

Growing up in the Rose-Xiao Long Household, Ruby always paid attention to the strength and skill displayed by her father and sister. The two blondes shared plenty in common beyond their looks; when it came to their fighting style and skills, it was obvious that Yang inherited her direct beat'em'up approach from their father. She'd grown up watching her sister bring down trees with her bare hands, and curl bars equipped with plates so thick and heavy they looked like only a forklift could lift them. It was always an awe-inspiring sight that encouraged Ruby to try harder, to always get a little stronger and a little faster whenever Yang reached a new milestone.

She's sparred a lot with Yang, trusting in her older sister's experience and martial arts to guide her into becoming the huntress she always wanted to be. Her instructions were direct and painful, truly; sometimes she thought Yang didn't need her gauntlets. Those knuckles were powerful enough on their own. Ruby had started her journey to become a Huntress by learning from Yang, always trying to catch up to her. And always feeling downtrodden when she felt she wasn't good enough.

Now, Ruby wasn't so insecure about her abilities. She was very fast thanks to her Semblance, and pretty strong in her own right (Crescent Rose was over fifty pounds heavy, after all), but sometimes felt she had reached a limit in her physical abilities. Or at least, that her progress slowed down in certain areas.

Case in point: her hand-to-hand combat.

Ruby let out a sharp breath as she dodged under a swift hook delivered by her sister. Her breathing was already labored, even as Yang remained pumped and full of energy. Her eager grin was a sight that had become familiar over the many times they've sparred together. "Come on, sis! You can't be on the defensive forever!"

Ruby grunted and did as she was told. A pulse of her Aura and her Semblance activated, moving in a blur of red and black. She tried to maneuver around Yang, taking advantage of her sister's slower speed and reaction time. She appeared right behind her and raised her leg, poised to strike.

Only for Yang's arm to lash out and grab her ankle before it could connect.

Just because Yang's speed was slower than Ruby's didn't mean they were nonexistent. And indeed, she made up for it with some pretty honed instincts.

Ruby shook her head.

Yang grinned and nodded.

Ruby's arms flailed as she sailed through the air, letting out a loud yelp before colliding with the matted floor, bouncing up a few times before plumping in defeat. "Why..."

"You really think I wouldn't see that coming?" Yang said, keeping a friendly smile as she placed her hands on her hips. "You've tried that trick on me before."

"Thought third time would be the charm..."

"More like seventh, but eh, who's counting."

Yang extended her hand, and Ruby grasped it. She was raised to the floor so fast and so easily, as though she was featherweight to someone like her sister.

Ruby had sparred with Yang many times over the years. When they first started, Yang had been going easy on her. But being a Huntress was an incredibly dangerous profession; the kiddie gloves came off eventually so they would both be better prepared to face the soulless monsters who wanted nothing more than to kill them. Ruby did not want Yang to take it easy on her anymore. But in every one of those bouts, Ruby had yet to win a single confrontation.

It... stung her pride. She always held Yang as a great standard regarding what a fighter should be like. Strong and firm, immovable, able to make the world move instead. Her sister had been adamant that she had to keep up with her hand-to-hand, that she wouldn't always have Crescent Rose when she needed it. Ruby wanted to say she had been learning a lot, but not enough to defeat someone like Yang, whose specialty was that sort of close-quarters combat.

Ruby huffed in disappointment as she compared herself to her sister. A bit taller, decently muscular, Yang was certainly the fittest member of Team RWBY. Her gym hours were long and very thorough. Ruby knew for a fact she wasn't able to keep up for even a quarter of it.

Though it did make her feel a bit better that Weiss and Blake lasted even less than she did.

But it didn't change the fact that Ruby wasn't growing stronger. She had been accepted into Beacon a few years in advance because of her skill; if she slowed down now, then she'd be

proving her abilities were reaching a plateau in which there was no room to go any higher. Ruby feared becoming stuck, that she'd forever remain the smallest and youngest of the group, who lacked the experience and true potential her fellow classmates had. The girl who got in two years early and had shown her skills had peaked two years ago...

