

Yang's Transformative Workout, Part 1 (Clothing TF, Inanimate TF, RWBY)

Releasing her shorts with a snap of the band, Yang stepped back and studied herself in the mirror. "Oh yeah," she said, cocking her hip. "You're going to blow their sports socks off."

Her opinion of herself was only *slightly* conceited: the woman in the glass was a stunning blonde bombshell, her already generous figure emphasized by the tightly-fitting sports bra and shorts wrapped around her curves. When she flexed, things moved. When she ran, things would move *more*. All she'd have to do was step onto the treadmill, and she'd have every eye in the school gym glued on her.

"Alright, enough eating my own eye candy." With a clap, Yang grabbed her water bottle and turned to go, marching straight for the door. In her haste to reach the gym, however, she didn't notice it was already opening. Nor did she notice the woman striding through it, the box in her hands obscuring her view as the two of them grew closer and closer until—

With a deafening bang, everything exploded.

Yang struck the floor with a thump and sat there dazed, wondering what had happened. A thick cloud of pinkish Dust filled the air, and when she tried to breathe, she practically choked on it. As she hacked and coughed, it settled all over her, making her skin shine and her arms and legs tingle. "Urgh...!"

From the cloud came a slightly more upper-class coughing. "Urgh! Ruby! I'm going to—"

"Weiss?"

"*Yang?!?*"

The smoke cleared, revealing Weiss Schnee, sitting and blinking in a pile of broken glassware. Even as Yang stared, more of the stuff spilled out of her box and shattered.

"Incredible!" said Weiss at last. "Clearly Ruby didn't get her clumsiness from her *mother!*"

"H-hey, that's not fair," said Yang, struggling back to her feet. "You didn't see me either!"

"I had a box in front of my eyes!"

"Why are you using a box like that anyway? What happened to that fancy suitcase you used to wheel around?"

"Your sister made it explode!"

"Oh." Yang shrugged. "Well, no harm, no foul, right?"

Weiss's jaw dropped. "What do you mean 'no harm'? You just destroyed *all* of the Dust I was carrying!"

“Ah, see, that’s where you’re wrong,” said Yang, a smirk returning to her face. “I didn’t destroy the Dust, I destroyed the *containers*. The Dust itself is fine.”

“Oh, you’re unbelievable! What am I supposed to do, just vacuum it up?”

“Hey, it worked with Grandma Schnee’s ashes.”

“Urgh!”

As Weiss turned and stomped away, presumably to search for a dustpan and brush, Yang returned to the mirror with a scowl of perplexion. While she’d managed to wipe off all the Dust, she still felt a little strange. Examining herself, she couldn’t find anything that was off though. “I guess that Dust didn’t do anything after all.”

With a deafening *rrrrrip*, her sportswear exploded. Her curvaceous body bounced into the open, jiggling like it was loaded with gelatin.

Yang stared, uncomprehending, as the bouncing of her curves slowly stilled. ...Had she always been so busty? Her butt was looking a little bigger too.

Finally, reality caught up to her. With a squeal, she hurried to cover herself up. “Weiss! Weiss, you *bitch!*”

Weiss rushed back into the room with a little vacuum and an apron. “What?! What is it— Oh my Dust!” Her eyes went wide as she looked Yang up and down.

“Yes, oh your Dust!” snapped Yang, boobs spilling around her arms. “Look what it did to my sportswear, you jerk!”

Weiss, blushing, bit her lip. “I—I— I don’t understand. There were so many different kinds of Dust in that box, but none of them were meant to do anything like—”

Yang marched over and grabbed her. “I don’t care how it happened! Do you know how much that stuff cost?! I paid 200 lien for that thong! 200 lieeeeeeeeeen!” She gave her a shake. “You broke it, so you’re going to replace it!”

Yang’s hand tingled, and a wave of pink light washed out of her palm and over Weiss’s body. Under the glaze of it, Weiss’s eyes rolled back in their sockets, her tongue lolled out of her mouth, and an orgasmic moan escaped her pale lips. Yang dropped her, face red, and just like that, the Schnee heiress turned white and shriveled, crumpling into her uniform. For several seconds it squirmed like it held a wild animal, till with one final moan, it at last became still.

