

# OFF TO THE RACES II.

## COMMISSION STORY

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“Uh... guys?”

Ruby Rose didn't really understand what was happening here. Well, she had a loose understanding of the circumstances. In fact she knew *why* she was where she was, but the issue was that the situation hadn't exactly unfolded in the way that she had been told it would. Which was alarming for a number of reasons, seeing as how this was a very important and *very* dangerous mission that Team RWBY was on. And there was no room for error. Not only was Ruby's life at stake – and in fact she hardly cared about her own life in comparison – but most importantly *Weiss*' was.

They had all held out hope that this wouldn't be necessary. Weiss had been infected by a Nightmare Grimm and had fallen into a deep sleep. At first there had been a chance that she would manage to wake up on her own using her own strength and, if possible, they could use an easier method for destroying the beast. But that possibility hadn't come to pass. Rather, Weiss had fallen into an even *deeper* sleep and Shion Zaiden, the expert who had been helping them, had sensed that something was amiss. In the sense that the Grimm was displaying behaviors that they had never seen before.

It was imperative that they free Weiss from the monster's clutches as soon as possible and, to those ends, Ruby, Blake, and Yang had followed Shion's methods. The three of them dove into Weiss' dreams knowing full well that there was a chance they might succumb to them. According to Shion's schematics they *should* have ended up in the same place, but as Ruby looked around she realized they *hadn't*. But more than that?



**“Uh... Is this *really* Weiss’ dream, come to think of it?”** While Ruby liked to consider herself to be Weiss Schnee’s bestie, in the end even she would admit that she didn’t know Weiss as well as she would *like* to. Because Weiss was such a guarded person it was difficult to get to know her, or at least the *real* her. Even so, Ruby felt like she knew the Ice Queen well enough to understand that the setting she had ‘woken up’ in wasn’t the type of thing Weiss would dream about.

Unless Weiss dreamed about *race tracks*? Ruby had found herself near a small stage on the inside of the stadium it was situated in. No one was around aside from her, but she could see that the stands themselves were full of roaring fans. No, *were* they? **“Are those... even people?”** They were *definitely* *humanoid*, but they did not really look *right*. They were shadowy and was she seeing things or were they translucent?

That didn’t really make any sense but she *was* in a dream world, she supposed. Shion had warned them that things that would otherwise be impossible were possible within it, so long as Weiss wished for them to be. But the leader of Team RWBY really had to wonder if those shadows might be *dangerous*. There was the threat that the dream would attack anything that didn’t belong like a body fighting off a virus.

**“Actually come to think of it... I don’t get why this is a race track at all, but what am *I* wearing? It doesn’t match at all!”** She *did* have a point. According to Shion their appearances, namely their clothing, would have changed in a way that made it easier for them to comfortably traverse the dream. Well the dream itself was a racing stadium so why was she bundled up like it was winter time? A big sweater, winter tights, a jacket, ski goggles with a fluffy hat... She looked more like she was about to hit the slopes!

Of course Ruby couldn’t have possibly understood the reason that this was the case. That the Nightmare Grimm’s influence had been wrestled away from it and *something else* was influencing Weiss’ dreams. That Ruby’s surroundings were supposed to be a snowy landscape – thus making her current outfit make sense. Her appearance as she was ultimately was a projection of Weiss’ original dream, but the longer the Huntress-in-training lingered within this setting the more this third power would influence her.

...It probably didn’t help that Ruby had decided to pick up a big, hot pink racing flag.

But why *had* she? Truthfully she'd had a *slightly* sensical reason for doing so. **"I stand out like a sore thumb!"** So in the back of her mind carrying the flag somehow made her look more like she 'belonged' within the stadium. This was a flawed reasoning on its head because she wasn't one of the shadowy figures in the first place, but Ruby did have a tendency to be a little silly when she should have been thinking more critically. In the end she had put the racing flag down anyways. Not because she felt tired or anything like that though. She felt a touch *warm*?

