

Mother-Daughter Bonding, Part 2 (Absorption, Inanimate TF, RWBY)

Two sounds dominated the living room of the Belladonna Household.

The first was the sound of the four women therein snoring. Lying sprawled on their backs over the couch, the coffee table, the floor, they were about as deep into slumber as it was possible for four middle-aged women to be.

The second was the muffled sound of screaming emanating from the generously-endowed derrières of the aforementioned women, derrières so grand, so Callipygian, so egregiously humongous they lifted the bodies of their owners off their makeshift beds and left them lying crooked, as if they'd chosen to sleep on the backs of exercise balls. Squished by the weight of their owners, the fattened globes of flesh spilled over the sides of the furniture or else lay squashed into ovoid-shape by the floor. And they screamed, screamed in continuous if unheard protest.

Kali was the first to awake. With a sudden, stifled snort of a snore breaking halfway out of her nostril, she jerked upward and looked around her, blinking blearily and yawning. "Urgh," she said, looking for a clock. "What time is it?" Her head rang like a bell; her throat felt drier than a desert. She could really use a glass of water.

Sliding off the couch, she stretched and rubbed her famous Belladonna buttcheeks. For some reason, they were pounding almost as badly as her head. Had she slept at a weird angle...? Or perhaps her age was finally catching up to her...

Her hand sank through the fabric and deep into the flesh of her rear, so deep she almost believed it would never come to a stop. Freezing on the spot, she looked back over her shoulder. "What in the name of...?"

Where her once impressive ass had been, sat something that put it to shame. Two fat, firm cheeks of flesh, so tremendously thick she couldn't believe what she was seeing. She'd never *seen* a rear so well-endowed.

"Mmmphf! Mmmphf!"

Belatedly, she realized it was speaking. This was so strange that in the moment it didn't even register. Taking her hand, she lifted the cloth covering her butt and dug her panties out of the depths of her crack.

At once, the voice doubled in intensity. "Mom!" cried a familiar voice. "What have you done?!"

Kali stood blinking for several long seconds. "Blake...?"

It wasn't long before the rest of the group, awakened by her own cries of shock, sat up and figured out what had happened to their bodies too. Soon the four of them were standing around the coffee table, looking back over their shoulders and wincing at the sight of the titanic clumps of flesh now attached to their behinds. Not to mention the price they'd paid to acquire them.

"This is ridiculous!" cried Yang, her voice making Raven's buttcheeks—that is to say, Yang's new body—ripple with its intensity. "What kind of fucked-up freak turns her daughter into her ass?"

"Don't you take that tone around me," said Raven, instinctively. Though she couldn't help but pause for a second, weighing the merits of Yang's argument, and decide her daughter might perhaps be in the right. For once. "In my defense, I was *very* drunk."

"I can't believe this!" cried Weiss, her voice sounding from the depths of Willow's own engorged ass. "How are we supposed to live like this?"

"Yeah!" cried Blake. "You have to reverse it!"

"We'd like to, we really would," said Willow. As the one who'd supplied the absorption Dust, she had the clearest understanding of its limitations and effects. "But, well, there's no easy way to say this, but..."

Before she could finish, Ruby burst into tears. Summer patted her ass softly, looking embarrassed. "There, there," she said. "Everything's going to be okay..."

"How is it going to be okay?" cried Ruby, through the tears. "You turned us into... You turned us into *butts!*"

Summer wrung her hands. "Yes, well, I suppose that much is true. I can't really deny that."

"How am I supposed to fight Grimm like *this?!*" wailed Ruby.

"Well, you could always try smothering them to death," said Raven, arms folded.

"Mom!" cried Yang. "Ruby, don't panic! They're going to find a way to turn us back to normal, and everything is going to be ok? Isn't that right, Weiss?"

Willow coughed. "That's right," she said. "All we have to do is find the right kind of Dust to turn you back. It's that simple!"

"What?!" cried Weiss. "What do you mean, 'it's that simple'? The absorption Dust was experimental! You don't even know if the right kind of Dust to turn us back even exi—Mmmphf!"

Willow tugged her skirt down a little harder, smothering Weiss beneath it.

"Wh-what was she trying to say?" said Blake. "Do you even *know* how to turn us back?!"

“O-of course we do, honey,” said Kali, patting her rear affectionately. “We never would have done this if we couldn’t turn you back.”

A terrible silence filled the room.

“Oh my Dust,” said Yang. “You *don’t* know how to turn us back, do you?”

“They don’t!” cried Weiss, forcing Willow’s skirt out of her crack. “They don’t even have the slightest idea! We haven’t even made the reversal Dust yet. It’s not even theoretical!”

With a great wail, Ruby started crying all over again, the force of her tears making Summer’s ass wobble even harder.

“Oh, now, honey, don’t cry,” said Summer, rubbing her cheeks affectionately and throwing demanding glances at the other mothers. *What do we do now?*

The four exchanged a look. “We could... always have another drink?” said Raven.

Her fellow mothers nodded. “Yes, let’s do that.”

“What?!” cried Weiss and Blake and Yang, simultaneously.

“You should start by shutting up that whiny little ass of yours,” said Raven, pushing Summer back onto the couch. “Here, take a seat. *I’ll* fetch you a glass.”

“Mmmphf!” Ruby’s cries cut off with one last squeak of despair.

Soon enough, all four of them were seated, a glass of Chianti in their hands and their asses squished *hard* into the cushions beneath them.

“Mmmphf! Mmmmmphf!” cried Kali’s ass, furiously.

She covered her lips and blushed, giggling. “Oops! Excuse me.”