

TRCK or TRWT (Expansion, Cowgirlification, Bimbofication, Corruption, Vore, TG, RWBY)

The night wind whistled through the trees of the peaceful Vale suburb, shaking the branches, rustling the leaves, and making Team RWBY shiver in their Halloween costumes.

"I can't believe we're doing this," said Weiss, hugging herself and shuddering. She hadn't wanted to dress up at all, but after much deliberation (and immense pressure from the rest of her team), she'd picked a light blue cheerleader's uniform with BEACON stitched in big letters on the chest. Of the costumes the store had sold, it was actually one of the more concealing, but now she was starting to wish she'd come as a polar explorer instead.

"Aw, come on, don't be such a wimp," said Yang, the tightly-fitted denim short shorts and leather jacket of her cowboy costume squeaking as she walked. "Shouldn't you be used to the cold, anyway? You grew up in, like, the palace of the snow queen, right?"

"I did not grow up in 'the palace of the snow queen'," replied Weiss, pom-poms shaking with her fury. "As a matter of fact, my house was rather warm. My family had the common sense to keep the heating on when it got cold." Yang took aim at her and fired with a 'pow'. "Stop that."

"Don't tease her, Yang," said Blake, the heels of her curly-toed witch boots striking the sidewalk with emphatic clacks. "You should know that Weiss never went cold or hungry growing up."

"That's right," said Weiss, nodding in agreement. "...Wait, what exactly are you saying?"

"Nothing," replied Blake, refusing to meet her eyes. "Nothing."

The wind slung another cold one down the street, making all of them shiver this time. Weiss came to a stop with a huff, and Yang took the chance to shoot her yet again. (*Pow!*)

"Honestly, I can't believe I let you pressure me into this ridiculous—"

The prongs of a trident stabbed her in the butt. Weiss squealed.

"Come on, Weiss!" said Ruby, giving her another playful jab in the behind. "It's just one night! You can put up with the cold for *one* night, can't you?" For her own costume, Ruby had chosen a devil costume, complete with puffy skirt and horns and a pitchfork perfect for tormenting unrepentant cheerleaders.

"Ow! Stop that!" snapped Weiss, darting out of Ruby's reach. "Stop it! Ugh!" She threw up her arms with a groan. "Fine! For *one* night! But I'm never letting you talk me into anything like this ever again!"

"That's the spirit!" said Ruby, throwing her arms around her. Weiss blushed.

"Pow," said Yang, shooting her right between the eyes.

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Two blocks on, and they were *all* regretting their decision to come out tonight.

"I can't believe how hard this is," said Weiss, folding her arms. "It's Halloween! How can *none* of these houses be accepting trick-or-treaters?"

"Maybe it's a sign of the atmosphere of distrust brought about by our current economic uncertainty," said Blake, flatly. "As times become hard, people retreat into areas they feel safe and aren't as willing to engage with strangers." They looked at her; she shrugged. "Also, candy is expensive."

Staring into her pumpkin bucket, Ruby released a great sigh of agreement. So far, she'd received all of three candy bars for her efforts. And one of them had had razor blades in it! Slowing to a halt, she plopped her butt on a garden fence and sat there, staring at her boots. "Maybe we should head back to the Academy..."

"Don't be like that," said Yang, giving her a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "We're sure to find another house on the next block."

"Don't give her false hope," said Weiss, with a snort.

Blake coughed. "*There's* a house that looks it's doing Halloween," she said, pointing.

The three of them followed her fingers to the end of the street, where the corpse of a Gothic mansion loomed behind a prison of iron fences. Even as they watched, lightning broke overhead, making the House's windows glint like a pair of malicious eyes.

"Wow!" Ruby leapt to her feet with a cry of delight. "Look at it! That's the best decorated house we've seen so far! I bet we'll get more candy from there than anywhere else in the city!" She hurried off, looking back only to wave them on. "Come on!"

The others shared a glance. As one, they hurried after her.

The night wind lashed them as they reached the lot, rattling the antique iron fence and threatening to tear Blake and Yang's hats from their heads. Ruby paused on the sidewalk, looking up at the House with eager eyes. It stood on a small hill, guarded by an army of sentinel scarecrows.

"I... I don't know about this," said Yang, slipping her gun back into its holster. "This house doesn't look like it's doing Halloween; it looks abandoned."

"What number is it?" asked Blake, curious.

Ruby squinted at the gate. "Fourteen," she said.

"Oh, that's not too bad then. I was worried it was—"

“Oh, sorry, I misread it.”

Weiss hugged herself and shivered. “Can we just make a decision? Are we going or not?”

“We might not have a choice to make,” said Blake. “The gate looks like it’s—”

Lightning cracked the sky. Thunder struck their ears. As they leapt in fright, the gate swung serenely open, like a beckoning hand welcoming them inside.