“W-Weiss?” said Yang, creeping towards it. “Weiss?” After a moment, she gathered up the courage to bend down and look, but when she rummaged in the pile, she found nothing more than a simple, plain white thong bearing Weiss’s familiar snowflake emblem. Extracting it, she held it up and stared for several long, long seconds.

“No,” she said, at last. “No, no way. Did I—?” She couldn’t have, could she? Her Semblance wasn’t— But what if the Dust had—? What if it had changed it or given her a new one or—? It had happened right when she said Weiss was going to replace it! And she had! Literally! How could that be a coincidence?

Yang bit her lip. “I need to test this,” she said, glancing at the door.

The only question was, ‘who to test it *on*?’

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Blake stopped at the door, sniffing the air with a frown. There was a strange, heady scent to it all of a sudden, as if someone had put on too much perfume, and her sensitive nose couldn’t stand it. Pinching it, she crept into the dorm room. “What the hell is that smell?”

“Oh, hey, Blake,” said Yang, wearing nothing but a thong. “Sorry, I was just doing some warm-ups before I head to the gym.” She bounced on the spot, making many other things bounce. Half of Blake’s blood came pouring out of her nostrils.

She recovered to find Yang striding towards her, still naked. Still – gulp – sweaty and jiggling and so so fucking hot.

“Do you like my new thong?” said the blonde, pinching the strap, tugging it tight, and releasing it with a snap.

Blake didn’t have enough blood left to answer.

“I still need a sports bra and a nice new pair of shorts though,” said Yang, slapping her butt with a loud clap. “Hey, I don’t suppose you could help me with that, could you?”

And before Blake could ask what that meant, let alone provide an answer, Yang raised her hand and planted it on her chest. With a flash, a wave of pink light washed over Blake’s body.

“Wh-what the hell is—?” Blake cut off with a scream as a surging wave of ecstasy unlike anything she’d ever felt followed it. Like lava, liquid pleasure rolled through her veins and threatened to incinerate her, making her squeal and jerk with the force of its passage. Her head snapped back, her tongue lolled out of her mouth, and her pussy squirted like she was reading *Ninjas of Love* again – as her mind melted with the sheer amount of bliss, all the strength left her form, and she collapsed to the floor mewling. Around her, the bedroom swelled, growing larger and larger, turning Yang into a giant in the process.

Blake landed in a pile of her own uniform and lay there mewling inside as her body twisted and contorted. Her mouth opened wide, wide enough she could have swallowed a melon, and her pussy and her anus followed suit, stretching till they were only slightly smaller. She screamed in delight as the cool air of the bedroom spilled through them and tickled them and

generally left her feeling like she'd been set on fire. She wanted to cry, it felt so good, but she no longer seemed to have eyes for some reason.

At last, just as it seemed she must explode from sheer ecstasy, the process stopped, and Blake found herself lying limp and alone in the darkness, unable even to draw in a breath, let alone pant and moan like she wanted to. She felt like a wet rag.

The cavern in which she lay shifted, and the familiar face of Yang appeared overhead, rendered terrifying by scale and expression. She looked like a serial killer who'd stumbled on their victim in the restroom. "I can't believe it... It was me."

Y-Yang! As Blake tried to figure out how to speak again, the giant blonde reached in and seized her by the... lips? and wrenched her out of the darkness as if she weighed nothing. Blake squealed as the air of the room whipped against her flimsy body.

Holding her up with a grin, Yang marched to the room's mirror and held her in front of her crotch. "Not bad," she said. "It looks like you'll be a perfect fit for me too."

Blake could only stare in the terror. In the glass, Yang held nothing more than a simple pair of tight, black sports shorts. Plain, if you discounted the familiar emblem plastered in violet on the band. Her emblem. *Her* emblem.

"Well, only one way to find out for sure, of course." And without further fanfare, Yang stretched Blake's mouth wide open, lifted a leg, and—

As her teammate's leg crashed through her body, slipping through her mouth, down her throat, and out of her sex like that was the natural order of things, Blake screamed like she was being fingered by a giant. The sensation spread through her and speared her from mouth to gut, stretching every fiber of her being to breaking point, and generally leaving her uncertain whether she'd tear in half or orgasm first.

