had honed her senses over the years. She wasn't the sort that would allow much of anything to go unnoticed by her, much less something that was directly affecting her *personally*. But a feeling of descension struck her, almost as if she were falling; but the woman's feet were still planted firmly on the ground.

Now, the Spring Maiden's attire was specifically crafted to allot her both comfort and the ability to move easily while still appealing to her sense of 'fashion'. Even the slightest change in her figure could bring things to unravel, and that was clearly on display. For it didn't take long for her palms to wind up absorbed by her sleeves so that only her fingers protruded from the depths, or for boots that meant to reach her thighs to feel hollow and rise to just below her crotch.

Several inches of height had surely been lost, but it wasn't merely a vertical change. Raven's figure had been unwinding just as consistently, properly displayed by the horizontal fit of her clothes as well. The shoulders of her jacket had loosened dramatically to indicate that arms had been forced closer to her neck, and her hips had swung inward enough that her pleated skirt had fallen to her ankles (*fortunately her jacket was now long enough to cover her pelvis with this shrunken frame*).

This loss of mass eventually tapered off, and the woman herself was left panting from the suddenness of it all. **“What the fu- *Fr-Frick!?*”** What? What had that stutter been? *Frick?* Since when did she feel the need to censor herself so readily? Confusion stole away the attention that should have been better directed at her body, so much that thoughts that didn't quite belong popped into place. **“*Maybe I should apologize to Yang...?*”** The pitch of her voice even played between a serious contralto and a high pitch, potentially grating squee before settling permanently on the latter.

“*What? Like I'd ever apologize to that brat... even though she's my big sis— Wait, no she isn't! I'm her... her...*” What was she to Yang again? Raven felt like it had been something different, but now she could only process herself as *‘Yang's little sister’*. Which actually made a lot of sense considering her physical state.

Shrunken as she was, a youthfulness had begun to return to her features without any further delay. As Raven's voice had been jumping octaves, so did her face lose its maturity – softening until it resembled Yang's

face when she was perhaps a little younger than she was now. This meant unknowingly saying goodbye to her crow's feet, much less the slight wrinkles that had been threatening to develop. But this was only fleeting, and things only went awry from there. The softness that plagued her features grew more potent, wiping away any remaining Branwen traits in exchange for something much less stern.

Eye brightened for one, but a silver slithered into her irises until they were wholly consumed. Even with her expression at neutral, these eyes gave her a much more youthful appeal, but then if you paired it with very circular cheeks and a rounded jawline, and her decreased age really shone. She was in her mid-to-late teens at *best*.

“I... Why can't I sit still!?” Raven was used to sitting down and thinking through her problems, but there was just this energy that didn't allow her to remain immobile for more than a few seconds. She'd begun to walk around her room, body fidgeting too much for her to simply plop down on a chair.

Maybe she should have however, because her black thong soon fell from her hips. It had barely remained in place thanks to the size of Raven's ass, but her figure had begun to diminish beyond the curves she'd even possessed at that age. Thighs thinned and muscle weakened – though she was still relatively *muscular* – even her bulbous ass rendered a shadow of its former self with her rump halved in size.

Not that the woman's chest fared any better, but she was already so forgone that none of this was even registering with her. Not even as the front of her jacket became flatter, chest boasting a merely a pair of B-cups at best. Overall, she was left much scrawnier than she'd once been.

“Man, why am I so jumpy all of a sudden? And hungry! I could really go for a cookie right about now!” Had she always had this sweet tooth? She felt like she could vore an entire cake at that very moment, but it didn't look like there was any food around based on how she energetically rolled her head from side to side expectantly.

What she also *didn't* see, what she *should* have seen, was her long, black hair flying around as she flicked her head. But nothing danced because the length of it all had already pulled back into a bob. In a manner that almost suggested the final breaths of her old identity were being breathed, red streaks appeared in her bangs and near the cut at the back, and once crimson had fully stained all it meant to?

She didn't have another thought about 'feeling weird'.

“Huh!?! How’d I get here, anyways!?” *Ruby Rose* twirled around frantically, a boundless energy making her incapable of controlling herself from impulsively rooting through the nearest drawers and cupboards. **“Hey, wait! What am I wearing? These clothes are way too big!”** What was left of the outfit was practically falling off of her one shoulder, and she kind of felt like she’d seen it before? It was hard to say for sure from her own point of view.



Unlike Weiss and Yang, Ruby hadn’t visited the Branwen Tribe prior. Even peering out the window, the best she could do was piece together that she was still on Anima. **“Uhh, soooo…”** The best she could recall, she’d had a fight with Yang back in Mistral? How had she got so far away? She also felt like, only moments ago, she’d been incredibly angry, so much so that it could have been considered out of character. **“Maybe I’m misremembering? But I gotta get back! I need to apologize to Yang!”**

As she bolted from the door, the Grimm remained within her. Its work wasn’t done, and catching a ride, presumably, would have been faster to get at the rest of Ruby Rose’s allies – *even if she hadn’t originally been Ruby Rose*. At least that had been the Grimm’s *thought*, but...

Ruby got jumped by members of the Branwen Tribe the moment she’d fled from Raven’s quarters, and it took getting rescued by her own mother before she was reunited with... *just Blake?*

But that’s a story for another time.