

FATEFUL EVE

COMMISSION STORY

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Feeling like a trapped bird was nothing new to Weiss Schnee.

Those days when she had been able to freely spread her wings now felt like nothing more than a dream, even though they had been so recent. Her days in Beacon Academy had been unlike anything she had ever experienced before, which in itself was sad because for many it could have been seen as a relatively normal experience. It wasn't the exceptional training to become a Huntress that Weiss missed, after all. It was the social interaction with friends, the freedom she had to do whatever she wanted, the ability to grow out of the mold of a Schnee that she had been forced onto her over the course of her entire life.

“But all good things have to come to an end, or so they say...” And they very much *did* come to an end. An unfortunate one, at that. Beacon Academy had been attacked, and she had been largely separated from her team throughout. Terrible things had befallen all of them, some of which not even Weiss herself was aware of. And amidst it all? Her oppressive father had stolen her away, back to the confines of the estate and the bedroom that she loathed so much.

She had been stuffed back into her cage.

Sitting in a chair alongside the huge window in the back of her room, Weiss' icy blue gaze was fixated on the huge, broken moon off in the distance. It was the same moon that she had seen from Beacon, yet up here, way up in the sky, it somehow felt far lonelier than it ever had there. Almost as if it was reflecting the feelings of the Ice Queen herself.



Despite the fact that she had escaped before, she had yet to find the motivation to escape again. What had become of her teammates? Could she even find them if she tried? Forced to attend parties she didn't want to attend, shown off as the Schnee heiress when she no longer desired that position; it just reminded her of how futile it all was at the end of the day. Why even bother?

Bottomed out in terms of depression, the Schnee ultimately resorted to what she always did when she was feeling tremendously sad – yet it wasn't the sort of thing she had done even in front of her teammates in Team RWBY just yet, if only because she wasn't sure how disruptive it might have seemed. That is

to say? She *sang*. She had a beautiful singing voice, one that her father had forced her to train because he saw the skill as something useful to increase her appeal. But over time she had taken that skill for herself. It was her tool to vent, to ease her own, lonely heart.

In this case she sang a rendition of a classic song that was haunting in its own right. Weiss' own spin on the melody as she sat there, fully aware that no one but herself could hear. '*If only I had the will to escape. If only there was a way out for me...*' The thoughts did cross her mind as she sang. Not that she wanted to be *saved*, her pride would not be able to handle that. But she *did* wish she had the power to escape on her own.

As she continued to sing, mind you, something very unusual escaped her notice. Her song had changed. Not only were the melody different, but so were the words and *language*. It felt like something that a singer absolutely *should* have noticed, particularly as she was both singing and listening to it in tandem, and yet that awareness didn't appear to be there at all.

Nor did she notice that the moment that her song had changed, that a shard of the broken moon high in the had begun to radiate a maroon, reddish color. It certainly wasn't a phenomenon that had been perceived in the sky before, and realistically it was only Weiss who could even perceive it now. Her icy blue eyes were fixated on it, and the brooch fastened to the neck of her dress? It had somehow begun to glow the very same color.

What's more, it appeared that singing this song appeared to have some rather peculiar side effects, all of which were focused on her *body*. Had she taken any initial notice, Weiss might have wracked her brain over what sort of power could invoke such a process – there weren't exactly any Semblances out there that could affect the bodies of others, after all. Or if they *did* exist, they weren't all that common nor well known. Regardless of how possible or probable it may or may not have seemed, though, that did not change that it was happening. But in places that were a little more subtle at first, at least comparatively to what would come later.

The song continued. As it did? Her long, white hair that was common among the Schnee bloodline (*so common, in fact, that everyone born from it had the same color*) had become betwixt by something foreign. A color that did not belong in the sense that, well, it had color in the first place. Starting from her individual roots, a soft, pink color began to dye the odd strand – but the farther into her song she got, the more of these hairs suffered the same fate. What's more, the overall look of her hair began to look fuller, slightly curlier, and her high ponytail ultimately unraveled.

Stylistically, there were more changes to her hairdo even after the tie that had kept the ponytail in place came undone. Now fluffier, locks spread out in all directions in the back, their pink holding a much keener sheen than they had before. In the front her bangs became fuller as well, but perhaps the strangest thing was what happened to the hair on *top* of her head. It pulled up into what almost resembled a pair of cat ears, if not for the fact that they *were* just hollowed stylings of her hair. Without any gel or anything, they remained in this shape.

In terms of more difficult to recognize changes, though? Her hair was just one of them. Her complexion became a little cleaner, with the most noticeable difference to its overall composure being the erasure of the scar across her left eye. But her skin tone also pinked ever so slightly until it almost bore more of a resemblance to the skin of a different race. Perhaps maybe not one that was all that different from her own, but one that instead hailed from a different world where the environment was different?

To those ends, accompanying changes were sharply featured in her face – most prominently in her eyes, in fact. The ice blue of her gaze was lost first, with irises darkening to a green that bordered on turquoise, but that wasn't exactly a change that spoke to a racial change of any manner. It was, in fact, their *shapes* that gave it away that her background was being edited in some manner or another. Blessed with narrowed eyes herself, Weiss' gaze gradually grew wider – and in turn sported lashes that were much longer and better taken care of than her regular gaze.

