

# ICE QUEEN 2.0

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“You know, Ruby? I *really* don’t think we’re supposed to be here.”**

**“Oh, stop being a scaredy cat, Weiss!”**

It had been some time since Team RWBY and their allies had arrived in Atlas, and they had been working closely with the academy and military on a number of ventures to better protect the citizens while putting together a plan to repel the efforts of Salem. As they helped out more and more frequently, they earned higher, and higher level access cards to move throughout the military facility so that they could put their abilities to use in different fields.

**“I’m not afraid! It’s just... there were no lights in here when we came in, right? And the front entrance had a warning about unauthorized access. I’m just not sure if we’re supposed to be here. Maybe Ironwood made a mistake when he upgraded our cards?”** There was nothing about this series of chambers that suggested *anyone* should be there, honestly. In fact, most desks and chair were covered entirely in dust.

Was there a project down here that had long been abandoned? That was the only thing that the ex-heiress could really imagine, knowing her homeland’s military as she did. They were the ones that created Penny Polendina after all – who knew what else they might have concocted, or at least *tried* to concoct. It was only dimly lit by emergency lights, which didn’t help with its decrepit, abandoned appeal.

But Ruby, being Ruby? She didn't really see it the same way. **“Well we're here, aren't we? Besides, its just a bunch of rooms with computers! What could go wrong!?! Maybe we'll bump into a cool secret or something!?! Not like Ironwood can blame us anyways.”** In her mind, because Ironwood had given them their cards, if they weren't supposed to be here then it wasn't really *their* fault at all!

The two of them passed through a strangely vacant room. It gave Weiss the willies, seeing as it was pure white and lacked anything other than the steel, sliding doors on either side. There was absolutely *nothing* inside, which begged the question: what would a room like this be used for? Before Weiss could wonder this aloud to Ruby though, the young leader had bolted through the door on the other side.

*...Only for it to close behind her.*



In fact, both doors had slid closed and locked, leaving the Schnee trapped inside. **“RUBY!?”** She ran to the door that her friend had disappeared behind and banged on it, hoping to get her attention. But in the end? There was literally no response, because Ruby was distracted. She hadn't even noticed that the door had closed behind her! She had run off in the first place because she had seen something glowing in the next room. A big, bright, red button that was just *asking* to be pressed.

Weiss, on the other hand? She was oblivious to the fact that this button existed, much less that Ruby had come to press it *before* noticing that Weiss was not with her. **“Uhh... Weiss?”** It was very possible that maybe, *just maybe*, she had just done an *oopsie*.

Back in the room, which had become more or less pitch black with the doors shut, the Schnee stumbled back from the door once exceedingly bright lights suddenly shone down from the ceiling above. It sounded as if there were mechanisms behind the walls just whirring to life. **“Wait, is this some sort of machine!?”** For what purpose, exactly!?! She

hardly had a chance to process a possibility before the lights grew even brighter, blinding the young woman temporarily.

When her vision returned, Weiss was befuddled by the state of her surroundings. No longer did she appear to be in that small, white room – and it looked more like she was standing in a factory of some sort. A factory lined with human-sized test tubes propped up vertically, it seemed. Feeling a little weary, she wandered over to the nearest one. And inside? There was a woman with short, white hair and a mole beneath her lip, naked as could be. **“Oh my god!”**

She stumbled back from the sight, the feeling of falling promptly possessing the young woman as *bare* feet hit the cold floor. In fact the entire room felt much chillier, and the cause was fairly blatant. **“What!? Where did my clothes go!?”** Why was she naked!? Just as naked as the woman in that tube!

What Weiss didn't realize, and what she *couldn't* have realized, was that she was no longer conscious. While it seemed like she had teleported, this world was actually a projection meant to ease in the purpose of the machine that Ruby had activated. If it seemed like something was impossible here, it likely was in the capacity that she was witnessing it. But that didn't mean that it wasn't also having an effect on the Weiss in the real world.

**“Ruby!? HEY! RUBY— ACK!?”** Desperate for help, she'd begun to cry out for her best friend's aid. The mental realm took note of this sudden outburst of emotion and muzzled the maiden quickly. Not literally nor physically – rather she found herself incapable of creating any sound with her mouth. This certainly didn't help with her fears any.