Then Yang put her *other* leg inside her.

As Yang tugged her up her body, Blake whimpered and mewled and generally spluttered in pleasure. The farther up her body Yang pulled her, the tauter Blake was stretched around her, and the louder she wanted to scream in pleasure. By the time she reached her butt, Blake could barely think for sheer ecstasy.

Yang's ass was a special treat. Was it just Blake's perspective, or was it larger now? It had seemed bigger even from the door, but from just underneath it, with those fat cheeks hanging over her like the moon, it seemed titanic.

P-please, she managed, when Yang paused to catch her breath. *Yang, please! Don't do it! Please, you're going to tear me! You're going to tear me! You're going to—!*

Yang took a deep breath, and tugged again. And with one last grunt and an emphatic *pop—*

Blake squealed as Yang's booty filled her body. Filled her and then some. Orgasm was a sharp and immediate relief.

"Oof," said Yang, inspecting her butt in the mirror. "A little tighter than I was expecting, but I guess these things are *meant* to be tight, right?"

Y-Yang... Yang, please...!

"Hey, they make my ass look *great* though."

She slapped her cheek, and the impact sent Blake spiraling into orgasm all over again.

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Yang stood and watched her asscheeks clap for several seconds before she finally remembered what she was doing. "Oh, that's right!" she said, slapping her fist into her palm. "I was testing my new Semblance."

She gave Blake a little tug. "Well, I guess it worked." Blake was definitely a pair of tight spandex sports shorts now, which was exactly what Yang had wanted. Now all she needed was a sports *bra*...

As if on cue, the door opened, and into the room stepped Ruby Rose, oblivious. "Hey, Yang! Did you do something with your hair?"

Yang flicked a glance at the mirror, and her Dust-enhanced breasts, which seemed to jiggle like puddings with every little movement she made. She looked back to Ruby and chewed her lip in thought. Could she *really* turn her innocent little sister into a nice, tight bra for her egregiously-swollen tits?

"Yang? Yang, why are you looking at me like that?"

Yang snorted. "Of course I can." And without another word, she marched forward and planted her hand on Ruby's head. "Ruby Sports Bra!"

Ruby went red. "Y-Yang?! What are you—Oooooooooaaaaaaaah!" Her head snapped back; her eyes rolled; her tongue lolled. And with a scream of ecstasy truly unsuited to such an innocent young woman, Ruby Rose turned red in a slightly more literal sense than normal. "Nnnnnaaah~!"

Yang stepped back with a smirk of amusement, as her younger sister shriveled into a flimsy sheet of red fabric and disappeared into her own crumpling clothes. With a thump, they struck the floor and squirmed for several seconds before they finally became still.

Bending down, Yang reached in, rummaged around, and, after much searching pulled out a slim red sports bra. She grinned. "Wow, it came out great!"

Hurrying over to the mirror, she gave the new bra an experimental stretch and, satisfied it wasn't going to tear, threw it over her head. As her arms slipped through the straps, she seized its mouth and, pinching tight, struggled to pull it down over her bust. This was a lot harder than it sounded: under the influence of her Dust, her boobs seemed a little larger every time she looked at them, and she had to take a deep breath and tug, tug, *tug*, to get her new bra down over them. For a second, she worried it would stick halfway.

At last, with a pop, it passed her nipples, mouth suckering to her underbust as if that were its natural place. Yang released a sigh of relief. "Phew. For a second or two, I thought it wasn't going to be big enough."

She cocked her hips and inspected herself in the mirror. With her tight red new sports top and equally tight black new sports pants, she looked curvier than ever. She wasn't just going to blow socks off – she was going to blow off whole feet! People would never be able to run again because of her!

Laughing at the thought, she ran jiggling to the door. ...Where she froze with her hand on the handle, looking down and frowning. "I don't have any sneakers..."

Now what did she do? It wasn't like she had any more roommates who could conveniently show up right as she needed someone to transform.

