

BLADE OF DARKNESS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ugh. This class is so worthless sometimes.”

Weiss Schnee, the heiress of the Schnee Dust Company, didn't appear to be in the *greatest* of moods. Though, to be fair? She seldom was back when she was a student of Beacon Academy. When she had first met Ruby Rose and became a member of Team RWBY, she had been the perfect picture of your ignorant, stuck up, wealthy princess. She was full of herself and intolerant, unreceptive to working with hours and constantly placing herself on a higher pedestal in the back of her mind.

It *had* been some time now, though. They had dealt with the attacks of Adam and Roman Torchwick several times, and about half a year had passed since she had first come to Beacon Academy. Six months was *enough* time for her to mellow out a little. She more or less get along with Ruby, Yang, and Blake, and she'd managed to put aside the uninformed prejudices that she had felt towards the Faunus. But she *still* didn't like having her time wasted.

The teenaged girl genuinely *did* love Beacon Academy, even if she could be a little prickly and hard-headed about admitting it. She loved how kind most of the people were, and how supportive the faculty could be. Of course, there was the element where it gave her an escape from the awful, *awful* home that she lived in, but that didn't really give her any rose-tinted glasses about it.

Even so, you could love something and still get ticked off by it now and again. **“What am I even supposed to *pick*? I have no formal training with *any* of these!”** Of all the classes that she had at Beacon, she by and large found the combat training classes to be the

most *unnecessary*. Weiss saw her skill with her rapier as perfect and unrivaled. Few could dance about the battlefield as quickly and as elegantly as she could. It wasn't like any of the *teachers* could do it better! And yet they were always forcing them to do unnecessary activities like *this*.



“Ugh.” It had been her turn to enter the weapons storage room, where she'd been forced to leave her rapier, Myrtenaster, by the front door. Their task for that day involved leaving their usual weapons behind, and she'd noticed Yang's gauntlets and Ruby's Crescent Rose already being stored. The plan was for all of the students in the class to select a weapon type that they were unfamiliar with and wield it for *three* days.

Weiss couldn't exactly reject the logic behind it, as much as she *wanted* to. Their teacher had proposed it because Huntresses 'needed to be ready for anything', and that included situations where something might happen to their usual weapon. If Myrtenaster ever broke (not that she believed it would) then she'd need to understand how to wield something else temporarily. **“If I was in that situation though, it's not like one of these weapons would just be laying around.”**

She wasn't just going to find a random spear or bow and arrow sitting off to the side if a Grimm disarmed her mid-combat! So, the logic of her teacher absolutely *wasn't* flawless in any way. But the Huntress-in-training also wasn't about to argue and have marks deducted. **“For the sake of my grade, I guess I should pick something...”** Fortunately for her, there were a *lot* of options to choose from.

Until that day, she hadn't even known the weapon storage room *existed*. Because everything inside was dangerous, the students were only allowed to enter one at a time to lower the risk of accidents. From blades, the lances, to even firearms; every possible weapon archetype was represented on the shelves, mounts, or in the bins scattered around the stone building. It was much *bigger* inside than she had expected too.

“What should I go with? I suppose a firearm would compliment my fighting style, and it would be easy enough to conceal on my body...” Most Huntresses wielded weapons that were

multifunctioning to begin with, but the issue was that was still ‘what if she was disarmed’, Weiss supposed. **“But will I get a lower grade if I pick something too familiar? Maybe I should try something else...”**

Would a different blade cause the same issue? Depending on *what* she chose, probably not, right? Swords came in many shapes, sizes, and weights. Her Myrtenaster was a light rapier and would behave differently than a thicker, heavier blade. In the sword section of the storage room there seemed to be *plenty* of options to choose from as well. **“The heavier the better... but not too heavy.”** Because she definitely *needed* to be able to *lift it*. One eventually caught her eye. A straight, thick blade with an orange hilt and golden guard that was thrust down into a stand. It was reminiscent of the swords that knights used. **“Hm.”**

She leaned over and attempted to pick it up. She wouldn’t be able to practice it if she couldn’t *lift* it, and while she did manage to pull the tip out of the stand... **“Nope!”** She eventually dropped it so that it fell back into its spot. Oddly though, in the moment she let go of the blade’s grip she felt a weird *zap* jump from it into her hands. **“What was *that*? Was there Dust on the hilt?”** It could also just have been static electricity, right?

