

The Yangover, Part 1 (Food & Clothing TF, RWBY)

Yang's head felt like a piano, a bastard piano being played by the worst fucking pianist in the entire goddamn world. Just *clang-clang-clang* **CLANG** every fucking second, non-stop, without a single moment's respite. Jesus Christ, how much had she *drunk* last night?!

She rolled over in bed, intending to sit up. Unfortunately, she was sprawled on the edge of the thing, so instead she ended up on the floor. Lying there with her face buried in the rug and her butt up in the air, she decided she might just spend the rest of the day there.

Half-an-hour later, her bladder decided enough was enough, and so, under threat of wetting herself, she struggled to get up. Back on her feet (or knees, at any rate), she lay leaning against the bed, blinking at the window. To her blurry eyes, the midday sun felt like a laser.

"I am never drinking again," she said, massaging her temple.

One quick trip to the bathroom later, and she stumbled into the dormroom's kitchen like some kind of shambling zombie Grimm, grabbed a glass, and poured herself the world's largest, most refreshing glass of water. "Oh yeah... Oh Dust, that's good..."

Only as she swallowed the last drop did she realize something was missing.

With a frown, Yang turned and studied the dorm room. Apart from the ringing in her head – which had gotten a *little* better – it was surprisingly quiet. Silent, actually. As if there were nobody else around...

She checked the calendar with a frown. It *was* a Saturday, wasn't it? She hadn't accidentally slept through the whole weekend, had she? No, even *she* wasn't *that* hungover. But in that case, where was everyone else? Ruby, and Blake, and the pale one with the stick up her ass? It wasn't like them to go out and leave her alone.

She paced the room, trying to remember if she'd forgotten something... Saturday classes? No, even they weren't *that* bad as students. Church service? No, that was tomorrow. Urgh, what else did people do on Saturdays? Besides suffer from hangovers?

As she ruminated on this question, her eyes slid to Ruby and Weiss's bedside cabinet, where someone had placed a plate of cookies and a tall glass of refreshing milk.

Her stomach rumbled. Belatedly, she realized she hadn't eaten anything all morning.

Glancing around, just in case Rubes and the Great White Snark were waiting to jump out at her, she crept over to the bed and picked up a cookie. Surely they wouldn't mind if she took *one*, would they? Aw, hell, she could always say Zwei had eaten them.

She grabbed the plate and picked up one of the cookies, her fingers sinking into its soft, warm dough. She was surprised they weren't cold. Had Ruby baked them herself in the

middle of the night or something? If so, Yang would have to have words with her – she *knew* she wasn't allowed to use the oven anymore.

She sniffed, and the scent of baked goods and chocolate slipped into her nose and left her stomach rumbling like it was host to a thunderstorm. With a deep breath, she forced the cookie between her lips and took the largest, crunchiest bite she was physically capable of. The sweetness overwhelmed her instantly; she slammed her eyes tight and stood chewing, savoring the bliss of it melting on her tongue.

By the time she finally swallowed, it was like having a hangover all over again. She'd never tasted such a delicious cookie. What the hell had Ruby made them of? Cocaine?

With few further concerns re: consequences, she stuffed the rest of the cookie into her mouth and crunched it to pieces. No sooner had she swallowed it than she snatched a second off the plate, and in seconds, she was tearing her way through them like a bear through a beehive, forcing handful after handful of the delicious treats through her mouth and down her throat.

She didn't realize she'd eaten the last one till her fingers struck hard porcelain. Opening her eyes, she blinked to find the plate empty. What had happened? Who'd eaten all her cookies?

In the afterglow of her meal, guilt came back fourfold. Shit, what had she done? She hadn't meant to eat *all* of them! When Ruby came back from wherever she'd gone, she was going to throw a tantrum.

She paced the room, wondering whether to confess to her crime or blame it all on Blake. As she walked, she smacked her lips with growing irritation: her hunger had been replaced by a real hankering for a drink.

Naturally, her eyes slid straight back to Ruby and Weiss's bedside cabinet, where the tall glass of milk remained full and frothy. She shouldn't, really, but, well, she'd already eaten all the cookies, hadn't she? Double or nothing, right?

As the first drops of the rich, creamy milk poured onto her tongue, Yang's eyes snapped open, and a squeal of utter delight escaped her lips. She'd never tasted such sweet milk – it wasn't just full fat, it was *thicc*.

Her instincts took over: without thinking, she chugged it, chugged it like she was still back at the bar. In a handful of giant gulps, its contents vanished down her throat, leaving only a thin white film at the bottom of the glass as evidence it had been filled.

Studying it, she grimaced. Well, she could always make it up to them later, right? At least her she'd quenched her thirst.

