

SWXY (Sluttification, Breast/Butt Expansion, RWBY)

Dangling over the side of her bed, Ruby stared at the ceiling and kicked her legs and blew a raspberry. “Boooored... Boooooored... Boooooored...” Oobleck had held her behind after class, leaving the rest of her team to go on a mission without her. Left all alone, she had no choice but to amuse herself...

Soon enough, the blood rushing to her head became too much to bear. With a groan, she sat up and spun around, taking several seconds to shake away her dizziness. Sliding down to the floor, she stretched and smacked her lips. What could she do on her own?

Her stomach grumbled; her eyes lit up. Of course! She could always eat something! Rushing back to her bunk, she rummaged under her pillow and found... nothing? She blinked in shock. Where was her secret stash of cookies? Her hand settled on a note; she pulled it out.

Hello, Ruby. You're reading this because I'm sick of being woken up in the middle of the night by your incessant chewing! So I've taken your midnight snacks and tossed them straight in the trash. Do NOT attempt to eat them out of the garbage! -W

“Weiss!” With a cry of despair, Ruby rushed to the waste bin, but it had already been emptied. Stumbling back, she took two steps and collapsed from hunger. How could Weiss do this to her? Now she was going to starve! ...At least she still had the sugar in her emergency stash, but she was saving that till graduation.

Ten seconds later, her sense of hunger had vanished, though her boredom hadn't. Sitting up, Ruby looked left and right. Surely there was *something* she could do on her own...

Her eyes drifted back to her and Weiss's bunk bed, and a dirty little thought occurred to her. Oh yes. There was definitely *one* thing she could do on her own~.

...Rummage through Weiss's stuff!

Bounding over to Weiss's bedside cabinet, she wasted no time in yanking open the drawers and taking a peek inside. What she found was pretty depressing.

“Hairbrush? Boring. Make-up kit. Boring. ...Love letters? From Jaune? That's more interesting. But mostly it's just sad.”

Just as she was about to go back to rolling on the floor, Ruby came to the final drawer. Tugging it open, she frowned to find nothing more than a simple shoebox. Taking it out and opening it, she found another, smaller, box inside. Frowning, she flicked a glance at the door. Why would Weiss have filled her drawer with old boxes?

Opening one after another, she soon found an answer. Buried inside like the smallest child of a Matryoshka was something hard and cold to the touch. Metal? Tightening her grip, she dragged it out.

The object turned out to be a little metal case, like the kind Weiss normally used to store her Dust, but considerably smaller. Ruby's eyes lit up at once. Who knew what kinda fun stuff Weiss had inside here! Unfortunately, it was padlocked.

Biting her lip, Ruby turned the numbers absently. What kinda of number would Weiss use as the code.

A thought occurred to her. "One... one... one... er... one. There, that's the number I put on all my locks!"

With a click, the lock came undone. "Yes!" With a squeal of glee, Ruby tossed the lock aside, flicked one last glance over her shoulder to make sure Weiss hadn't *already* caught her in the act, and finally opened the box.

As she looked inside, all color drained from her face, before swiftly returning as a vibrant red, almost as bright as her cloak. Slamming the box shut, she looked away for several seconds, smoldering at what she'd just seen.

Finally, curiosity got the better of her. Heart pounding, she opened the box again.

Inside, she found... *things*. Plastic things. Some of them long, short of them short, all of them girthy. One looked a little like a microphone, complete with a switch to turn it on, but when she clicked it, it started vibrating. Shaken, she dropped it.

Alongside the plastic *things* were photographs. Curious, Ruby picked one up and turned an even deeper shade of red. Was that J-Jaune? Taking a shower?! Wh-who exactly had taken these?

Besides the picture of Jaune, there were several of Ren and Sun and a number of other male students. Flicking through them, Ruby couldn't help but notice how little the pictures concealed: aside from the steam and the moisture on the lens, Weiss—or whoever had taken them—had captured everything.

Savoring one particularly complete view of Jaune's lower half, Ruby flinched at the sound of someone outside the dorm. For several seconds, she sat there in silence, heart thudding louder than an alarm, until at last the footsteps passed her by and she was free to breathe again.

Slipping the photo back into the case, she slammed it shut and pushed it away. She—she needed to hide all this stuff before the others got back! If Weiss figured out she'd found it, she'd skewer her on *Myrtenaster*.

As she went to pick it up, however, something occurred to her. Hadn't there been something *else* in the box? Flicking another glance at the door, she opened the case back up and brushed aside the photographs. Sure enough, beneath them she found a tiny vial of Dust, so small you could have swallowed the capsule whole. 'WARNING:' read its label. 'HIGHLY POTENT!'

Curiosity flaring, Ruby's fear of discovery sputtered out and died. "What kind of Dust is this?" she asked, raising the vial high. It sparkled in the light through the window.

Popping the cap, she poured a little of the stuff onto her finger and raised it to her nose. It smelled intoxicating. Heady, like the world's most obvious perfume. It wasn't a bad smell though. In fact, she kinda liked it...

Holding her finger a little closer, she took another sniff. ...And sneezed as Dust got up her nose. Her head snapped back, and the vial flew from her hands, trailing its fine pink contents like a plume of colored smoke. Ruby could only sit there and stare as the cloud rose, fading slowly into the air.

Horror welled in her stomach. "No! No!" Grabbing the empty vial, she leapt to her feet and made several futile attempts to scoop the rapidly sublimating Dust back inside it. When this failed, she bit her lip and, looking around, rushed to her bed, where she grabbed a bag of sugar from her emergency stash and hurriedly filled it. Popping the cap closed, she raised it and studied in, biting her lip. This would work, right? Weiss would totally believe this was her special Dust, wouldn't she?

Footsteps in the corridor. With a scream, Ruby hurriedly slipped the vial back into the box, slammed it shut, and reapplied the combination lock. She barely had it back in the drawer before the door opened.

"...and I said, 'well, if that's what you think, you're eating the wrong kind of banana!'" A big grin on her face, Yang strode into the room.

A blushing Blake followed shortly behind her. "Yang! I told you not to tell people about that!"

By the bed, Ruby sighed in relief. "Yang! Blake! Oh thank God it's just you—I thought you were Weiss! Quick, you need to help me fix this before—"

Weiss stepped into the room, eyes tight. "Fix *what*?" she said, gaze snapping straight to Ruby. "What have you broken this time, you little menace?"

Ruby audibly eeped. "N-nothing!" she cried. "I was just making a bad joke!"

Weiss only tightened her eyes. "If I climb into bed and it breaks in half again, I'm going to stick *Myrtenaster* so far up your butt..."

"Eep!"

Closing the door behind her, Weiss took a sniff of the air. "What's that smell?" she asked.

"There *is* a smell!" cried Yang, throwing herself into bed. "I thought I was going crazy. It smells like a brothel in here!"

Ruby bit her tongue. "I-I—I'm just trying out some new perfume," she said meekly, pressing her fingertips together.

Weiss snorted. "Well, maybe try something a little subtler. You smell like a prostitute."

"Th-thanks for the advice," said Ruby, meekly.

"Mmn." With one last suspicious look, Weiss took a seat on her bed. Ruby hovered beside her, trying to block her view of the drawers, just in case.

"What are you doing?" asked Weiss, looking up at her.

"J-just stretching my calves!" She leaned forward and back, forward and back.

"Well do it somewhere else!"

"R-right!" Sweating all over, Ruby leapt back up to her own bed and knelt, looking down at the room below as if afraid it would explode. This was bad! This was really bad! It was only a matter of time before Weiss looked in her drawer, and as soon as she did—! Kaboom! Ruby's chest hurt just thinking about.

Actually, her chest felt *really* weird. Absently, she rubbed herself, shivering at how sensitive she felt. Was she finally having the growth spurt Yang had talked about?

Before she figured it out, Weiss leaned over and opened her drawer. Ruby squealed. "Weiss, wait!" She practically threw herself off the bunk bed in her attempt to stop her.

"What?" cried Weiss, looking up at her. On the other side of the room, Blake and Yang had stopped reading to stare too.

"I... I, um, just wanted to apologize for waking you up at night. With my, um, midnight snacks."

Weiss's features softened a little. "Oh, I see. You found my note. Well, apology accepted, Ruby. So long as it doesn't happen again." She squinted at Ruby's chest, smile drooping. "Honestly, it's probably best if you cut down on the cookies. It looks like all that sugar is catching up to you."

"O-oh, okay." Blushing, Ruby sat back. Her boobs audibly sloshed as she came to a stop.

Down below, Weiss sniffed and wrinkled her nose. "Urgh, I can't get that awful scent out of my nose! Just how much of it did you spray?"

"Sorry," said Ruby, trying to keep herself calm. She rolled onto her front, intending to bury her face in the pillows, but for some reason it made her feel really uncomfortable. Biting her lip, she spun back onto her back and lay there looking up at the ceiling. Urgh, and now her butt felt all weird too.

Turning onto her side, she slipped a hand under her skirt and massaged herself through her tights. Her cheeks felt like a pair of beanbags under her hands, soft and malleable. Had they always been so large? Maybe Weiss hadn't been wrong about cutting down on the sugar...

As she rubbed the ache out of her butt, the heat that had formed in Ruby's groin flared, growing hotter with the second. Spinning back onto her back (and having to bite her lip to keep herself from moaning as the bed squished her butt), she closed her eyes and crept her fingers downward... She couldn't do anything crazy while the others were here, but a little touch wouldn't-

The instant her fingers caught her sex, she flinched like she'd touched a live socket. She jerked back, groin on fire, and only managed to avoid screaming because she'd bitten her tongue in her shock.

"Urgh!" cried Weiss. "Stop bouncing up there! I thought you wanted to make *less* noise? I'm trying to study!"

"S-sorry!" With her eyes open, Ruby could only look down at herself and gape at what she found there. What was going on?!

To start with, she couldn't see her skirt or, indeed, most of her lower half. A pair of dark mounds blocked her line of sight like a pair of gigantic hills—atop each squatted a smaller mound, as if the hills had little houses on them. Pinching one, Ruby almost squealed again. Belatedly, she realized they were her nipples, pressing through the fabric of her combat outfit like they were trying to escape.

W-what happened to my boobs?! Heart pounding, she raised a pair of trembling hands and took her breasts between them, squeezing experimentally. Like lightning, pleasure surged through her form, making her screw up her eyes and bite her lip to keep herself from screaming. When she released them, they audibly sloshed as they jiggled to a stop, bouncing like a pair of over-filled water balloons. She breathed in and out, ragged. She'd never seen anything like it.

Eyes wide, she pressed them together and released them. *Bo-woing!* It was like squeezing two giant sacks of gelatin.

Meanwhile, the fire in her groin continued to grow, flaring hotter and hotter and hotter with every passing second until she couldn't think of anything but sating it. Sucking in as deep a breath as she dared take, she slipped her legs off the side of the bed, dropped to the floor, and made a run for the toilet. "I just need to use the little girl's room!" she cried, slamming the door behind her.

The rest of her team shared a glance.

"Urgh," said Weiss. "The smell's *still* here."

In the restroom, Ruby threw herself at the counter and stared at herself in the mirror as if she'd never seen herself before. The Ruby Rose looking back at her from the glass wasn't the Ruby Rose who'd woken up this morning, certainly. She looked as if someone had taken two of her, squished them together, and redistributed all the excess mass to two spots in particular.

Cupping her boobs, Ruby gasped at how heavy they felt. When she lifted them, she moaned, even the slightest movement sending a jolt of pleasure roaring through her, and when she released them, she moaned again, unable to bear it—her breasts, bloated to ten or more times their former size, jiggled like they were alive and sloshed like a pair of milk churns. Eyes wide, she picked them up and squeezed them together, making from one fat pudding spill over the other. Ecstasy ripped through her form; she dropped them and doubled over, barely able to resist the urge to finger herself on the spot.

As she regained her breath, she felt another tingling in her behind, similar to the one in her breasts, if slightly less electric. Spinning around, she hefted her skirt and looked over her shoulder, gasping at the monster reflected in the glass. Two hefty lumps had been stapled to her ass—it looked for all the world like someone had stuffed balloons down her tights, but when she squeezed them they squished, visibly stretchy, taut and perky to the touch. She bit her lip and struggled not to moan as a fresh pang of pleasure struck her groin. What was happening to her? Was it the Dust? How could she make it stop?!

When she spun back around, her boobs seemed even larger than before. Her nipples, large as fists now, stretched through the fabric as if threatening to tear it. Her combat uniform, shockingly, seemed to have taken the transformation in stride, warping to accept her new curves. Her bra was definitely working overtime; it should have snapped six or more cup sizes ago! How was it still holding together?

Studying her reflection, she found a swift answer. Even as she watched in shock, her combat skirt rose, losing length as if shriveling in the way. With a squeal, she grabbed its edge and struggled to pull it back down, but all it seemed to do was speed the process up. In seconds, it concealed next to nothing.

Sweat poured from Ruby's brow. The Dust was affecting her clothes as well?!

Exposed, the top of her tights promptly melted, running down her legs until they'd reduced to a pair of stockings. They gripped her fattened thighs tight, as if to emphasize how thick they'd become.

"N-no!" cried Ruby, still struggling to pull her skirt down. How could she make it stop?!

From outside the restroom came the sound of footsteps. With a squeal, Ruby rushed to the nearest cubicle. Slamming the door behind her, she stood there, heart pounding, her skin drenched with sweat, and watched as the upper half of her outfit copied the bottom: first her cincher melted away, and her blouse shortened like her skirt, hem rising till it barely even covered her nipples, let alone the undersides of her massively swollen boobs. With a squeal, she struggled to pull it down, but her top resisted as if it were made of rubber. Where her bra had gone, she had no idea.

Struggling to cover her breasts had another downside. As she touched them and jiggled them, rubbing her nipples in the process, tens of tiny jolts of ecstasy raced out of her boobs and slammed into her mind. She screwed up her eyes, biting her lip to keep herself from moaning as the fire in her sex went inferno. She felt so wet she couldn't bear it.

Face red, her enormous new chest rising and falling like a pair of hills in an earthquake, Ruby Rose finally moaned and threw herself onto the toilet, hurrying to pull down her panties and sate her aching sex. Her relief escaped her body in a wild scream of ecstasy.

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Weiss flipped through her textbook with a frown, occasionally pausing to adjust her top or fan herself with a brochure. That awful perfume scent seemed to have faded away, but the humidity that had replaced it was almost worse. What was going on here? Were they in a heatwave or something? It was the middle of winter!

On the other side of the room, Blake's bed creaked as she shifted. "Ruby's been a long time..." she said. "You don't think she's sick, do you?"

"Relax," replied Yang. "She'll be fine. She's a big girl."

Weiss snorted. "She probably just got distracted by a particularly funny bug, or something equally inane."

"Come on, Weiss," said Blake. "She's more mature than *that*."

Weiss snapped her book shut with a huff. "You wouldn't say that if you could hear her crunching those awful cookies in the middle of the night!" To punctuate this sentence, she turned on the bed to throw her dormmate her classic icy gaze. Instead, she frowned at what she saw on the lower bunk. "...Yang, are you... trying a new bra?"

Yang snapped her own book shut to look at her. "What?" she said, one eyebrow raised. "What the hell are you talking about? What makes you think I'm wearing a new bra?"

"I mean a push-up," said Weiss, struggling to meet Yang's eyes. She hated talking about such intimate topics.

"No, I'm not wearing a push-up," said Yang, snorting at the idea. "Why the hell would I wear a push-up?"

Weiss blushed, wishing she'd never spoken. "Well, I just thought you looked especially..." She chewed the air for the right word. "...well-endowed today."

Blinking, Yang looked down and cupped her breasts. "W-wait, really?" she said, a smirk playing on her face. "You think I look bigger?"

Weiss turned red and looked away. “Urgh,” she said, shielding her face. “Forget I said anything.”

Blake’s bunk creaked as she looked over the side. “Wow,” she said. “I’m not surprised you thought that, Weiss. Yang, have you changed your diet or something?”

“Yeah, yeah, eat it up, pussycat. We all know you love the view.”

“I’m serious!” said Blake, hopping down from her bed. “Yang, you look so much bigger!”

“Really?” said Yang, finally blushing. “W-well, you’re one to talk! Maybe you’re the one who’s been eating too much, Miss Fat Cat!”

“I never said you’d been eating too—What the hell do you mean by that?” Eyes wide, Blake traced Yang’s gaze to her hips and looked over her shoulder with a squeal. “What the fuck?!”

Weiss, who’d been trying to block this conversation out, looked up and went white. Ass filled her face, large and wide. She blushed.

“What the fuck?!” Looking back over her shoulder, Blake grabbed her generous rear and dug her hands deep into the fat. “When did I get so big?!”

“Blake!” cried Weiss, covering her face with her textbook.

“Jeez, Blake,” said Yang, “I know you like cake, but this is—”

“This isn’t funny, Yang!” Spinning around, she thrust her ass at the blonde’s face. “Look at me! I wasn’t half this size twenty minutes ago!”

Yang pulled away, face red, and squeezed her boobs again, as if to confirm they were real. “Okay,” she said, biting her lip. “M-maybe... Maybe something strange is happening.”

“What could have caused this?” cried Blake, squeezing her rotund cheeks together. When she released them, they made a wobbling sound as they settled back into shape, like they were full of jelly. “Is it an allergic reaction? Someone’s Semblance? Some kind of D—?”

She stopped. Slowly, she and Yang turned to Weiss. “Weiss?” said Blake, eyes tightening. “Are you testing more experimental Dust for your dad again?”

“What are you implying?” With a huff, Weiss leapt to her feet. “Are you really suggesting I’d test experimental Dust on my roommates without asking for their consent? You two are the only ones who are growing! If I’m responsible, why am I not—?”

Boing!

“...affected?” Blinking, Weiss looked down. And screamed.

Where once had lain two delicate, regal breasts befitting a graceful heiress, there now hung two fat, jiggling mountains of pudding-like flesh, crammed into her dress and threatening to spill out at any second. Squealing, she grabbed them and squeezed, unable to believe what she was seeing. This turned out to be a bad decision: the instant she touched them, pleasure seared her nerves and made her scream. Stumbling backward, she struck a cupboard and came to a stop sitting against it, panting. “M-my chest...”

“It’s not just your chest,” said Yang, sounding smug, despite the situation.

Belatedly, Weiss realized the cupboard didn’t feel as uncomfortable as it probably should. Pushing herself off, she looked back and squealed in horror.

From her combat skirt protruded the *second*-fattest ass she’d ever seen. It was only slightly smaller than Blake’s: two enormous lumps of flesh crammed into her panties, stretching them and her tights wide. Reaching back, she massaged them and groaned, eyes shaking in their sockets. “This... this isn’t possible!”

“Well it’s clearly happening!” snapped Blake. “If this isn’t your doing, whose is it?”

As Weiss struggled to reply, Yang gasped. As one, every eye in the room turned to her.

Pushing herself off the bed, the blonde looked back and grabbed her ass, groaning as it visibly swelled beneath her fingers. Like boots into mud, they sank deep into flesh. In seconds, she was (almost) as fat-bottomed as Blake.

The Faunus gasped in shock, stumbling back. “It’s getting worse,” she said, face flush. “Weiss, if you know what’s causing this, you need to tell us now, so we can stop it before—” *Boing!* With a scream, she cut off, clutching her chest and moaning as her top filled with tiffat. In seconds, she looked like someone had stuffed a pair of beachballs up her blouse. “Nn~! Weiss!”

“I don’t know what’s happening!” Groping her own rapidly-ripening melons, Weiss moaned, shivering as a flesh bolt of pleasure coursed through her. Her entire body felt so erogenous—it was like someone had taken a remote and turned her sensitivity up to eleven. Urgh! How much more was she going to grow?

Her assets weren’t the only things changing either. As she watched, her skirt rapidly shortened, exposing her thickened thighs and bloated butt, not to mention the tiny pair of white panties straining to conceal it. With a squeal, she hurried to pull it down. She didn’t have much success.

As she fumbled with her skirt, her dress twitched and shrivelled into a thin band around her breasts, failing to conceal even her chubby new nipples. Where her bra had gone, she had no idea. Squealing, she struggled to cover herself.

Blake and Yang were suffering similarly: as she watched, the former’s undershirt and shorts shriveled into a skimpy white bikini, while her boots warped into a pair of stripper’s.

Squealing, she stumbled back, heels clacking against the ground as she struggled to cover herself up.

Yang's outfit changed considerably less, though it had started off skimpier anyway. Her shorts shriveled like Blake's, and her skirt shortened like Weiss's, while her jacket snapped open, exposing her shrunken crop top. It held her boobs like a rubber band restraining a pair of melons, looking as though it would snap at any second. The fabric barely covered her swollen nipples.

Squeals filled the room as the three of them flailed to cover themselves. "It's affecting our clothing too?!" cried Blake.

"This is getting ridiculous!" cried Yang, struggling to lift her boobs—they wobbled in her hands like a pair of erotic jellies. "How are we meant to go outside like this?"

Trying and failing to cover her own body, Weiss moaned in sudden recollection. "Oh no. No no no no no. That little—!"

"Weiss?" cried Blake. "What's—?"

Ignoring her, Weiss rushed across the room to her bedroom side cabinet and threw herself to the floor, moaning as her heels dug into her ass and her knees into her boobs. Pulling open the bottom drawer, she rummaged through the cardboard box, drew out the metal case hidden inside it, and hurried to put the combination into the lock.

Blake and Yang watched, faces red, as Weiss cast aside sextoys and lewd photographs both. "Is... is that Sun?!" cried Blake, turning even redder.

At last, Weiss's fingers settled on a tiny glass vial. Snatching it out, she held it up and squinted. "No! No! I'm going to kill her! I'm going to ram *Myrtenaster* all the way through her!"

Throwing herself to her feet, she marched straight for the door. Blake grabbed her before she had a chance. "Weiss, what is it?"

It took Weiss several seconds to catch her breath. "*This*" she said, holding up the vial, "is a capsule of highly-potent, experimental body enhancement Dust!"

"It looks like sugar," said Yang, squinting.

"Because it *is* sugar!" cried Weiss. "It's supposed to be pink!"

"B-body enhancement?" said Blake, absently massaging a breast.

"It's supposed to make you more attractive!" cried Weiss. "A single sniff, and even the plainest woman could be a pornstar! My father thought it would be our best-selling product!"

"And that's why he gave it to you?" asked Blake. "To test it?"

Weiss flushed. "...Yes," she said, kicking the metal case and a loose dildo under the bed. "That's the reason."

"Okay, well, now we know what's happening," said Blake. "That's good, right? Now we can do whatever we have to do to get back to normal. ...Right?"

Weiss went silent.

"...Weiss?"

Weiss swallowed. "I... I don't know if there *is* a way back to normal. I-in all the tests, an overdose was permanent. Even their clothes were affected—they couldn't put on anything without it morphing into something like this." She swept her hands over her sluttified dress, grimacing at how much it exposed.

"P-permanent?" said Blake.

"You mean we're stuck like this?!" cried Yang. Her boobs bounced up and down for several long seconds, audibly jiggling.

Weiss bit her lip. "I—I don't know! It's still in testing! Maybe there's a cure we haven't discovered yet!"

Blake and Yang looked at her aghast.

"Wait a second," said Yang, at last. "You think Ruby's the one who exposed us to this stuff?"

Weiss nodded.

"Then..." Yang bit her lip. "She's out there now, probably looking even worse than us, and..."

"Perhaps we should hurry up and find her," said Blake.

With a furious snarl, Weiss wrenched open the door and flung herself through it...

...straight into something soft and jiggly.

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It took the restroom's other patrons seven minutes to finish their business and leave. In that time, Ruby came eleven times, and she was halfway towards orgasm number twelve when the door slammed shut and knocked her out of her reverie.

Jerking backward, she grabbed the walls of the cubicle for support and sat there panting as sanity returned to her. What was she doing? How had she gotten so carried away?

During her self-exploration, her body and clothes had changed even more, her curves growing even fatter, while her outfit shriveled to better show it off. Her panties, formerly so

plain, had morphed into a tight, lacy parody that wouldn't have looked out of place on a professional escort, while a tattoo had appeared in red above her vagina: 'FUCK ME' it read, pointing helpfully down. She shuddered in disgust.

Even now, her pussy still burned, hot and slick and ready to be used again. Staring at it, she found her fingers creeping inexorably towards it, desperate to slip back inside and—

With a gasp, she grabbed her wrist and held it firmly. "St-stop it!" she cried. She had to get back to the others. She couldn't fix this on her own anymore!

Fumbling with the door latch, she got it open and stumbled out, her jiggly new body leaving her as unsteady on her feet as a drunk. Her plan was to head straight back to her dorm, but in the end, she couldn't help drifting towards the mirror. Slumping against the counter, she started at herself in the mirror, unable to believe what she was seeing—she'd grown so curvaceous she was barely recognizable. And what was...? Was that a strip of condoms tucked into her skirt?!

Heart pounding, she turned and rushed for the door. The corridor was empty, though she didn't dare move too fast. The awful wobbling sound her boobs and her butt made when she ran would draw the attention of everyone in the building.

Footsteps ahead of her. Heart pounding, Ruby wrapped her arms around her boobs, squeezing them till they spilled over and under her limbs like dough under a roller, and picked up the pace, trying to ignore the clapping of her asscheeks. If she could just get back to her dorm, everything would be okay!

Poking her head around the corner, Ruby bit her tongue at the sight ahead: Team JNPR, casually chatting as they made their way up the corridors towards her.

Without thinking, Ruby's eyes latched to Jaune's crotch. For almost a full second, she simply stared at it, drinking up the sight of his beautiful bulge... Her legs slammed together, her sex leaking grool. *Plip!*

With a gasp, Ruby snapped back to reality. Looking down at herself, she moaned. She had to hide. If someone caught her like this... She had to hide! Turning, she locked onto a broom closet, raced over, and threw herself into it. Slamming the door behind her, she stood there in the dark, her chest rising and falling with her breath and emitting little wobbly sounds in the process.

After several seconds, JNPR's voices passed her. With a sigh of relief, Ruby pushed herself off the wall and fumbled for the door handle.

Before she could find it, a terrible pain struck her butt. With a squeal, she doubled over, practically slamming her head through the door in the process. What was going on?! Urgh! Why did her butt hurt so bad? Had she sat on a broom handle or something?

Fumbling under her paper crown of a skirt, she caught her engorged cheeks and slipped her hands between them. The instant she did, her fingers found something hard. Hard and

rounded and wedged right into her buttocks. “Wh-what...?” Heart thudding, she tried to grab it and pull it out, but it was so tightly stuck even the slightest movement made her want to scream. “Urgh!”

Kicking open the door, she threw herself into the corridor and ran as fast as she could in the direction of their dorm, no longer caring how much noise her inflated assets made. Incidentally, it was a lot. *Bo-woing!*

Screeching to a stop outside the room, she went to grab the handle. Before she could, the door flew open on its own, and something soft and plump slammed into her chest-first. Squealing, Ruby flew back and struck the floor with a *boing* from her enhanced butt, followed by a scream as whatever was wedged in her ass slipped a little deeper. Lying there, she panted for breath, dripping sweat and struggling to recover.

When she sat up, what she found made her wish she'd stayed down. “W-Weiss?”

“Urgh! Ruby!” Rubbing her head, Weiss sat up with a groan. Her boobs jiggled in stark defiance of logic as she moved, jiggling like they have a life of their own. Each breast was larger than her head, with nipples like saucers, and the rest of her figure was proportioned to match, with thighs that looked like they could have buttressed a small building. Her clothing, of course, did absolutely nothing to conceal it: her skirt had shortened till it revealed everything, exposed a pair of tight white panties and above them, a bright blue tattoo, reading ‘ROYAL PUSSY’. Her blouse, on the other hand, had shrunk into a band of fabric that barely concealed her rock-hard nipples: thick folds of flesh still under and over it, looking like they could pop out at any second.

To complete this awful image, two strips of condoms dangled from her skirt, clearly anticipating *extensive* use.

As Ruby struggled to react, two more figures appeared in the doorway. With their fattened curves, they struggled to fit through it:

Yang’s boobs had bloated till they barely fit the frame, straining to escape the thin yellow band of her increasingly skimpy crop top. Even as Ruby watched, it split in the middle—freeing her boobs to fly into the open with a ridiculous *bo-yoing!*—and shriveled into a pair of star-shaped pasties clinging to her fist-sized nipples. The word ‘TITFUCK!’ had appeared across her sternum, with a pair of arrows pointing straight into her cleavage, from which a strip of condoms lolled like an eager tongue.

As Ruby stared at Yang, a squeal from Blake snapped her attention to the Faunus. Moaning, Blake spun around, flailing desperately at her butt. Her hips had fattened to match Yang’s bust, stretching the tight white bikini bottoms her shorts had morphed into, while her cheeks had thickened into a pair of titanic cushions, large enough she could have sat anywhere and been comfortable. ‘ANAL?’ read the tattoo stenciled on her coccyx, an arrow pointing down between her cheeks. From between them protruded a long rod, stretching her panties and seemingly shaking. Squealing, Blake struggled to pull it out, without success. “Is this a vibrator?!”

Struggling to her feet, Weiss grabbed her by the neck of her shrunken top. "Ruby! What have you done to us?!"

Guilt stabbed her like a Lancer's sting. "I-I-I didn't mean to-!" Ruby cried, eyes wet with tears. "I-I just wanted to see what you were hiding!"

"Urgh!" Weiss screwed up her eyes. "We're at the sextoy stage now! If we don't get help soon, this is going to become terminal." She bit her lip. "Okay, okay, let's try not to panic. I've just thought of something: there's an emergency remedy we might still have time to use. It's little risky, but if we can follow all the steps correctly, we might just be able to save ourselves."

"What do we have to do?!" cried Blake.

Weiss swallowed. "We have to—Mmmphf. Mmmphf?! Mmmmpfh!" With a flicker of pink Dust, a plastic gag appeared over her mouth, tightly tied. Eyes bulging, she scrambled to tear it off.

"No! No!" cried Ruby, hurrying to help her. "Weiss! Weiss, what were you going to say?!" Weiss sounded like she was choking—just how far down her throat was it?

As Ruby struggled to tear the gag off, lightning struck her sex. With a scream, she flew back, tearing madly at her panties: something thick filled her vagina, stabbing her with a bolt of utter ecstasy as it stretched her virgin pussy wide with its enormous plastic girth. A pair of thin red wires trailed from its base to a device strapped to her leg, and even as she flailed to tear it off, it started vibrating. Ruby screamed.

With a scream of her own, Yang struck the ground too, the base of a yellow rod the length of a longsword stuck between her boobs, while its tip curled down to slam into her pussy. Screaming, face red, she struggled to pull it out and only wedged it deeper.

For almost a full minute, the four of them lay there on the ground, their swollen assets jiggling as they writhed in orgasmic ecstasy. Juice poured from their sexes, forming a large stain on the carpet. Their moans of delight and muffled pleas for mercy rolled up the hall.

Finally, a voice cut through the pornography: "Don't worry, guys! It won't take me long to grab it! You go ahead, I'll catch up!" Footsteps sounded. A familiar blond head poked around the corner.

Seeing the sight on the ground before him, Jaune Arc froze, eyes wide, cock hard. "R-Ruby?" he said, struggling to find words. "W-Weiss?"

Panting for breath, Ruby groped his ankle. "Jaune... Nnn~! Help us..."

With a guilty look over his shoulder, Jaune bent down and plucked the condoms from her skirt. "Okay," he said, unbuckling his belt.