From the other side of the door came a voice:

"Well *done*, Jaune. You did *really well* in our training today. Keep it up, and you'll earn one of my *special stickers* to reward your *hard work*!"

"Th-thanks, Pyrrha. But do you have to say it like that? It's kinda emasculating."

Yang's fist slammed into her palm. "Oh, of course!" With a laugh, she wrenched the door open.

Jaune and Pyrrha stopped speaking and froze. Jaune especially seemed to turn to solid stone.

"Hey, guys," she said, giving them a wink.

"H-hi, Yang," said Jaune, his eyes roaming all over her. They were the only part of his body that was moving.

"Hi, *Yang*," said Pyrrha, her own eyes snapping between her and Jaune with a scowl.

"Heading to the gym?"

"That's right," said Yang, giving them both her biggest smile. "Hey, I don't suppose you two could do me a favor, could you?"

"What's that?" asked Pyrrha.

She planted her hands on their chests. "Become my sneakers and a gym mat for me, will you?"

The pair stared at her. "What the hell do you—Nnnnnah! Ah! Ah!" And just like that their heads snapped back and their tongues lolled out, and they screamed as the pleasure of her power coursed through them. Jaune came instantly, which seemed pretty par for the course.

With a pair of wild moans, they shriveled, the red of Pyrrha's hair overtaking her skin, while the gold of Jaune's own locks did the same to him. As Pyrrha's head disappeared in the neck of her blouse, she opened wide and split, like an amoeba dividing itself. Jaune, meanwhile, flattened like Nora had sat her fat ass on him.

All in all, the process took maybe ten seconds.

With a grin, Yang reached into Pyrrha's discarded uniform and, casting aside her emptied blouse and lingerie, extracted a pair of dark red sneakers. Slipping her feet into them, she smirked. "Neat! They'll go with my top!"

Jaune's new form was a lot easier to find, not least because it was stretching his clothes tight around it. Picking the exercise mat up, Yang placed it on its end and undressed it, removing jacket and shirt and pants and even the tight-white y-fronts stretched taut around it. Discarding them with a smirk, she rolled the exercise mat up and tucked it under her arm.

"There," she said. "I think I should be good to go now." She took two steps and paused, frowning. "On the other hand, I *do* need a water bottle. And a towel to mop my sweat up..."

JNPR's door opened; Nora and Ren poked their heads out. "Hey, Yang, have you seen Jaune and Pyrrha? I thought I heard them a minute ago..."

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Despite the tightness of her sportswear, they couldn't keep her new assets from jiggling and bouncing and generally drawing every eye in a half mile as she marched into the gym.

Unrolling her new mat, she tossed it at the floor and, rummaging in her cleavage, pulled out her phone, which she set at the end so that her viewers had the best view of her tits. Placing her water bottle and towel beside it, she lowered herself the mat, grimacing at the pain in her arms as she assumed the appropriate posture, and with that, started doing push-ups. Fifty should be enough to begin. Then she could turn around and give her viewers a good view of her ass.

"One... Nnn~! Two... Nnn~! Three...! Nnnah!"

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Wrapped tight, drawn taut, her sister's nipples digging painfully into her fabric, Ruby Rose squealed in pain as Yang dropped back to the mat again, making her enormous boobs shudder and bounce inside her.

Nnnn~! Ah! Ah! Ah! Oh Dust! Dust, please! Make it stoop! Make it stooooop! Each time Yang rose and fell, her gigantic tits copied the motion a second later, stretching Ruby's poor, stressed fabric taut, then releasing it. And then, just as she thought she might recover, doing the whole thing all over again. She wanted to scream, it hurt so much. *Nnnn~!*

It wasn't just her sister's movements that were the issue though: as Yang worked up a sweat, she... worked up a sweat. A real sweat. Her cleavage was a valley in monsoon season – it flooded, and all that sweet, salty sweat came spilling out of her tits and into Ruby's fabric. She drank it up, every single drop of it, and she didn't have much of a choice. All she could do was keep slurping till her fabric was soaked, and *still* Yang's boobs kept pouring the awful stuff into her.

