

The Collector: Yang (Inanimate TF, Bimbofication, RWBY)

The Collector's saucer sped through space like a rogue hockey puck, shooting out of the Pussy Hole, slinging about the broken moon, and coming to rest over the planet the satellite orbited: a wild, Earth-looking world with really messy continents.

"Nyaaaah," said Shushuka, throwing up her arms. "We're finally here, nya! I can't wait to get started! We're going to grab so many fun items from this planet."

Her loyal maidbot, Fabia, marched over to her, joints creaking, and offered her a cup of tea from her platter. Shushu snatched it up and downed it in one enormous gulp. "Ahhh~, thank nyou, Fabia. Nyow... Let's get started." Spinning her chair back to the console, she pushed the button marked 'BALLS'.

With a pneumatic hiss, a little hatch opened on the base of the ship, and out dropped hundreds of tiny pink orbs, each about the size of a tennis ball. As they floated down to the planet below, the main screen of the saucer flickered and switched to showing some of the more interesting views the catseyes were capturing.

Shushuka studied them intently. "Hmm... Hmmm..." she said, rubbing her chin in thought. "Hmm... Hmm... Oh nyes, nya. Nyes, nyes, very good, very good." Each of the screens revealed a different woman, but there was one set in particular Shushuka had her mind set on. "Ahah!"

She enlarged one of the screens, revealing a view of a dorm room at night. The makeshift beds revealed four individuals: one red-haired, one white, one black-haired, and one blonde. "Purrfect, nya. Nyow... Who shall I start with...? Maybe the busty blondey, nya? I'm in the mood for a blonde." She rubbed the erection poking through her space clothes. "What do nyou think, nya?"

Fabia stared at her impassively. It wasn't her fault—she was literally programmed to be incapable of having her own opinions, after all.

"Excellent idea!" With a big grin, Shushuka pushed a second button on the console. This one was labeled: 'FINGERS'.

With what would have been a very impressive screech, if the saucer weren't floating in space, it dropped out of orbit and down, down to the planet below, where its ninja-field swiftly rose to shield it from the prying eyes of all those nosy natives. Coming to a stop right above the big, pointy Academy Shushuka's prey had sequestered themselves in, it opened another hatch on its underside and produced a single long, probing tentacle, thick and bulbous as a giant worm. Stretching downward, down, down, down, like Rapunzel's locks or something, it opened the relevant room's window with a brief flick of telekinesis and slipped its giant head inside, searching.

It didn't take long for it to find the blonde sprawling on her bed, ass up in the air and drooling into her pillow. Approaching her feet, the tentacle opened its mouth, and with a single tremendous suck—

—vacuumed up Yang Xiao Long like nothing more than a speck of dust.

Back on the saucer, Shushuka spun in her chair and giggled as she watched the bulge of her captive's form travel back up the pipe to the saucer. Slung through the ship's internal tubing system, she soon made her presence known in the processing room. Shushuka could hear her screams of fury half a minute before she arrived.

Finally, with a great plop, the pipe on the ceiling spat Yang out. Dropping, she slammed into the conveyor belt below her with a squeal and bounce, struggling to her feet even as it shook and rippled beneath her. "Hey!" Even when she regained enough of her balance to stand, the belt dragged her down again, stuck tightly to her pajama-clad knees.

Giggling, Shushuka bounced over. "Hi there!" she said with a grin. "Ready to join my collection, nya?"

Yang snapped to face her. "What the fuck are you talking ab—?!" Her eyes dropped to the bulge of Shushuka's groin; her face went pale. "What the fuck?!"

"I'll take that as a nyeeeee," said Shushuka. Smirking, she bounced past Yang to the controller of the transmuter and slammed the start button. "Have fuuuuuun in there, nya!"

"H-hey!" The belt jerked, throwing Yang to her knees. This time, when she struggled to stand, she couldn't even tear her palms free. "What the hell? Let me go! Let me—!"

The transmuter's door slammed behind her with a thunk. Still smirking, Shushuka made her way over to the machine's window. "Oooh, I can't wait to use nyou, nya."

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Inside the machine, Yang struggled and squirmed furiously, fighting to tear herself free of the belt's gummy grip. It didn't work.

Just as she thought she might actually succeed, she heard a sound that made her teeth rattle and set her nerves on edge. Pausing her struggles, she breathed hard and looked around, snapping her gaze from one end of the dark box to another. The noise seemed to be coming from all around her, a low insistent purring, like the whine of a generator building up power. With every second, it sounded a little louder.

With a click, a tiny pink light snapped on overhead. In seconds, there was a whole constellation of them, shining brightly in the night sky of the machine. She had just the slightest instant to make sense of them before they opened fire.

ZzzzzzzzzzzZAP! With a tremendous screech (really impressive now there was actually air for it to travel in), lightning struck Yang's body. Screaming, she threw back her head and

waited at the ceiling, her entire figure writhing with the force of the energy coursing through it. She felt as if someone had stuck a power cord up her cu—

“Nnn~! Stop! Stop it!” she cried, as her pussy ignited. Pleasure coursed through her form, leaving her tingling and sweating and sensitive all over, so sensitive she couldn’t help but instinctively fondle a breast. It made her scream even louder.

In a flash of flame, her pajamas vanished, leaving her kneeling there mewling, naked and sweaty on the belt as the beams above worked her over and over, measuring her form like a professional tailor.

With a *boing*, her boobs exploded in size, leaping from her chest and taking several seconds to stop jiggling. She screamed and cupped them, her eyes wide in surprise. She’d never seen such an enormous pair of—

With another *boing*, her ass went off like a bomb, fattening into a beanbag of flesh that clapped as she shook it. “My ass! What the fuck?!” She dug her hands into it, fingers disappearing into the flesh.