The four shared a look. “Neat!” said Ruby, rushing straight up the path without a moment’s hesitation.

“Ruby!” cried the others. As one, they hurried to follow her.

As they climbed the hill, the weather seemed to become worse. It tore at them, threatening to snatch their hats and whip up their skirts. Yang held down the former, Weiss the latter, and Blake struggled to do both. Only Ruby seemed unconcerned. Reaching the House’s porch, she looked around, her expression falling. “I can’t find any candy.”

“I’m telling you, this House is abandoned, Rubes. Let’s head back and—”

“I’m going to knock,” said her sister, climbing the steps. “There are so many decorations—it can’t just be empty!” The shutters rattled in the wind like the lids of coffins.

“Ruby, I’m not sure—”

Too late; she’d already done it. “Trick-or-treat!” cried Ruby, rapping on the door.

Lightning threaded the clouds like brilliant white stitches.

For a moment, it seemed as no one would hear Ruby’s words but them. Then, with a creak like the bones of a long dead corpse rising from its grave, the door swung open.

And out rolled a single Malteser.

The door slammed shut.

“Are you kidding me?” cried Ruby, snatching up the little ball of chocolate. “One measly Malteaser!” Furious, she rapped on the door again. “Hey, what’s the big deal?! Open up and give me some *real* candy, you stingy piece of—!” This time, the door remained steadfastly shut.

Yang took her sister’s hand and carefully guided her off the porch. “Let’s just take what we got and be grateful, okay, Rubes?”

“Yeah,” said Weiss. “This place gives me the creeps.” One of the scarecrows looked like it was leering at her.

“No way!” replied Ruby. “I refuse to accept this! One Malteaser! *One!*” She tossed it at the ground. “If they won’t give me a proper treat, then... Then...”

Blake cocked an eyebrow. “What...?”

Ruby’s lips curled into a smile. “I’ll have to trick *them*.”

The rest of the team stared at her in horror. “W-what do you mean by that?” asked Blake.

Grinning, Ruby produced a roll of toilet paper. “Does this give you any ideas?”

“Where were you even hiding that?” cried Weiss, as Ruby took aim at the roof. “Ruby!”

Winding back her arm, Ruby took a deep breath, and sent the toilet roll arcing through the air, a trail of paper flapping in its wake like a scarf in the wind.

Striking the House’s sloped roof with a thud, it rolled straight back down to the veranda. The four of them stared as it struck the floorboards with a thud.

Three more tries later, and Ruby finally succeeded in looping the thing around one of the House’s spires. “There,” she said, standing back to admire her work. “Consider yourself officially Tricked™, Macbeth Avenue No. 13.”

From inside the House came a shattering sound, like a breaking mirror. With a squeal of surprise, the four jumped back and ran for cover, inadvertently passing under a poorly-placed ladder. On a nearby scarecrow, a raven squawked. Blake shivered for some reason.

“Well, time to move on,” said Ruby, clapping her hands and grinning. “We’ve gotta make up for all the time we’ve wasted here, after all.”

“You *still* want to keep trick or treating?” asked Weiss.

“Yeah! Why not?”

Weiss rolled her head in a long groan. “Urgh!”

Yang took the chance to shoot her in the chest. “Pow!”

“Stop doing that!”

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They had a little more luck on the next block. Not enough to make up for the time they’d wasted on the last one, but enough to keep Ruby from sulking, if nothing else.

"It tastes so much better than the stuff you buy yourself," she said, cheeks bulging with chocolate.

"You're delusional," said Weiss. "It's exactly the same!"

"Oh yeah?" said Ruby.

"Oh, yeah—Mmmphf!" Weiss's eyes went wide as a candy bar slammed into her mouth. She suckled on it with a frown. "Mmmphf-mmmphf!"

"See, I told you it's better," said Ruby, with a smirk.

"Mmmphf!"

Yang and Blake hung a few meters back, eyes on the stars and listening to the sound of nightlife.

"Enjoying yourself?" asked Yang, her hands behind her head. Every now and then, the wind would blow past with some force, forcing her to hold her hat down lest it be snatched away from her.

Blake frowned. "I suppose," she said.

"Bet you'd rather be back in bed, reading a book, huh?"

A smile crept onto Blake's face. "Something like that. And I bet *you'd* rather be partying, wouldn't you?"

Yang smirked. "Something like that."

They walked for a few moments more in silence. All of a sudden, Yang pinched the collar of her jacket and gave it a tug. "Jeez," she said. "It is just me, or is it getting warmer?"

Blake frowned. "It's probably all the walking we've been doing."