Looking at Yang's toned arms reminded Ruby that her own were still very slim, despite her ability to wield Crescent Rose.

Before she could lose herself in this pessimistic line of thought, their sparring was interrupted by the other half of their team.

"You girls done?" Blake asked as she and Weiss walked over the matted floor of the training ring.

"I'd say so," Yang shrugged, grabbing a towel to put over her shoulders. "You did great today!" She winked at her sister, and while Ruby knew the gesture was sincere, she couldn't help but feel she hadn't performed as well as Yang believed.

"We have a mission," Weiss said. "A recovery in the wilds east of Vale."

Ruby quickly went into 'focus mode,' as she liked to call it. A good team leader needed to act the part. "What are we recovering? Supplies, weapons, a missing team?"

"Artifact recovery." Blake corrected.

"Ugh, archeology?!" Yang's shoulders slumped backward as she arched her spine. "Why can't the eggheads handle that?"

Weiss glared in reproach. "I'll remind you that artifact recovery is a very important mission type. There are still many important, and potentially powerful relics from the old days. Some of which can still contain highly potent and versatile--"

"Okay, okay, I got it!" Yang blew a raspberry. "You don't have to give me the librarian act..."

"Alright, team RWBY!" Ruby quickly perked up, pushing her feelings of insecurity down. "We have a mission; let's go!"

Blake sniffed the air a few times and recoiled. "You two will hit the showers, and *then* we'll go. We still have to prepare everything anyway"

"Good call, Blake! Hygiene is important! A shower and we'll go."

"And packing," Weiss added. "We can't leave just like that."

"And get dinner!" Yang called out, her stomach rumbling right on time. "Can't go on an empty stomach!"

Blake rolled her eyes, doing her utmost to force an amused smile down.

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The wind coming from the Bullhead's jets flattened the grass on the small clearing as it made its landing, roaring with a deafening whirling sound which soon began to die down as Weiss powered down the engines. The four landing gears extended in the underbelly of the vehicle like small legs as it touched down, making the VTOL tumble a bit, and its occupants haphazardly sway inside, yet kept safely in place thanks to their seatbelts.

"Alright, we're here. Seatbelts off." The heiress said as she flipped the last few switches and stood up from her seat.

"Man, I gotta get to the piloting course." Yang mused as she removed her seatbelt and adjusted her clothing and gear. "Piloting looks so much fun."

"I get the feeling you'd just take us all for a 'joyride' that'd put our lives in danger." Weiss dryly pointed out, grabbing her rapier from the equipment compartment. "It's not like doing donuts with your bike, Yang. My piloting teacher always told me you require great focus if you want to drive an airship."

"Ohh, piloting teacher, fancy," Yang called with a faux-mocking tone. "Did you learn to fly before or after learning how to ride a pony?"

Weiss's expression was dry like sandstone. Then she looked away and mumbled something that sounded like 'after'.

"That's enough, girls." Blake pointedly said, stashing away her book at long last. "Yang, don't make fun of Weiss; you know she's sensitive."

"I'm not!"

Ruby decided they should be focusing on the mission right now, so she called their attention. "Alright, team! Off to do some exploration." She brought up her scroll to look over the data again. "Professor Oz said he found some old texts that might hint at the location of some relics nearby."

"Are we looking for ruins or something?" Yang asked.

"We didn't see any on the way, but if his research is right." She turned the scroll around, showing them the map. "Should be a few clicks from here."

"Couldn't you get us closer?" Yang asked.

Weiss shrugged. "This part of Forever Falls is very dense; you're lucky I was able to find this spot to land at all."

"No time to waste!" Ruby cheerfully exclaimed. "Time to move!"

And so their exploration began, moving deeper into the eastern area of the forest, keeping an eye out for any signs of old civilization structures or things of that nature. Blake's keen ears would alert them if there was any Grimm nearby, or if they were approaching any dangerous animal's territory.

