

SIS-TEAR

BIWEEKLY STORY #53

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“No way, Weiss! Yang is totally the best big sister!”

“You keep saying that Ruby. I don’t disagree that Yang is great, but in certain areas she doesn’t hold a candle to Winter.”

“Yang is the best big sister!”

“Winter is!”

THUMP! Clearly having heard enough, Blake Belladonna slammed her book rather loudly. Before getting up from her seat on the lower bunk and moving towards the dorm room exit. They had been staying at the lodgings provided by Ironwood for a few days now, and in that short time things had already devolved to how casually they all spoke back in Beacon. Which wasn’t necessarily a bad thing, but... **“I’m going out for a bit. You two can keep doing... whatever this is, but I sincerely *wish* you figure it out before I get back.”** She was just going to go train with Yang, it seemed like less of a hassle then listening to Ruby and Weiss bicker with one another.

Little did Blake, or any of them, really know, they were being listened in on. By a force that would make Blake’s wish come true. Well, more or less. There wouldn’t really be any ‘figuring out’ as much there would be *‘being forced to accept both answers as correct in the uncanniest of ways’*.

“Oh, sorry Blake! I didn’t realize we were- *HUH!?*” Honestly? Ruby had felt pretty badly about upsetting Blake. Weiss and herself had

been acting childish, but they were just goofing off. It hadn't been harmful, but yeah. She could definitely see why Blake might have gotten upset. And yet? Mid-apology, something had gone awry. The entire world around her had changed, and she was no longer standing in the dorm room they had been assigned.

She was standing in Ironwood's command room?

“How did I get here? Shoot! I'll probably get in serious trouble if I'm caught!” Her first thought was that it might have been the work of someone's Semblance. Teleportation? An illusion? No, the latter didn't sound very probable, and standing around was probably the worst thing she could do. Team RWBY had been trying to keep Ironwood's trust, but if he found an unauthorized party in his most important of rooms? That trust would be shattered.

Reactively moving towards the door, though? Ruby suddenly stopped, for something about her movements felt a little odd. Not the moving itself, but her clothes? They felt *way* too loose. Once she got a good look at them it was immediately made clear *why*. **“Huh? Isn't this the uniform Winter wears?”** White pants a button-up blue petticoat beneath a tailed jacket. Long boots, sleeves that were open at the shoulders... even black gloves! It absolutely was Winter's outfit! Not a *lick* of it fit, though.

The Huntress was fairly sure those pants were going to fall off at any second, and since they were fastened to those oversized boots with garters... she held them up with her hands for dear life. **“They're going to fall; they're going to fall!”** Somehow Ruby didn't think things could get any worse than *'being caught in Ironwood's command room'*, but *'being caught in Ironwood's command room in Winter Schnee's clothes with her pants down'* was *infinitely* worse.

Forget the fact that the petticoat was hanging off her body like a blanket, losing her pants was a much more pressing concern. And what was with the underwear!? She could feel it since she had her fingers beneath the hem line to hold the pants up, and it was super stringy! Was this the kind of underwear adults wore? Well... *yes*.

Much to Ruby's surprise, however, the risk of Winter's pants falling from her waist seemed to alleviate somewhat. She only realized because the hem of the pants suddenly pinched her fingers out of nowhere, forcing her to pull them out. **“OW! What the heck!?”** There had been so much space between the pants and her hips before, so how had *that* happened!? Actually, why were things so wobbly? It felt like she had been robbed of her balance in its entirety, and she had to throw a hand against the nearest wall to make sure she didn't fall over.

“Whoa!? Wait... Was I always this tall?” Heeled boots aside, she definitely felt like she was looking more downward at Ironwood’s desk than she had at first. It was also getting further away, little by little. **“Uh...”** This realization had torn Ruby’s attention away from the pants, but she suddenly remembered when she looked down to check out her height. **“Again: WHOA!?”** Her hips were just *bulging out* with all of the appeal of an adult woman. No wonder the pants hadn’t fallen down!

Her hips were merely the beginning, the first strike on a drum that was the song of transformation. The girl’s point of view growing certainly hadn’t been for show in the least and was just a small part of it, as she grew into the hips she now bore. But what was more miraculous, the more notable notes in this song, came from what swelled around her hips. Her thighs and her ass? Well, before long, all that excess room in Winter’s pants would be occupied.

There was no denying that Weiss’ sister had some very impressive curves. Even Ruby, who wasn’t at all sexually minded, had taken notice of them. She had wide hips and very thick thighs, and her butt really pushed out the coattails of her jacket. These were all features that the girl would soon find to be her own, fat pouring rapidly into her lower half to see these regions bear fruit.