**"That's weird. Well I guess I *am* wearing winter clothes. It's pretty mild here..."** She still didn't have the foggiest idea why that was. Maybe Weiss just wanted her to sweat to death deep down? Well it wouldn't be all *that* surprising if this was the case considering her personality. Yet the reason she felt so hot was much more *complicated* than that. **"Huh? Why'd I put *my* flag down?"**

The verbal blunder of referring to the flag as her property wasn't registered, although whether it was because she hadn't noticed or because she didn't see it as *incorrect* was up for debate. Regardless, there were signs that something greater was on the cusp of going awry. That is unless Ruby was *supposed* to have blonde highlights weaved within her hair?

Of course she *wasn't*. Nor were there supposed to be *hot pink* strands midst the underlayer. But both things were happening simultaneously beneath her warm winter's hat, slowly brightening her dark hair and even erasing the red highlights that were so easily attributed to Ruby's appearance. Were that not *enough*...? **"Huh?"** A hand reached up just seconds too late, because the hat was thrown right off her head because blonde and pink hair was pushing longer, cascading down past her shoulders in waves on the back and sides, whereas lengthened bangs swept leftward. Near her ass, where the hair eventually stopped, the blonde tips were dyed strawberry pink on the exterior too.

**"My hair? That's weird..."** Twirling some in her fingers, it *was* weird, right? *My hair is always this pretty so what do I think is so weird about it?* Why did she think the act of thinking it was weird was weirder than the fact that her hair was the wrong length, style, and color? The mental influence of the dream had already seized control of Ruby's perception, apparently. So much so that the sight of her fingers growing longer but *also* gaining longer, manicured nails painted with sparkling pink polish didn't even register while still staring at the hairs being twirled between them.

Nor that scars on those fingers, much less the rest of the scars on her body, slowly filled in so that her skin was free of any blemish whatsoever.

Ruby's posture shuffled a touch for seemingly no reason... from her perspective. But the vague feeling that her tights were being tugged off her hips along with pale arms pushing out further revealed the truth. While not substantially so? The teenager had grown taller; about three inches, which brought her up to 5'5" from 5'2". She'd been hoping for a growth spurt someday but it probably wasn't worth it if it didn't even register with her.

In a similar vein, Ruby had always wished that her figure could be a little more *mature* like her older sister's. She was *only* fifteen years old so there wasn't exactly anything *wrong* with it, but she really didn't have very much of a figure. In fact she was woefully *average* in that respect. Well? She could consider her wish *granted!* **"Huh? Wait a second... Why do I have a, *like*, wedgie?"**

One could say it was a little bit inappropriate to be doing it in public, but the girl had reached back to pick at a wedgie through her tights. She didn't think anything about how the sleeves of her jacket tensed up too much while doing so (because she was taller now) nor why her fingers found her ass a little sooner than she had planned. But the reason she'd met her rump with her hand sooner was, of course, because there was more *to* her ass. That also explained the wedgie. Cheeks had bloated and pushed out behind her, the upper half lipping over her lowered tights in a heart shape – which gave her easier access to the wedgie.

**"Ugh, this is *so* uncomfy!"** She couldn't pick it out though. How *could* she? Her ass was *huge* compared to its original size, and that size had pushed her hips *inches* wider so that the sides of her tights were digging into them. From there? Her thighs swelled to show off a mix of physical toning and the soft, sensual tissue of a young woman rather than a girl. From the waist down she had a picturesque body shape; both fit and supple, and now complete with a fully shaved pussy. Which didn't make much sense at that *very* moment.

Because Ruby was already athletic she didn't necessarily become significantly fitter, although her muscles did seem to bulge just ever so slightly more when it came to her abs. Her pectoral muscles might have been mistaken to be doing the same thing for a brief moment, but what was swelling upon her chest was very obviously *not* muscle after it had grown a couple of inches. Instead it was the weight of the girl's *bosom*, her B-cup breasts expanding beneath her jacket and hoodie.

If you were thinking about the expansion of her chest critically then you might have noticed a little problem though. Her hoodie had no buttons nor a zipper, which meant it was *very* restrictive in its fit. But fortunately room could be *created* by lifting the hoodie up, something that became absolutely necessary to do to accommodate how round and voluptuous her tits had become. **“Why am I wearing such a booooring sweater anyways? It so isn’t in style, LOL!”** Once they had finally risen to their full *F-cups*, lifting her hoodie so you could see her bare belly in the process, she was sounding *and* talking strangely.