Ruby wondered what they could be looking for; information was vague at best, as the Headmaster hadn't been able to pull much information from his reading. Relics from the past ages were said to have mechanisms or dust infusions that possessed very esoteric and useful abilities. Some outright said the artifacts were magical in nature, which those of a more skeptical nature did not believe. Like Weiss, who said old relics were most likely the result of dust enchantments or lingering Aura and/or Semblance powers that functioned in a way that people attributed to mysticism.

Ruby wasn't so sure about that. Dust and Semblance were already pretty magic in her eyes, and Aura was the literal power of their souls. There was magic out there in the world; there had to be. Fairy tales often had a grain of truth to them, after all.

Eventually, their trekking led them to a cave entrance at the side of a hill; its moss-covered entrance did not seem to have any sort of markings or signs of civilization. But this was the only place they spotted that stood out.

"If I were a betting girl, I'd say that's where our relic is."

The group entered the cave, finding it to be surprisingly well lit, all things considered. There appeared to be a source of natural light further in, illuminating a larger chamber in the cave's depth. The closer they got, the more they were able to make out what appeared to be a large earthen formation, like a small hill made of stone and piled rocks.

And at the top, there was a weapon embedded in the stone.

"Woaaaaah," Ruby muttered in wonderment, reminded of the tales about mystical weapons buried in the stone, waiting for the right person to pick it up. The light shining down on the weapon certainly made it seem that way; it gave it a majestic aura.

"Huh." Weiss mused, tilting her head. "Is that a glaive?"

"A bardiche, actually." Ruby pointed out. "Glaives are blades attached at the end of the shaft; bardiches function more like poleaxes with the large crescent blades attached."

Weiss tipped her head at her team leader. "I'll admit, your grades in the weapon smithing class are well-earned."

"Do you think that's our relic?" Yang asked.

"Perhaps," Blake replied, taking a few steps forward. "It is the only thing around in miles, so..." She jumped over the rocks until she was next to the bardiche, noting how the weapon's overall length towered over her. She ran her finger over the blade. "Can't seem to find any rust, and it's surprisingly well-maintained-ah!" Blake suddenly withdrew her hand, shaking it. "And it's

still sharp..." She activated her aura and quickly healed her finger. "Hmm, seems to have a jewel on the base." Blake traced a hand over said gemstone, marveling at the detail and size of it. "Might be a ruby, or a garnet."

"Think it's valuable?" Her partner asked.

"I think this weapon has more than mere monetary value, Yang." The faunus replied. "This has to be the relic we were sent to find."

"Alright!" Yang quickly joined her, swiftly climbing over the hill to grab the weapon's shaft. "Let's grab it and tag it then."

Yang pulled, and her arm met instant resistance as the weapon did not budge an inch.

"...Okay." She drawled, pulling with more strength this time. "Seems it's... stuck!"

The girls watched, rather baffled at how Yang seemed unable to even move the weapon, no matter how hard she tried. Yang planted her feet and grabbed the pole with both hands, her toned arms flexed with effort as she pulled, her teeth clenched in a long, strained groan before puffing her cheeks and panting repeatedly. "Hnnnnng!" She groaned once more until she finally gasped and let go, looking uncharacteristically winded. "Okay, what the hell?" She panted, looking stunned at the weapon. "This thing's like, *super* heavy; I can't even move it!"

"Must be buried deep in the stone. Here," Blake gently pushed Yang out of the way and took hold of the handle. "Pull your whole weight into it." The faunus gave a soft huff as she pulled herself up from the end of the shaft, blinking repeatedly when she saw the weapon wasn't budging at all. "Okay..." She instead moved to stand over the handle, bouncing a few times over the precarious surface, but she was met with the same failure. Her eyes narrowed in frustration as she gave a much higher jump, all but slamming her feet on the shaft. It was her cat-like grace and agility that kept her from slipping over the surface, but there was still no chance. "Now, this is curious..." She mused, stepping down from the weapon's pole and staring at it like it was a perplexing puzzle.

