

Weiss's No Nut November, Part 2 (Futanari, Absorption, RWBY)

The clock ticked on the wall of the dorm room.

"How long?" said Weiss Schnee, her eyes locked facing forward.

A meter ahead, kneeling on the carpet just like her, Nora Valkyrie stared back, her eyes twitching, and tried not to look down.

"How *long*?" repeated Weiss, when no-one answered.

Pyrrha Nikos, standing behind them, shuffled uncomfortably on the spot. "I—"

"Just tell her," said Nora, after a moment. Her voice came out stilted, as if she were struggling to speak.

"F-five minutes," said Pyrrha. "Well, 4 minutes 40 seconds." She shrugged.

A grin crept onto Weiss Schnee's face. "That doesn't sound that bad," she said. "I think I can hold out *that* long."

Opposite her, Nora squirmed. On her brow beaded a glistening drop of sweat, which slid slowly down her temple onto her cheek, and from there down to her chin, from which it fell with a *splot* onto the fabric of her sweatpants, leaving a small wet patch in the taut, straining fabric. It was one of several, and far from the largest, which was currently closer to the ends of her shorts at the tip of the massive futanari cock she had crammed inside them. Every few seconds it twitched, releasing another glob of precum, and Nora had to bite her lip and breathe hard to prevent it from going any further. Her balls had grown to the size of coconuts.

Weiss Schnee, watching her, grinned smugly. "Having a little difficulty?"

Nora glared at her.

Truthfully, Weiss wasn't doing much better. The only reason her own cock wasn't staining her pants was because it had grown too long for them: instead, it was drooling precum all down the length of her leg. And *her* balls had grown to the size of watermelons too, so large she couldn't kneel without straddling them. She looked like she was riding some kind of weird exercise ball.

Oh, and there was one other problem: the voices.

Weiss! Weiss, please! You've got to let us cum! I can't take it anymore! Ruby's, emanating from her left testicle, couldn't have sounded more desperate.

Please, Weiss! agreed Blake. *Please, you don't know what it's like! We're so fucking full! We're so blue, we're ultramarine! Weiss, please! You've got to let us—*

Cum! cried Yang, throbbing erect above them. *Cum! Cum! Please let me cum! Oh Dust, Weiss! Please, I wanna cum so bad! Weiss! Please! Please! Please, please, please let me cu—*

“Shut up!” snapped Weiss. Nora and Pyrrha jerked. *I mean, shut up! We’ve only got a few minutes left! Just hold it in till then, and you can cum as much as you like!*

But we’re soooooo horny!

Do you think I can’t tell?! Weiss grit her teeth, sweat beading on her brow. “Hold long?” she snapped.

“T-two minutes,” said Pyrrha.

“Two minutes,” said Weiss, with a smug little laugh. When the drop of sweat passed her mouth, she licked it up. “Think you can last that long, you slut?”

Nora worked her jaw, refusing to be baited, but Weiss was a master, and she had way more in store:

“Dust, just imagine how good it’ll feel to give in,” she said. “To wrap your hands around your shaft and just—” She had to pause to take a breath. “To just start stroking and stroking and—*Nh~!* Dust, I bet you’ll cum gallons.”

Nora bit her lip, trembling. “H-how long?”

“One and a half minutes,” said Pyrrha.

“One and a half minutes,” repeated Weiss, her grin growing even. “Think you can hold it in that long? Remember you don’t win just because you last the month – you’ve still got to outlast me too. Do you think you can do that? And do you think it’ll be worth it, knowing how good it will be to finally cum?”

Nora took a long breath and exhaled it slowly. Her hands were shaking now, and better yet: creeping slowly towards her cock.

“50 seconds,” said Pyrrha.

“Come on, Nora, you know it doesn’t matter,” said Weiss, fighting to ignore the tension in her own shaft. “Even if you last the whole month, it doesn’t mean anything. Why don’t you just give in now and have a nice, hard stroke? You know you’ll enjoy it.”

“30!”

Nora released a little whine.

“*Cum* on, Nora. You know you want to~.”

“10 seconds!” said Pyrrha.

Nora bit her lip. “I—”

“5!”

“I—”

“4! 3!”

Nora screwed up her eyes. Weiss smiled even wider.

“2! ...1! That’s it! November is over!”

With a wild scream, Nora bucked her hips and came, releasing a torrent of semen so thick it stretched her sweatpants like a balloon for an instant before it collapsed and came leaking out of the legs.

“Hah!” Weiss leapt to her feet, still struggling to ignore the weight of her own balls. “In your face, Nora! I win! I lasted the whole month *and* I beat you! Which means...” She dropped her pants, freeing her own cock to spring out into the open: fifteen-inches long, riddled with veins, and pulsing like it was about to explode, it looked more like a cannon than a piece of human body.

Oh Dust, yes! Yes! cried Yang. Yes! Use me! Use me!

Let us cum! cried Ruby and Blake. Let us cum! Please!

As Nora collapsed, falling onto her back with a groan of her exhaustion, her cock limp and leaking all over the floor, Weiss took a dramatic step forward.

“W-Weiss? What are you doing?” asked Pyrrha.

“Don’t worry, I’ll get to you next,” said Weiss. And taking her cock in her hands, she aimed the tip at Nora’s face and—

Nnnnnn~! Oh! Oh! Yes! Yes! Harder! Harder! Harder! Hardeeeeeeeeeeeer—!

It didn’t take her much to cum. Just one single stroke, quick as the drawing of a sword, and the knot in Weiss’s groin came swiftly undone. With a scream, she thrust her hips and came like a fire hose, firing a thick, sticky stream of semen from her penis, a load so massive it was a wonder where it had all been stored. As moneyshots went, this was a billion dollar one, and it painted Nora like a suburban fence.

NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN~! Yang’s scream, technically silent, was nonetheless loud enough to hurt the ears. Ruby and Blake’s wasn’t much quieter, though it grew higher-pitched with every inch they shrank.

Finally, the stream came to an end. It was hard to tell who Nora was: it looked like someone had dipped her in glue. Pyrrha stared in shock. "Weiss, what are you doing?!"

"It's Destroy Dick December," said Weiss, giving her shaft another quick stroke. "Now," she added, bending down. "I think I'll try her boobs next."