"Oh come on," said Yang, fanning herself. "I don't know about you, but this isn't exactly enough for *me* to work up a sweat." She grabbed her hat and started to fan herself with it instead. Fuck, what was going on here? It had been freezing before, and the wind hadn't exactly died down. Why was she so hot all of a sudden?

"Yang, are you okay?" asked Blake. Ahead, Ruby and Weiss came to a stop, looking back in concern.

"I-I'm fine," said Yang, though even as she said it, she found herself wincing. With the heat came a strange knot in her core, as if she'd eaten something that didn't quite agree with her, and before she knew it she found herself doubling over, eyes screwed up and moaning.

"Nn~!"

“Yang!” Ruby and Weiss rushed back, expressions of horror on her face. “Are you okay?”

“I-I’m fine,” lied Yang. “I’ve just... I just ate something that doesn’t agree with me.” The fact she’d given all the candy she’d received to Ruby went unspoken.

The others shared a nervous glance, but no one dared to argue with her.

Something like a bomb went off in Yang’s belly. She stumbled backward with a gasp, clapping herself and moaning now, as the terrible heat spread through her form and left every inch of her sweating. In her top, her nipples perked, suddenly super-sensitive—even the feeling of them rubbing against her bra left her wanting to moan. And... Were they leaking?! What the fuck?!

Even as she struggled to block it out, the feeling in her breasts became unbearable. It felt like they were a pair of balloons and someone were blowing into them—within seconds, the pressure was so strong it was painful.

She stumbled backward, breathing hard, her breath emerging in a heady fog. Blake and Ruby helped her to stand. “Y-Yang!” cried the latter.

“I-it—it’s okay,” replied Yang, struggling to speak. “I’m okay! I’mooooooo!” She clasped her hands over her mouth, her eyes wide in terror. The others stared back at her. *She* stared at *them*.

“D-did you just ‘moo’?! ” cried Weiss, her eyes wide in disbelief.

Yang opened her mouth to reply and found she didn’t dare to. The thought of doing it again was too terrifying an idea.

As she fought to regain control of her traitorous tongue, her clothing squirmed around her like a living being. Her short shorts shriveled, tightening into something like a denim pair of panties, while her tartan blouse rippled and shivered like a living thing before compacting into something like a bra. She felt it rubbing against her breasts—her oh-so-sensitive, oh-so-full breasts—as if it had replaced her real one. Her jacket and her boots, on the other hand, simply withered out of existence.

“What’s happening to her *costume*?!” cried Weiss, wild with panic now. No one had an answer for her.

Despite her sudden lack of clothing, Yang wasn’t getting any cooler. In fact, her body continued to grow hotter and hotter, as if she were a furnace and someone kept chucking in new fuel. If her clothes hadn’t changed, she would have had to strip them off herself.

Falling to her knees, her stomach churning, her boobs perking and squeaking, so desperately full she wanted nothing more than to take them and squeeze, squeeze everything inside them out, Yang lay there on the sidewalk and struggled not to moan as her body rippled with changes. Like lightning, they coursed up and down her form, threatening to tear her apart completely.

Her ears stretched, becoming large and bovine, and with a sound like tearing paper, a pair of curved horns popped, long and white and pointed, from her head. Ruby screamed.

At the same time, her coccyx started to burn. Looking back, Yang moaned to see something sprouting from it as well: a tufted tail, growing longer and longer and longer. Soon it was swishing in the open night air, and Yang could only stare in silent terror.

Blurring like wet paint, her reduced shorts and top changed color, leaving her wearing little more than a cowprint bikini. As they squeezed her enhanced assets tight, a bright golden bell appeared on a collar around her neck. It rang, loud, as she shuddered in fresh panic.

“Y-Yang!” cried Ruby. “Yang!”

Now the pressure in her boobs grew again, freshly intense, so strong she couldn’t help but hug them and scream. With a comical *bo-woing!*, they doubled instantly in size, stretching her top so tight they spilled over and under it. At the same time, the pressure inside them became unbearable—Yang could only squeal, certain they’d burst at any second.

And then they did. As they all watched in horror, two large wet patches appeared over Yang’s nipples. A second later, milk came dripping through it like a pair of creamy waterfalls, pouring down her legs to form a puddle on the floor.

As her breasts emptied themselves, Yang mooed in delight. The sense of relief was greater than anything she’d ever felt, a thousand times more relieving than emptying her bladder after a long night of drinking. Closing her eyes, she threw back her head and mooed in delight, even as her brain oozed out of her breasts with it. “Mooo~. Moooooooooo~.”

The wind blew, snatching her hat away entirely.

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As the puddle of milk lapped at her boots, Blake backed away, her eyes wide in horror. Nearby, Weiss covered her mouth in shock. Ruby simply stared at her sister, her face pale with terror.