Try as she did to croak out a sound, it was little more than the raspy passing of air that squeaked out. On the other hand? The lips through which that air was escaping had begun to look *different*. The best term to describe it was that her lips appeared fuller, their natural gloss shinier than ever. Below and on the left side of these lips though, something brand new emerged. A black dot. A beauty mark. One Weiss had only *just* seen on the woman in the test tube.

Gradually, even the scar across her left eye filled in until it was no longer present.

**“...!?”** Incapable of screaming about things any longer, the girl flailed about wildly. Not that there was an audience to even see her doing so, but what if there was!? Wait, she wasn't technically alone, was she? There was that woman in the tube! Even if she looked like she was sleeping, maybe she could wake her up? But when Weiss ran up to it,

she was shocked to not only find the glass door open, but the pod itself was empty.

*For a time.*

Weiss *would* have screamed if she could, because something pushed her from behind. She fell right into the human-sized pod, smacking her face off the back wall in the process. With no shortage of desperate she pushed herself up and turned to escape, but by the time she did? The glass door was shut and wouldn't reopen no matter *how* hard she struck it.

*Why!?* *Let me out! Let me... out...?* Little by little her banging quieted, as did the panic the young woman felt about the entire situation. It was a strange feeling that had led to this, almost like her brain activity was slowly dulling.

In the meantime, some more dramatic changes to her visage had begun to occur. All at once, the girl's long, white hair fell from her shoulders – well, any length that was below the peak of her neck, anyways – spilling onto the floor beneath her where it eventually disappeared into thin air. What was left remained the natural, white color that every Schnee possessed, and yet the convenient bob it now fashioned was far less of a hassle. This would be much more ideal for *combat* than the style it had possessed before.

While her outburst had been lulled, Weiss feeling almost as if she were high now more than anything, it wasn't like she had been robbed of her ability to think. The issue? Those thoughts weren't *exactly* her own. It was still Weiss thinking them, but they didn't really sound at all like her. *It's a waste of resources to overreact. I need to conserve my energy.*

*Optimized.* A word that carried relevance to her mental state, and one that guided much of the transformation that was to follow. Then again, could increasing one's curves really be a point of optimization? Because that was *exactly* what happened next – and the ex-heiress hardly even reacted to it as it happened thanks to whatever force was repressing her ego.

To begin with, a strange firmness beset her bosom. Her nipples somehow looked harder than they should have been erect, and yet if you were to observe them a moment further you would see that the nipples themselves had grown perhaps a full coin size larger. It always had been an insecurity of Weiss', that her bosom was the smallest of her team. Even Ruby had outpaced her over the years!

Yet the ranking of *'Team RWBY breast sizes from smallest to largest'* would have to be rearranged, what with how the flesh of her tits jiggled to attention. It rippled as it surged, the bounce pleasant and natural. Yet with each size it grew, the bounce quickly firmed up in a way that didn't *quiet* seem authentic. Were those breasts, now D-cups, even made of natural, human flesh? Considering the gloss her entire body had begun to earn within the tube, it seemed that this was a question better asked more broadly.

In tandem with Weiss' thoughts growing more subdued, so too had the beating of her heart. Never did it reach a point where she could potentially be declared dead, but in truth? That would really depend on what your definition of being 'alive' was in the first place. Because it was happening beneath the woman's skin, it wasn't something readily visible.

But it had occurred. An entire overhaul of her inner workings, stealing away flesh and blood and replacing it with artificial counterparts. Her bones were a good example of this, having hardened into a titanium skeleton that was far more durable than any human bones, controlled by circuits and cooled by a coolant that was pushed through her veins by a *pump* constructed from her old, human heart.

Even her skin was much more durable now. It may have *felt* like human skin to the touch, but no regular blade could possibly cut it, nor could a regular gun pierce it. Every fiber of her exterior had been reinforced, and yet she appeared convincingly human. Except, however, for her eyes. They remained blue, but the hue of them turned icier, almost steely as if to represent the subdued presence that had been enforced on her personality. Those irises weren't normal, either. They were cameras that could analyze all sorts of things, even change vision modes, if Weiss knew how to control them. She didn't.