"I think it's obvious by now that brute strength is not going to work." Weiss rolled her eyes as she climbed over to the top of the hill and pulled out Myrtenaster with a delicate flourish. The revolver-like loader spun as she selected the blue canister of ice dust, and stabbed the tip of her blade into the rock where the bardiche's edge was buried. "So we'll use physics instead." She stated with the same tone a teacher would use when giving a lecture and triggered the dust with her Aura. The rock was covered in a thin layer of ice as the temperature surrounding

it dropped to freezing point. "See what happens when I freeze the rock." She spun the loader again, this time putting the red dust container at the forefront, "only to quickly heat it." The ice hissed violently as its surface quickly melted away into vapor. "The rock's integrity will become quite fragile as a result." Weiss smiled with a smug tone.

"Science!" Ruby cheered from below the small hill.

"Yay, science." Yang droned.

"Try punching it now."

The brawler did so, rearing back her fist to deliver a swift and decisive strike upon the rock. The girls braced, waiting for the rock to be blasted into tiny pebbles.

Only for Yang's arm to be stopped cold the moment her knuckles made contact. Their expressions fell as the rock remained perfectly intact; not even Yang's fist had made the slightest dent or crack. The blonde stayed in that position for a moment before withdrawing her hand and shaking it with a hiss. "Science has failed us."

All of Weiss's poise and grace shattered instead, gritting her teeth in frustration at being made a fool by an inanimate rock. "Stupid little... thing!" She grumbled and began pulling on the shaft, unwilling to let a mere rock beat her. She huffed and struggled much as the other girls had before, her pale face getting red with effort. "Help me... out here!"

Ruby felt a sheepish bead of sweat roll down her cheek as she stared at her teammates all struggling at the same time to pull out this ancient weapon from a very, very stubborn rock. The sight of the three all grabbing the shaft at the same time and pulling would have been quite comical if not for the fact that they needed to get this mission done.

Ruby winced when Weiss's grasp slipped, and the heiress yelped as she fell down the rocky hill. She lay down in an undignified pose, holding up a hand when Ruby tried to reach out to help her. "*Not a word.*"

"Um, should I give it a go?" There was really no other choice at this point.

Weiss replied in a defeated tone. "Be my guest..."

Ruby quickly scaled up the hill with a burst of her Semblance, leaving flower petals in her wake. She looked at Blake and Yang, who sat at the top of the hill, heaving and sweating in exhaustion. The bardiche had sapped their strength in more ways than one.

Yang patted Ruby's leg as she passed by. "Good luck, sis..."

Honestly, Yang's brawn, Blake's intuition, or Weiss's brain couldn't do it, so Ruby didn't really have any hope of being able to pull out this stubborn weapon. But you lose nothing by trying.

She reached out to grab the shaft, and the moment her fingers settled on the weapon, she felt a sense of familiarity. Maybe because she was used to wielding a long-poled weapon with a large blade, but... well, Ruby couldn't quite explain it; she felt like she *knew* this weapon in an intimate way. But that couldn't be possible; she had never seen this relic before. Even still, it felt like there was something that called to her...

She looked over the details of the shaft, veins stretching over the length with sharp tips akin to thorns. Right under the blade's base, there was a flower-like decoration whose plant she couldn't quite recognize from the artistic rendition.

A flower-themed weapon, Ruby thought with some small amusement.

And that gemstone on the blade's base. Blake was right; it had to be either a garnet or a ruby, which made the whole thing even more fitting.

She narrowed her eyes and reached out with her other hand, grabbing a strong hold over the shaft until her knuckles turned white. And *pulled*.

There was a metallic scraping, and the bardiche began *sliding out of the stone*.

Yang's jaw dropped, Blake's amber eyes grew wide like plates, and Weiss sputtered in disbelief at the sight of their small leader pulling out the weapon that had made them struggle so much.

