

OFF TO THE RACES I.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Things had become quite dire for Team RWBY.

It had all happened so fast, although perhaps they should have seen it coming in the first place. A while ago they had helped Team JNPR deal with a very particular Grimm problem. The *Nightmare Grimm*, a type of parasitic Grimm that required a host. This Grimm would burrow its way into the mind of its victim and take root, nesting and gaining power over time. Before long it had pulled Jaune Arc into a deep slumber with his life on the line. Fortunately his teammates had managed to save him, and for a time it seemed like there would be no more Nightmare Grimm-related issues.

But they had been very wrong. Ruby, Blake, and Yang had all gathered around a bed with Weiss laying peacefully upon it. All of the signs pointed to one thing: that she had been possessed by a Nightmare Grimm as well. Had it been before or after Jaune had? Nonetheless, so soon after Roman Torchwick's robbery attempt, everyone had been on edge. No one had noticed the signs with Weiss. And now it was too late.

She was trapped within her own dream world, the Grimm feasting on her Aura all the while.

“What? Where... am I?” And yet while everyone *outside* understood what was going on, the one trapped within the dream was hardly as fortunate. Weiss Schnee stirred to consciousness in a dimly lit space – on a cold, hard floor. She didn't have the context that this was a dream, at least not *yet*, and how *real* everything felt did her no favors towards drawing that conclusion.

It wasn't *until* the teen stood that she realized more was wrong than simply a change of location. She wasn't wearing what she remembered being dressed in last. Instead? A white dress with a pencil skirt, silver rights, a big hat... There was something blatantly militaristic about the *uniform* she was now wearing. **“Is this an Atlas military uniform? No...”** There was certainly some obvious inspiration drawn from the uniforms she was used to seeing back home, and in fact the color scheme reminded her of her older sister's. But it wasn't the same.

This outfit had been bestowed upon her by her subconscious. A Nightmare Grimm could manifest change within the dreams of its host, often feeding upon their worst traits to create the perfect nightmare scenario. The clothes that she was wearing *were* a product of that. They spoke to her homeland's militaristic tendencies and the fears she had about how others might perceive her because of her Schnee family name.



Stepping out of the darkness upon sharp heels, however? If Weiss had context about where she was or why, she likely would have been asking more questions. **“Is this a... racetrack? Why am I at a racetrack?”** She'd apparently woken up in a small garage off to the side, but once she emerged into the daylight an oval track within a packed stadium of people that were shouting and cheering. **“No... This isn't right. Is this all *real*?”**

Questioning the very nature of this place prompted a brief migraine that made the girl wince with discomfort. The Grimm didn't want her realizing, but at the same time this setting *was* bizarre. Something *else* had been mixed up in Weiss' dreams than neither she nor the Grimm trapping her had intended on being there. A mysterious third force that seemed intent on creating a very different experience than was intended by the monster.

After all, who would attend to a racetrack dressed in a trendy military uniform?

Whatever it was, it was wresting control away from the Grimm, who had *already* wrestled control of the dream away from Weiss herself.

Before she was able to investigate her surroundings further she found her footing to be shaky. **“Why am I so... dizzy?”** It was another stark reminder to her that it all *felt* real enough. She had to lean against the garage door she walked through to keep herself upright.

Her physical condition worsened – all part of the machinations that had trapped her within her own dream. It would certainly be problematic if Weiss realized just *what* was happening before it was too late for her. Not that she could do anything about it even if she did. The force at odds with the Grimm had already changed the environment, but it was trying to change *more* than that. Weiss’ outfit was the last sign of the Grimm’s influence. The third party would change that. It would change *much more* than that, in fact.

Weiss finally managed to clear her head and stand up straight once more. But that was only because the powers that sought to change her appearance had finally taken root. To make matter worse? Anything that happened to her body in the dream, at least as far as flesh and blood were concerned? Those changes would ultimately be replicated upon her sleeping body outside. **“That was weird. So just what is this place!? How did I end up here?”**

THE STAGE PERFORMANCE WILL BEGIN IN FIFTEEN MINUTES! WHO’S EXCITED!?

