

HAPPY FAUNUS DAY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I *still* don’t get why this is a worldwide holiday.”

“*Weiss!?*”

“Okay, I *get* it, but... I’m *sorry*, okay!” Weiss Schnee found herself pushing back against the cries of two of her teammates, both Ruby Rose and Yang Xiao Long, as she brought a small box into the dorm room that she had been sharing with the rest of Team RWBY during their stay at Atlas Academy within the Kingdom of Atlas. Their stay as of late had devolved into helping the kingdom out where it was needed under the guidance of James Ironwood, while honing their abilities as Huntresses to the best of their abilities.

But that was neither here *nor* there on this particular day. Most soldiers had been relieved of their duties and were basically only on-call in case of an emergency that might have threatened the people. That was because it was a holiday that was observed worldwide: *Faunus Awareness Day*. And it was the first year that Atlas was celebrating it specifically, considering how embroiled the Schnee Dust Company was in the mistreatment of the Faunus people.

Ruby, Yang, and Weiss were pointedly *not* Faunus, but their fourth teammate Blake *was*. And they wanted to show her that they appreciated her. The problem was that they had been sitting around the dorm while Blake was off training *all* afternoon and *still* hadn’t managed to figure out a good idea! Weiss had clearly been getting annoyed with how she was beginning to complain about more or less nothing when there had been a knocking at the door.

The heiress had gone to investigate, only to find no one there. There was merely a small box on the ground that was addressed to the three members of Team RWBY that were 'home', and now Weiss had brought that box inside. **"Who do you think sent us *this*? And *why* for *that* matter?"** Yang, ever inquisitive, had snatched the box from Weiss' hands and opened it without considering that it *might* be some kind of trap.

And then it *exploded*.



"Why did Yang open it without considering it might be a trap? *Seriously*." The slender hand of the white haired Weiss Schnee reached forward to turn the tap on the shower she had been using. As it turned out? The box had contained bunch of *Dust* that had coated all three girls *and* the room when the box had detonated.

Weiss had *immediately* run off to the public showers to get cleaned up because Yang had claimed the one in their room. She'd only *now* just finished up, and drew a white towel across herself in case anyone else ran in. Possibly *Ruby*, since she said she'd catch up later. **"It's *strange* though. This isn't a Dust that the SDC produces? I can't even tell what element it is."** At least it *appeared* to be harmless enough.

It hadn't been, though. It had just been slow to show results.

Though, in all fairness? Weiss wasn't exactly in any position to recognize what was happening. At least early on. She hadn't *actually* washed away all of the Dust in the first place. Some of it had clung to her body in hard to reach places yet had suddenly *dissipated* so that not a single speck remained. And this happened *just* before she had turned the water off. There were *already* irregularities in her appearance that she just hadn't comprehended.

Namely because they had all been fixated on her *face*. Take the long, diagonal scar across the girl's left eye, for example. That marking was *repaired*, with damage skin filling in this indentation until it was just as even, and even identically colored, as the skin that had once surrounded

it. It seemed to be nothing short of a medical miracle – or at least it would have been if it hadn't been accompanied by something a little more *confusing*.

Weiss blinked. **“Maybe its nothing, but I feel a little off somehow. That Dust better *not* have gotten me sick or something!”** That wasn't *exactly* the case, but at the same time, that interpretation was up to what you considered getting 'sick' in the first place. It may have not been a *traditional* illness by any measure, but the colors of one's icy blue eyes igniting into a pinkish red definitely wasn't something you'd acknowledge as *healthy* either.

But it didn't even *stop* with just the colors of her eyes. Their narrow shapes expanded, growing into more expressive orbs that could much more easily display the emotions she felt at any given moment. This phenomenon, the intended effect of the Dust that had struck her from inside the box, and it reworked the mold of the *rest* of her face as well. While she didn't *actually* become younger, it was plain that she ended up *looking* much more youthful. Her cheeks were rounder and her nose smaller. If anything on her face grew, it was the slightest plumpness to her *lips*.

“I-I guess nothing is... wrong... though!?” Weiss had been so *certain* of this fact when that sentence left her lips, but she had immediately been struck by both the *sound* and *tone* of her voice. It was softer and a little higher, but that was only part of it. She sounded *meeker* somehow, her more defiant attitude no longer present at all. She reached a hand up to her throat as if examining that might explain the cause of this sound.

Instead, her fingers touched her *hair*? Which wasn't *that* strange since her hair *was* long. The issue was *where* her fingers bumped into it. Over the front of her shoulders, when it was supposed to hang loose behind her until tied up. **“...Eh?”** She grabbed a handful of hair that was *not* her own. It was shorter, yet straighter, and the color lacked its normal Schnee white. Not only were the tips a soft brown, but she watched with her own two eyes as it crept up the full length, dyeing even bushier bangs.

