

RWBY: FAUNUS FRENZY

CH2: THE HUNGER

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Of all the jobs to be given for the day...”

Weiss Schnee couldn't believe her luck, and she *absolutely* meant that in a *very* negative way. Ironwood had been giving Team RWBY odd jobs to help fill the time between matters pertaining to Salem's efforts. Ruby was off for the day, and Blake and Yang were off elsewhere. But her? The ex-*heiress* of the Schnee Dust Company had been tasked with standing guard at one of the local stores in Atlas after '*concerns about shady faunus lurking around*'.

“This assignment is total garbage. If there were shady people lurking, then just say *that*. This unneeded discrimination isn't doing the company any favors.” Because they were *in* Atlas, the local stores weren't manned by staff but instead machines. Customers could walk in, type their orders into a machine, pay, and have it dispensed. That meant she had *no one* to voice her complaints to. Well, she *would* be forwarding them to Ironwood later.

The store's location *also* wasn't doing the company any favors, evidently. It was a ways out of the way, and even though she had been waiting inside for three hours? She had only seen two or three customers – the last one had come in over an hour ago! She'd just been sitting in the corner, playing around on her Scroll and muttering to herself. **“Wish there was a way for the SDC to change their opinions about Faunus...”**



It was a surprisingly earnest wish for a girl that had once not only been the company's heiress but had also participated in its discrimination. It was a part of her life that she didn't look back upon fondly. She hated that sheltered, ignorant girl that she had once been. But she was *different* now, and once her father was unseated from the company chair, then perhaps they could finally start seeing some change!

Little did Weiss know that she had an audience, however. A monkey-shaped Grimm that had been watching from the shadows. It had sought her out after sensing an energy similar to Ruby's on her person, and honestly? What it did next probably would have happened regardless of whether it had overheard what she had just said or not. "**Ook ook!**" Weiss pushed herself off the wall she had been leaning on to check out the window.

But there was nothing there at all.

"**Ooookay. That was a little bit weird.**" Regardless of how weird it *had* been though, Weiss elected to dismiss it. She wasn't familiar with the dispensary's machinery. It could have been a completely *normal* sound. If something had broken, well... It wasn't like there was anyone nearby for her to talk to about it even if she wanted to! "**Back to standing there doing nothing, I... guess?**" She still had *two hours* left, so it wasn't like she could do anything else.

But what *should* have been a statement ended up gaining a questioning tone. As the Huntress walked back to her spot in the corner of the room, it had become difficult to ignore that her dress felt a little *tight*? It primarily felt that way around her *stomach* at first. She started to think about what she'd had for lunch, because it wasn't unusual for her clothes to feel a little tighter when she was bloated, but...

"**What in the world?**" It had only felt that way initially. The *trio* of belts that she wore wrapped around her waist were *digging into* her belly, and out of an excess of confusion she began to unbuckle them while complaining to herself. "**Of all the times...! Is there even a bathroom here if I need to— URP!?**" The *exact* moment she got the third belt unbuckled; it was as if all the pressure in her belly just... *released*.

...At the cost of her belly jiggling out an inch forward, but several inches to the side. “**Wh-What!?**” Had she just *put on weight*!? Her dress still hid it well enough despite being a little tight, and her fingers sunk into flesh that was unfamiliarly soft to her as she pressed one hand against it. “**Why am I *chubby*!?**” The pitch of her voice momentarily elevated before dropping back down. It was something worth considering as part of the problem, but the teenager was quick to realize that her tummy wasn’t the *only* place where she had begun to feel *fuller*.

Even then! Despite having a rounder gut, her stomach grumbled! Was she *hungry* at a time like this!?

“**I do *not* feel very well.**” Anxiety was a very *natural* response to one’s own body changing without their consent, and Weiss’s own anxiety certainly didn’t lessen when her knees were forced to buckle by hips that flared out *four* full inches, pushing the waistband of the panties beneath her lifted skirt to its limit. The widening of her gait had been necessary for two reasons. The first? It gave her stomach a wider canvas to distribute its new plushness a little more evenly, so that despite still being soft, it wasn’t *bulging* as much.

