

NOBILITY NONSENSE

COMMISSION STORY

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It had been some time since Team RWBY had come to Atlas, but that didn't mean they never thought about the other places they had been to.

Sure, the threat of an attack by Salem grew stronger every day, but as they trained at the academy the girls were afforded a much more tranquil experience reminiscent of their days back at Beacon back before, well, everything went down. It reminded them all of simpler times. Sharing a dorm room, training together, having meals together... Atlas had afforded them all of these things.

“You know, I kind of wish we'd been able to spend more time in Mistral like this. Apparently their architecture and local cuisine is all so interesting!” Ruby was having a lazy evening in at her Atlas dorm with Weiss, the two laying around while waiting for Blake and Yang to get back from their training. Ruby was the one *literally* laying around on the bottom bunk of the bed she shared with Weiss, a Mistral guidebook open in front of her.

Weiss wasn't sure where Ruby had gotten that. Had she picked it up at some point during their stay in Mistral? Maybe back at the train station before they'd departed with the Lamp? **“Well... Perhaps when this is all over, we can go back? It isn't like we have any means of returning right now, and even if we did, it would put Atlas at risk if we were to just take a vacation.”**

“Aww! You're right, of course. I just wish there was a way for us to experience the things we missed when we were there!” Ruby had been throwing around phrases starting with 'I wish' far too

much, it seemed. At least enough that one of the first stars in the night sky, shooting past the horizon, had caught wind of it.



“Huh!? Wait a second! Where the heck am I!?” Ruby had been laying on her bed just a moment ago, but suddenly she found herself sprawled out across a tatami mat floor in room well lit by the sun filtering in through nearby windows. Wait... the sun!? But it had been almost night time the last she had checked! The girl was quick to spring up and onto her feet, and that was when she noticed.

Her outfit didn't feel *right*.

A moment of silence hung over the room as her silver eyes blinked and gradually pointed themselves downward, and Ruby? She was shocked to find what she did. **“WHAT THE!?”** What she was wearing wasn't the tailor made outfit that she had been wearing since she first arrived in Atlas, but a gown with a long, dark blue skirt, ice-blue sleeves attached to a raised collar, and a black piece of armor over her chest that gradually ran down the left side of her body against her hip.

And that was only what she *immediately* noticed. There were matching greaves over fingerless gloves, a number of ornaments in her hair as well as special, wooden sandals that Ruby didn't have the words to describe. That was true of all of this fashion though – she had never seen anything like it in her life. It also didn't fit right at all, being particularly tight around the chest.

“So why the heck am I dressed like this? Where am I? Wait, where's Weiss!?” Her bestie had been in the room with her, so where had she gone!? There was a lot that didn't make sense here, and some of it had gone entirely unnoticed by the Huntress – not that she could be blamed, considering she'd yet to discover a reason to examine herself beyond her clothing just yet.

It was something that was really only shown in Ruby's general *upkeep*. Little things like her fingernails, which had each extended an inch past her fingertips, or the quality of her skin, which had softened, grown

slightly paler, and had all of its scarring erased simultaneously. Quality of life changes that indicated a different lifestyle than she was used to, even though the callouses around her fingers and feet remained.

“I guess I should figure out where the heck I am first, huh?”

Ultimately, Ruby shrugged off the subject of her outfit. It wasn't like she had anything else to wear, so she'd just have to make do! Maybe she could find her normal outfit if she looked around? *But I don't recall keeping anything red in my ornate dresser in the back of the manor!* **“...Huh?”** What was that that had just crossed her mind? How was she visualizing a room in this mansion? She'd literally *never* been here before!

Ruby rubbed at the back of her neck, confused. But something felt *off* about it. Like something was tickling her hand that shouldn't have— **“My hair!?”** The teen twirled around, not that it helped her any in seeing the state of her mane. Eventually it occurred to her that she could grab it from the back and pull a handful forward, and only because it had *grown long enough to do so*. **“Seriously!? What's going on!?”**

Hair didn't just grow that fast! Nor did it... **“Nonononono!”** ...Nor did it usually dye itself a different color, which was what had provoked the next outburst on Ruby's part. An ice blue, almost silver shone against a background of black and red – those latter colors ultimately finding themselves in the minority until they were assimilated into a color that was more reminiscent of Weiss' than her own. It was tragic because she was always told that her hair resembled her late mother's.

As had her silver eyes, and yet they were awash with a different vibrancy beyond the maiden's notice. For a hint of blue stole away the silver, while the eyes themselves appeared to reshape. The corners of her eyelids became more pronounced, giving her gaze an almost almond-like shaping reminiscent of some of Mistral's population. **“Oh dear, something *truly unusual* is happening to me!”** With thinned lips, she hardly caught that her choice of verbiage was slowly turning more proper and less casual, too.