As her ass blew up, it pushed out the rear of the pants quite splendidly. Evidently Winter only wore attire that fit snugly, for the cheeks pushed the pants to their absolute limit, so much that they hugged and even highlighted the indentation of her ass crack. It pulled the thong she was wearing tightly as well, which led to Ruby squirming uncomfortably as it slid across her genitals in the front. **“W-Weird!”** How else was she supposed to describe it? **“Huh? What’s up with my voice now?”** It was way too deep, and strangely *serious*.

Pants clung tightly to her legs too, thighs bulging not only with fat but a muscle mass of the likes the girl shouldn’t have possessed. She was fit of course, but this was something else. It was like the strength of a woman who had been dedicating herself to making sure she was in peak physical condition. As Ruby grew taller still, the garters that were attached to her boots appeared to tense up as well, and only the whole she had quite the sexy lower half. While unseen, even the color of Ruby’s pubes had paled to white and were trimmed meticulously neat. Her feet even fit in the boots now!

Wait, why was she celebrating? ***THIS WAS CLEARLY A PROBLEM!***

A problem that was continuing. Ruby had yet to notice, and wouldn’t until it was too late, but age had been pouring into her facial features.

No, maybe not *simply* age. There was a full on reconstruction at work. Her face on the whole was narrower and leaner, a maturity about her features that would never come to fruition even if she had naturally aged. Instead, she was looking like a completely different woman altogether. A woman with big, plump lips, and an angular nose. A woman whose eyes were firm and icy blue. Like a woman who was a Schnee.

Were that not telling enough on its own, the streaks of white that found their way into her hair pretty much sold it. Ruby was turning into Winter Schnee, at least physically. As it whitened, her hair gradually grew longer and found itself pulled into a neat bun in the back, with lengthy bangs casting themselves across her right eye. Confused by the hairs obscuring her line of sight, Ruby raised a gloved hand to brush them away... but they just fell back to where they'd been. "*Pfft! Pfffft!*" Not even trying to blow them away worked. But hey! Since when had the gloves fit!?

She was essentially the spitting image of Winter Schnee now. Well, except for one especially important area. Weiss wasn't very well endowed, which made it all the more surprising to Ruby that her sister *was*. Or perhaps it was more accurate to say: it was all the more surprising that *she* was now becoming very well endowed. Like a pair of inflatable balloons, her bosom rapidly expanded and forced the front of her petticoat and jacket forward. They slid properly into the fit of Winter's bra, nipples even tucking themselves neatly into the points that had been etched into the brassiere with increased wear.

"Uh... This isn't real, right? I'm having some sort of super weird dream?" Ruby was padding her body with her hands, and despite being Winter's spitting image, her personality *seemed* to remain in tact. At least, until she heard the beep of the command room's security door. **"Oh crud, I'm gonna get caught!"** Anxiety seized her, and it definitely got worse when the bearded Ironwood walked in. But she... blurted something out, almost as if on auto-pilot. **"Sir!"**

Her posture had tensed, and she'd saluted him as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Ironwood didn't even question it. **"Oh, Winter. I didn't realize you were here. I forgot one of the files for Amity Coliseum, but you...?"**

He was looking for an explanation? She didn't have one! What was she supposed to do? Admit that she was actually Ruby!? **"Sir! Something was bothering me about the reports of the murders taking place down on Mantle. I came to look into the details."** WHAT WAS HAPPENING!? It was like, because she was in Ironwood's presence, some kind of Winter mode had been activated. She couldn't break character! Actually, all she had honestly felt for Ironwood in that

moment was unyielding respect. It was like Winter's feelings were blending with her own, ever so slightly.

THIS. WAS. TERRIBLE!

“Wait. Where on Remnant *am* I!?” Back in the dorm room, Weiss had been sitting on the bottom bunk opposite Blake while arguing with Ruby over sister superiority. She had expected to remain there so long as she didn't get up, too, but now? She was sitting on a bench in what looked – *and smelled* – to be a gym. It was vacant other than herself, and the décor? She was still in the Atlas base. Was it the gym Yang had gone off to train at earlier? **“Okay. None of this makes *any* sense.”**

You know what made even less sense? The fact that, when she looked down, she was wearing only a pair of black yoga pants and a matching sports bra that absolutely didn't fit. Actually, hadn't she seen this outfit before? It was *totally* Yang's. But why was *she* wearing it? And why was it *wet*? **“Actually? *That* explains the smell.”** Yang's sweat? She was wearing Yang's sweaty clothes, and that was rather gross.

It appeared there was a changing room attached to the gym. Were her own clothes in there? None of this really made sense, but at the same time Weiss had nowhere else she could really go without any answers.

As she had been about to head that way, however, the sound of something clacking against the ground rung throughout the vacant gym, a sound accompanied by a peculiar lightness on her right arm. **“Hm? What was... *that*?”** Her stomach churned, the girl catching sight of what had hit the ground and her own arm at the same time. Or rather, her own arm (on the ground) and the absence of an arm (where an arm should have been). **“M-My arm!?! No...”** Weiss had to calm herself. The arm on the ground was mechanical – just like Yang's. And her shoulder? It had a mount on it for installing that arm. But where had *her* arm gone?