“Moooooooo!” Kneeling there on the sidewalk in a puddle of her own lactation, Yang grabbed her swollen breasts and mindlessly squeezed them, forcing another spurt of milk through her nipples. There was no sign of thought in her eyes whatsoever.

To Blake’s surprise, it was Weiss who spoke first. “What the fuck?!” she cried, sounding distinctly unSchnee-like. “What *happened* to her?”

“It—it must be somebody’s Semblance,” said Blake, struggling to think clearly. It had to be, right? But then, what kind of Semblance could do this to someone? She’d never heard of anything *like* it! “Or—or maybe some kind of Dust?”

Weiss worked her jaw, clearly struggling for an answer. “What kind of Dust could do *this?!?*” She thrust a finger at Yang, who’d started shaking her boobs like a pair of water balloons, spraying milk all over the sidewalk. You could *hear* the stuff inside them sloshing.

To that, Blake had no answer.

Ruby’s mouth opened and closed, but no words emerged from it. Trembling, she approached her sister and knelt beside her. “Y-Yang?”

Yang stared at her without the slightest sign of recognition, her tongue lolling out like an idiot.

Weiss shuddered. “W-what do we do *now?!?*” she cried, looking to Blake.

“We’re got to get her help!”

“What kind of help are you supposed to get for *this?!?*” cried Weiss.

To that, Blake had no answer either. What *did* you do in a situation like this? “L-let’s get her back to the Academy,” she said, for lack of anything better. “Maybe someone there will know what to do with her.”

“R-right,” said Weiss, sounding unconvinced.

“Help me lift her,” said Blake, slipping an arm under Yang’s. After a moment of hesitation, Weiss hurried to do so, and with much straining, they managed to get Yang back on her feet.

“Ugh,” moaned Weiss, as they released her. “Those breasts must have *doubled* her weight. Look at me!” She fanned herself. “Just lifting her made me sweat.” Ruby whimpered.

As Blake stepped back, she realized she was sweating as well. Scowling, she studied Yang’s engorged form. She was definitely bigger, but she wasn’t *that* heavy, was she? Not enough to make them all sweat just from lifting her, surely?

A terrible certainty settled in Blake’s breast. What if it wasn’t just Yang. What if whatever was affecting her was affecting them all?

“B-Blake?” said Ruby. “What’s wrong?”

“Let’s just get moving,” said Blake. “Quickly, before—!”

It was like someone had started a fire in her belly. In an instant, the heat rushed through her, leaving her blushing and panting and raising sweat all over her skin. She breathed hard and hurried to loosen her corset.

“Blake...?” said Ruby, pale with fright. Her silver eyes flashed with realization. “N-No! Not you too!”

“Nnn~!” Blake doubled over, gasping, as her stomach bubbled like a witch’s cauldron. “It’s... it’s okay...!” she said, struggling to get the words out. “I’m going to be—Nnn~!”

“It’s clearly not okay!” cried Weiss.

As Blake struggled to recover her breath, she felt her witch’s costume squirming around her body, making her want to scream as it tweaked her nipples and fingered her— “Nnn~!”

Moaning, she shuddered as her panties grew so tight they threatened to slice through her, as her skirt shortened and her thigh-high socks shrank, revealing far more of her flesh than she’d ever intended. Her top, taking inspiration from this, dropped her neckline by half a foot or more, threatening to show her nipples. Where her bra had gone, she had no idea.

As if it wasn’t bad enough that her figure was increasingly on display, her body seemed to want to show off. Through trembling eyes, she watched as her thighs thickened and her boobs filled out her top, threatening to pop out of it entirely. It was her ass, however, that received the largest portion of the growth, the largest by far. Looking back, she could only moan as it lifted her skirt, plumped fat as a beanbag chair, so large her panties disappeared inside it. When she stumbled back, thrown off by the new weight, it audibly clapped, deafening.

And it wasn’t just her body and clothes changing either: as her curvaceous new body jiggled in the tight confines of the skimpy new outfit, doing everything it could to show off, Blake felt an entirely different kind of heat spreading through her form, leaving her mind bubbling like a pot on the stove. Screwing her eyes up tight, she moaned, desperate to spread her legs and slip her fingers between them. Only the presence of Ruby and Weiss prevented her.

“B-Blake?” said the latter, staring at her in horror. “Are you okay...?”

Blake looked her up and down, and felt a sudden emptiness in her gut, as if she’d gone for a week without eating. Dust, she just wanted to wrap her lips around something thick and meaty. Something that would really fill her belly.

Studying Weiss, she frowned. No, too skinny by far. Far too skinny. Her eyes drifted to Yang, and her frowned deepened. No, no, far too fatty. Too fatty by far. She’d be chewing on her for hours.

