

JRSC PWRK (Dinosaur TF, Expansion, RWBY)

The playful whistling of a calliope tickled Yang's ears as she and her team strolled through Neverland Amusement Park

Ruby bounced ahead of the group, a bag of cookies in her hands and the bottomless excitement of a golden retriever in her heart. "Yang! Yang! Can we ride the rollercoaster?! Please please please please please?"

Yang cocked her head with a knowing smile. Ruby had been dragging them from ride to ride all morning. "Whatever you want, Rubes. I'm not the one stopping you."

Ruby literally jumped for joy. "Hooray!"

"Now you want to go on the *rollercoaster?!'*"

The pile of cuddly toys to Ruby's right rumbled like a thunderstorm. Fighting her way out of the pile of prizes, Weiss glowered. "And just what do you want me to do with all these toys?!"

"Oh!" Ruby looked like she'd forgotten them. "You don't mind holding on to them for me while I ride it, do you?"

"Of course I do! First you insist on beating every carnival game you can find, *then* you make me pay for all your snacks, and now you want me to stand around and watch while *you* enjoy the rollercoaster?! Why don't you let someone else pick what we do next?"

"What do *you* want to do?" asked Yang.

Weiss opened her mouth to reply and frowned. "...I don't know, actually."

"Blake?" asked Yang.

"Hmm?" Blake looked up from her brochure with a frown. "Oh, I'm good for anything."

"Rollercoaster it is," said Yang.

Ruby squealed in delight.

"Ugh," said Weiss, as they moved on. "Can someone at least help me carry these toys? It's so hot under here! I'm ready to tear my clothes off!"

"I'll help you!" said Ruby, through a mouthful of cookie. "Oh, no, wait, I guess my hands are full."

"It's your belly that's full!" Weiss prodded her in the gut with her only free hand, which was her foot. "If you think I'm letting you sit on my lap on the way back, you've got another thing coming!"

Yang leaned towards Blake. "Oh, don't worry," she said, "I don't mind *Blake* sitting on *me*." She winked. Blake turned red.

"Well, that's that problem solved," said Weiss, as they reached the far side of the plaza. "Or not," she added, squinting at Ruby's prizes, "since we'll need an extra seat for all these." She massaged her brow with the arm of a stuffed bear. "Honestly, perhaps I should just arrange for an airship..."

"Attention, citizens of Vale!"

As one, the four of them stopped and looked back. A group of men and women had set up a makeshift stage, complete with microphone and amplifiers, by the park's central fountain. They wore loinclothes and hoods and tribal tattoos, though otherwise they shared only one thing in common: each had a single reptile feature, whether eyes or frills or a patch of emerald scales.

Yang cocked her head. *Faunus?*

"Attention, citizens of Vale!" The one with the microphone had a long lizard's tail and a feathered hood that gave him the air of a tribal chieftain. "The day of your salvation is at hand!"

By now, everyone else in the plaza had turned to look too – even the park attendants had stopped working to see what was going on. One of the mascots stopped waving to stare, while a security guard whispered fervent reports into his walkie-talkie.

The cars of the coaster flew past with a roar.

Weiss lifted her sunglasses with a scowl. "What's this meant to be? Some kind of primitive performance art? I don't recall the brochure mentioning anything about *this*."

"I don't think this is anything to do with the park," said Yang, glancing at the security guard. "They don't look like our normal street lunatics either though."

"They're all Faunus," said Ruby, squinting over the crowd. "Reptile Faunus."

At this, Blake groaned. "Oh no... They're Lost Worlders."

Yang frowned. "Lost Worlders?"

"Yeah..." Blake massaged her temple, looking embarrassed. "They're an off-shoot of the White Fang. They got kicked out for having really weird ideas though."

"Weirder than the rest of the White Fang?" said Weiss, with no small amount of judgement.

Blake grimaced. "They think humans evolved from dinosaurs. And that reptile Faunus 'prove' it somehow. And they want to get rid of technology and take the whole world back to the Stone Age and a bunch of other ridiculous ideas. Even the White Fang couldn't stand them."

Weiss snorted. "Evolved from dinosaurs? That's absurd even by your standards. Everyone *knows* humanity was fashioned from Dust by the God of Light."