Ruby's silver eyes widened in utter amazement at her own feat, as she raised the bardiche over her head with a triumphant gesture. The smile that spread over her lips almost reached

her ears, as the joy was abundant and exuberant in her victory. "Oh heck yeah!" She jumped in joy, the weapon bouncing with her as though it hadn't been an immovable thing previously.

"What-?!" Weiss looked like a broken record, constantly backtracking on her words. "How-?! When-?! But you-!"

"He-Heey, grats Ruby!" Yang jumped and patted her sister's back in celebration. "You are officially Badass of the Month!"

"Nicely done, Ruby," Blake said with a small smile before looking at the weapon with curiosity. "Wonder why it moved so easily for you..."

"Oh, I'm sure you guys loosened it up for me."

"Y-Yes, that must be it!" Weiss, in a futile attempt to defend her pride, piped up from down below. She cleared her throat. "So, anyway. Relic secured; we should be getting back now."

"She's right," The faunus nodded. "Professor Ozpin will want to look at this." She jumped down from the small hill, soon to be followed by Yang.

Ruby stayed there for a moment, looking at the large weapon in her hands. 'What makes you so special?' She thought to herself. This thing had given her teammates so much trouble. Why had she been able to succeed where they had failed?

"Coming, Rubes?!" Yang called out as the team began walking out of the cave.

"Oh, yeah, coming!" She strapped the bardiche to her back, giving it a few tugs to adjust it before jumping down from the hill and following after them.

With the team's backs turned to their leader, none of them noticed a soft red mist emanating from the weapon's encrusted gemstone. Not quite smoke, something even more ephemeral and mystical in nature. Energy manifesting itself like mist, carried by invisible winds around its carrier's body.

The red reaper was unaware of the red haze surrounding her for the briefest of moments; she breathed it in through her nostrils as the energy slowly faded from their surroundings, disappearing into Ruby...

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Ruby hummed to herself as she served another sausage onto her plate, adding to the growing pile of meat that was made up of multiple rations of bacon, steak, sausages, blood cakes, and a few other different meals made up of cow and pork. She was in a good mood today; After handing the bardiche to Professor Ozpin, he had congratulated them on a job well done. The feeling of a successful mission, and having been responsible for retrieving the weapon, did wonders for her self-esteem.

It also apparently made her very, VERY hungry. Seriously, at this rate she was going to make a full cow with how much meat she was eating.

She walked back to the spot in the cafeteria where her team and JNPR were sitting, talking among themselves about different subjects. Blake and Ren were discussing books and the new tea blends they were trying. Pyrrha exchanged wrestling tips with Yang before talking to Weiss about the finer points of Argusian bladework. And Nora was currently making an... admittedly highly detailed and firm-looking castle out of a huge plate of mashed potatoes.

She sat down next to Weiss, licking her lips as she picked up her utensils and began eating, much to the surprise of her friends.

"Wow! Going for the caveman diet, Rubes?" Yang asked, quirking a brow at her sister.

"What can I say? I worked up an appetite."

"Is it... healthy to be eating that much meat, though?" Ren tactfully asked.

"Well, we do burn up a lot of calories as Huntsmen." Pyrrha threw in her two cents, even if she still stared with apprehension at the amount of food Ruby was scarfing down. "Though you might want to slow down a little..."

"I'll say," Weiss muttered, a bit perturbed by how fast Ruby was emptying her plate. "Chew a little! Gods, it's like when you *inhale* those cookie plates..." She shook her head.

Ruby swallowed and glared. “Hey, I didn’t say anything when you bought the whole swordfish!”

“This place serves swordfish?” Jaune’s baffled question was ignored by the table.

“It was for the whole team! You’re eating for *eight people!*”

“Hey, I move super-fast, and I’m strong enough to lift a huge weapon you couldn’t.” Ruby declared triumphantly, recalling that feat fondly. “So, I need the calories.”

