

White in the Butt, Part 3 (Absorption, Butt Expansion, RWBY)

Yang Xiao Long's ass, née Weiss Schnee, had a lot to say about her current state of existence. The rest of Team RWBY knew this very well by now – it was hard not to, when they'd been standing in the warehouse listening to her say as much for the last half-an-hour.

"And another thing!" Weiss's fat new cheeks rippled as she talked, shaken by the sheer force of her fury. "And another thing...! Not *only* are you all a bunch of clumsy, incompetent buffoons, but–"

Blake snickered.

"What was that?!" Weiss's cheeks snapped in Blake's direction, fast enough to make Yang stumble.

"Nothing, nothing," said Blake, avoiding her gaze. "Nothing."

"Hmmpfh. Where was I...? Ah. Not only are you all a bunch of clumsy, incompetent buffoons, but–"

Blake covered her mouth and snorted. She elbowed Ruby, but the redhead just blinked at her. "What is it?"

Blake beckoned her closer, so she could whisper in her ear. "She said 'butt'."

"Oh!" Ruby covered her own mouth and giggled like a naughty schoolgirl.

"BLAKE. RUBY. If I hear one more snicker from the two of you–"

"You'll what?" said Blake, raising an eyebrow. "You'll sit on us?"

Weiss blushed. "I– I'll–"

"Face it, Weiss. This whole situation is completely ridiculous. You can't expect us not to laugh a *little*."

Weiss reddened. "Oh, of course *you* find it ridiculous, you crude little barbarian! I've no doubt this is exactly the kind of joke an *animal* like you appreci–"

"Yang, take a seat," said Blake.

Yang dropped, cutting Weiss off with a crash of assfat against concrete. She looked like she was sitting in a beanbag. "Finally," she said, as her butt shook in muffled fury. "Blake, what the hell are we going to do? We can't keep her like this. I mean, I don't mind having a giant ass or anything, but I can't go through life with Weiss fucking Schnee stapled to my backside. Do you know what that'll do to my street cred?"

Blake massaged her temple. "I can sympathise." If Weiss had become *her* butt, she would have had a reduction.

"Isn't there something we can do?" asked Ruby.

"We could find Yang a butt plug," said Blake. "That'd shut the Great White Wail up."

"No, no, I mean, isn't there a way we can turn her back?"

Blake massaged her chin in thought, feeling conflicted. On the one hand, it was really funny that Weiss had been turned into a butt. On the other hand, it was also really sexy how fat Yang's ass had become. Actually, she wasn't conflicted at all, really. Weiss could stay a butt forever for all she cared. "Sorry, Ruby, but I don't think it's possible."

"Why not?" said Ruby.

"Er." Blake scratched her chin in thought. "Well, let's be realistic. It was a miracle the Dust managed to turn Weiss into a sentient butt in the first place. I doubt you could replicate that if you tried it a thousand times. So it stands to reason that turning her back will be even harder, probably impossible."

"Oh, I guess that makes sense," said Ruby.

"Seriously?" asked Yang. "You mean I gotta walk around with this stick in my ass forever?"

"It's not that bad," said Blake. "Think of all the attention you'll get at the club."

Yang scratched her chin. "I *will* get a lot of attention at the club like this. ...So long as I don't stand up, anyway."

A muffled moan of fury slipped from between her cheeks. Yang shuffled on the spot until it went silent.

Ruby gaped at them. "But— But we can't just leave Weiss like this, can we?"

"Why not?" said Blake and Yang.

"She's our teammate! And our friend!"

"Let's not get *too* carried away," said Blake. "Besides, name one thing Weiss has contributed to this team."

Even Ruby had to think about this. "She does all of the cleaning!"

"We'll make a chore wheel."

"She, um, she's our mandatory fourth member! Without her, we'd have to recruit someone else!"

Blake took a step to the right and activated her Semblance, creating a shadowy copycat of herself in her place. "There."

"She's the 'W' in our name! Without her, we'd just be called RBY!"

She thought about this for a second. "Huh. Maybe we *don't* need Weiss."

By this point, the shaking of Yang's ass had become impossible to ignore.

"Yang, do you need the toilet or something?" said Blake.

"I, er, I think my butt has some opinions to share..."

Blake rolled her eyes. "Alright, let's see what Miss Low and Mighty has to say."

Yang pushed herself back to her feet, and the screech of Weiss's voice sliced through their eardrums. "BLACKGUARDS! TRAITORS! JUDASES! I knew you'd try to betray me!"

"Hey, we weren't trying to *betray* you," said Yang, looking askance. "Just having a valuable discussion about your contributions to this team."

"Or lack thereof," added Blake.

Weiss snarled. "If you three don't find a way to turn me back this instant, my father will sue you into oblivion."

"Oh, that's a good point," said Blake. "Her dad. How would we explain things to him?"

"We could say she died?" said Yang.

"There's no body though..."

Ruby raised her hand. "Maybe a Grimm ate it?"

"Do Grimm eat people?"

"They ate that one guy with the hat."

"Oh, true! ...Isn't that in the future?"

Weiss shook. "I can't believe this! Surely you're not serious!"

"We are serious," said Blake. "And don't call me 'not'."

"No, no, she's right," said Ruby, shaking her head. "We can't do it."

"Thank you!"

“The timing is way too coincidental. If Weiss disappears at the same time Yang’s butt grows, everybody and their mother will be suspicious. We need to space things out more.”

“How do we do that?” asked Yang.

“We could dress my copycat up in her clothes?” said Blake, gesturing to her shadow and the empty dress nearby. “Keep her around for a week or two, then lose her on a mission or something.”

“Oh, that’s perfect!” said Ruby. “No-one will ever know the difference!”

“Are you kidding me?!” cried Weiss.

“First, we need to find some way to shut her up though,” said Yang.

“Waaaay ahead of you,” said Blake, producing the comically-large buttplug from Chapter 2. “Open wiiiide, Weiss.”

“N-no. No! Stay away from me! Stay away! Stay—”

Schlup!