"I didn't say I agreed with them," said Blake.

"Yes, well, you didn't say you *didn't*, either, so—"

"Okay, okay," said Yang, as Blake went to punch her, "but they're not, like, a threat or anything though, right?"

Blake shook her head. "No, they're completely harmless."

"Rejoice!" Spittle flew from the lips of the lizardman on the stands. "For the day of your salvation is upon you! For forty years the Children of the Lost World have laboured to return the earth to its former state, free of corruption and sin, pristine and pure as only the dinosaurs have ever known it... "

Weiss rolled her eyes. "How is there anything 'pristine' or 'pure' about dinosaurs? They're just big, gross, disgusting *animals*. Ugh!" She shivered. "It makes me feel gross just thinking about them."

"What?! Dinosaurs are so cool!" With a crack of broken air, Ruby zipped into Weiss's personal space. "My favorite is the Velociraptor! It's ten feet tall, hunts in packs, and has *no* feathers!"

Weiss kicked her away. "Of course *you're* into dinosaurs."

"You think she's into them now?" said Yang. "You should have heard her when she was 8. I learned more than most paleontologists just listening to her rant."

Ruby sidled up to Blake, all conspiratorial. "*Yang's* favorite dinosaur is the Triceratops."

Blake smirked; Yang blushed.

The microphone screeched, making them all wince. "...But now, at long last, the moment is at hand! Thanks to *this!*" The lizardman produced a vial of glowing pink Dust. "With this, the debased flesh of Man may be restored to its untarnished form! A single speck, and one shall become as the great beasts of the Lost World! Come! Come, come forth and take it!"

A wave of disconcerted murmurs rolled through the crowd. Some turned to each other, whispering in disbelief. Others shook their heads and rolled their eyes and wandered away.

RWBY fell into the former category. "Wait, is he saying that Dust makes you into a dinosaur?" asked Ruby.

“Sounds like it,” said Yang. “There’s no way that’s true, right?”

Weiss scowled harder than ever. “No, of course not. We can’t even get bust enhancement Dust working, let alone change someone’s species.”

“Aww...” Ruby drooped.

“That’s an interesting example you picked,” said Blake, raising an eyebrow. Weiss flushed.

“Come!” The chief lizardman thrust the vial of Dust into the air. “Come! Accept the Gift of the Lost World!”

His passion wasn’t exactly stirring the crowd. One by one, people shook their heads and turned to leave.

“Sounds like the show’s over,” said Yang. “Come on, let’s get to the coaster. You know what the line’s going to be like.”

Her teammates nodded. As they reached the edge of the plaza, however, a screech of feedback drew their attention back to the stage. “*I see*,” said the lizardman. “So, you choose to spurn the Gift of the Lost World, do you? Vile, corrupted mammals! Fortunately, we have prepared a way to deal with such unbelievers.”

Yang winced. *Someone isn’t open to constructive debate*. “Guys, I really don’t like the sound of that. Maybe we should get out of here...?”

“Oh please,” said Weiss, rolling her eyes. “These people are all roar and no bite. What could they possibly do to—?”

With a thin *thwip*, a dart appeared in her butt. Weiss blinked at it.

Screams filled the plaza as, one by one, people dropped to the ground, darts of shimmering pink Dust sticking out of their bodies.

“Weiss!” Ruby rushed to Weiss’s side as she hit the floor in a shower of stuffed toys, shaking and sweating like she’d come down with a fever.

“Shit!” Yang traced the direction of the darts to the roof of a nearby shooting gallery, where a man in a tribal outfit knelt with a rifle. Even as she watched, a pair of security guards tackled him, but not before he succeeded in putting another dart into the ass of an unfortunate blonde. “Ruby, grab Weiss! We need to get out of here!”

“G-got it.” Wrapping her arm around Weiss’s, Ruby dragged her back to her feet. “C-come on, Weiss.” Moaning, Weiss flailed at her, catching her cheek with a casual swipe.

“Rejoice!” cried the lizardman on the stage. “Rejoice! Rejoice! Re—”

“Please, Weiss,” said Ruby, “please, let’s–”

Weiss snapped upright with a growl, baring a beartrap of sharp white fangs. “Rrrrrrruby...!”