Now the lights settled on her head, and as her hair turned platinum and her lips daubed themselves in lipstick, Yang found it getting difficult to think. She moaned, clasping her temple. “Ooo, like, what’s wrong with me?” She felt as if someone had stuck a spoon into her brain and whirled it all around. She just wanted something to suck on. Something nice and hard and—

With sudden sharpness, they seized her, seized her and wrenched her off the belt into the air, where they held her suspended like a doll, her arms at her sides and her legs neatly together. Taking the latter, they bent at the knees so it looked like she was sitting, then spread them to expose her vagina. Taking the former, they bent and spread them as well, leaving her looking as if she wanted a hug.

“Mmmphf! Mmmphf!” Even as she moaned, the beams slipped their sticky fingers into her mouth and forced it open, holding it wide, so that she could only stare ahead and whine. “Mmmphf~!”

As if this wasn’t bad enough on its own, they promptly did the same thing to her *other* holes. Yang screamed, screamed in utter delight as it forced itself deep into her pussy and her anus, stretching both holes wide around its telekinetic phalluses. “Mmmphf!”

Clicks above: the stars turned; the beams intensified. Yang squealed as a tremor passed through her, leaving her nipples erect and her pussy burning. Following it came a terrible sense of emptiness, as if her entire body had been cracked open and her insides scooped out. She moaned as it grew with the second, filling her even as it emptied her till she felt as if she’d collapse into a sack of empty skin.

Just as suddenly, the beams twisted again, replacing the emptiness with its utter opposite. Yang could only scream in her head as an immense pressure filled first her gut and then the

rest of her, rising fast, till she was certain her skin would split and her whole body would burst. She wanted to cry; the feeling was too much.

As the pressure grew, her body twisted and warped around it. Through lust-filled eyes, she watched as her boobs bloated *again*, pumped so full and fat she felt certain they'd explode. Her nipples stretched outward with them, the peaks of gelatinous mountains, a pair of fat, pink thumbs.

Down below, her ass and her thighs were thickening as well, rising like dough in the oven, thick and fat and full. By the time they stopped, they'd at least doubled their former girth, leaving Yang looking as if she'd dropped into a particularly fleshy sofa. She could only screw up her eyes and squeal at how full they felt.

Meanwhile, the light of the beams continued to wash over her, an interior aurora of translucent pink hues, ethereal. Rolling up and down her form, it polished her to perfection, leaving her skin as smooth and as slick as plastic. This wouldn't have been too troubling if not for what it also did to her digits: taking her fingers and toes in its grip, it squeezed them and compressed them, fusing them till she looked like she was wearing a pair of fleshy sockets and mittens. In surprise, she tried to wiggle her stolen extremities, but she couldn't even make them twitch.

Stitching seams up and down her limbs and over the perfect orbs of her breasts, the beams turned their attention at last to their favorite parts of her: her holes. Yang's eyes rolled back, and her moans filled her head as the lightning danced through her lips and her rectum and her labia, plumping and fattening, thickening and rounding, stretching her poor, exposed openings into a trio of fat pink life-rings. She squealed, but no sound could escape her any longer.

Finally, one last wave of shimmering varnished passed over her form, turning her hair to nylon and flattening her eyes into a pair of printed images. With that, the lights snapped off. Yang dropped, struck the belt, and bounced with a squeak. A second later, the belt jerked her out of the machine and out into the open with a *schlup*.

Yang moaned inside, struggling and whimpering and fighting with what little strength she had left to move. It accomplished nothing.

The Faunus from before appeared, her smile wide and sickly. Between her legs, that fat rod of a cock continued to punch through the latex, threatening to tear out into the open at any moment.

Seeing it, Yang finally realized what had been done to her. *Oh my, like, Dust!* she thought, her mind a bubbling pink soup. *She's turned me into a, like, fuck doll!*

"Mmm~!" said the catgirl, inching ever closer. "That's right—nyou came out so well, nya. Nyou're going to make an excellent addition to my collection. But first... I wanna try nyou myself. Hehehe..." Giggling, she grabbed Yang's arms and spun her around.

Oh my Dust, like no! cried Yang, her plastic new pussy burning. *Like, don't! Please!*

Something bumped her butt. She felt its hardness and its wetness even through the latex. An instant later, she heard a terrible peeling sound, and the object struck her again, nuzzling her lower holes with its wet, sticky tip. Yang screamed, screamed and thrashed inside, though of course she couldn't move at all in reality.

"Ready, nya?" With a thin laugh, the creature raised her high.

Nnn! Ah! P-please, like, don't...! Please--!

And with a louder one, the creature dropped her. *Schlup!*

Nnnnnarrrrgggh~! As the catgirl's giant phallus slammed into her butt, stretching the mouth of her plasticized rectum around it, Yang screamed in wild, internal pleasure, unable to resist the jagged bolt of pleasure coursing through her form. It crashed through her nerves like lightning, pinging from one part of her to the next and leaving her writhing, unable to fight.

Squeezing her waist, the catgirl lifted her up and dropped her again. And again, and again, and— Each time, another orgasmic shockwave struck Yang's mind, leaving her battered and mewling. By the tenth (twentieth? hundredth?), she no longer had any sense of how many times she'd been pumped. All she knew was that she desperately, desperately wanted to cum. *Nnnnn~! Nnnn~! Oh Dust, oh Dust, like, let me cum! Please! Please!*

Inside her, her new owner's cock throbbed and twitched and finally, with one last little grunt from its master, released the ocean which had been growing inside it. As semen filled her ass and blew back out of her cheeks, a small lake's worth of the stuff, Yang's dam finally broke, and she lost herself to the ecstasy.

P-please... M-m-more...

Squeezing her tight, the catgirl giggled. "That was fun, nya. Nyow, let's go catch the rest of them."