“Pfff, let her eat what she wants!” Nora waved off their concerns, leaning forward with a manic grin. “You eat that protein, Ruby! Get yourself a nice set of thunder thighs!”

Not exactly what Ruby was aiming for. But maybe adding a little more muscle would be good. If she wanted to make sure what happened earlier today wasn’t just a fluke, she had to keep up her training with Yang and see how far she could take it.

But at least right now her confidence wasn’t a fragile twig; she felt it had been reinforced with solid concrete. Ruby thought if she really put her mind to it, she’d be able to get even stronger. After all, there must have been a reason why the weapon had yielded to her.

There was plenty of potential inside her, and Ruby was adamant about bringing it to light.

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Ruby tossed and turned in her makeshift bunk bed, making it sway haphazardly in the ropes. The covers were pushed away with a huff, as she found them suffocating right now. Her body was just too overheated, as though they were in the middle of a sweltering summer night. Swift pants escaped her lips as the sheets stuck to her skin due to the perspiration, to say nothing of her black top and pajama pants.

She needed to get freshened up, desperately.

Ruby jumped down to the floor and landed with a silent crouch so as not to wake up her teammates, who were still soundly asleep. She removed her blindfold and threw it over her head, running her forearm over her forehead and coming back wet from the sweat.

Ruby closed the bathroom door behind her and turned on the faucet, splashing herself with the water. She gasped as her hands went from her face up to her hair, brushing away the sweat with cleaner liquid. She turned off the faucet and leaned on the sink, looking at her reflection for a moment before letting out a long, tired sigh.

She was feeling a bit better, but gods, that had been an awful heat spell she experienced. Was she getting sick? Maybe a bug she caught somewhere? Maybe the others were right, and she shouldn't have eaten so much meat; her body wasn't made to handle that much.

Her body, she thought to herself as she let go of the sink and looked at herself, so slim, so small. Yet Ruby knew there was more to her than met the eye, strength yet untapped, power she could grow into.

Yes... grow into...

"Ugh!" Ruby suddenly grunted, feeling a swift pang of pain straight to the stomach. She doubled over, holding her sides as the heat returned with a vengeance. Ruby panted heavily as she struggled to remain standing, looking down at her shaking arms with blurry vision. It felt as though molten magma was injected into her veins, filling her up with ungodly heat. Her body was throbbing, palpitating even, like her heart was beating right underneath the skin.

Ruby gritted her teeth, feeling a tensing in her jaw as her bones ached. Every fiber, muscle, and osseous both felt strained as though it was being pulled in every direction. "Ack!" Ruby grunted as her body *swelled*.

She was growing... oh gods, she was growing.

Her muscles were expanding rapidly; it would be inaccurate to say they were inflating like balloons, for their form did more than just grow larger; they attained a thicker, more prominent definition than Ruby had ever known in her life. Her deltoids grew ridges like pumpkins, while her biceps swelled imperiously, forming large mounds of steely and highly defined muscle as her forearms widened, expanding with greater circumference.

“Ah!” Her legs quivered as the calves and thighs multiplied their girth by an outstandingly wide margin. Thick and corded barrels of flesh took prominence, straining her loose pajama pants until they were skintight. The fabric gave up with prominent ‘riiiiips’ as large tears opened, revealing the palpitating legs, rippling with definition and strength. Her pants fell into tatters, leaving only her modest underwear to be swallowed by the bulging thighs and strong glutes.

Ruby’s shoulders stood further apart as her back broadened, expanding with mountainous muscles. The expanse became etched with deep definition, crevices and ridges that marked the prominent muscle groups of her torso, massively straining her top.

“Hn-mmmg!” Her jaw hurt; the edges of her face felt harder, sharper, washing away all softness and replacing it with the defined jaw and cheekbones of someone who had worked her body into a massive weapon.