Ruby leapt back with a squeal. And she wasn’t the only one: all throughout the plaza, people were screaming as their friends and loved ones growled and twisted under the influence of the Dust.

For some, the effects were shockingly fast: a schoolgirl’s moan turned into a roar as she burst out of her uniform as a bright blue Stegosaurus, with spikes on her tail and two long lines of bony plates. Nearby, a young man clawed out of his tracksuit as a giant green Spinosaurus, a long yellow frill running from his head down to his tail. Elsewhere, a mother dropped her drink and fell back, a second before a layer of armored plates tore through her tanktop and her jeans, and she dropped to all fours as an orange Ankylosaurus.

For others, the change came much slower: turning whiter than ever, Weiss scrabbled at the ground, digging deep grooves in the tiles with her long, claw-like nails, as her pale skin cracked into a thousand icy scales. “Rrrrrrruby...”

Ruby covered her mouth. “W-Weiss?!”

“Rrrrrrruby...” Grinding her teeth, Weiss struggled back to her feet, her pupils slitted. With a crack, her high heels split, her socks tore, and out of them sprang two giant, taloned feet, each with three claws. Her legs swelled to support them, tearing apart her thigh-highs and short shorts as they bulked. All the while, a terrible groaning came from inside her, as if all her bones were grinding against each other: as the sound reached its apex she jerked, and from her tailbone stretched a small, white nub, wiggling as it lengthened.

Yang gasped; Ruby darted back, squealing.

By now Weiss’s teeth had grown so large and so ferocious her mouth could barely contain them. As she snarled, snapping at the air in frustration, her jaws grew to match, and her face stretched into a long, reptilian snout. She shook, spittle flying from her mouth, and pulses rolled out of her head and down her spine to her tail as her once slender form thickened with scaled muscle, throwing a shadow over the three of them as she grew larger and larger still. Her remaining clothing drew tight, and when it didn’t tear outright, she seized it with her tiny, clawed new arms – the only part of her that *didn’t* seem to have grown much – and tore it from her body with a roar of liberation.

With a thud, her tail hit the ground, and with that, Weiss Schnee was gone, replaced by a giant white T-Rex.

Yang stumbled back. “W-Weiss?”

Of her old self, only one thing remained: her corset, creaking with the effort of containing her giant body. Finally, with a series of snaps, it surrendered, and out into the open popped a pair of giant, scaly white boobs, bigger than any Yang had ever seen before.

She goggled at them, blushing despite herself. Dust, they looked like snowballs that had been rolling for twenty years. Why the hell did she have such large boobs? Since when did reptiles have boobs at all?!

Now that she looked, Weiss wasn't the only one whose new form was so well-endowed: every dinosaur in the plaza had the same egregious assets. Gigantic, swinging, scaled boobs or massive, throbbing penises with pendulous pairs of balls. One security guard screamed as his cock tore through his pants – in seconds, he was gone, replaced by an absurdly well-endowed Iguanodon. It stumbled off in search of a mate, leaving a thick trail of precum in its wake.

Back on the stage, the lizard raised his arms to the heavens. "Now, breed! Breed a new race to supplant these accursed apes!"

As if on cue, Weiss raised her head and sniffed, searching for something. Yang swore – she didn't know whether Weiss was looking for food or a mate, but she didn't intend to be either one.

Fortunately, Weiss's new bulk worked to their advantage: she was so large they were practically hidden beneath her, and it wasn't long before she sighted something in the distance and marched off, forcing them all to dodge for cover as her giant new feet shook the plaza with their thunder.

Yang struggled back to her own feet. "What the fuck?! What the fuck?!"

"Breed!" cried the chief cultist. "Breed! Breeeeeeeeed!" Another security guard tackled him to the ground, but not before he succeeded in stabbing them both with syringes of Dust. To the sound of tearing cloth and pleased moans, the two changed as well, and soon they were fucking on the stage as a bright green *Parasaurolophus* and a yellow *Corythosaurus*.

They weren't the only ones. By now, there were twenty or more of the giant, brightly-scaled beasts in the plaza, and with every second, more seemed to appear. Yang couldn't tell where they were coming from – the cultist hadn't fired *that* many shots, had he?