“Wh-Why is my body changing!? What's going on here!?” She hadn't even recognized the full extent of it, but she was quickly pushed to notice new changes. Since she was naked, the moment her posture began to shift forward even the slightest bit – she was able recognize the problem with her own two eyes immediately. **“Dang!?”** It was probably a very strange response to seeing one's own chest bounce a full cup size larger, but it was more motivated by Weiss' general regret that her

bosom had always been so small. She'd always wished to have a bigger bust!

But her new, *C-cup* boobs had served as an unintended distraction. They had grown, yes, but not as much as the thighs and butt below her waist. Their swell was of a much more noticeable sort, the added padding extending the gait of her hips enough that there was still a sizable gap between each leg. What had also gotten lost in transition was how she had *grown*. Just *two* inches, but she now wasn't the *absolute* shortie she had been prior.

Weiss couldn't explain what was happening to her. Not only was her body changing, but her head felt a little fuzzy and she wasn't *acting* right. Her mind was dancing in a million directions at once, and so the gradual creeping of her ears towards the top of her head didn't quite catch her attention initially. Not even as a brown fur not unlike her hair coated what was now a pair of rounded *animal* ears.

It wasn't until a new appendage *shot* out of her tailbone, bristling with thick, brown fur, that she thought to examine her body a little more closely. "**A-A tail!?**" After grabbing it (and shuddering at the sensation) to make sure it was real, she reached up to check a twitching feeling atop her head. "**And animal ears!?**" But that could only mean one thing, right? Even though she didn't really want to believe it.

"**H-H-Huh!? I'm a Faunus girl!?**" Well, *that* much had been clear enough early on, but now the eighteen year old felt like it was finally appropriate to point it out aloud. Her brown, rounded ears twitched atop her head while a matching tanuki tail swished back and forth behind her. But it was more than just a change of race and appearance. She was acting a little more immature and skittish than normal, and there was another problem... "**How am I going to get anyone to believe that I'm Raphtalia!**"

Who? "**No, that's not my name! I-I'm Raphtalia! Yeah! Wait, no! Raphtalia? Raphtalia... Why can't I say Raphtalia!?**" It didn't matter *how* hard she tried. *Raphtalia* couldn't refer to herself with her old now. It was like a mental filter pushed her to use this new one instead, which was definitely *inconvenient* to say the least. "**I... Uh... I should get back to the others!**" Maybe she could still make them understand! She had to try!



And it was a good thing a red tunic had been left where her old dress was. It fit her new body *perfectly*, and she could even put it on

effortlessly! But the poor girl herself didn't really seem to notice this. She was just glad to be clothed and, on her way, so that she could maybe correct... that thing? Something had been wrong, right?

“Er... What was it again?”



“Whoops...” Yang practically laughed to herself over the whole *box explosion* thing while standing in the rather spacious shower in that bathroom that was connected to the dorm room the four girls had been sharing. She couldn't have known! It looked like a present! **“Nothing *bad* happened because of it anyways. Weiss just overreacted, that's all!”** The ex-heiress had *certainly* given her a good scolding, though. That was why she'd slipped into the bathroom first.

She had to detach her prosthetic arm to shower, which wasn't really an issue for her at this stage. Sure, it took a little longer to wash, but... **“Man, this Dust was *really* caked on. I almost need a second hand to make sure those hard to reach places are actually clean!”** Yang felt like there *must* have still been some Dust stuck to her back, right?

Well, actually... All that had been left on her body had already *disappeared on its own* by this stage.

For Yang? There was actually a *very* early sign that something was amiss. Something that she couldn't exactly ignore, much less fathom to be physically *possible*. The blonde woman stumbled in the shower. Stumbled but caught herself... with her *left* hand. A hand that *shouldn't* have been there because she had lost it during the Fall of Beacon. **“Wh-What the hell!?”**

She was left gawking at her regrown appendage. Was this some kind of *miracle*? Was she *dreaming*? **“Wait, hold up... Something's *off* about it.”** Stupefied yet elated as she had been, it hadn't immediately clicked that there was something wasn't *right* about the hand that regrown. Even though it had been a while since she'd even *had* two

hands, she still knew what the missing one should have *looked* like. The new one was a little too *small*, and its nails appeared to be strangely *sharp*.

This was a fact she (at first) confirmed by bringing her two hands together. Yang tried to crack a joke to laugh off the absurdity of suddenly growing a new appendage. **“Was there a mix-up at the hand factory!?”** But, unfortunately for her, there was no one around to hear her comedic genius. Her left hand was clearly bigger, with calloused fingertips that— **“Uh?”**

Yang’s purple eyes blinked several times. Each time it closed and opened, more of the blue that made them purple was sapped away so that they ultimately became *red*. That *wasn’t* why she was blinking, though. The teenager separated her hand and turned them, so she was looking at their backs. Before her very eyes, the nails on the left hand sharpened to match those on the right... while the fingers and hands they were attached to shrank until they were the same size.