It surely couldn’t have been a *curse*, right? Curses weren’t *real*, and so it was the farthest possibility in her mind. But just because it *seemed* impossible, that didn’t mean that it actually *was*. She was about to find out that curses were quite *real*, but in the end, it wouldn’t really matter if she could remember being *subjected* to that curse, did it? There were, in fact, already several subtle signs. Subtle signs that affected the *coloration* of her body.

Take Weiss’ complexion for one. The Schnee bloodline had some fairly standard common denominators. Skin and hair that was as white as freshly fallen snow, paired with icy blue eyes. But the paleness of that complexion, subtly, became a little *less* pale. It darkened several shades not so that it was no longer white, but so that it was a little closer to *pink* than the almost ghostly shade it had been before. It seemed to be a little healthier.

But was it healthy for someone’s eyes and hair to change colors too? *Probably not*. Even so, that was *exactly* what was happening. The icy blue of her gaze darkened to a more royal shade, while the roots of her long mane began to stand out against the full length of her snow white hairstyle. They only stood out because their colors were more vivid, taking on a *golden blonde* as opposed to the coloring of the full length.

“Mm... I don’t see any traces of that *dusty stuff*. Maybe it really was nothing?” This had all happened *while* she’d been investigating the handle of the sword for that ‘dusty stuff’, which *wasn’t* the way a Schnee would *ever* refer to their family’s claim to money and fame. The blonde worked its way down the rest of her hair’s length in the meantime, but the tips took an orange tinge and appeared to *withdraw* in their length until her ponytail just reached the base of her back as opposed to her knees behind her. Her bangs were even messier, with the sides framing her face down to her chest.

Weiss (now darker) blue eyes blinked a number of times as the oddities seemed to register. She could see her bangs vaguely above her eyes. **“Wait, what’s up with my hair? That’s a weird color... *I wonder how weird people would look at me if my hair suddenly changed...?*”** When considering how *humiliating* that might be, her breath trembled, and her body shuddered for a moment. She managed to snap herself out of it. **“Wh-What am I saying? This is so weird! *My hair isn’t even a different color!*”** That just *wasn’t* true, but she seemed to think it was the case now.

Even if she *had* maintained a grasp on the idea that her hair had changed colors somehow, her body was beginning to change in ways that were far more *distracting*. **“*Hm?*”** The young woman felt a little unstable all of a sudden but expressed her ‘annoyance’ with a bubblier sound to her voice than you might have expected under normal circumstances considering Weiss’ pricklier personality. **“Is something up with my clothes?”**

How she came to this question was totally understandable with a little perspective. They felt a little *off*. Not only did her skirt seem to be a touch shorter, but it felt more restrictive around her arms and chest. Even her heels and *panties* felt a size or two too small. But therein also existed the *explanation*. Her outfit *was* too small, and not because the clothes themselves were becoming smaller. Her body was *growing* in several different ways.

The first might have been the most obvious when you would hear that a person was ‘growing’. It was her height. Weiss was pretty short for a seventeen year old at 4’11”. She was even shorter than *Ruby*! Or, well... She *had* been even shorter than Ruby. The curse freed her from that fate. Her limbs and spine were stretching, supplemented by new bone as she vertically rose inch after inch. By the time she was *done* growing? She’d be 5’5”, a full half-foot taller.

“Mm. Maybe it’s more like why would I wear clothes that don’t fit me? *I guess it would be pretty embarrassing... Everyone would be staring at me... Hehehe...*” It happened again. She lapsed

after thinking about how *embarrassing* something would be, and this stirred something akin to *arousal*. Her cheeks burned red, and her mind became foggy, distracting her further from her continuing transformation. It didn't help that this outfit was becoming even *more* embarrassing as it was eventually given no choice but to *tear*.