A bright pink *Edmontosaurus* with massive, swinging boobs wrapped in the remnants of a yoga top stumbled past her, breathing steam as it searched for a mate. Some of the dinosaurs had already coupled up – the green *Spinosaurus* released reptilian moans as it slammed its shaft into the bright blue *Stegosaurus*. Others seemed to be more aggressive: one light orange *Allosaurus* charged a man like it was planning to eat him, only to knock him over and move on to someone else instead.

Yang backed away, arms raised. *What are they doing?*

"Yang! Yang, we need to get out of here!"

As Yang turned back to Blake, a *Carnotaurus* charged her – she only barely managed to dodge. Sailing past her, it crashed into a concession stand, earning a scream from the cowering proprietor.

Yang swallowed as the Carnotaurus dragged the poor guy out. “Y-yeah.”

She and Blake turned to run. Two steps in, however, they realized they were missing someone. “Ruby!”

Ruby jerked. “C-coming!” She flicked one final glance at Weiss, scratched her cheek, and rushed after them.

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Five minutes of running later, and they could still hear the screaming and roaring, even from their hiding spot in the alleyway. With every second, there seemed to be less of the former and more of the latter.

“What the fuck?! What the *fuck?!*” Yang pressed her back against the wall, breathing hard. Blake watched from nearby, working her jaw in thought, while Ruby stood at a small distance, scratching her cheek like she had a rash.

“What the fuck, Blake?! You said they were harmless!”

Blake flinched. “I-I— I thought they were! You heard what Weiss said! No-one’s been able to make a Dust that changes species before! How was I supposed to know they’d come up with one?! Or that they’d use it for something so stupid?!”

Yang grit her teeth. Perhaps if Weiss were still here, she could have whipped or some kind of cure, but no, that prized knowledge of hers had done her zero good – now she was storming around the park as a big, horny dinosaur just like the rest of the cultists’ victims.

She risked a peek out of cover, eyes on the alert for snipers, just in case the Lost Worlders had more of them – the last thing *she* wanted to be was waddling around as a busty dinosaur. Fortunately, that was the only thing she could see. Two of them, specifically: a hung Baryonyx in the middle of plowing a fat-assed Deinonychus. By the sounds they were making, they were enjoying it: the latter’s cheeks shook with each impact of the Baryonyx’s huge cock, while her equally giant boobs swung side to side, grossly disproportionate.

Yang pulled back. “Why’ve they got such big fucking tits anyway?!”

Blake blushed. “The, er, Lost Worlders are also kind of a fertility cult. It’s a thing with primitive societies, apparently. They really like things, um, big.”

Yang rolled her eyes. “Great.”

“What are we supposed to do?” said Blake.

Yang pulled out her Scroll. “No signal.”

“They must have attacked the Comm Tower,” said Blake. “This isn’t a random attack – this is a coordinated strike.”

“If we can’t expect help, maybe we should fight our way out,” said Yang, clenching her fist.

“We can’t fight them!” Blake had to raise her voice to be heard over a passing Brachiosaurus. “They’re people! What if they can be turned back?!”

“What if they can’t?” said Yang. Both of them paused, thinking of Weiss – the idea of the Schnee heiress spending the rest of her days as a busty T-Rex would have been sobering if it weren’t so absurd. “What if there’s nothing left to turn back? What if they’re just... what if they’re just dinosaurs now?”

“We can’t assume that,” said Blake. “We have to assume–”

“I’m sorry, but if we have to fight them to survive this, I’m going to fight them.” She slammed her fist into her palm. “No matter *who* they used to be.”

Belatedly, she realized Ruby hadn’t said anything in a while. “Rubes, are you okay–? You didn’t–”

Ruby’s voice, when it came, was a guttural growl. “Sorrrry,” she said, scratching a cheek coated in tiny red scales. “I’m just so itchyyyyy...”

Just like that, the floor dropped out of Yang Xiao Long’s world.

Groaning, Ruby scratched at her cheek, where her skin turned a deep ruby red and, like dry mud in the sun, cracked into so many tiny fragments. As they neared her eyes, she blinked, and when she opened them again, her pupils were a pair of thin black slits, sharp and reptilian. She doubled over with a growl, jerking and spasming.