All the meanwhile, the rest of her face contorted until any resemblance to the Schnee heiress that she had been born to be was utterly obliterated. The mouth through which she sang this transformative song was not exempt, with her lips growing fuller and fuller, glossier and glossier. But her cheekbones additionally rose, and her nose swelled a little fuller. She remained naturally beautiful, but she looked like a different woman altogether. In fact, she looked like an *older* woman, like one in her twenties as opposed to her teens.

And with the introduction of the idea that she might have been growing older came an assault of changes that she could no longer remain ignorant to as she continued to sing, because they had begun to affect her seated position in the chair. At first, for example? Weiss had felt like she was sliding within her seat, feet adjusting across the floor of her bedroom in the meantime, but eventually she stopped singing and her eyes shot open. “**What!?**”

Not only had she blurted out a cry with a voice that was uncannily different from her own, but her eyes automatically fixated on her legs. Because she *knew* her body, and she knew that her legs weren’t *that* long. “**Did I get taller? How on Earth is that possible?**” In fact, it was obvious by her dress alone. Her skirt was raised higher even seated, with her hips and crotch now completely exposed in her seated position since the dress no longer fit a body that was lankier.

Of course, the fact that Weiss’ planet was not called *Earth* went unnoticed by her.

“**Whoa!?**” She almost slid *off* her chair next, prompted by the sudden sensation of what she initially attributed to the process of her ass being hoisted up, almost as if a big cushion had suddenly been propped up between her rear end and the chair. But as she shot up and onto her feet, it became clear that there hadn’t been a cushion. Her ass *was* that cushion.

It had bloated and engorged, her panties forced into the crevice of swollen cheeks – and she desperately attempted to pick it out with fingers that were both now longer, and had lengthier nails than she was used to. “**This is impossible. I’m not supposed to..**” ...*Look like this?* Something had stopped her just short of finishing that sentence, like a part of her didn’t really believe that. Yet she could only watch as her thighs grew thicker, not only with a tender weight but with stronger muscles as well. This became common all across her body, though.

“**I need to get out of this dress..**” It almost fit her as if she were wearing child-sized clothing, and picking her panties had ultimately

resulted in the fabric snapping. Her pussy had been exposed as a result, along with a bush of hair that was just as pink as that atop her head. The fact that she had become more muscular had broadened her torso to the point that she already looked like she was about to burst out of the dress, but an additional change simply started the process itself.

It had begun with a warmth that had gathered around her chest. Considering the sizable booty and appealing thighs she now sported, it didn't take much in the way of imagination to figure out just *what* was about to happen, but that didn't make it less alarming in the moment, nonetheless.

Weiss' new fingers pawed at her bosom, attempting to loosen the cups of her dress before they were *forced* into a different size, but she was too little, too late. Prepped with nipples that had swollen, with areola that had bloated several coin sizes, standing erect as could be, they uncomfortably tore through the dress' fabric, turning its low neckline into a non-existent one. Her tits, far more ample than they had been prior, spilled out with a victorious jiggle – both perky as could be, despite easily being three times the size of what they had been before. Of course, this perkiness better supported by the strong abs she now also possessed beneath them.

The desires of Weiss Schnee had been granted, but most certainly not in the way she had expected them to be. **“Wait a moment!? I'm not...? What has happened to me?”** Sporting a voice that was similar to her own, if not a tad bit deeper, she stared down at her own body with a demeanor that was different from her usual self as well. That was unsurprising, seeing as how her body was *completely* different in the first place!

But just as her own appearance was jarring to her, so was her own mind. She was *herself*, but what did that really mean? Memories that existed side by side, yet were from completely different lives. A second life that belonged to this body was totally clear to her, and it may have been just



as tragic, if not more so than the one she was already living. A life that hailed from a world where singing inspired great power, and monsters named Noise terrorized the people.

Were they all that different from Grimm, then?

While she stood there flabbergasted by the fact that she now possessed a slightly older, much fitter and well-endowed body though? Her shock had begun to wane. It didn't disappear *entirely*, but the part of herself that perceived her existence as that of Weiss Schnee began to fade along with the prominence of her old memories. Her panic calmed as a mature persona became more dominant, but so too did a name. If someone requested her identity, she surely would have answered '*Maria Cadenzavna Eve*' instead of her old one. Because it felt the most natural.

"I suppose I need to escape this place first..." A new resolve burned, one that was born from a mixture of her new self and her old. But she also recognized that she could not leave as she was, with her body having torn up the tight, little dress that she had been wearing as Weiss. Fortunately for Maria? She had a way to deal with this. She clutched the vertical crystal around her neck, and she began to *sing*.

"Seilien coffin Airgetlám tron!"

It was the same unusual language that had seen Weiss become Maria in the first place, but in this instance? It did not appear to affect her body whatsoever. Instead? A rainbow aura enveloped her clothing, and perhaps in a more visual medium there might have been something akin to a mature magical girl transformation sequence to be seen here. In the end the result was the same. Her old outfit had disappeared, and in its place there was now a battle suit of some manner. One that highlighted her large breasts and plump thighs, and one done up in whites, baby blues, silvers, and purples. It might not have appeared all that protective, but it had a barrier strong enough to protect her from pretty much anything in this world.

While all it seemed like was that her clothes had changed, but she had just summoned a great deal of power from that crystal. She was adorned in a Symphogear named Airgetlam. Forget Grimm, there would unlikely be another Huntress in all of Remnant that would be able to deal with its power. Fortunately, Maria wasn't the sort who would use it for any evil. Following Weiss' memories, she just needed to escape and search for the other member of her 'team'.

"I can just go from there, and figure out what to do next after..."