

BRAN-WHEN?

JUNE 2019 REQUEST STORY

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“Don’t stick your nose where it doesn’t belong, Ruby. I’m *FINE!*”

“WELL YOU DON’T *SOUND FINE*, YANG!”

It was rare that the two siblings got into such intense screaming matches. Up until Beacon’s fall they had been on the same side for everything. What to eat for lunch, what to eat for dinner, what to eat for breakfast, which snacks to have... You know, the important stuff! But ever since their team had reunited at Haven things had been a little dicey. There were still a few days before they had to leave for Argus, and so the group had been sitting around at the inn while they prepared for their trip.

Ruby, being Ruby, had shown some not so subtle concern for Yang in the days following Cinder’s group attacking Haven. Yang’s own mother had sided with Cinder and then acted out of her own selfish interests, and then both Yang and Raven had engaged in some form of encounter beneath the school that Yang wouldn’t open up about despite it being obvious something was wrong.

That discussion had devolved into this screaming match, and it ultimately ended once Yang slammed the door to her room with Ruby on the other side. **“*GOODNIGHT, RUBY!*”** The young rose-themed Huntress knew when she’d been bested and let out an annoyed **‘grr’** as she stomped towards the downward staircase, fists bunched at her side.

Mentally Ruby complained to herself the entire trip. ‘*Why won’t she tell me, I’m here sister!?*’. ‘*Yang never hides things from me!*’. ‘*I hate her mom!*’. While the two were siblings they didn’t share mothers. Yang had been born to Raven Branwen, a woman that abandoned her own daughter and left her in the care of their father. It had always been a touchy point for both siblings, Yang especially, but Ruby had her fair share of anger towards Raven as well. As a girl who had lost her mother at a young age, the fact that Raven was alive and *chose* not to be with her daughter was absolutely unacceptable.

“YAAAAH! I DON’T UNDERSTAND YANG’S MOM AT ALL!”

Fresh air filling her lungs, Ruby couldn’t help but yell in frustration as she threw her hands towards the night sky. Undoubtedly the two would make up in the morning, but that did little to ease her current frustration. But that frustration was a negative emotion, and a minor Grimm had sensed it. It was a ghost-like Grimm. They weren’t very powerful, but if they latched onto a human, they could twist them into the object of their anger. And it had taken notice of poor Ruby Rose.

It crept up behind her and, without warning, dove into not only the girl’s body but her psyche as well. It had to locate the source of her frustrations. A memory, a person, and then once found the transformation would begin once feeding up the girl’s anger and self before leaving her in the form of that frustration.

And it found that source.

Ruby kicked a rock still unaware that she was about to have her existence snacked on. She hated when Yang and her fought, they were supposed to be inseparable you know? They’d only just reunited after being separated for so long, so she didn’t want to *fight*. But after everything that had happened at Beacon she *really* didn’t want there to be secrets between the two of them either. Still frustrated she went to kick another rock but stopped mid-swing.

Why would she do something so childish as kick a rock?

“E-Eh? Why would I? To take out my anger of course!” Her internal question was answered verbally as the strange feeling took root. **“Wait... What’s happening here?”** It was a burning that originated from her heart before finally spreading out across to every corner of her body. It felt she was internally on fire, or under attack, or *something!* Whatever it was it just wasn’t *right!*

She turned her head to the door of the inn. She had to find someone to help her! Blake, or Weiss, or *Yang*-- Even just thinking of that name had her mind seize up. The thought had been imbued with affection in the sense that Yang loved her, so she'd definitely help, but did Yang love her? Why would Yang love her when she abandoned her? Again, foreign thoughts pierced her usual mental state, a sharp pain accompanying them and forcing her to wince. Ruby couldn't see this of course, but the unique silver of her eyes was sputtering away, replenished only by an intimidating crimson.