And massive was apt; for her chest expanded until her thickening pecs became two great slabs of pure meat, erasing any trace of breasts she might have. The shirt hiked high as her lats widened alongside her stomach, becoming a strong barrel of firm and thick muscles; lines of definition carved their way across her stomach, marking her abs and obliques as they flexed into prominence. The shirt wrinkled in strain as it struggled to contain the sheer enormity of the thorax; instead, it could only preserve Ruby’s modesty.

Ruby panted heavily with the transformation subsiding. She looked down in utter awe at her body, barely able to see beyond her enormous pectorals. Her arms were thick, cannonball-sized balls of pure corded flesh, jumping at her command with a simple flex of her hand.

“Oh my gosh...” She muttered, astonished and thrilled by the sheer presence of their size, and the immense energy she felt swelling inside. It was like her aura had magnified to unreal levels. “Oh my gosh!” She flexed her legs testily, amazed at the way the muscles jumped with such thick groups. Almost like high-tension cables. “It looks amazing.” She laughed, silver eyes wide with joy as her thick stomach bulged with laughter. “I feel so strong!” She flexed her arms and was rewarded with mountains rising, making her feel she could wield weapons ten times the size of her beloved Crescent Rose.

What would the others say upon seeing her? Would they recognize her? Would they be freaked out by the massive and sudden transformation? Their small team leader, becoming the largest thing on campus. What a frightening concept...

Ruby repeated the flex on her arms, making them bulge even larger with throbbing veins. Her grin widened, becoming feral and proud.

...Or perhaps awe-inspiring was more like it?

Yes, Ruby thought with a swelling feeling of confidence and elation the likes she had never experienced before. *Awe...* who wouldn't feel awe with a body like this?

She shifted her pose, putting down her arms under her lats and flared them, widening her torso with an imperious flex. A show of utter domination toward an invisible crowd as she brandished this mighty frame. The spread of her thorax caused the top to start ripping down the middle, creating an opening over the striated line separating her pecs.

Ruby could just picture it: The adulation of her peers, the utter awe and respect from her teammates. Weiss respecting both her skills as a leader and her power as a warrior. Pyrrha, the Invincible Girl, acknowledging she had no hope of besting Ruby in combat, her skillful moves and athletic frame a mere twig compared to hers.

She shifted once more, twisting her body to the side and grabbing one wrist. The side-chest made her bicep bulge out magnificently, a sphere of solid warm rock, coursing with so much power it felt like liquid magma ran through her veins, forcing veins to spread from her wrist all the way to the shredded pecs.

She imagined herself as the mightiest Huntress of her age, tearing Grimm apart with her bare hands. No weapon needed, for his body itself was a weapon. These arms could deliver blows more devastating than even explosive rounds, and her muscles would act as the densest armor. Only instead of steel-plating, the fibrous weaving of her flesh would deflect both fang and claw.

A twitch of her chest, and her pectorals danced. A hypnotic rhythm that displayed the primal allure of her body in all its glory. People would look at Ruby the same way she looked at veteran Huntsmen, with nothing but adoration, dreaming of the chance to fight alongside her; to even walk beside a powerful Huntress like her would be the highest of honors.

Her sister, Yang, whom she had admired for so long, the standard by which she held herself to improve and become a better fighter... acknowledging her as the strongest Huntress of them all.

Ruby let out a wild grin accompanied by a savage groan as she brought down her arms into a savage, most muscular pose. The pose caused her upper body to *bloom* with powerful size, veins throbbing to the surface of her skin. Her traps rose like hills, and pure corded muscle surrounded her neck. The straps on her top couldn't handle it anymore, and they snapped, yet

her torso was too wide; her ample chest kept the rest of the fabric together in place like a strained tube top.

She barely recognized herself in the mirror; this was not the body she was familiar with. This was a venerable *mountain* of flesh, rippling and booming with barely contained strength. A small smile broke out, even as she gazed into the defined, sharp features of her jaw, for it felt like any perceived weakness, any lack of progress, had all been destroyed under the onslaught of such prominent muscles.

At long last, she had unleashed her potential.