“B-Blake?” said Ruby.

Blake turned to her, and as she looked her up and down, her mouth curled into an insidious grin. Now *there* was someone she’d like to get her lips around.

Seeing her expression, Ruby backed away, her eyes wide in horror.

For some reason, it was the funniest thing Blake had ever seen. A harsh cackle escaped her lips. “What’s the matter, Ruby? Afraid I’m going to eat you?” Faster than she knew it, she was beside her, hand on Ruby’s belly. “Don’t worry—we’ve still got to fatten you up a little first.”

The sound of her laughter echoed through the night.

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As the curvaceous new Blake pawed Ruby's body, Weiss found herself flushing red, and not just because of the heat. "G-get off her!" She gave the witch a push.

Blake stumbled away, face writhing in fury. "What's wrong, Weiss? Jealous of the attention?" She cackled. Actually cackled, like a real witch. Weiss couldn't believe what she was hearing.

Ruby rushed to her, clinging to her like a doll, and for a second or two they stood together against the night. Ruby's body was only slightly cooler than her own, and Weiss could feel her heart pounding. "W-what do we do *now*?" Ruby cried, her voice sticky with tears. "Is it going to happen to us *too*?!"

Yang plopped her ass on the ground with a sound like someone dropping a swimming pool. Blake, still smirking, snuggled up beside her, wrapping her hands around her breasts and throwing the two of them perverse looks. Even as Weiss watched, she squirted some of Yang's milk in their direction.

"L-let's just go," said Weiss. "Q-quickly, before...!"

"We can't just *leave* them!" wailed Ruby.

"What if it's infectious?!" cried Weiss. "What if it spreads to us?!" Her heart pounded in her chest; her skin ran with sweat. For the first time all night, she found herself wishing she'd worn something even skimpier.

"I—" Ruby swallowed, looking terrified. "I don't know!" she said. "I—"

Voices. Weiss and Ruby both froze. Voices from nearby.

"I can't believe you persuaded us to go trick-or-*treating*," said one of them. "Especially dressed like this!"

"Wasn't it your idea?" said a second. Weiss was certain she recognized it from somewhere, but she couldn't quite place it.

"Well, yeah, I guess I was the one who brought it up. But I was *joking*. I didn't actually want to go. It was you guys who got all excited at the idea."

"You seemed pretty happy when we agreed."

"Sh-shut up. I just found it funny how eager you all were, that's all."

At last, the silhouettes stepped into the light, revealing none other than Cardin Winchester and his teammates...

...their masculine bodies crammed into poofy-looking magical girl dresses, all frilles and skirts and bows.

Weiss's disbelief was mirrored by their own. Seeing them, CRDL came to an abrupt stop, their eyes opening wide. "Hey..." said Sky Lark, mouth twisting into a frown. "Isn't that...?"

"No fuckin' way," said Cardin, striding forward. "It fucking *is* them."

Looking up, Yang eyed Cardin's groin and mooed, like a wild animal. Weiss groaned in disgust to see his erection raising his stupid, poofy skirt like a tent.

"Wow," he said, striding forward with zero sign of embarrassment. "You guys are really getting into your roles, huh?"

"I know *I'd* like to get into their roles," said Russel. Dove and Sky sniggered.

"Mmm~," said Blake, rubbing her stomach. "I know I'd *love* to get you guys inside me."

Cardin turned to his teammates with a look of serene triumph. "See?" he said. "I *told* you guys this would be fun."

"Cardin, wait!" cried Ruby, making Weiss jump in surprise. "Stay away from them! There's something wrong with them!"

"You're not kidding," said Cardin, eyes locked on Yang's leaking chest. "What the hell have you guys been up to? Did you get her a breast job or something?"

"Yeah, why are her tits so big?" cried Sky. "And why's she mooing like a cow? Is she trying to get into character?"

As Weiss opened her mouth to add her own warning to Ruby's, she caught a sudden motion in the corner of her eye and turned just in time to see Blake pluck something from her cleavage. It looked a lot like a magic wand.

With a hideous cackle, the Faunus took aim at Cardin. "Surprise, princess!"

Cardin's mouth twisted in a mocking smile. "Is that a wand?" he asked, looking like he couldn't tell if she were joking or not. "What, you gonna cast a magic spell on—?"

A bolt of pink lightning crashed into his chest, and Cardin Winchester vanished in a puff of thick smoke. The others screamed.

As Ruby and Weiss stared in horror, the smoke slowly parted to reveal a pretty brunette magical girl. Blinking in shock, her eyes dropped to her chest and widened in surprise. "Wh-what's going on?!" she squealed, her voice hilariously high-pitched.