The girl stared up at her bangs, noting how even they were atop her eyes and wholly ignorant to the fact that her face was restructuring itself so that she no longer resembled Ruby Rose whatsoever. Her cheeks had slimmed, and her chin had narrowed, eyebrows thinner and her nose tinier. All in all, her facial aesthetic was more doll-like than anything. A prim and proper beauty more befitting of the temperament that was slowly bleeding into Ruby's words and mannerisms.

Ever so slightly, she had grown at some point. It was only a single inch, but it was necessary to fit within the confines of her new outfit more

appropriately – something that was rapidly becoming a common theme for whatever was transpiring. It wasn't that her outfit didn't fit, but that *she didn't fit her outfit*. Adjustments were being made so that this was no longer the case.

“This isn't my home, and yet I cannot help but see it that way? No, I can remember training with... the sword in the courtyard? Not the scythe? Though I suppose a scythe would be rather unwieldy.” Her memories felt jumbled, and the girl's voice had softened so dramatically that she didn't even sound like herself any longer.

The discomfort plaguing her from the fit of her new outfit, in the meantime, came to be less bothersome. In fact, Ruby was beginning to wonder where the idea had even come from that these weren't her clothes. Was this not the same outfit she wore almost every day? It fit her so perfectly! As if resonating with this subconscious declaration, the design of her flesh and bone finally succumbed. It started with her muscles, which thinned out around her belly and legs so that she bore a much leaner and traditional glow without any excess muscle.

This meant that breasts that had been too large for her chest armor diminished a single size so that they fit more comfortably within the elaborate cloth dressing that she now *knew* was referred to as a 'kimono'. It also meant that her hips swung slightly narrower, and her butt and thighs collapsed subtly so that the kimono's skirt better accommodated them. Even the gloves fit more neatly around thinner fingers, and her socks and wooden sandals no longer seemed a size too small.

Her heart was beating so quickly as memories and feelings alike swirled within her. But the young woman felt more certain of herself than ever, even as her long, silver hair was bound into a single ponytail behind her with an elaborate, gold and blue hairpiece that seemingly appeared as if from nowhere.

Almost as if she were on autopilot, the young woman reached for a closed fan



that was resting upon a nearby table. Each step and motion she took was like a breath of cool, refreshing air – an aura of refinement evident with even the slightest of breaths on her part. And with a single motion the fan fluttered open, wrist moving back and forth to fan her even though the woman wasn't warm. **“Strange. It isn't like me to get so excited, despite the events unfolding today.”**

That was how *Kamisato Ayaka* had rationalized the pitter-patter of her heart, despite its root cause being the transformation that she had endured just moments prior. But all of that? She couldn't remember a single thing, instead thinking she had been walking around her manor just as she always did. Except today? She was expecting company. Was that why she felt so off? Her guest wasn't coming here for business, but to spend time with her as a friend.

“I do hope I don't come across as too stiff... That's likely though.”

“Ow!?” Her butt, once seated at her desk, suddenly hitting a grassy ground beneath her, Weiss wasn't at all that far from Ruby had appeared whatsoever. Instead she was sitting in an unfamiliar courtyard closed off with wooden walls, a rather large looking building housed



inside. **“Where... Am I in Mistral?”** The architecture of the building was familiar in that sense, but that was wrong. Ruby and Weiss weren't even on *Remnant* any longer.

Slowly picking herself up, the ex-heiress looked around. **“No... Where I am isn't even important. How did I get here!? I was just in the dorm with Ruby!”** Was a Semblance at work? Had they been targeted? She supposed checking the nearby house was her best bet, but... **“Wait, WHAT THE HELL AM I WEARING!?”**

Her reaction was just a *little* less subdued than Ruby's.

Dressed in a short, red kimono with only one sleeve worn – the other rolled up at her waist and hidden behind her back. It was all decorated with a beautiful floral pattern mixed with reds and yellows. This left the upper left section of her body on full display, and her breasts would have been left bare if not for a wrap that contained them even if they felt a little *loose*.

This was only a small sampling of the asymmetrical ensemble she now found herself in, and between red armor plating on one leg and not the other, the big red 'rope' tied at her back, and the fact that her very long hair was tied up into a ponytail? Well, this wasn't an outfit she'd ever put on intentionally. The sheer number of accessories alone was enough to make her head spin.

Hey, what's wrong with my outfit!?

The rapier user shook her head from side to side. What had that voice been just now? No, it wasn't a voice. It had been inside her head. It was a *thought*. **"What's wrong with this outfit!? Plenty! I... mean... What?"** Weiss had been on the verge of going on a tirade about this ensemble, but while looking down at herself to do so, something else caught her eye. An aesthetic change, but not one bound to her clothing.