“No!” Yang tried to run to her aid, but Blake grabbed her before she could take more than a step. “Stop!”

“Let me go!” Yang struggled against her.

“Wait a second! Wait! Listen to me!”

“Why would I–?!”

“Ruby never got shot!”

It took a second for Yang to process what she meant. The sight of her sister’s scaled flesh made rational thought difficult, but Blake was right: Ruby hadn’t been shot. So why was she changing?

She stopped struggling to stare, her fists clenched, as Ruby rippled and shook, clawing at herself and screeching, and a small red tail banded with black stripes sprouted from her skirt and swished in the air.

"Ruby!" Blake stepped forward.

Ruby jerked towards her, blinking. She looked like she barely recognized her. "Rrrake?"

"Did Weiss scratch you?" asked Blake. "Or bite you or anything?"

Ruby opened and closed her mouth like she was struggling to process the question. Fuck, her teeth were so large now. *Oh Grandma!* Even as Yang watched, her face stretched to better fit them. "Rrrrrnnnnnooo..." She shook her head.

Blake swore. "Did she do *anything* to you?! Did any of the other dinosaurs?! Or-?!"

She cut off as Ruby clasped her head with a scream, and with a grinding of bones, another wave of changes assaulted her: her boots split, baring a pair of scaly feet with three long, sickle claws each, and her thigh highs tore as her legs bulked to better match them. Her hips followed suit, tearing her skirt apart in the process. Her blouse bulged, pulled taut by the boobs swelling inside it, and soon enough it reached its limits: with a *rrrrrip*, it split, and out into the open popped Ruby's swollen reptilian tits.

Watching the scraps of cloth fall from her sister's body like the petals of a dying flower, Yang whimpered.

Blake grimaced. "Ruby, please! If you know what caused it, you have to tell us!"

Ruby screamed into her claws. By now, her friendly, cheerful face had finished stretching into a dinosaur's muzzle, and her hair had almost vanished into her head, leaving only a smooth sheet of scales. Her spine popped as her neck and her tail grew, stretching till they were almost as long. Yang barely recognized her.

"Ruby, please!" cried Blake.

Ignoring her, Ruby gnashed at the air. One final wave of pulsing passed through her, making her swollen new boobs swing with the force of it, and with that, she dropped her head and went still. When she raised it again, there was no sign of intelligence in her expression.

Her sister was gone, Yang realized. Replaced, by a horny raptor with giant, swinging tits and a massive urge to mate. She would have cried, if it weren't so fucking *stupid*.

'Ruby', or the Velociraptor she'd become, stepped forward, her claws dragging the scraps of her former clothing with her. Approaching, she stopped and sniffed, exhaling little clouds of steam.

Desperation seized Yang's limbs. She rushed forward, hands raised. "Woah. Woah. Stand down. Stand down." Ruby opened her mouth and screeched at her. "Hey, hey! What did I just say?"

"Yang!" cried Blake.

A bead of sweat fell from Yang's chin. "Just trust me! I-it's her, okay? She— She— She'd never—"

Ruby gnashed at her.

At the last second, just as her little sister's giant teeth were about to close on her hand, something yanked Yang back. She ended up on the floor, sitting in something soft – looking back, she saw it was Blake. "We need to move!" said the Faunus.

Yang swallowed. "O-okay. Okay." If Blake hadn't pulled her back, she might have lost an arm.

They scrambled back to their feet and ran for the mouth of the alley.

Ruby, meanwhile, threw back her head and screeched. Claws clacking against the bricks, she gave chase.

At least she isn't using her Semblance...

Back in the plaza, things were worse than ever. They slammed to a stop, struggling to make sense of the chaos: dinosaurs thronged the area, either ambling around in search of prey, their giant cocks and massive boobs swinging with every step, or else mounting each other and moaning as they made loud, *loud* sex – Yang blushed at the sight of a hung Giganotosaurus clapping the cheeks of a fat-assed Diplodocus.

Only a handful of survivors like themselves remained, and those dinos that weren't making love clearly had war on the mind instead, because they were hunting them down with an inhuman persistence: with a screech, a Therizinosaur charged the nearby railings, throwing itself against the bars in a furious attempt to get at the gaggle of teens huddling behind them. The clamor attracted the attention of a Deinonychus, which joined in on the assault as if it and the larger dino were best buddies.