The rest of CRDL stared at her in shock. “Cardin?!” cried Russel.

“Russel!” squealed Cardin.

“Cardin!” squealed Russel.

“Russ—!” A pair of clawed hands tightened around Cardin’s slender new arms and wrenched her petite new form into the air. She had just enough time for one final scream before—

Blake opened wide and stuffed her headfirst, kicking and screaming, down her gullet. For a few moments, her feet remained in view, bereft of their boots, toes wiggling, then with that she slid down and out of view. Blake’s lips slammed shut with a snap, and a tiny bulge rolled down her throat to land in her belly. She patted it and sighed in delight.

As Team RDL stared at her, frozen in terror, she drew her wand and took aim at Russel. “Zap!” In a puff of smoke, he became an adorable magical girl himself.

Stumbling back from the scene of carnage that followed, Weiss found herself hugging Ruby tight and moaning. “This can’t be happening...! This can’t be...!”

“We... we’ve got to help them!” cried Ruby, as the feminized Russel slipped screaming down Blake’s throat.

Weiss’s eyes were full of tears. “What are we even supposed to—Nnn~!” She doubled over, wincing. It felt like someone had kicked her in the stomach.

“Weiss!” cried Ruby.

Heart pounding, her face dripping sweat, Weiss struggled to push herself off the sidewalk. All of a sudden, her body felt so *hot*, as if she’d come down with the world’s worst fever. She trembled and shook, her vision blurring. A part of her wanted to throw up.

Around her, the cute little cheerleader’s uniform started to shift and squirm like her fellow teammates’. Unlike Yang’s, or even Blake’s, it didn’t have much to change, but change it did all the same: her skirt lost its length, revealing more than a hint of panties, and her neckline dropped to show off almost all her cleavage.

Speaking of, beneath her clothes, her body rippled like the skin of a drum. With each beat, a fresh pulse of growth struck her form. Her thighs thickened, her ass bloated, and her boobs swelled till they threatened to tear through her top. The feeling of it squeezing them made her want to scream in delight.

Her long white hair twisted in the moonlight, tying itself into a pair of enormous ponytails. As it moved, it took on a bright new color: a shade of platinum blonde only slightly lighter than Yang’s. And with every lock that changed, her IQ dropped by another ten or more points.

Kneeling there on the sidewalk, Ruby's hands tight on her shoulders, Weiss felt a sudden sense of confusion. Like, what exactly was going on? Where was she again? They'd been, like, out on the streets, hadn't they? Trick-or-treating, or something? Didn't they have practice?

Ahead of her, a grey-haired magical girl squealed as Blake swallowed her like a giant piece of candy. The sight ignited a fresh fire in Weiss's heart, kindling a form of spirit she hadn't ever imagined she'd possessed. Snatching up her pom-poms, she leapt to her feet and bounced on the spot, thrusting them at the ceiling! "Go on, Blake! Eat those stupid bird brains up!"

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As Dove disappeared down Blake's throat with a tremendous *gulp* and a gigantic *boing* from her swollen belly, Ruby stood there in shock, unable to believe what was happening around her. Besides her, Weiss leapt into the air and the start of another chant, her enormous new boobs shaking in time with her pom-poms.

Falling to her knees, Blake's overgrown belly struck the ground and rippled and churned, the imprint of hands and feet and even the occasional screaming face pressing through the flesh. Rubbing it, she purred happily.

Sky, meanwhile, stumbled backward, his eyes wide, and his jaw open in shock. Falling to his ass, he scrambled backward, flipped on his front and scrabbled forward, and finally came to an abrupt halt as another bolt from Blake's wand slammed into him.

In a puff of smoke, Sky became a chocolate statue of an adorable magical girl, posing with her hand raised in a big V-sign for her audience. Laughing, Blake levitated her back over to her and crunched her down in a series of enormous bites.

"Blake! Blake!" cried Weiss. "B-L-A-K-E! What does it spell?! ...Seriously, does anyone know?"

As she finished off Pyrrha's smooth brow foot, licking the sole playful, Blake turned to Ruby with a smirk of amusement. "What's the matter, Ruby? Upset I didn't save you some? Don't be." With a wink, she snapped off Pyrrha's toes and tossed it straight into Ruby's hands. Ruby screamed as she realized what she was holding.

Blake giggled. "Go on, Ruby, eat it up. You wanted more candy, didn't you?" She cackled like the witch she'd become.

Ruby could only stare at it, sniveling. "What's happened?" she cried, voice quavering. "What's happened to you all?"

On the ground, Yang groped herself and mooed, leaking all over the sidewalk. Blake massaging her stomach as it shrank and others parts of her expanded. And Weiss continued to chant and bounce, up down, up down, her boobs rising and falling in a hypnotic motion. Ruby struggled to tear her eyes away.