Because her growth hadn't *only* been vertical. There had been horizontal gains, like her shoulders broadening in a way that tore off her sleeves, or her hips swinging out to lift the sides of a skirt that *already* revealed too much as things were. As it turned out, though, those hips had widened for a reason – and that reason was also related to more of her body ultimately being shown. **“In a skirt this short, I bet people could easily see my butt...”**

Weiss already wasn't *wrong*, but that was becoming truer as the seconds ticked on. Her hips had widened to prepare for the oncoming *swell*, and that swell affected her thighs and ass in a way that was both glorious *and* twofold. At first her lower body became *stronger*. Muscles thickened her legs and butt up as new strength was built, but then that muscle was coated with a supple fat that nearly *doubled* the thickness of her thighs and saw her ass cheeks bloat so much that her panties slipped *uncomfortably* into her crack.

“And now I'm getting a wedgie! If someone saw me, I might... I might...!” This was getting to be a little *much*. So much so that even *she* recognized that she had to start calming herself down. It was just a little hard to do when her top was also becoming so tight around her *chest*. Her upper body had been growing to become just as strong as her lower half, and that alone pushed her breasts out to seem a little larger. But from there? They grew on their *own*, pushing the neckline of dress farther and farther away so that her deepening cleavage was all the more visible.

Fuller, perkier nipples eventually slipped *out* of this neckline because it tore down the center, given enough room for *both* of her *F-cup* tits to escape containment and bounce freely. **“W-Wait, aren't I supposed to be... teaching? How could I possibly teach looking like this?”** Was she supposed to be teaching? The woman's memories had been a little groggy for a while now, but she was finally beginning to find clarity once more. It was just that her mental palette was not the same as when the curse had first taken effect.

As she pondered this, the final alterations to her body took place. The scar over her left eye was smoothed away until not a trace of it remained, and this was simultaneously extended to *all* of the blemishes on her body. That said, new ones took their place. Scars from battle that suited her more muscular build. They all made sense to Weiss as she

was now. Just as her changing outfit did as it became a yellow dress over top a black underskirt and skintight bodysuit. Silver armor clad her chest, left shoulder, and feet, while a feathered decoration sat on the opposing shoulder. Her underwear ended up fitting, a new bra and all, and her ponytail was accentuated by a pair of red hairclips on the sides of her bangs.

The woman idly licked her lower lip to moisturize it now that she was snapping herself out of her moment of... *overstimulation*. But it didn't strike her that those lips were fuller, nor that her face had grown longer. She looked slightly more mature now and was in fact two years older to make her *nineteen*. Yet she no longer looked a lick like Weiss, though her face was that of an even prettier young woman instead. She no longer had the memories to appreciate this. If she had her memories, she would have *loathed* what had happened to her instead.

From the perspective of *Darkness*, the blonde haired woman that now stood dumbfounded in Beacon Academy's weapon storage room, she felt like she'd just woken up from a very weird *dream*. A dream where she was smaller, weaker, and wielded a... *rapier*? **"Haha! As if I would wield such a flimsy weapon!"** It made sense that she might feel this way. She looked the part of a noble knight, and knights typically brandished bigger, straighter blade with heavy swings.

In fact! She noticed that *her* sword was nestled among the swords in a nearby display. She grabbed it with a single hand and lifted it with ease, eventually sheathing it in the sheath at her hip. But why had she been in the weapon storage room in the first place? At the age of nineteen she was a senior student in the academy, and they almost never used that room. **"Ah!"** Evidently, she had remembered something.

"I'm supposed to helping demonstrate how to brandish blades against Grimm to the inexperienced!" As the students would all be using different weapons, their teacher had requested help from the seniors to guide them with weapon archetypes that would otherwise be unfamiliar to them. Darkness was in charge of students that picked blades, and everyone's memories had been altered to support this new reality. **"But what if I make a fool of myself during instruction?"**



This sounded like a valid concern, but the blonde's *expression* brought into question if she was *actually* concerned about it. Her cheeks were burning pink, and she wore a vaguely depraved smile. It was almost like the idea of being embarrassed had made her *excited*? Well, Darkness *was* a masochist after all. Pain, embarrassment, she enjoyed it all a little *too* much. So much so that she'd gotten into trouble by the faculty before.

“Odd, though. Why was my blade in the storage room?” She didn't have to pick a weapon, and she definitely wouldn't have stored it in that room on her own. It was a pretty substantial contradiction, one *definitely* worth spending a little time to think about. But Darkness didn't do *any* of that and instead gave a little shrug before hiking out the door to let one of her juniors pick a weapon.

Unaware that there were other weapons in there with curses. And Ruby and Yang had *already* been cursed.