Like a vapid high school girl.

But *was* she a high school girl? Taller and significantly more voluptuous, her figure suggested she might be a touch older. And gradually? Her face began to suggest the same thing. It became beset with a *maturity* that hadn’t first been present, giving her a lean and long facial shape with lips that not only swelled to triple their size but were also brightened by a hot pink lip gloss. Makeup appeared elsewhere on her face, thickening her lashes with mascara, but those eyes also narrowed so that they appeared *Japanese* and silver eyes took a turn for the reverse. Could *golden* eyes be just as important? Probably not.

What was most important about all of this was A) that she was Japanese now and B) she was strikingly older in her face, too. She had to be in her early twenties at earliest, which meant she couldn’t actually be a JK girl unless she was just roleplaying the part. Which, deep down, she just *might* have been. **“I was doing something, wasn’t I? With my flag? But uh...?”** Why couldn’t she remember? Something felt a little *off* too. Like she was only 90% of the person she was supposed to be! Fortunately the last 10% developed rapidly.

98% of it was *furry*, actually. Her ears slid up the sides of her head quite abruptly, shapes opening and growing into a pair of furry triangles that matched the color of her hair. They appeared to be a fox’s ears complete with tufts of white fur inside of them. Farther down? Her tops were lifted further in the back by a *matching tail* that had erupted from her tailbone. It was about a foot long and grew blonde and pink fur that was gradiented like her long hair.

It was time for her outfit to change to better suit her body *and* her new role, but first the remaining 2% of her body’s transformation needed to complete. It wasn’t *that* dramatic but it *was* very noticeable, as her *entire* body darkened into a copper tan. A *fake* tan, but considering every crack of her body was coated, that meant she must have entered a tanning booth *entirely* naked.



Looking down at herself, Ruby groaned. **“And ew. What am I wearing here? It isn’t even in season!”** That seemed to be what triggered an abrupt change in her outfit. Her clothes began to glow and slithered across her body in a way that felt rather *sensual*. But when the light dimmed? She was left in a much better fitted, but oddly audacious costume. The woman herself seemed to like it though.

**“Huh! That’s better! Totes way more fabulous!”**

The blonde, tanned, fox-feathered woman adjusted the hot pink sunglasses that now sat upon the bridge of her slender nose while looking down at her bodacious body – clad exclusively in an outfit that bordered the line between swimsuit and race queen costume with the translucent tights and long, hot pink gloves. Well there *was* a



reason for that. *Suzuka Gozen* was both a racer on this track as well as a race queen model who was always showing off. The fact it doubled a swimsuit was because she knew her fans so well. **“A little bit of skin goes way a long way!”**

Resting one gloved hand on her completely exposed, tanned hip, the other hand grabbed the flag she had been carrying earlier. **“Better like, make sure I get this back to the track!”** From what Suzuka could recall she had been using the stage for a meet and greet. Take a few photos, give a few fans a kiss on the cheek. You know, normal things! But Miku Hatsune would be performing right before the race began, so she had to pack up and go.

She *was* in the race after all. The rules were pretty loose and you could drive any vehicle. Suzuka? She was a biker and she was pretty damn *fast*! She’d bet it all in the next race, actually. **“I’m totally going to beat Drake this time, damn it!”** The cup would be hers this time! Not that it really mattered in the long term. When it came to this world there was a race every single day. Suzuka didn’t understand how it worked or anything like that, but she didn’t really question it. That was just the way things were! So of course she didn’t understand she had been trapped inside of a twisted dream.

Effortlessly carrying the flag with her, hips swung and her plump ass cheeks rose and fell with enticing jiggles. There was no denying Suzuka was *hot* and she definitely knew that. Even if she lost the race she’d still have a million fans. But that stupid Drake...! She was so fast and

talented and sexy! What was with that!? **“Ugh... Why are my cheeks burnin’ so pink at the thought of her!? Must be because I’m so mad!”**

Yeah that *definitely* wasn’t the reason why.