“Uh... That’s probably not good.” And just to *add* to the pile of things that probably *weren’t* good, she found her feet slipping on the shower floor. **“Wh-What now!?”** The Huntress looked down and then around in a panic. It wasn’t *immediately* apparent to her, but after a few moments it clicked. **“Ah!? I’m *shrinking*!?”** Her voice had sounded oddly *soft* there for a moment...

But lo and behold: Yang was *absolutely* correct. The young woman’s 5’8” height was slipping through her fingertips... or maybe it was more like the rest of her body was shrinking to *match* those smaller fingers in the first place? Her naked body dipped vertically until she was a mere 5’3”. The shower felt *much* larger with five inches shaved off of her body, but it felt larger for *other* reasons too. Her body wasn’t as bulky, for all of her defined musculature had thinned and softened away. But this had *also* led to her broad shoulders and wide hips becoming much more petite.

“Why on Remnant would I need to be so small? Erm... And since when did I speak in such a strange way?” There was an air of refinement that plagued a softened tone of voice. One that she couldn’t shake regardless of how hard she tried. **“Ah, no... Why is all of that getting smaller too?”** Had the woman not been under the influence of someone else’s persona, she likely would have *yelled* at this next stage.

Something else had to be addressed first, however. As Yang’s stature had been shaved away, her face and hair had come under the effect of the Dust – which was what had led to her voice sounding so different in

the first place. Her facial features became smaller overall, with only her now red eyes growing bigger like saucers. Her nose was smaller and cute, and her lips had thinned until they were pouty but not as shapely. She looked like a *completely* different person, and one whose age was difficult to discern.

Then there was her beautiful, golden hair. Long and luscious, it might as well have been the woman's most discernable trait. Or, at least, it *had*. While its long length didn't unravel *too* much, it *did* thin and straighten so that it wasn't as abundant in weight. The golden color of it faded too, becoming a light chestnut brown. But in the end? Yang's crimson gaze was trained solely on her *chest*.

“Do they need to get smaller?” She didn't know who or what she was asking, but she felt like she *had* to ask as her hands reached inward to cup the diminishing weight of her bosom. Yang had the biggest breasts of Team RWBY, but they'd shrunk until they were smaller than *Ruby's* before her very eyes. At the very least they didn't appear to be as small as *Raphtalia's*. Wait... Who was that?

She was subconsciously flippant with that question and shrugged it off. Her ass and thighs had lessened too, but she didn't really care that much about them now. Besides! She gained something in the *place* of a nice ass! Just above it, a lump formed from her tailbone. A lump that unfurled into a long, and fluffy canine tail done up in the brown fur of a *wolf*. **“Oh? Well, look at that.”** Yang spoke so matter-of-factly, like she was expecting it at this point.

The same could be said of how she reacted to the twitching of a wolf's *ears* atop her head.

“I see... This is quite the peculiar development, isn't it?” There was no panic in the new *wolf* Faunus' movements when she finally stepped out of the shower and into the rest of the bathroom. The pointy ears on top of her head twitched as she stepped in front of the mirror to get a better look at herself. **“A shame that my breasts had to shrink so much, however.”** But she *had* gotten an arm back, so that was a worthwhile exchange.

The young woman understood that she didn't look like herself, and she had a hunch that if she spoke her name— **“Holo.”** Her own wolf tail whipped from side to side *excitedly* as a different name than the one she was supposed to go by came out. It was the same



reaction you might expect from a dog hearing their name, though *Holo* believed herself to be above that. But unlike Raphtalia, she was not concerned about this changed identity.

“I’m curious about what happened to the other two, then...”



“NGGGGH— YAH!” In the meantime, Ruby had remained in the bedroom section of their dorm all by her lonesome. She’d *tried* to clean up a little despite being caked in Dust herself, but it wouldn’t really budge without water. That was why she instead decided to remove her *clothes* to at least try and get some of that Dust off of her body. That sound was the sound of *success*, as she peeled the last affected garment off so that she was left standing there in crimson lace underwear.

It was still stuck to her hands and face, though. **“Ugh... Maybe I should just go to the public showers with Weiss *after* all.”**

She’d just chosen not to because she would have been *way* too embarrassed if there were other people there. She *really* didn’t like being seen naked. Her teammates were fine, but not strangers! But just as she pondered leaving? Something strange happened.

All of the Dust in the room, including what was still clinging to her skin, just up and *disappeared*.