Adding insult to very literal injury, something felt off about her left arm as well. Thankfully, it was still there, but all of her muscles were convulsing. Convulsing and... *growing*? Her arm was swelling with great power, muscles rippling to life in shapes she recognized. Like her fallen arm resembled Yang's, so too did this arm of flesh, muscle, and bone. It was a trend that had consequences that reached as far as her fingertips, where her immaculately kept nails had frayed, and a plethora of callouses born from a brawler's fighting style had hardened on the surface. Her abs and pecs were likewise treated to bulging girth, legs rippling with so much strength that her hips were inadvertently parted in the process.

Without thinking, Weiss even brushed strands of blonde hair out of her eyes. **“Wait... blonde? Am I turning into Yang!?”** Saying it out loud, it was even more unbelievable than she had first assumed. She could be transforming into her friend, could she? What could even cause that? Well... she actually knew the answer. *Someone* in the world had to possess a Semblance with that sort of ability, didn't they? Once again, she cast aside blonde strands. They were becoming more abundant, her once neat bangs growing frumpier by the second. On the other hand, the length of her hair overall was shrinking from her ankles to just past her butt, the body of it all golden and wavy.

“This cannot be happening. I will stab myself if I start babbling off puns.” Not that there had been any sign of mental change, but she could certainly hear it in her voice. She was sounding very *Yang-y*. Becoming Yang, if temporary, might not be too bad though, right? After all, she had pretty big... **“Yep.”**

Apparently, she had willed them into existence. The feeling of mass accumulating beneath her tiny breasts was strangely sensual, but simultaneously uncomfortable? Weiss wasn't sure if she could really label the feeling properly, but it didn't change that her own bosom had begun to swell against the sweaty sports bra. Nipples grew erect because the bra was as cold as it was damp, and what rose from the breasts Weiss was so self-conscious of were a pair of D-cups that put her old sizing to shame. She had always wondered what tits of this size might feel like. But now? If her body hadn't become stronger, she realized, there is no way she would have been able to support them.

“These are kind of nice I guess, and that also means that my butt as well...?” Unlike Ruby, who had been freaking out, Weiss was taking things more in stride even as her ass began to grow. She was under the impression that this was *probably* temporary (*even though it wasn't*) and freaking out would just make it worse. Her sole hand rubbed the curvature of her rear while those cheeks inflated, quickly filling the athletic shorts, and bringing further volume to thighs that were already thick with muscle. Beneath these shorts, her meticulously kept white pubes had grown into a golden forest by comparison.

All that was really left was her face. Everything else about her was Yang's spitting image. But that was a fleeting discrepancy, for icy blue eyes finding their colored footing in the land of purple led the charge for a complete reshuffling of facial traits. She earned Yang's plump, kissable lips, her strong jaw line, her soft but firm golden brows... Yup, she looked exactly like Ruby's sister now. **“I think it's done? But now what do I do? Did this happen to anyone else?”** Weiss had plenty

of questions on how to proceed, only for her plans to end up completely dashed as the door from the changing rooms opened...

And Blake walked in, dressed in workout attire.

“Yang? Ruby and Weiss were bickering, so I thought I’d come workout with you for a while... Er... Did you drop your arm?”

Weiss felt a little offended by the insinuation that she had done anything wrong, but what was the play here? Could she pull off a convincing enough Yang? Fortunately, it didn’t matter, because like a switch had been flipped, she merely began to parrot the exact things Yang might say and do in this situation.

But why? **“They were acting that way, huh? Well, I can’t really blame ‘em after how things have been lately.”** ‘Oh gee, thanks me.’ **“Yeah, it fell off when I was doing reps. Do you want to help me reattach it? I can do it myself, but I could show you... if you want.”** What *was* this feeling? Why were her cheeks so red? Why had things suddenly gotten so awkward?

...Had she just been cursed into a romantic relationship with one of her friends, as another one of her friends?

Good lord.

The damage had been done. From this point on, neither Ruby nor Weiss would be able to act as themselves without being alone, or at least in the company of another affected by the same Semblance. And they longer they went without acting as their old selves? The more their new personalities bled into the old. They would never truly forget who they had once been, but over time it was only inevitable that Ruby would blend more into Winter, and Weiss would blend more into Yang.

Incidentally, the Semblance was one that required the same number of parties to be input as they were output. So at the time Ruby and Weiss had transformed? Winter and Yang had been transported back to Team RWBY’s down and transformed into Ruby and Weiss. This meant that, at least, three members of Team RWBY could discuss their situation when Blake was absent.

But Winter—er, *Ruby*? She wasn’t so lucky.