And the less said about her armpits the better!

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Down below, Weiss wasn't having much fun either. Not only had she been turned into a flimsy piece of cloth, but she'd *also* been forced into Yang's disgusting ass, threaded between her cheeks like a piece of wire through cheese.

Cheese was the right comparison. Because with every push-up and sit-up and sexy wink Yang did, her ass jiggled and clapped and sweated a little harder, making the stench Weiss experienced inside it infinitely worse.

Ewewewewew! Urgh, you fat cow, don't you ever wash?! When I get out of here, I'll make you eat Cardin's laundry! Urgh!

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Speaking of stench, Pyrrha's experience was hardly better. It wasn't too bad at the start of Yang's routine, when she was just doing push-ups and sit-ups, but as soon as she moved to the treadmill– Oh!

As her face slammed into the belt again and again and again and again, Pyrrha almost managed to get over the smell of Yang's disgusting unwashed feet rotting inside her. Ugh, the sweat and the stench came right through her socks, and Pyrrha's insole drank up every drop. Soon, she began to worry she'd never smell clean again.

Worse even than this, however, was what it felt like to have Yang's feet inside her. When she'd transformed, she split down the middle, separating her vagina and her anus, and it was these that had become her holes, even as her face split into the soles. And she was the perfect size for Yang's feet, which is to say, they filled her with little in the way of leftover room. Every time they so much as shifted, it felt like the world's fattest dildo being wiggled in her genitals.

Nnnnn~! Make it stooooop!

*

Jaune lay on his back under the world's sexiest woman.

Unlike the other victims of Yang's new Semblance, he didn't have many complaints about his new state of being. This was less because it was perfect and more because he no longer had the brain power left to formulate complex sentences. The sight of Yang leaning over him, her hands pressed into his plush foam surface while her giant boobs hovered over his face like two suns in the sky, had robbed him of all higher reason. All he could do was lie there and stare, wishing he still had a cock left to cum with.

His penis was still around in one sense: like his face, it seemed to have been spread all over his new surface, so that when Yang's hands sank into his foam, it felt as if she were both squeezing his cheeks and groping him. Oh, and when she reached the lowest point of her push-ups... when her chest came so low it grazed his surface or even squished into him outright... he wished he still had a mouth so he could squeal his delight.

The longer he lay there, the better things became. Eventually, Yang's arms gave and she dropped, slamming her chest into his crotch/face. And as if that wasn't reward enough, she promptly rolled over and sat there for a second as she recovered, her swollen butt sinking deep into his foam. He felt as if her cheeks were crushing his face and wrapped around his cock. Both, at the same time. It was heaven.

Sweat dripped from Yang's brow as she leapt off the rowing machine. Snatching up her cute pink towel, she wiped her face and, after a moment of hesitation, her armpits too. By the time she was done, it felt like she'd emptied a bucket on it. She threw it over her shoulders and reached for her water.

Popping the cap, Yang licked her lips and wrapped them delicately around the bottle's nozzle. When she sucked, it filled her mouth in an instant – pulling it out, she spluttered for a second. "Urgh, give me a chance to swallow..."

Having drained every last drop, Yang tucked it under her arm, rolled up her mat, and, with her exercise done, made her way back to the dorms for a shower.

As she walked, she reflected on how well her new Semblance had worked for her. Not only had she got a whole new set of gymwear, but it was the best stuff she'd ever used, and she hadn't had to pay a lien for it!

A strong scent reached her nostrils. Pinching her bra, she gave it a sniff. Oof. Clearly it was as good at holding her sweat as it was at holding her boobs. Well, it was nothing a few spin cycles wouldn't fix.

Of course, she thought, checking her armpits, her clothes weren't the only thing in need of a wash – she *really* needed a shower. Only, she really needed a new sponge too... Urgh, where was she supposed to get one at this hour?

She turned the corner, and almost bumped into Glynda Goodwitch. “Ah, Miss Xiao Long. Have you seen Miss Schnee? I need to talk to her about the fire damage in the lobby...”

Yang scratched her chin. “Sure, sure. But first, do you mind if I ask you a question...?”