The tips of her hair had begun to ruffle, quality of each strand deteriorating from young and healthy to older and frayed. The color, too, turned off of its usual red undertone as pure black seeped in to drive the point home; the point that she wasn't going to be herself much longer. Stress marks began to indent themselves beneath her eyes, which had once been wide and full of hope, had now dulled and narrowed into a more pessimistic shape. The anger she was feeling had begun to boil to the surface in a way vastly different from her usual outburst, and it began to show as black brows furrowed and nostrils grew and flared. Lips grew plumper yet worn, subtle lipstick dressed across dry surfaces as to hide their age. That was a recurring theme across her face as well: for as different as its shape seemed, it was clear it wasn't the face of a seventeen year old girl either. The quality of her skin had worsened and would require a talented cleansing regimen to retain a youthful glow.

Muscles began to swell across Ruby's body as she contemplated going inside once more. The burning hadn't gone away, but she was quickly finding it had become a sensation similar to arousal as opposed to an outright flame. Her entire body felt clunky and unresponsive, and it quickly became apparent why. The girl's outfit had been perfectly designed for her own body. The measurements, the thickness, it was all crafted for her petite form. Yet her arms began to swell from within, muscle mass substantiating far more to strain tiny sleeves as skin wore across them, various scars taking shape. Her fingers, too, crunched as they bent in and out, obvious years of use piling upon them as fingerprints were worn and surfaces calloused.

“What is *happening* to me? Why do my hands look so old? Even my voice...” It had definitely deepened, and the usual pep and screech her voice carried had been disposed of in favor of a calming monotone. She *had* to get help. *She had to.* But her subconscious wouldn't let her! *‘I don't accept help from anyone, I can only trust myself.* It was an incredibly powerful thought that pinned Ruby in her place and coerced her to run away more than anything. *She hated it!* She hated it so much! But she couldn't help but slowly become responsive to the idea.

Who else could she trust? *Yang*?

Ruby was forced to tug at the strings of her corset as her torso began to expand much like her arms had previously, though with newly gained physical strength it wasn't that her. Her stomach thickened with apparent muscle; abdominal muscles evident as they pressed up against the fabric of her dress. She kept it tied around the center normally so that her dress would hug her without excess room, but she now filled that out naturally.

Her breasts? They grew bigger and dug into her top, but they certainly didn't grow perkier. A natural sag accompanied abundant mass, the natural result of big tits falling eventual victim to gravity and age. Ruby couldn't help but pull her collar down, revealing cleavage that practically steamed under the cool night air. "**Why am I so...**"

The thought was left unfinished as her hand idly teased her own tit. The burning had intensified around her loins next, indicating the next general area of change. She'd already grown a little taller, and so her skirt had risen up to reveal her black panties which were forcibly cameltoe-ing her. Much like her tits, fat began to amplify the size of her ass while wedging underwear between them. Without pants to hold her cheeks in place however, they did sag in slight despite their abundance. Underwear already grinding against her pussy, they were almost consumed entirely as lips thickened from repeated use. She'd had a child after all.

Wait! No she hadn't! *She was only sixteen!* She was turning seventeen soon! That was what she thought, but upon repeating her age to herself the answer was different. "**I'm in my 40s now, what am I wearing something like this?**"

Thighs dripped thick with accumulation as they too grew sexier, albeit older in design. They sagged in slight, but there was still a firmness to them graced by the muscle that had built beneath them. As her hips jutted outward, her posture changed to only make it more enticing as a noticeable thigh gap was left between the two.

Her feet swelled within her boots, the only piece of clothing she was forced to remove before things got too bad as toes came accompanied with a new stench, nails broken and feet filthy from constant running around. But that was just the side effect of living life like she did, away from society. It had to be done. That was how she kept her people away from Salem. That's why she left Yang behind--

Identity was uncertain. Was she Ruby Rose? No, she couldn't be. She was a woman, a mother, not some sixteen year old brat. The two

identities played tug o war for a moment, but one side had a handicap. After all, Ruby's memory was being eaten by the Grimm. And it finally finished, leaving only one mentality in place before it left 'Ruby's' body entirely.

Yang. Had she really come all the way here to check on her? What was the point? She'd already said her peace. Shaking her head from side to side as long and unkempt black hair rocked along with it, Raven contemplated what she was wearing. **“Why the hell did I come her in this? No matter...”** It'd be best to leave before she was noticed. A black portal opened up behind her before she moved to step through it.

Yang didn't need her. She'd chosen her path. And if it was one without her mother, then so be it. She couldn't understand what they Ruby girl even stuck with her.