

Super Ruby Sisters (Digitization, RWBY)

Thunder cracked beyond the window of RWBY's dorm as Ruby and Yang settled down for some good ol' fashioned videogamin'.

"I'm gonna beat ya, Rubes. I'm gonna beat ya!"

"Like heck you are! If anyone's gonna do any beating, it's me!"

"Oh yeeeeeah?"

"Oh yeeeeeah! I'm gonna beat you so hard you see stars, and not just the ones that make you invincible!"

"Oh yeah? Well, I'm gonna beat *you* so hard the doctor asks funny questions!"

"Oh yeah?! I'm gonna beat you so hard you suffer chronic traumatic encephalopathy... and possibly a substance abuse problem!"

Yang smirked. "Well, let's see you beat me... when I've got you in a headlock!" Tossing her controller, she threw herself at her sister, and soon they were rolling around the floor in a big ball of violence.

With a thump, they bumped into the shelf by the TV. A little porcelain cat fell to the floor and shattered with one last tragic meow.

Weiss folded her arms and looked down at them in disgust. "Absolutely unbelievable."

Ruby and Yang stopped fighting. "Hey, look, Ruby, it's the evil witch from the ice level." Ruby giggled.

"Oh, shut up," said Weiss. "Listen: Blake and I are going out. But before we do, I want to make something very clear to you. Are you listening? RUBY."

Ruby and Yang stopped pinching each other to stare at her. "What? What is it?"

"*This*," said Weiss, holding up a little vial, "is a bottle of experimental Dust fresh from Atlas. I'm going to put it over here, on the shelf by the TV, and when I come back, I want to see it still there. Okay? Because it's very expensive, very unstable, and if it ends up spilled all over the floor because two videogame-playing *children* can't control themselves, then someone is going to get stabbed, okay?"

"Okay, okay, jeez," said Yang. "What kinda Dust is it anyway?"

"Sucks-you-into-a-videogame Dust," said Weiss.

"Oh, neat."

“Am I understood?” said Weiss, expression stern.

“Yes, yes, you’re understood. Loud and clear, capitano.”

“Alright, good,” said Weiss. “Come on, Blake, let’s get out of here. The strip club said they’d dock my pay if I’m late again.”

The door slammed with a thud; Ruby and Yang turned their attention back to the game. “I’m going to beat you, Ruby.”

“Oh yeah, well not if I beat you first!”

“I’d like to see you try!”

“I’d like to see you see me try!”

In seconds, they’d tossed their controllers and were rolling around like a pair of professional wrestlers again, Yang’s arms around Ruby’s neck even as Ruby gnawed at Yang’s ankles. “Ow, ow, stop biting, you little—! We said no biting!”

Yang’s foot caught the shelf, and it shook, making all the expensive little ornaments adorning it shudder. The vial of ‘sucks-you-into-a-videogame’ Dust crept a little closer to the edge and wobbled there for a second, tipping, tipping...

...and finally righted itself as Ruby and Yang rolled away.

With a crash, lightning streaked through the window and struck the games console.

Ruby and Yang froze mid-tussle and stared, their eyes wide, as the room lit up, dancing with arcs of electrical energy. “Wh-what-?!”

A beam burst from the console’s sensor. It swept across the room, and under its glare, they disintegrated, their fingers and toes shredded into so many thousands of tiny squares, followed by the rest of their bodies. With one final wail, they shattered entirely, reduced to a fine cloud of colorful dust, which flowed across the room and into the device.

The beam snapped off. And just like that, the room was silent save for the jingle of 8-bit music.

Weiss Schnee closed the door and fell against it with a moan. “What a night,” she said, massaging her temple. “I swear, if they don’t do something about that pole, I’m going to rip it out and stick it up the manager’s ass.”

“I don’t know, I like the pole,” said Blake.

“Well, you would. All you have to do is stand there and wiggle your—” Her eyes drifted to the TV screen, and she winced. After staying up so late, it was like staring into the sun. “Ugh, not only do those idiots insist on playing their stupid games, but they won’t even turn them off when they’re done?”

She marched over to the couch and grabbed the remote, ready to hit the ‘off’ button, but before she had a chance, Blake grabbed her wrist. “Wait a second. Don’t you think something is strange here?”

“Strange?”

“Ruby and Yang aren’t in their beds,” said Blake, indicating the bunks. “And look at the characters on the screen.”

“On the screen...?” Weiss squinted. Now, she wasn’t very familiar with such childish pastimes as videogames, but it looked to her like the character creation screen of a charming 8-bit JRPG, possibly *Dragon Quest*. “What about it?”

“Look closer!”

Weiss looked closer. And gasped. The characters on the screen looked like 8-bit representations of Ruby and Yang, complete with two silver pixels for Ruby’s eyes and two purple ones for Yang’s. Her face paled. “You don’t think...?”

As one, their eyes drifted to the shelf and the vial of ‘sucks-you-into-a-videogame’ Dust sitting full and unharmed upon it. “...Huh, I guess not.”

“I guess they just spent a lot of time making their characters look like themselves,” said Blake.

“What narcissists,” said Weiss, rolling her eyes. A lock of hair fell in front of them – scowling, she pulled out a mirror and adjusted it.

Blake settled into the couch. “It’d be a shame to turn the game off after they spent so long on it. You wanna play for a while?”

“I’d rather die.”

“If you beat me, I’ll work your shift tomorrow night.”

“Fuck. You bitch. You’re on.” Throwing herself onto the couch, Weiss grabbed a controller.

Now, Weiss didn’t know much about such infantile experiences as videogames, but this one turned out to be less like the JRPG it seemed on the surface and more like an old platformer such as the original *Super Mario Bros.* or possibly even the original *Jumpman*. On the other hand, it was competitive, with both players fighting to finish the level first while earning the highest score.