She placed the glass in the sink with the plate and stood there leaning on the counter for a moment, working through her thoughts. With her hunger and her thirst sated, her headache had started to abate, and it was a little easier to think again. What exactly had happened last

night? She didn't normally end up with such a bad hangover. How much had she drunk exactly?

She rubbed her temples, trying to massage her memories back into clarity. She didn't remember drinking that much at all, at least by her standards. She'd been trying to keep composed for some reason, only—

Wait. Wait, no, of course she'd been trying to stay composed: they'd brought Ruby with them, hadn't they? To celebrate her getting top marks in Getting Top Marks 101.

Now she thought about it, they'd all been there celebrating. Her and Ruby and Weiss and Blake. They'd all been drinking, of course, but she'd been trying to stay soberish so she could keep an eye on her sister: Ruby had kept chugging alcopops and other sweet drinks, and she didn't exactly have the highest tolerance for liquor.

If the rest of the team had been with her, where were they now though? She squeezed her eyes shut and rubbed her temple, wishing she could reach into her skull and wrench her memories back to the surface. There'd been something else, hadn't there? What was it though...? Weiss. Weiss. Something to do with Weiss. Only, what exact—?

Her stomach grumbled. Yang looked down at it. Shit, all her recent binging had really gone to her waistline, hadn't it? Since she had the morning free, maybe she should spend it at the gym...

She marched to her and Blake's wardrobe, wrenched open the doors, and peered inside. She'd been planning to grab her own workout clothes, but instead her eyes snapped straight to this sleek purple set lying out into the open.

Frowning, she picked them up. "Are these Blake's? When did she get these?" Blake's outfits had become a minor obsession of Yang's in recent weeks, especially the ones she wore to the gym.

She stretched them, released them with a snap, stretched them again. On closer inspection, they didn't look like Blake's at all: the top was too big, and the bottoms were too small. In fact, they looked a lot closer to her own gymwear in size. Had she bought them while she was drunk or something?

She checked the sizes, and yep, they were definitely hers. They still looked a little smaller than what she was used to, but they wouldn't fit anyone else on the team, anyway, not unless Ruby had another growth spurt.

With a shrug, she turned to the mirror. Well, wherever they'd come from, it wouldn't hurt to try them on.

Tearing off her clothes, she stood naked in the glass and inspected her beautiful body: apart from the recent pudginess of her gut, which a few sessions at the gym should be more than enough to take care of, she had the perfect figure. There were supermodels who'd be jealous of—

Her new sweatpants twitched.

With a frown, Yang raised them. Was she crazy, or had her new gym bottoms just moved?

She squinted at them for several long seconds, waiting for them to do it again, and finally shook her head. Whatever – she must have imagined it.

When she slipped her leg inside them, however, she was certain they tightened around her.

Slipping her other leg through the hole, she tightened her grip on their waistband, and with much gritting of teeth and panting, tugged them up her legs. They passed her thighs without incident, but it was a real pain in the butt to get them over her, well, butt. She'd been wrong about them being a size small – they were at least two sizes too small for her. She didn't dare imagine what *Blake's* ass would have done to them.

Finally, she released them with a snap and picked up the bra. Somehow, it managed to be even tighter than the bottoms, but then she'd expected that. Slipping her arms through the straps, she grunted as she struggled to yank its fabric over the outrageous curve of her boobs. It took almost five hard minutes of tugging to accomplish.

She stepped back and examined herself again. With her tight new gymwear hugging her curves, she looked hotter than ever. She could already picture the guys at the gym melting the instant she stepped through the doors.

The faintest movement around her hips, as if her shorts had twitched again. This time she put it down to a random cramp – she'd been sleeping at any odd angle, so it wasn't that crazy for her muscles to act up, right?

Turning, she wiggled her butt at the glass, enjoying the way her bottoms clung to her curves and really emphasized them. Pinching their lycra, she gave them a tug – eliciting another twitch from her muscles – and released them with a snap. Yeah, the guys wouldn't be able to tear their eyes away from her.

Oh, and neither would Blake. Yang smirked at the thought of how her pretty little kitty would react when *she* saw her new outfit.

At the thought of Blake, her smile faded. The more she thought about it, the stranger it seemed that the rest of her team had up and disappeared on her. Chewing her lip, she grabbed her scroll and tried to call them, but all their numbers were busy.

She returned to the center of the room with a frown and looked around, willing something, anything, to clue her into what had happened. If she could just remember...

It was something to do with Weiss, she was sure. She'd had some experimental Dust on her again, or something, but what it had done, Yang really couldn't remember. Something to do with chemistry, was that right? A catalyst of some kind, or–

A stabbing pain cut through her head. With a snarl, she shook the memories away again. Whatever. She'd figure it out once she got back from the gym.