

Glynda Fuckwitch (Latex, Sextoy TF, RWBY)

Glynda Goodwitch's buttocks bounced in the tight confines of her pencil skirt as she marched through the corridors of Beacon's dormitory. With every step, she smacked her riding crop against her palm: practice for the asses she was about to beat with it.

Ever since their arrival at the Academy, the would-be-huntresses of Team 'RWBY' had been nothing but thorns in her sides. From Dust accidents to foodfights to despoiling her favorite desk—the four of them had been behind almost every breach of her beloved Academy's discipline this semester. And now they'd had the *temerity* to skip one of her morning seminars. Well, she wasn't going to allow it. One way or another, she was going to whip them into shape, even if she had to get a little literal about it.

Reaching the team's dorm, she paused and cocked her head, expecting to hear the telltale signs of a party or something equally ridiculous from the other side of the door. Instead, she heard only a soft *plapping* sound, like a butcher tenderizing meat by striking it with a mallet.

It took her a moment to realize what she was hearing. First, her face went red in embarrassment, and then it went even redder in anger. If they *dared* have sex on the grounds of *her* academy, she was going to give them the kind of sexual education that'd them wish they'd been neutered. Kicking down the door, she marched in, expression sharp. "Ruby Rose! Weiss Schnee! Blake Bella—" She froze.

The first thing that struck her was the undeniable scent of semen. Recoiling in disgust, she gasped at what she saw: instead of the four young women she'd expected, she found only one. A Faunus by the look of her, though her cat ears and tail weren't the only animal traits she possessed: *Jesus Christ*, though Glynda. *Is she part horse too?*

The Faunus held a tube of red plastic with what looked like a pair of human lips at the end. Aligning it with her *enormous* cock, she wiggled her precum-slathered glans through the little mouth, drew back her hips, and—

"Nnnn~! Nyah! Nnnn~!" *Smack! Smack! Smacksmacksmack!* Her giant balls swung with every emphatic thrust.

On the floor at her feet lay three more items: a white-condom, bulging; a large black buttplug, still slick with lubricant; and a blonde-haired sexdoll with absolutely ridiculous boobs, its every hole dripping semen. Studying them, Glynda couldn't help but splutter in disbelief.

Finally, the Faunus gave one last thrust and came with a grunt, falling back onto the bed with a sigh. Peeling the red tube off her shaft, she held it up, letting a thick gout of semen drip from its lips and down to the carpet. Seemingly satisfied, she discarded it with a smile.

Only as it struck the wall did Glynda finally overcome her shock. "Wh-what in the name of—?! Who the devil are you?! What's going on here?!"

The Faunus looked up and stretched, sounding unsurprised at being caught. "Oh, hello, nya. Don't worry, I'll get to nyou in a moment, nya."

"Get to me in a—?! Who the hell do you think you are—?!" It wasn't just a rhetorical question; the Faunus certainly wasn't a student she recognized. They might be from another school, she supposed, but it was impossible to tell when they weren't wearing a uniform. "Where are Team RWBY?! Did they let you in here?"

The Faunus's eyes flicked to the toys on the floor. "Oh, they're... around, nya." Smirking, she reached into her cleavage. "Why don't I show nyou where, nya?"

For a moment, Glynda didn't understand what the Faunus was even saying. Only when the cat's hand emerged from her cleavage with a thin pink wand in her grip did she realize it was a threat. Hissing, she raised her riding crop to block.

It made no difference. With a flick of the Faunus's wrist, her wand launched a bolt of pink light. Homing in on her, it struck her chest with a *zap*, and without pause or fanfare, her prim and proper uniform became a tight pink leotard, squishy and stretchy. She squealed, her eyes wide. What kind of Semblance was—?

Before she could even finish the thought, her new outfit pulsed and exploding, throwing out tendrils of latex as it washing over her like the tide, covering every inch of her in instants. Grabbing her arms, it wrenched them back, forcing her to grab her cheeks and spread them. Her legs, it slammed together before bending her over, head raised and mouth open. The substance poured through her lips and forced its way down her throat. She almost choked, but it wouldn't let her.

And then, it did something very similar down below. She tried to scream as the pleasure of it spread through her, but sadly the latex wouldn't let her do that either. She was wrapped tight, vacuum sealed.

Spreading out from her feet, the substance formed a circular base to support her as she stood: bent over, asscheeks spread, her mouth wide and her eyes shaking in terror. Finally, it coated them as well, cutting off her sight, and where Glynda had been standing was nothing more than an enticing work of art, a sexual sculpture for anyone who wished to enjoy her.

She squeaked and squirmed, but her prison was inescapable.

A hand slapped her ass, making her squeal even louder as the impact rippled through her cheeks. "Mmm, nyot bad, nya. Let's see if nyou're as good as nyou look though, nya. Hehehe..."

Hands on her shoulders. Something wet tickled Glynda's exposed mouth. She squeaked again, fighting to escape it, but the latex kept her pinned where she stood, unable even to pull back. "Mmmphf! Mmmphf!"

“Nn~!” A grunt, a thrust. And with a harsh *smack*, something long and hard and veiny slammed into Glynda’s mouth, stretching her wide as it wormed its way down her throat. She tried to scream again, but all that came out was a little muffled whimper. “Mmmphf!”

Pulling back, the Faunus thrust again and again and again. And each time, a fresh bolt of pleasure coursed through Glynda’s immobile form to break against her mind. She shouldn’t have felt so good if they were using her vagina, but the ecstasy was impossible to deny. *Nnnn~! Nnnnnn~! St-stoooooop!*

Instead, the Faunus pulled back and thrust even harder.

Finally, after what felt like an hour, Glynda felt the shaft in her mouth throb one final, intense time. A moment later, semen filled her. *Filled* her, pouring through her mouth and down her throat to bloat her gut. She was certain she felt some spill out of her other end too.

At the same time, an orgasm like nothing she’d ever felt struck her. All she could do was writhe in her cocoon, twisting and moaning her muffled, gurgling moan, and desperately hoping the monster would have mercy.

“Mmm~,” said the Faunus. “Nyou felt good, nya. I think I’ll take nyou home with me.”

Glylda released one last muffled whimper.