On the left side of her body, around the shoulder that was entirely exposed, something was being *etched*. *Painted*? Either way, an elaborate design was being scrawled against her very skin. Opposing of tattoos as she was, the young woman immediately began rubbing at these spots with her right hand. **"What in the world!? Cut it out! I refuse to have my body desecrated this way!"** Try as she might to rub them away though, they made themselves know that they were permanent. From the red flower above her right breast to the more elaborate depiction of red and purple across her arm.

"No way this is happening! They look... *dang cool!*" Wait, what had she just said? The sentiment aside, the manner of speech was *far* too crass for Weiss, who so typically spoke like she had a stick wedged up in between her butt cheeks at all times. **"No, they don't look cool! *They look awesome!* No! Why am I *talkin'* like this!?"**

This was all so shocking that Weiss felt like she was on the verge of passing out. She felt a mix of emotions, and some of them didn't at all match the situation. Like she should have been pissed, yet a smile kept pulling at the corner of her lips. And where was all of this energy coming from? She was no Ruby!

While true, that didn't mean that Weiss would remain to be *herself* either. The tattoos and outfit were only a small piece of what was happening, though the changes to her verbiage and mental state were useful in that they pulled Weiss' attention away from much bigger alterations. Such as her *figure* of all things.

Weiss' height, for example? Two inches applied themselves, bringing her height from below average to just barely an average height for her age. This altered the fit of her kimono so that it wasn't as loose around her belly, and the addition to the lengths of her arms and legs saw her accessory slide into place better as well.

Had she noticed, what else this entailed might have made Weiss a little happy on the merits of the transformation alone. Instead she was just growing happier because it was in the nature of the personality that her ego was adapting. She'd always wished that she could be taller, and second on that list? She had wished that her figure was a little fuller. Her chest and ass was on the lowest possible end when compared to her teammates – and she'd be forever mad that Ruby had grown to be better endowed than her!

But that was all being corrected in real time. Where Ruby had suffered losses when she had transformed into Ayaka, Weiss only had gains to be found that were more significant than even her boost in height. The wrap that bound her chest *had* felt a little loose at first, and yet now the packages that it hid from the world had begun to better fit their containments. Her bosom swelled not one but two sizes. Plump, round, and naturally bouncy, it was clear why such a tight wrap had been used to bind them. This gave an ample view of her cleavage, too.

“Huh? Why am I feelin’ a little heavy?” That was the most recognition that Weiss afforded the phenomenon, as her mental changes became more and more intrinsically rooted at the cost of her previous identity. Her voice and manner of speech were both thick with a country bumpkin's accent now, so casual and peppy that it rivaled Ruby's usual tone.

Past her belly, the woman's lower half showed signs of flourishing just as her bosom had. The shorts she wore beneath her kimono had felt a little ill-fitting initially, but that was quickly taken care of thanks to her ass swelling several sizes until the shape of a full, ripe peach. Her thighs weren't left out either, and the bandages wrapped around the right thigh clenched around flesh that swelled and tried to pour out, ultimately leaving it looking more sensual than ever.

Weiss was casually rubbing at the back of her neck now – not a gesture she *ever* would have done before considering her long, long hair. But

that hair was the latest victim of the transformation, the ankle-length ponytail pulled up into a messy one that almost seemed to explode like fireworks directly behind her head. Toss in a color change that took her silver and turned it blonde with red highlights on the tips, and it really was quite *explosive*.

She found she couldn't sit still all of a sudden. **“Man, my head's all up in a tizzy. That's what I get for spendin' all night in my workshop!”** What was she even talking about? Even Weiss hardly had a clue. But it didn't change that she was being stripped of the last of her old self, for ice blue eyes came to shine with an orange, shapes narrowing to better resemble the shapes Ruby's eyes had inherited.

The scar across her left eye filled in not long after, above a nose that became smoother, between cheeks that filled fuller, around lips that grew plumper. In some ways one could say that the woman's face looked plainer, but it was the sort of beauty that inspired a 'diamond in the rough' analogy. It certainly helped that she just couldn't stop smiling all of a sudden.

Naganohara Yoimiya rocked back and forth on her heels in a familiar courtyard. This was the Kamisato Estate, that's right! It was something of a decent trip from her family's home in Inazuma City, but it was a trip worth making to see a certain someone! You see, Yoimiya had been friends with the Kamisato daughter ever since they were little. Ayaka was always busy with work with her many responsibilities, but she could see the toll it took on her.



Compared to a woman with a background as simple as Yoimiya's, Ayaka always looked a little like she was suffocating under the pressure of what was expected of her.

“And that’s why I’m here today! To put a smile on that pretty lil face of hers!” Declaring this to no one in particular, Yoimiya puffed up her sizable bust with no shortage of boundless enthusiasm. A boundless enthusiasm that was more akin to that of Ruby’s, who was now a woman whose calm was more akin to Weiss’. But neither of them could remember this, of course. From their perspectives it was just business as usual with their new lives.

But what of their partners, Yang and Blake? Well, elsewhere in this world of Teyvat, they had been brought along as well...