The second? Well, that bloating feeling had moved both northward *and* southward on her body, and as it crept into her lower half? The cheeks of her ass *ballooned* into a heart-shape that chewed at her panties until she’d developed a mightily inconvenient wedgie, and the excess saw her thighs swelling until they were *thunderous*, with each one wider than her *waist*. “**Wait a sec!**” Chirping with renewed energy and a tinge of interest, it suddenly occurred to the girl that what her thighs had swollen with wasn’t *just* fat.

There was a lot of *muscle* hidden beneath it. She did a little hop in place and found herself jumping *much* higher than normal, although the sensation of her tummy and thighs jiggling when she landed was a little *embarrassing*? “**My legs are *really* strong! I bet they’re great for fighting!**” Weiss sounded very *excited*; something that occurred to her only seconds later. “**I shouldn’t be celebrating this! My body is chang— WOAHH.**” Despite reminding herself to take things just a little more seriously?

She was left *gawking* down at her own bosom as the bloating feeling settled into her bosom for one last hurrah. “**W-Well! Maybe it isn’t *so bad*?**” Aside from the fact that her tummy was rumbling *extra* hard now, anyways. What had turned her opinion around was the sight of her dress’s neckline stretching. The Huntress had always been self-conscious about having the smallest chest in Team RWBY (especially when Ruby’s *grew*!), so the sight of her own tits growing until they were

bigger than even *Yang's* wasn't something that she could bring herself to complain about. The clothing malfunction was kind of problematic though, and her dress sat even less comfortably once her height grew an additional *three* inches.

“I guess if I have to deal with being a little chubby, having bigger breasts is a fair trade-off...” She was too *enamored* with her new figure that she wasn't paying as much attention to *other* areas. Memories of how to wield a rapier were gone, replaced with how to make the most of her new body when it came to dealing punishing *wrestling* moves. But even then, her appearance *hadn't* finished changing.

Most as it was happening on her *head* though, which wasn't exactly the easiest place for her to get a good view of what with her eyes being *attached to it* and all. Still, those eyes inherited a lilac hue just as the scar over her left eye was mended. Her facial features rounded little by little, gradually taking her delicate yet pointed visage and transforming it into something softer and cuter... yet she looked more like a woman in her early twenties now than a teenager.

Weiss rubbed at her belly subconsciously as it rumbled again. *Boy, I'm really hungry!* Not that addressing that hunger would correct the pink that seemingly dyed her hair of silver. It wrapped through almost *all* of the strands, which simultaneously thickened but barely changed in length. The only places where pink *didn't* emerge were the tips, which bore a pastel green alongside a few strands of her longer bangs.

But the Grimm's powers hadn't been used for the sake of *merely* turning into a taller, stronger, chubbier, and older woman with pastel-colored hair. **“*Yowch!?*”** Honestly? She didn't know if it actually *hurt*. She just yelped with surprise and threw her hands as a shocked response to what felt like something *pushing* out through the top of her *skull*. And her fingers? They ended up gripping onto what could only be a pair of *horns*. Weiss herself couldn't tell, but they were white with the pink and green of her hair splashed on the tips along with a touch of black.

“Horns... I'm not supposed to have these! But they feel kinda normal?” She had a similar reaction when she lowered her hands back down and the grazed against her ears. Ears that had been growing out of the sides of her head and folding as pink fur lined the insides, and black fur coated the outside. When combined with her horns, they all looked to be rather *bovine* in nature.

The emergence of a long, ropey, and pink tail with a tufts of soft fluff at the end only made that clearer.

“Huh. I probably shouldn’t hang out in this stuffy Dust Dispensary anymore, should I? Especially not when it’s run by the SDC...” Despite her pastel color scheme, *Varesa* had a surprisingly grounded reaction to the situation that she now found herself in. Weiss’s identity was still at the foundation of her very being, so she at least *understood* what had happened even if she couldn’t explain why. But the cow Faunus now had to consider what to do *next*.



She was Varesa, but she also was *not* Varesa. Could she introduce herself as Weiss? Without someone to test it on, she couldn’t be sure. So, she’d probably have to find someone familiar. But even without considering all that? There was a matter that the cow found to be *significantly* more pressing. “**I’m so huuuuuungry!**” Her stomach had been growling up a storm for a while now, and it was just getting *worse*.

“**Oh well! I can figure all that out after I eat!**”