

JOINING THE TEAM

BIWEEKLY STORY 31

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Neopolitan couldn't help but roll her eyes at the order she'd been given by Cinder Fall. They'd infiltrated the Schnee estate after coming all the way to Atlas. It had been a long trip, one that had exhausted her, and she'd been thinking maybe she could have the night to at least sleep it off. But no. Of course Cinder wanted her to get straight to work. **"Go through the estate. Find any rooms of importance."** That was the order she'd been given, and out of fear of being punished Neo decided she'd see it through. How long could it take? How many rooms were there even in this place?

It turned out: *a lot*. Hours had passed before the ice cream lady found the final corridor, which looked to contain the personal quarters of the Schnee children considering the name plates on the doors. Winter, Whitley, *Weiss*. Well now! Wasn't that the heiress that was on Little Red's team? Maybe she could find something fun in there? Or do something fun? A prank, perhaps?

But the room was depressingly empty for the most part, much like the majority of this manner. The same white lined the walls, floor, and ceiling. The same humongous window lit the space with the light of the moon... although at least this one seemed to open to lead out to a balcony. Other than the bed and dressers, the only thing in the room of note was a shelf covered in jars of Dust. That was a strange thing to keep out in the open considering its volatile nature, but it could also be *useful*. Neo thought to take a jar for the road. Even standing on her tippy toes they were hard to reach thanks to their height though.

Just a little... more...

CRASH!

The sound of glass shattering against the ground pierced the silence as the entire shelf fell down in front of Neopolitan, white Dust contents thrown into the air. Considering Dust could be ignited thanks to the slightest of movements, she immediately went on high alert not considering that it might be wise not to inhale any of the substance in the air either. But it was already too late for that, and a simple inhalation was enough for the true purpose of this Dust to take root.

A simple scar was quick to ruin the purity of Neo's face, the entire length vertical and across her right eye which very quickly turned from pink to an icy blue, the right eye following suit at least in terms of coloring as the physical illusion put in place by the woman's Semblance began to unravel. What was revealed as it undid itself was not Neo's true form though, because her true form was being corrupted by the swirling Dust in real time.

The strawberry and chocolate sides of the woman's hair began to bleed together as the third flavor of the neopolitan ice cream trifecta took root instead: vanilla. Or well, just white hair in general. The pale light of the moon reflecting into the room glimmered against an increasingly white head of hair that showed more and more abundance in terms of not only length but volume as well. As the white ran down from her roots to the tips, it became incredibly straight and grew even longer than Neo wore it typically -- so much that it was almost inconveniently long like a fairy tale princess might wear. Which made it convenient that it began to weave itself after parting into two sections, ultimately becoming an incredibly long braid from the top of her head while bands parted in the center of her head.

Vision clouded by the Dust that seemed to swirl as if guided by an unknown force, Neo couldn't really make sense of why she felt her head tugging backwards to much. That head of hair was certainly a hefty one, and because of how short the woman was it was practically dragging against the ground because her physical height had not quite adjusted. Praise be, at least the Neo's sake, as her height began to climb. Little by little she finally exceeded five feet, clothing adjusting to accommodate her new point of view without any ripping or tearing as more and more of the Dust began to cling to both her body and her clothes, hastening the effects of the powder that seemed to threaten her mission.

"Wha--t is...?" Words. She managed to cough out words during this whole debacle? It was astounding because Neopolitan was a mute woman. She never thought to speak because she knew she didn't have the ability to do so. Yet on instinct alone she'd managed to create words with a voice... one she didn't even really recognize. Had it been that long? Had she never spoken before? Or was this just *not* her voice? **"I can..."** COUGH. **"...speak!?"** Her tone almost came across as naturally bratty - or was it condescending? All she knew that this should have been impossible, much like the huge braid of white hair she'd managed to reach back and grab that was dangling behind her head.

It almost looked like the coloring of a common *Schnee*.

Not that Neo harbored the same ill feelings against the Schnee name like the Faunus did. In fact, they should have been extremely prideful of the efforts they'd made to revolutionizing Dust distribution in Remna-- wait. Where was this genuine pride in the Schnee name coming from? Never in her life had she ever cared that much for the SDC. They were a corrupt and broken company that exploited others. As a common crook, they were everything she and Roman had stood against.

But weren't they admirable?

As she struggled with whatever was happening with her mind, her body and outfit showed no signs of stopping. Blues, both pale and vivid, began to bleed into her costume as her skintight pants began to grow aflutter and part at the ankles, the rippling flow of a white skirt beginning to emerge as ankles were left bare, and then lower legs, until her thighs were eventually freed of the pants and a full-on skirt was left in its place. Thighs, tasting the cool air of the room and the effects of the Dust, grew more abundant not in muscle but in shape. Neo had an admirable pair for her short height, but now a little taller they became more rounder and more notable, probably the greatest charm point on this body aside from the taut rear that was encased by a pair of lacy, white panties.

Belts around her waist were dyed silver as they helped hold her transforming outfit in place. The gaps that shower bare thighs between her top and bottom closed as her jacket and shirt merged with the layered skirt below, jacket and top fusing into a pale blue piece that would serve as the upper portion of her new dress. It was cut in the neckline so that her cleavage was left on display, lacking as it was. Before long her chest swelled a little and the new, lacier brassiere she'd unknowingly adorned filled in with a still lacking, yet somehow more abundant pair of breasts.

Not to say she wasn't extremely jealous of her sister Winter for having a much bigger pair, but she supposed in the throes of combat it was more convenient to... "**Sister?**" Thoughts wandering again, they slipped into surreal once more as the Dust in the air began to clear and Neo's shape became more apparent. The sleeves on her ensemble shortened and turned bright blue as they became significantly puffier, her black gloves tightening and pulling up all the way to meet these shortened sleeves. "**Since when did I have a sister? Well, Winter, right? But then what of my parents? No, I have mother and father...? Don't I?**"

"**You do, my dear Weiss.**" A man's voice in the doorway startled the girl, who turned to face it immediately. Had she been caught snooping around? Wait, no? Did he just call her 'Weiss'? With a head of white hair and a white mustache, the man standing there with a condescending expression on his face could have been none other than Jacques Schnee. She'd seen him on the televisions in Atlas of course knew him as her *father*. "**Well I suppose that's who you are now, but I'm surprised some rats managed to sneak into my estate. Ah well, this works in my favor.**"

Neo? Weiss? Whoever she was, she was confused by his words. **"What do you mean, father?"** She hung off his every word, Neo's original facial structure lost as she finally succumbed to the finishing features that left her the spitting image of the real Weiss Schnee. But mentally? She wasn't quite. There was far too much *pride* in the Schnee name. Too much loyalty for a father the *real* Weiss Schnee had thrown away. In contrast, her memories of her past life were drifting away. She clung on to a single name far too long -- Roman Torchwick -- before it finally slipped away, leaving her to succumb completely to the new personality and identity that had been forced upon her.

"You see, someone has been going around masquerading as you, my dear daughter. She joined a team in Beacon and now they're here in Atlas. Playing pretend as an heiress of the Schnee name while spreading her own agenda." He smirked noticing 'Weiss' contort her expression with anger. Ah, how that Dust had worked perfectly. Who knew he could just recreate his daughter with the personality he wanted so freely with Dust?

"WHAT!?" Weiss' heel crashed into the ground. **"Where is she? I'll show her not to steal the Schnee name, let alone mine. I'll have her arrested and all of her friends arrested!"** Good, this was the response he wanted. **"On my *honor* as a Schnee, I'll see to it."** Excellent. This was a much better position for her to be in than some common street criminal.