Heart pounded, she turned and fled. She had to get help. She had to get help. She had to get—

It was as if a bolt of lightning had struck her sex. With a squeak, Ruby froze mid-run and dropped to her knees, hands scrambling for her sex. Slamming her fingers into her panties, she forced them deep into her dripping cunt and knelt there, her eyes screwed tight, and pleased herself with a demonic ferocity.

Even as the pleasure fogged her brain, she retained just enough sense to question what she was doing. *I... I can't do this... I'm in public! I need to get my friends help!*

She kept telling herself to stand, to get back to her feet and run, to find something who could aid them, but every time she started to rise another bolt of pleasure shot out of her sex and brought her back to the earth with a wild moan of delight. She couldn't do it. She just didn't have the strength.

The harder she schlicked, the hotter the fire in her groin became. Delving deep, her sticky fingers dancing, stirring her oozing juices into a whirlpool, she barely noticed her body temperature rising. With every little tickle and flick of her dripping lips and erect clit, she found herself a little hotter, a little headier. Her skin ran slick; her breath emerged in tiny clouds.

Her clothing, following the latest fashion, squirmed and shifted around her body. Her dress shriveled and vanished, leaving only the corset around it and the panties hidden beneath it. The former tightened, lifting her boobs up, while the latter shrank till it disappeared into her ass. The rest of her clothing vanished entirely.

As she moaned, her head and tailbone started to ache. With a sound like crunching paper, two tiny, curling horns poked out of the former, while a long, pointed tail stretched flexing out of the latter. She barely even noticed.

From her shoulder blades sprouted a pair of tiny bat wings, already fluttering. Just above her sex appeared a tiny heart, tattooed in bright pink ink. It had a pair of wings of its own, sharp and fanged and distinctly vicious.

No matter how hard Ruby pleased herself, she couldn't seem to sate her lust, which seemed stronger and stronger with every passing second. Opening her eyes, she snapped them left and right and back again, sucking air through her fanged teeth. Her pussy pleaded to be filled.

In this state, she stumbled back to her feet, plucked one hand from her sex, and slipped its fingers around a breast instead. Her body pulsed and pounded, ringing like a bell, and with each tolling her curves seemed to grow a little larger. Fingering her breasts, she moaned as they swelled, bloating till they were larger than Yang's (...pre-transformation), a pair of jiggling sacks that threatened to overflow her corset.

Down below, her buttocks and her thighs thickened to match, thickening till they matched her boobs and giving her an outrageous hourglass figure. Her panties disappeared from sight completely.

Finally, as her body ceased to shift, Ruby stumbled forward, her jaw wide open, her forked tongue scenting the air. Her fingers flexed, produced claws. She inhaled, exhaled, inhaled, exhaled, fogging the air with her breath. Her pussy poured like a veritable waterfall. "Nnnn~! I'm so hooooooooorny!"

"Enjoying yourself?" said Blake, lying back and rubbing her belly. It had fully flattened out now, though the rest of her body was anything *but* flat. Her boobs spilled over the rim of her corset, nipples perky in the cool night air, while her buttocks were big enough to serve as a chair. Strangely, they appeared to be pleading.

Ruby stared at her for a second, instinctively sizing up her potential to sate her lust. Sucking in a deep breath, she stumbled towards her, her mouth wide, her tongue lolling. Blake winked and beckoned her on with a playful flick of a finger.

"Ruuuuby! Ruuuuuby!" Weiss leapt high into the air and landed with a jiggle. "Suck her nipples off! Ruuuby! Ruuuuuby! R-U-B-why am I doing this again?"

Ruby's eyes snapped to herself, instantly evaluating her too. Her pussy burned a little hotter—moaning, she crept towards her instead.

And then her eyes slid past her, past Weiss to the blonde in the ground, still kneeling and moaning in a puddle of her own lactate, her boobs sloshing as she shook with her pleasure.

The fire in Ruby's sex flared and poured through her, threading its burning tendrils through her limbs and cooking her brain past the point of all morality.

With a wild moan, she buried her face between her sister's legs and lapped away viciously.

*

"I can't believe you persuaded us to go trick-or-*treating*," said Jaune Arc, as he and the rest of his team marched through the lamplit suburb. At Pyrrha's recommendation, he'd come dressed as a princess, his muscular body crammed into a far too small dress, complete with a little silver tiara. It made him look surprisingly like Weiss.

"Aw, lighten up, Jaune!" cried Nora. "It's Halloween!" *She* had come dressed as a viking, complete with a miniature version of her signature hammer.

"That's easy for you to say," he replied. "You're not dressed like a pretty little princess!"