Weiss, controlling Ruby, grit her teeth as she sailed over the first pit.

“Careful you don’t fall,” said Blake, controlling Yang. “ We’ve only got two lives between us.”

Life was pain.

For Ruby Rose and Yang Xiao Long, anyway. Trapped as barely-comprehensible lumps of pixels, flattened behind the glass of the screen, and unable to do anything but stand there looking out and waiting for Weiss and Blake to hit another button, they couldn’t imagine a worse form of torture.

Kill me, thought Ruby. *Please, kill me*. (“Woo-hoo! I love jumping!”)

Just let us die... thought Yang. *Please, just let us die*. (“Tee-hee! When I land it makes my boobs jiggle!”)

Weiss and Blake, of course, simply mashed the buttons a little harder.

Nearing a box with a ‘?’ on it, Ruby came to a stop under it. Then Weiss hit the button to jump, and she sprang into the air, slamming her fist and/or her head into its underside. *Ow! Ow! My head!* (“Ooo, a Fire Sac Flower!”)

From the box popped a big red flower with pixelated tits.

“The Fire Sac Flower?” said Weiss.

Naturally, it landed on Yang, and with a *dweep-dweep-dweep*, her boobs tripled in size and she started vomiting fire.

“What kind of game *is* this?” said Blake.

“Who cares what kind of game it is? Stop shooting fire at my character!” Weiss smashed the buttons in a desperate attempt to make Ruby dodge the endless fireball spam.

Inevitably, she failed. Ruby screamed as one of the fireballs crashed into her, instantly reducing her to a pile of sad grey pixels.

Just as suddenly as she’d died, she reappeared again. And with a clunk, their life counter dropped from ‘02’ to ‘01’.

“Blake, you idiot! You were the one who brought up lives!”

“Hey, you should have dodged!”

As Ruby and Yang moaned in torment (“Oh boy! What an adventure!” “My boobs are even jigglier now!”), they approached the first enemy: a cute little mushroom thing that looked suspiciously like an uncircumcised penis.

“Alright,” said Blake, “all we gotta do is jump on its head.”

“Oh, it’s that simple, is it? Here, why don’t you give it a try!” She jerked the joystick, and Ruby slammed into Yang’s side, sending her flying towards the mushroom. She landed on it crotch-first... and screamed as its giant girth disappeared inside her.

Nnaah! Aaah! Get it out of me! Get it out! (“Oh, yeah, Mommy likes them big!”)

“Weiss!”

“That’s for setting me on fire!”

Flickering, Yang vanished and reappeared. And their life counter dropped from ‘01’ down to ‘00’.

“Weiss, you idiot! If we lose now, we’re out of the game!”

“Oh, what does it matter? It’s just a stupid videogame anyway.”

“Oh, so now you’re losing, you don’t care, huh?”

“Losing?! Who says I’m going to lose?! I’m going to beat you so hard you’ll be the black *and* the blue member of the team!”

With a cacophonous clacking of buttons, they sent Ruby and Yang racing through the level, leaping over pits and bouncing on enemies’ heads and collecting coins, though they didn’t get enough for a new life. It wasn’t long before they found another ? box.

Blake was in the lead, so it was Yang who managed to hit it. *Ow! Ow! My head!* (“Ooo, a Butt-Up Plug!”)

Naturally, the stupid thing flew towards Ruby. On impact, her ass clenched painfully tight, and with a comical *boing*, bloated to three times its size. She screamed as it wobbled and clapped. *Nnn~! Nnn, it’s so heavy!* (“Wow, I’m even bigger than Blake now!”)

“The hell? What’s with this dialogue?”

“Eyes on the game, bitch!” Weiss mashed the buttons, and Ruby spun, slamming her giant new ass straight into Yang, who flew right into the nearest pit and vanished out of sight. This time, she didn’t reappear.

Blake dropped her controller. “Weiss, you whore!”

“Hah! Guess who’s going to be working two shifts at the club? Enjoy the extra tips, Blake!”

“You fucking bitch!” Throwing herself across the couch, Blake snatched the controller from Weiss’s hands and, holding her off with her foot, forced the joystick to the right.

With a silent whimper, Ruby ambled forward... *No! No! Blake! Blake!* ...Straight over the edge of the same pit as Yang. *Nonononono!* (“Weeee! I’m falling!”)

Everything went very dark. All that remained was the window of the screen.

And Weiss and Blake, staring at it in shock.

“Blake, you bitch!”

“What do you mean? You sabotaged me first!”

“I’ll sabotage your ass! Come here, you little—!”

As Weiss and Blake brawled on the couch, Ruby landed next to an immobile Yang, and the two of them stood there and wept pixelated tears as a big ‘GAME OVER’ appeared on the screen.

‘Continue...? 10... 9... 8...’

Weiss and Blake continued to brawl, leaving the timer to tick down and Ruby and Yang to stand there, trapped, with little choice but to watch as the number approached zero.

Wh-what happens to us if it runs out?! W-Weiss!

Blake! Blake! Hit continue! Hit continue!

But Weiss and Blake were too busy fighting to notice.

‘3... 2... 1...’

‘0.’

The ‘Continue’ option vanished, and from the darkness of the screen loomed a massive, pixelated Neo. As Ruby and Yang squealed, she snatched them up in her giant cartoon gloves and tossed them straight into a convenient garbage can. They had an instant to peer over the rim, pleading in their minds for Weiss and Blake to do something, anything, before—!

Neo slammed the lid on them, and with a pair of orgasmic screams, Ruby and Yang disintegrated into a formless mass of pixels, deleted from the system. Neo turned and winked at the player.

And just like that, the game returned to the title screen.