"Yang, look!"

Yang followed Blake's finger: a big green Utahraptor had just succeeded in dragging a woman out of the concession stand. Thrown to the floor, the young park employee squealed, raising her hands to shield her face from its teeth, but the raptor clearly didn't plan to eat her – in fact it didn't seem to intend her harm at all. Instead, it simply lowered its head and butted her in the chin, and with that, turned and marched away without another screech.

The park employee didn't seem relieved though: if anything, she sounded more panicked than ever. With a scream, she scrambled at her face, where a patch of deep blue scales was spreading over her features. Her uniform creaked, drawn tight around her swelling body, and

finally tore outright as two rows of giant spikes ripped through the fabric. With a final moan, she dropped to all fours: a giant, spiny Spicomellus... with two massive, perky boobs squished between its forelegs.

Yang's heart sank all the way to her boots as the ankylosaurian stumbled off. "It's spreading by contact?!"

Blake had gone pale too. "We need to find a hiding place. Quicky, before—"

Claws on the floor behind them. Yang swiveled with a hiss – Ruby stood at the end of the alley, her eyes locked on them. Sniffing, she screeched and gave chase.

"Run!"

Leaving the plaza behind them, they rushed down the park's main street, dodging the dinosaurs fucking around them as they raced for the visitor center and exit.

They weren't the only ones to have decided to leave: a steady stream of survivors were fleeing the rest of the park and being picked off by the horde of horny, transformative reptiles who'd followed them. Yang dodged with a squeal as a Pteranodon swooped down and snatched up a woman in business casual. It didn't get to carry her for long before the weight of her changing body overwhelmed it: she landed in the lagoon as a giant, busty Mosasaurus and promptly set about fucking one of her fellow swimmers.

Those aren't even dinosaurs! thought Yang.

They ran on, looking back only to swear at the growing horde of giant lizards pursuing them. Ruby had gotten distracted by another concession stand, but there were plenty of other raptors to replace her: raptors and tyrannosaurids and stegosaurids and oh my! Every flavor of dinosaur in every shade of the rainbow.

With every step, the visitor center stood a little closer: a large wooden building with a great glass ceiling. The path was clear – Yang could practically see the park's exit lying ahead. *Come on!* she thought, wiping the sweat from her head. *Come on, just a little bit farther!*

"We're almost there!" said Blake, rushing ahead.

"Wait!" cried Yang. "What if—?"

The ground shook; Yang almost lost her footing. "What the hell was—?"

Like an iceberg from the mists, Weiss Schnee stomped around the corner, blocking the doors of the visitor center with her giant scaly body.

"Shit!" Blake slammed to a stop and froze, standing as still as humanely possible.

"What are you doing?!" cried Yang.

“Staying still!” said Blake, through clenched teeth. “If we don’t move, she won’t be able to see us!”

“What?!”

“Their vision’s based on movement!”

“That’s a movie myth!”

Blake blinked. “Wait, really?!”

Weiss’s jaws closed on her with a click.

As Yang stared, frozen for an entirely different reason, Weiss wrenched her head back into the air, swilling Blake from one bulging cheek to another like mouthwash, before finally bending down and spitting her into a bush. Blake sat in it and moaned, soaked with spittle and plastered with leaves, as a wave of purple scales spread over her body. “N-no no no no no—!”

Yang backed away. Blake’s changes were coming fast, much faster than Ruby’s or Weiss’s: with a scream, she swelled, body pumped with layer after layer of fresh muscles and fat, growing till she blocked out the sun. In her panic, she whirled, giving Yang an excellent view of her ass in her tight black lycra pants as it inflated like a balloon – bloated, in instants, from its already generous proportions to something truly gigantic.

Her breasts, keen not to be outdone, tore out of her top to swing in the open air, dragging her down to all fours in the process. As she moaned, her arms and legs thickened to better support her growing weight, tearing her shoes and her pants apart as they rounded like an elephant’s. Her neck, meanwhile, stretched into something closer to a giraffe’s: stretched and stretched and stretched and stretched, till her head was so high up Yang could barely hear her moaning. She spasmed, bones grinding, and from over her clapping cheeks sprang the nub of a fat purple tail. In seconds, it had matched the length of her neck, forcing Yang to duck lest Blake take off her head in her panic.