Pyrrha covered her mouth to hide her laughter. "I think you look very handsome in it, Jaune." For her own costume, she'd chosen a surprisingly skimpy gladiator costume.

He blushed. "R-really?"

“Yeah, stop complaining, Jaune!” Nora put her hands on her hips and cocked them with a smirk. “Why can’t you be more like Ren? He *loves* his costume.”

Lie Ren, dressed in a frumpy dragon costume, gave her a look of much consternation.

As they marched on, four figures appeared ahead, turned to silhouettes by the brightness of the streetlights. As JNPR approached, they shielded their eyes to better see them.

“Hey,” said Nora. “Is that...?”

“It *is* them!” cried Jaune. “Hey, why didn’t you guys tell us you were going trick-or-treating too? We could have gone together.”

As they grew closer, one of the figures turned to them and squealed in joy. “Oh my, like, Dust!” cried the blonde in the cheerleader outfit—he could barely tell it was Weiss. “It’s the football team! Aren’t they dreamy?”

Looking up, the other blonde—the stupidly busty one in the cowgirl (emphasis on cow) costume—eyed Jaune’s groin and mooded, like a wild animal.

Pyrrha’s her eyes widened in surprise. “Is—is that *Yang*?!”

“Wow,” said Nora, nudging Lie Ren in the side with a mischievous smirk. “You guys really went all out with your costumes, didn’t you? Hey, I bet *you’d* love to get your hands on those udders, wouldn’t you, Renny?”

Ren scowled at her.

Jaune, on the other hand, couldn’t help but cross his legs. It was like he’d stumbled into one of the weird magazines Ren kept hidden under his bed.

“Mmm~,” said the black-haired witch sitting to her right. She looked a lot like Blake, but Blake had never been so curvy. “I know I’d *love* to get you guys inside me. I bet Ruby here would too...”

“Ruby?” said Jaune. His eyes slid to the brunette to Blake’s right just as she turned to him. “Holy—” He’d assumed she was someone else—if not for her silver eyes, he wouldn’t be able to recognize her at all.

“Jaune...” she moaned, crawling, *crawling* over the sidewalk towards him, her gigantic boobs squished between her arms, her forked tongue lolling out of her open, drooling mouth. The lust in her eyes as she sized up his groin was beyond anything he’d ever seen—he never imagined anyone could be so hungry for penis. Honestly, it kinda scared him. (But hey, isn’t that what Halloween’s about?)

“R-Ruby...” he said, trying to back away. She clung to him, grip tight, letting him drag her across the sidewalk. Pyrrha and the others were staring at him now, too stunned to intervene. “R-Ruby, what are you...?”

She stuck her head up his skirt, grabbed his pants, and pulled them down in a single sharp motion. Jaune squealed as the cool night air struck his dangly bits. “Ruby!” he squeaked, sounding more like a princess than ever. “What are you—?”

Something warm and wet wrapped around his penis and suckered to it tight, oh so tight. He squealed in surprise—he couldn’t believe how *good* it felt.

As Ruby’s lips slid down his shaft, sucking, sucking, licking, licking, Jaune’s knees trembled. He collapsed, landing on his butt with a moan, but Ruby remained latched to him with the clinginess of a lamprey, working his cock like she wanted to suck it off. “Mmm~, mmm~, mmm...” Each little slurp slammed a pang of ecstasy straight into the core of his brain. His cock was so hard he couldn’t bear it.

“Ruuuby! Ruuuuby!” cried Weiss, leaping up and down with a *bowoing*. “That’s right! You drain those JNPRberries!”

Her cheering broke the rest of Team JNPR out of their spell. “Jaune!” cried Pyrrha, rushing to save him. Nora and Ren hurried swiftly behind her.

Just as suddenly as they’d set off, they froze on the spot. “Mmm~,” said Blake, twisting her wand and levitating them over to her. “Where are you three going? Why don’t you come and play with us, instead?” With a flick of her wand, she buried Ren’s head in Yang’s cleavage and planted Nora in front of Weiss, who took the chance to grab her wrist and force her to cheer as well. Pyrrha, she placed in front of her, wrapping her fat new thighs around the gladiator’s head to keep her from escaping. “Mmm~,” she said, licking her lips. “You look simply scrumptious like this.” Pyrrha could only squirm and struggle to escape.

Ruby, meanwhile, continued to suck and slurp and tickle and lick, her lips sliding up and down Jaune’s cock, her forked tongue dancing over its surface, while her hands massaged his balls and his butt. With every little suck and lick and tickle and tease, his pleasure became that tiny bit greater. His eyes rolled back, his hands trembled. His cock twitched, pent-up and explosive.

Finally, he could take it no more. Throwing back his head, Jaune emptied his balls with a scream.

And Ruby continued to suck until he was all but drained.