“Uh... Why does that seem like it probably isn’t a *good* thing?” Probably because it *wasn’t*? As much as Ruby just wanted to think that since it was gone, she’d have nothing to worry about, she had noticed something Weiss and Yang hadn’t. The Dust had left a tingling sensation upon her skin that had been hidden by the feeling of the showers the other two taken. **“I feel kinda... *weird*.”**

And her ‘feeling’ was immediately validated as something *weird* ultimately happened to her. **“Uh... Wait. Is the bed a little bigger, or am I going crazy?”** It felt like such a *little* detail to notice. A normal person probably wouldn’t even realize, but Ruby was way more observant than a normal person. She *had* to be, considering her

profession. **“Am I... did I get *shorter*?”** It was remarkable because she hadn’t really lost all that *much* only about an *inch* or so.

Was it like a Dust that made you shrink or something? She thought to knock on the bathroom door and ask Yang, but a new source of information was delivered to her that contradicted her shrinking theory. Specifically, that a certain part of her body was *growing* instead. **“Woah, that’s, uh...”** She didn’t really have the words to describe it as she looked directly down at herself.

Or, well, her *chest*. She was only wearing her underwear, so it was plain enough to see how her bosom was *expanding* before her very eyes. The flesh of her tits pressed against the cups of her red bra and began to peek over the sides. It wasn’t *comfortable* as they reached a *DD* sizing by any measure, and so she frantically unhooked the bra in the back so that she could slide it down her arms. **“That’s better...”**

But while she’d solved one problem, another soon arose. **“Now my panties are tight!?”** It took Ruby a moment to even figure out the best way to look past her engorged, heavier bosom, but she eventually found a way. Just in time to watch her hips stretching several inches wider, a change that was a necessity when you considered how her thighs and ass were bloating. Her ass ballooned more than her upper legs, bubbling out into a nice, fit caboose behind her.

Ruby’s new build had already defined itself, but her face had largely remained untouched and there was yet to be a single trace of any Faunus features. She shimmied her underwear down off her hips, the girth of her thighs fighting them every step of the way, and then stepped out of them just in time to draw a new conclusion. Was there something off about her *complexion*?

“Wait, I’m not pale?” If she sounded a little *too* calm, that was because she was. Ruby’s energy had calmed, and there was something much more *mature* about how she was conducting herself. Putting this aside, she *was* right about her complexion. It was notably darker, and examining a hand made it easier to see that it was darkening even *more*. A light tan turned into a dark one, but then it surpassed even that until her skin had an almost milk chocolate coloration.

But in terms of nationality? Ruby appeared to be becoming *Japanese*, or at least the Remnant counterpart to it. Her eyelids pinched in so that they had a more almond shape, and her cheeks became ever so slightly rounder. Yet, on the other hand? The maturity that could be observed in her behavior seeped into her facial structure. Brownd lips were soon full and kissable, while her nose had a sharper hook. Her iconic silver eyes lit up with a shimmering gold instead.

“This is interesting.” With a deepened voice, the woman examined herself in greater detail. She *looked* older, now like a woman in her mid to late twenties. And deep down she seemed to recognize that she was no longer human. She could tell that she was a *Faunus*, even if it wasn’t visually obvious. By this point, she didn’t even seem to care that her short, black and red hair had darkened to a consistent purple, nor that it lengthened down as far as her ass.

All was how it should have been. At least in her mind.

“So, I’m a cat. Just like *her*.” The tall, attractive, dark-skinned woman that now stood where Ruby had licked her lips while peeling off red underwear that no longer suited her in either size or style. It was strange, however. *Yoruichi Shihouin* believed herself to be a Faunus, and a cat like Blake at that. But she didn’t really *look* like a cat. There weren’t any regular cat traits on her body. But you didn’t need to *look* like an animal to be a Faunus. That blood still ran through their veins.



Yoruichi stretched, seemingly uncaring about what had just happened to her. **“Well, I can’t complain about this body. And I certainly feel a lot more confident.”** She found skintight, black clothes where Ruby had originally placed her dress, and she spend no time sliding into them. **“But I wonder what happened to the oth—?”** Her question was answered before she could even fully ask it, as a wolf woman barged through the bathroom door.

“Ah, I see you’re okay, Yoruichi.” She said firmly. The woman wasn’t dressed and was showing *everything* to the cat, but she didn’t bat an eyelash. In fact, both of them appeared to recognize each other by their new names. But what had their old ones been again? It was getting rather difficult for them to remember what their non-Faunus lives *had* been. And that was by design.

The dorm room door flew open next, as Raphtalia stormed in in a panic. **“Guys! Something happened! I just... It was bad, but I can’t really remember what it was? Tell me I’m not going crazy!”** Both Yoruichi and Holo looked at each other for a moment. They

vaguely knew they had been changed still, but it was hard to say for sure. So, in unison...

“You’re going crazy, Raptalia.”

It was a good thing the rest of reality had been altered. For Blake’s own sanity.