Finally, Blake’s pants tore with a *rrrip*, and out of them sprang two fat globes of jiggling, purple assmeat, so large Yang could barely believe her body could support it. The thought of being sat on by her no longer seemed quite so appealing.

Blake, or the big-butted Brachiosaurus who’d replaced her, wobbled uncertainly on its stumpy new feet and emitted a plaintive moaning, more like a cow’s moos than a dinosaur’s roar. Sniffing the air, she caught the scent of Yang, and, bending her leviathan neck, lowered her head as if to butt her. Yang flinched back, struggling to break eye contact, and ended up on her ass as the giant sauropod leaned closer. All it would take was a single touch. A single touch, and—

At which point Weiss roared, and Blake’s attention snapped to her instead. Yang leapt to her feet and scrambled through Weiss’s legs for the visitor center. The T-Rex screamed, but she was too big and slow to catch her.

Wrenching the doors open, Yang threw herself inside and scrambled away from them.

She was barely in time. With a crash, Weiss thrust her head through the doors, throwing shards of glass everywhere. Yang winced as one pinged off her aura.

Scrambling back to the reception desk, she threw herself behind it and sat there with her back against the wall as Weiss snapped at the air, unable to get her head through the doorway. Finally, with one last roar, she withdrew.

Yang slumped to the floor, panting. First Weiss, then Ruby, and now Blake too? She ripped her jacket off and breathed deep, gulping down mouthful after mouthful of cool air. She needed to get out of here. A-a-and find help. Find someone to help her friends and her sister.

Satisfied no other dinosaurs were poking their heads into the visitor center, Yang leapt to her feet. Passing the restaurant, she rushed for the building's other entrance. She had to get out. She had to get out. She had to—

When she grabbed them and tried to open them, however, they simply shook. “What?!” She tried again, but they’d clearly been locked. With a snarl, she drew back and punched straight through them, demolishing them in an explosion of glass. Leaping through, she rushed for the exit—

—and slammed into a solid hardlight barrier. “What the fuck?!”

A voice boomed, “Please step away from the barrier.”

Yang stumbled back. Squinting through the glassy sheen of the hardlight, she saw a line of Atlas soldiers.

She slammed her fist against the wall. “Let me out! Let me out of here!”

“*Please* step away from the barrier. This park has been quarantined by the Atlesian Military on behalf of the Kingdom of Vale Public Health Department. No exit will be permitted until proper decontamination procedures have been established. Until such time, we recommend you seek shelter.”

“Are you kidding me?! How am I supposed to—?!”

“*Please step away from the barrier.*”

Snarling, Yang retreated to the visitor center. What was she supposed to do now? If she couldn’t fight, and she couldn’t escape, the only option left was to—

A glint of red in the corner of her eye.

Yang froze. Ruby stood in the center of the reception, sniffing her discarded jacket. “Rrrrang?”

Shit! Shit! Shit! Now what?! Unwilling to move anything but her eyes, she scanned the room. There – the restaurant area! They must have a storeroom or a freezer or something else she could lock herself in till this all blew over.

As quietly as she could, she sidled towards it, keeping her eyes on her sister – fortunately, the scent of her sweat-soaked jacket seemed to be keeping Ruby’s attention for the moment. Once she was in the restaurant, she dared to move quicker, or at least as quickly as she could: the place was a maze of fallen chairs and tables.

It was such a mess, she didn’t see the broken plate until she stepped on it. *Crack.*

Back in the lobby, Ruby’s head snapped up.

Yang swore. Quickly now, she threw herself behind the counter and watched as Ruby crept over, her long, reptilian snout turning left and right as she sniffed. Her claws clacked against the floorboards, catching discarded knives and forks.

Watching her, Yang worked her jaw. The kitchen door was right behind her: she just needed a moment to get through it without Ruby noticing. But how...?

