

Neo's Nighttime Revenge, Part 5 (Sextoy TF, Futanari, RWBY)

The floorboards creaked beneath Winter's feet as she stumbled through the hall, struggling to get back to her bed before she ended up sleeping on the floor. She made it halfway down the corridor before she tripped into the wall. Lying against it, she raised the bottle to her lips with a sigh. While she was here, she might at least have another little sip...

Dry emptiness poured onto her tongue. With a scowl, she peered into the bottle. Empty? Already? Ugh...

It was all that – hic – bastard Qrow's fault. Him and his stupid – hic – drinking game. Why was she the only one who'd ended up taking her clothes off?!

Regathering her strength, she forced herself off the wall and stumbled onward, the empty bottle swinging in her hand as she wobbled down the hall. Her room wasn't far away now, and the thought of sinking into a nice, comfy bed seemed even more appealing than another drink at the moment.

Reaching her room, she fumbled for her key. She was just about to slip it into the lock when a strange sound – half a squelch and half a thump – came from the other side of the door.

Winter squinted. What was that? It sounded like someone beating a piece of meat with a hammer... She pressed her ear to the door, one eyebrow raised. Was someone in her room?

The smacking sound came again, louder than ever. And again. And again and again, picking up speed, growing faster and faster, till it was almost as fast as the pounding in her skull. She scowled. What the hell was going on?

She leaned a little closer, hoping to get a better idea of what she was dealing with, and just like that, the door swung open. Winter shot through with a squeal and struck the floor. Her bottle hit the boards beside her and exploded into a million little shards.

The smacking stopped.

Groaning, Winter pushed herself up, rubbing her temple. Not only were they in her room, but they hadn't even had the decency to lock the door.

She opened her eyes. Her jaw dropped.

A young woman sat on the bed, a young woman with pink and brown hair and pink and brown eyes, though her heterochromia was less interesting to Winter than the fact she was stark naked and pounding a fleshlight with her veiny twelve-incher.

"Wh-who the fuck are you?!" she cried, trying (and failing) to get back to her feet. "What the hell are you doing in my room?!"

The young woman on the bed was too busy tonguing a slimmer, white fleshlight to respond, but even when she lowered it, her only answer was silence. Giving Winter a playful shrug, she wrenched the red fleshlight off her cock with a *schlorp* of sticky semen and tossed it onto the floor with a purple and a yellow one. Winter shuddered to see how badly they were oozing.

Belatedly, it occurred to her that this wasn't even her room.

As she fought to figure out her next action, the girl on the bed grabbed the scroll lying on the cabinet, which she aimed at Winter as if planning to take a photo.

Winter stumbled backward in the direction of the door. What the hell was this freak doing n—?

A tiny click, an ephemeral flash. Winter's body jerked like a puppet whose strings have been yanked. With a startled gasp, she lurched forward, dropped to her knees, and— "What the fuck—?!"

—and wrapped her mouth around the young woman's penis. "Mmmphf!"

Her eyes shook, spasming in their sockets, as she forced her lips down its throbbing length. Its tip slammed into the roof of her mouth, its salty precum overwhelming her tastebuds, while the stink of its semen and sweat invaded her nostrils. She wanted to wrench her head back, gagging, but she just wasn't able to. *What the hell is happening?!*

The girl on the bed pushed another button. And, just like that, Winter started to jerk. Like a machine, she slid up the young woman's shaft and back down again, up and down and up and down, till it was slick with her saliva. The young woman leaned back and closed her eyes, biting her lip. She shivered, and her cock throbbed in Winter's mouth. The taste of precum became even more intense.

Winter thrashed inside, fighting to move, but no matter how hard she tried, her body refused to obey her. It simply kept sucking, sucking and sucking, working the cock in her mouth as if she were the hungriest woman in the world. She'd never been so desperate to get someone off.

The young woman's cock throbbed harder with every moment, while the young woman herself screwed up her eyes and panted for breath. Biting her lip, she raised her Scroll and pushed the button again. A wave of tingling washed through Winter's body.

As she sucked, she rose from the floor like a balloon and extended her arms and legs as if imitating an airplane. Her beer-stained clothing shifted, melting into something like wax and whirling around her. *What the fuck?! What the hell is she doing now?!*

Her arms and legs collapsed like punctured balloons, sinking instantly into her torso, and a moment later it compacted as well, crushed into a cylinder of flesh with her mouth at the end. She squirmed, her eyes wide, but all she could do was keep on sucking.

Her eyes closed and faded, though she could still see all the same. Finally, her clothing reformed around her, turned from soft fabric to a hard, plastic shell, white as her hair. Realization struck instantly – the other fleshlights. They were the color of– This wasn't *her* room, it was her sis–!

A harsh hand seized her, squeezed her, and as she squealed, started to pump her. She screamed inside as the young woman's cock crashed into her, again and again, stretching her plastic around it, until at last, with one final *smack*–

The young woman shook.

Semen, thick and salty, filled Winter's mouth.