In an event that *didn’t* answer any of Weiss’ immediate questions a voice boomed over the intercom about a ‘performance’ of some kind. She didn’t have the foggiest idea what *that* was about, nor did she care. Or, well, she *shouldn’t* have cared at all. Yet there was a feeling nagging at her in the back of her mind. Subtle at first. *That means I need to get ready, right!?* It was still quiet enough for her to ignore and label it as an intrusive thought, but it was worth noting, nonetheless.

What was she supposed to do now? She had clearly been separated from the rest of her team... if they were *even* here, wherever *here* was. Should she seek them out? She honestly didn’t want to hear what sort of comments Ruby would make about the outfit she was presently wearing even if she hadn’t chosen to wear it all on her own. **“I guess I should go and... And? Ah... AAAA? Wh-What’s up with my voice!?”** Mid-sentence it had developed an unusual robotic echo. Could a human’s vocal chords even *make* a sound like that? Not to mention it sounded higher and more... *melodic*.

“Maybe I’m dreaming after all!” Voices just didn’t *change*! And they certainly didn’t change to sound the way *hers* now did. Her change of scenery had already been plenty telling that something had gone

awry, but now she had to be worried that something was happening to herself *directly*. If she'd been in the presence of a reflective surface she could have understood this with more certainty because there *were* visual signs that suggested something was amiss with her body. The first was actually the *erasure* of a marking on her body. The scar across her left eye filled in entirely.

And then the next she blinked? Blue eyes had instead inherited a *greenish teal* coloration.

That said, it wasn't *just* her eyes that saw this vibrant color ignite. In a case of the curtains needing to match the windows, all of the strands of Weiss' snow white hair began to siphon this very same teal into their roots, which for a few seconds left her hair looking *very* strange. But as the seconds ticked on, the teal traveled throughout her hair towards her tips like waves crashing against a snowy shore and washing that snow away.

And that was a *lot* of color change. The heiress had *very* long hair as is, and so it took almost a full minute for that color change to completely dye her head. Yet the changes likewise seemed to give themselves more to do, for the girl's *already* impressively long locks grew longer still. It didn't take long before they trailed down as far as her ankles in their new teal-blue coloring, with bangs now crossing just over her nose. "*Huh?*" Both of her eyes glanced up to look at those bangs. "**Is the color of my hair... different?**"

From an outsider's perspective it *probably* sounded like a question that didn't need to be asked. Her hair color had *obviously* changed. The issue was that Weiss herself didn't seem to properly register that fact. Deep down she knew it was wrong, but that voice that kept insisting she had to '*get ready for the show*' was both growing louder and speaking new things into her mind. It was reassuring her that this hair color was *correct* and she was falling for it.

All the while her facial structure shifted. Cheeks became soft and round and while her eyes were bigger in shape, they had narrowed at the sides to give them a more Asian – specifically Japanese – arching, and paired with a slightly fuller nose that fact became very plain. Her eyes felt a little *too* big though. Almost more cartoonish than the eyes of anyone in Remnant.

She also didn't recognize that she was now perceiving things as *data*. Her body wasn't exactly the same flesh and blood that she knew. In fact, if you were to ask her now? *I am not a being of flesh and blood!* That likely would have been her answer as her mind continued to change along with her body. As she was now her mind was digital and her flesh

and blood were artificial counterparts. Even her bones were heavy – for they were made of metal and not proper bone.

“**N-No! Something is wrong here...!**” Despite how much she had ultimately accepted, it seemed that Weiss’ sensibilities and individuality hadn’t been *entirely* assimilated into this new existence *just* yet. A part of her was fighting against it even if it was becoming increasingly difficult for her to do so. Deep down? Her previous self was becoming the quieter voice, while the voice that had once been quiet was growing louder.

The girl wobbled as if she was off balance. This was more or less *true*, because a sudden but subtle growth spurt had happened instantaneously. Her short height had jumped up two inches, yet her knees ultimately buckled due to an unrelated shift. Her hips had widened a full *three* inches. This sounded like a lot and it *was*, but it only happened because it was necessary.

Weiss had been wearing those silver tights ever since she had come to in the dreamworld. They had fit her legs perfectly but wider hips ultimately compromised that. Just *not* as much as the changes that followed did, for they soon gripped her thighs with far more vigor than they had previously. “**Ngh...**” It was a little uncomfortable for the teen and she wasn’t quite sure *why*.

But the sound of tearing fibers revealed the truth. The flesh of her thighs had bloated and was pushing through the cloth that imprisoned them. It wasn’t just a little bit, either. The tights tore because her thighs had practically *doubled* in girth, rosy flesh that had been pulled plush and taut sticking out through these tears while the benefits of these thicker, lap-laying thighs were passed onto her ass in kind. The cheeks of her rear bubbled up with a similar bounce to them, just as perky as they were shapely – at the cost of a vaguely uncomfortable wedgie.

And while it might have seemed like she was trending towards having a bombshell body (at least for a teenaged girl), unfortunately that wasn’t *quite* in the cards for her. She didn’t receive the same enhancements in the one area where they likely would have been appreciated. Not to say she received none at *all*, but they were nowhere near significant. Her breasts only grew a mere cup size larger rather than stretching with the same abundance her thighs had.

Slenderer fingers tapped at her hip rhythmically. “**Hmhmhm~?**” She was humming to herself? She had music on the mind all of a sudden. *Is that strange for a singer though?* No, but Weiss had always seemed so intent from distancing herself from her music thanks to her father. It

was odd that she was back on it all of a sudden. Not that anything about her appearance even *screamed* Weiss anymore.

Not even her clothing, for her dreamscape wear succumbed to the force that had changed her body and soul all the same. Much of the white and silver color scheme of the military uniform was retained in the end, but it was instead reshaped into a racing uniform with a *very* short, pleated skirt, her thick thighs practically bulging out between it and silver, thigh high boots that turned black near her thighs. Black, fingerless gloves comforted her hands before detached, white sleeves, and while shoulders were bare a pleated half-cloak dangled off of them.

In terms of accessories? A red belt across her hips, cuffs around her ankles, and a pair of star ornaments that held her hair into long and flowing twintails. Even the military hat she'd been wearing before had turned into a white beret. While the clothing was *impractical*, it certainly felt extremely comfortable to the girl herself. *It's my favorite outfit in fact!*

THAT'S RIGHT, EVERYONE! EVERYONE'S FAVORITE MIKU RACEWAY MASCOT, HATSUNE MIKU, WILL BE SINGING THE ANTHEM IN TEN MINUTES!



An announcer's voice boomed over the intercom, causing the crowd in the stadium to explode into raucous cheers and applause. But for the girl who had stumbled back into the small garage off to the side? "**Hatsune... Miku...?**" Her voice both distorted *and* oddly robotic, she

repeated the name that had been announced. Her mind had been so foggy up until that moment, but upon hearing that name... Upon hearing *her* name, the pieces of finally clicked into place.

“Ah, that’s me!” She was *Hatsune Miku*, the mascot of this raceway and a talented Vocaloid singer. She had been performing at this stadium all her life because that was her purpose, after all. Her purpose... But why did it feel like she had wanted to do something else? Hunting? No, that would be silly! She wasn’t cut out for something like hunting! Just look at how cute and talented of a performer she was! Even though she had no audience Miku still grinned from ear to ear.

The girl clapped and skipped out of the garage. She had to get to the main stage so that she could perform, didn’t she? Her exposed thighs, thickened as they were, bounced and jiggled with every skip she stepped, but that was all just part of her costume at the end of the day! **“Why was I visiting the garage anyways? Oh well~!”** Since she couldn’t *leave* the raceway it wasn’t common to find Miku loitering around. She had to make the best of her time between shows and races, right? Giggling, she disappeared into a tunnel that led up to the performance area.

But what was this third power that had changed her? And why had it turned her into a raceway singer?

“Wh-What the heck just happened to Weiss!?” The three remaining members of Team RWBY stared and shock at Weiss’ sleeping body. Her appearance had transformed before their very eyes aside from her clothing, and now she didn’t look a thing like she used to. **“Is a Nightmare supposed to be able to do that, Shion!?”** Ruby had turned to the individual who was helping them treat Weiss. They wore a troubled expression at these developments, as if they had never seen something like this before.

This was because they *hadn’t*. Shion had never seen this sort of thing happen to someone possessed by a Nightmare. **“I... don’t know. This means there could be unknown risks to entering. Are you three still sure you want to dive into Weiss’ dreams to bring her back?”** If the same thing happened to the rest of her team, then all hope of saving Weiss would be lost.

“Yeah! Weiss is our friend! Of course we will!”