As her sister’s footsteps grew closer and closer, Yang’s gaze settled on the confectionery counter and the giant cookies displayed there. *It can’t hurt to try, right?*

Grabbing them, she threw herself to her feet. “Hey! Ruby!”

The raptor’s head snapped to her. “Grrang?”

“Still hungry?” And she frisbee’d one of the things all the way into the reception area.

With a screech, Ruby turned and chased after it.

“Some things don’t change, huh?” With a weak smile, Yang rushed the kitchen.

Inside, she scanned the kitchen and swore. There was no giant, walk-in freezer with a nice armoured door like she’d been hoping for, just a normal refrigerator and a storeroom whose door wouldn’t hold against a five-year-old child, let alone a Velociraptor.

Risking a glance through the delivery window, she saw Ruby stalking the restaurant again. She hissed – now she’d trapped herself too. *Shit.*

As carefully as she could, she crept back out of the kitchen. Ruby had her head under a table, snapping up someone’s discarded chocolate cake.

Grabbing the last cookie from the counter, Yang snapped it in two and tucked one half in her pocket. Standing, she whistled to draw Ruby’s attention and, the instant she had it, tossed

the other half into the corner of the restaurant. Ruby, of course, flew straight after it, devouring it with the ferocity of, well, a Velociraptor, and Yang took the chance to run back to the reception area and out into the park.

More dinosaurs than ever filled Main Street: Weiss lay low to the ground, moaning, as another T-Rex fucked her, while Blake's gigantic purple ass had become the personal fucktoy of a particularly well-endowed Dreadnoughtus. Yang flinched at each clap of those mighty cheeks.

There was no sign of any other survivors, only dinosaurs, only giant fucking dinosaurs. Whether everyone else was in hiding or had been turned was impossible to tell – as far as Yang knew, she might be the only one in the park left un-dino'd.

Quick, she thought, *quick, where should I go?* She risked a glance over her shoulder, but Ruby had yet to leave the visitor center, and none of the other dinosaurs had noticed her. She had a moment at least to act.

Come on... Come on... There has to be somewhere I can hide.

To her right, a Brachiosaurus ejaculated with a grunt and, pulling out of its partner, waddling back to reveal a cutesy dino-themed playground.

Yang sighed.

*

It was refreshingly cool in the Triceratops hut. Tucked in the shade of its hollow belly, her arms wrapped around her legs and her chin on her knees, Yang breathed as quietly as she was able, lest one of the dinos outside the playground hear her.

All she had to do was wait, wait and survive. The perimeter meant the authorities were already aware of the outbreak. Sooner or later they'd figure out a plan and come in and save her, and then they'd catch all the transformed people, a-and then the Schnee Dust Company or the academies o-o-or some private scientist or something would come in with a cure, and everyone would get turned back to normal. And life would go back to normal and her little sister wouldn't be a fucking Velociraptor and– All she had to do was wait!

Footsteps on the playground's rubber flooring. Yang froze, barely daring even to breathe.

A sniff. "Rrrrang? Rrrant rrrour rrrrrookie! ...Rrrrang?"

Shit. Yang's hand fell to her pocket and the half of the cookie she'd saved for emergencies. *Shit. Shit! Shit!* She should have known Ruby's appetite would be her undoing.

She crept to the hut's door, risking a peek into the open. By the sound of her voice, Ruby was... there! By the Brachiosaurus slide. Sniffing, clearly hot on the scent of the cookie in her pocket.

Leaning back, she pulled it out and squeezed it almost to crumbling. She'd need to throw it and run again. The whole thing, so Ruby couldn't keep tracking her. But where should she even run to? She was out of places to go...

Sniff. Sniff sniff. "Rrrrrrang?" Footsteps, creeping closer.

Yang chewed her lip. The visitor center. She could always run back to the visitor center. It wasn't perfect, but it was better than ending up as a slutty Stegosaurus!

She risked another glance outside. Ruby was maybe three or four meters away now – if she decided to charge, Yang would never get past without touching her. It was now or never!

She leapt out of the hut. "Hey!" The instant Ruby raised her head, Yang tossed the half-a-cookie straight over her. With a screech, Ruby turned and shot after it.

Yang took the chance to flee in the exact opposite direction. All she had to do was get back to the visitor center. Get back to the visitor center. