

White in the Butt, Part 2 (Absorption, Butt Expansion, RWBY)

Silence, save for the wobbling of Yang's asscheeks. The fat mounds shook like two giant clumps of gelatin, back and forth and back and forth again, crashing into each other with emphatic smacks that rolled out through the warehouse and left them all shaking.

The wobbling continued, undeterred. It was like watching a pair of hills in an earthquake – two big, jiggly hills that simply refused to stop shaking. The clapping could have been heard all the way down the road.

Still the wobbling continued, seeming, if anything, louder than it had been to start. Yang's cheeks didn't just smack, they *clapped*, clapped loud and resounding, drowning their thoughts with their applause and leaving them–

“Jesus Christ, how long is it going to last?” asked Ruby.

Eventually, Yang reached back and clamped her cheeks, holding them firmly in place. Even then, it was like trying to stop cats fighting – Yang's ass wanted to shake.

“So,” she said, now they could actually hear themselves think again, “you're saying that Dust explosion turned Weiss into my butt?”

Blake shrugged. “It seems like the simplest explanation.”

“Does it?” said Yang. “Does it *really*?”

“I mean, yeah.”

“You've seen this before?”

“Eleven times, as a matter of fact.”

Yang shook her head in disbelief. “Okay, fine. Let's operate on the assumption that what you're saying is true and not the delusional ramblings of a porn-addled Faunus. If Weiss actually *did* get turned into my ass, she should be able to, like, make herself known or something, right?”

“I guess that makes sense...” said Blake.

“What? No it doesn't,” said Ruby. “Butts don't have brains, Yang. Why would you assume she can still think?”

“You think she can't think?”

“She couldn't before,” muttered Blake.

"I *think* that's an assumption that only really makes sense in the context of transformation fiction and probably wouldn't be what anyone actually assumes in this kind of scenario," said Ruby, the nerd.

"So she's braindead?" asked Yang.

"Well, I don't know if I'd go that far..."

"I *would*," muttered Blake.

"I just think," said Ruby, "that we shouldn't make any assumptions."

Blake snorted. Ruby looked at her funny.

"Okay," said Yang, scratching her chin in thought. "So Weiss might be my ass. Or she might not. And she might be my ass and sentient. Or she might be my ass and stuck as two big, dumb clumps of fat..."

"And it might be hard to tell the difference," muttered Blake.

"...Have I laid out all the options?"

Ruby shrugged. "I *guess*."

"So what do we do *now* then?"

It was Ruby's turn to scratch her chin. "Well, obviously we should do something to test our hypothesis, right? If we can get Weiss to move or make a noise or otherwise show some sign she's in there... we'll know she's in there!"

"Unless it's just an evil demon *pretending* to be her," said Blake.

"You got a better idea, Descartes?" Yang scowled. "How do we make her move or whatever anyway?"

They all thought about this for a little while. In the end, it was Blake who offered the answer: "We could smack her with this gigantic paddle."

Yang winced. "Well, we *could*, but—"

"Oh we could zap her with these electrodes."

"Well, I guess, but—"

"Or we take this giant string of anal beads and wedge them all the way up her—"

"Blake, where are you getting all this stuff?"

Blake rolled her eyes. "Guys, this warehouse is full of buttstuff stuff. That's probably why the Dust turned Weiss into a butt in the first place."

"Wow," said Ruby, studying the warehouse with new eyes. "Makes you wonder what the White Fang wanted with the place, doesn't--?"

"Just hit me with the fucking paddle!" snapped Yang.

And so, Blake picked up the paddle and prepared to swing. As she raised it and took aim, however, a mischievous smile came over her face. "Hey, Ruby. Can you lead me in?"

"What?"

"Like we're playing baseball and I'm the batter."

"You want me to pretend to throw a ball?"

"No, no, like, I want you to do the 'swing batter batter swing' thing they say."

"What?"

"It'll be funny."

"Blake, I don't know what that is. I don't even know if baseball's a thing in this series."

"Ugh, whatever. Yang, are you ready?"

Yang looked back like a woman who wasn't ready. "You're not going to go too hard, are you?"

Blake smirked. "Don't worry, baby, I promise you'll enjoy it." And she drew back and smacked Yang as hard as humanely possible.

"Ah!" Yang rubbed her ass with a hiss. "Blake, you bitch! That fucking stings!"

Blake rolled her eyes. "Did Weiss move?"

"I don't know! I was kinda in pain, you know!"

"Well I didn't see," said Blake. "I was too busy doing the swinging. Ruby?"

"Sorry, I was still thinking about baseball."

Blake massaged her brow. "Alright, look, we'll just do it again, okay? One... Two..."

"Be gentle this time!"

"I *am* gentle!" And she drew back and spanked Yang even harder.

“Ah! Blake, you bitch!”

“Did she move?” said Blake, lowering the paddle.

“I don’t know,” said Ruby. “It was kinda hard to tell over Yang’s squealing.”

“One more time then,” said Blake.

A tear spilled from Yang’s eye. “Are you shitting me?”

“On the count of three,” said Blake, raising the paddle. “One... Two... Thr—”

“Swing batter batter swing!” cried Ruby.

Blake was so startled she tripped midswing. With a squeal, she flew facefirst into Yang’s ass and ended up with her head stuck between its cheeks.

“Blake!” Ruby rushed to pull her out. “Are you okay?”

Blake’s nose was bleeding. “Mostly. Um. I kinda heard a voice.”

“A voice?” said Yang. “Whose?”

“Who do you think, genius?” Blake massaged her brow. “Yang, are you still holding your cheeks together?”

Yang stopped massaging her reddened cheeks with a frown. “Yeah. Why?”

“Maybe stop for a second?”

“Okay...” Yang released her cheeks, allowing them to part, and the instant the curtains opened, the star of the show started to sing:

“Blake, you bitch! When I get out of here, I’m going to send you to the *mines!*”