Not yet anyways.

The woman's torso did not change much short of her swollen breasts, but her legs? Her hips? Her thighs? The scope of it all was far more significant as you mouthed south of her tummy. Weiss had actually grown three inches, and yet those inches were *only* applied to the length of her legs. It made her look unusually lanky in the beginning, but as everything else began to blossom, it instead began to appear downright *enticing*.

Beginning with the breadth of her hips, they swung almost *twice* as wide as they had once been, which inadvertently buckled her knees for a spell and spread the limited weight of her rear thin so that it was like Weiss

had no ass at all. And yet that was only temporary, and her ass ultimately returned with the *vengeance*.

In a similar fashion to her tits, her butt swelled in steps – jiggling about and then tightening into an unnatural firmness over and over. Had she been dressed this undoubtedly would have been an uncomfortable affair what with the sheer *scale* of the growth, but fortunately she was still naked. Little by little her cheeks blossomed, making excellent use of a canvas that had been spread impossibly wide by her newfound hips.

The weight curved dramatically off of the base of her back, creating a notable ramp while the canyon between her cheeks, an ample ass crack, grew deeper and darker with each passing moment. Were Weiss active at the time, the weight of her cheeks rising and falling with each step would have possessed a notable bounce even *with* their false firmness in place. It was certainly the kind of ass that you would never be able to take your eyes off of.

This pleasant mass found her thighs as well, and yet even with the gratuitous gap left between them with her hips as wide as they were, they never swelled to the point of properly filling them. Instead they bloated around the full diameter of her legs, strange indentations wrapping around the peak of her right thigh. It almost looked as if she was accustomed to wearing a thigh high that was far too tight on that leg? Strange.

*Disengage. Rest. Reawaken.*

Weiss' thoughts sounded more like the commands given to a computer more than anything now, and considering her mind was entirely digital? That wasn't exactly a far cry from the truth. Lengthened lashed fluttered closed, and the next they opened? She was standing still in a room of white light. Familiar, and yet strangely unfamiliar at the exact same time.

Whatever mechanisms were concealed behind the walls, floor, and ceiling of the room? They eventually dimmed in noise along with the brightness of the lights. Not that it mattered to the android that stood with uniformity in the room's center, for her artificial eyes had adjusted to the brightness of its beams long ago. Silently the woman stood there, now branded as *YoRHa No. 2 Type-B*, or just



2B for short according to the programming that guided her will.

She remained silent even as the door in front of her whooshed open, and a girl with short, dark hair dressed like she was from a fairy tale burst forth, clad in a crimson cape. **“Weiss!?! Weiss, is that you!?! Oh no! What did that machine do!?! It’s all my fault! Not to mention you’re naked!”** Weiss? Who was Weiss? The name sounded extremely familiar to 2B, and yet she couldn’t exactly place it either. It wasn’t a name that was even recorded to her memory banks, which made its nostalgic sound even stranger.

All that 2B knew was that a human now stood in front of her, and as an android it was her duty to make sure she remained safe. The best course of action now would be to clarify the girl’s confusion, correct? **“I am not familiar with this Weiss that you speak of. I am YoRHa No. 2 Type-B, or 2B for short. A YoRHa-type android created for the sake of protecting humanity.”**

Of course from Ruby’s perspective, none of that made a lick of sense. She was an android? Like Penny? But she looked much more *human*. She also didn’t have the foggiest idea what a *YoRHa* was. Was it a project that the Atlas military had been working on? Not *exactly*. But 2B’s creation was the result of a machine that turned humans into living weapons, one branded far too dangerous for use. And thus the project had been scrapped.

Not that the Huntress had any knowledge of this. Android lady or not, her mind reached for the best case scenario. **“Oh! So you’re not Weiss, then? That’s good! Maybe she escaped! Do you know if anyone else walked through here? A girl a little older than me? Really long hair? Scar over her eye? An attitude bigger than her height?”** Were Weiss even Weiss anymore, she likely would have been *very* offended by all that.

**“Negative. I am the only one on this floor aside from you.”**

**“Hmm... A mystery is afoot! We really need to find you some clothing first, though...”**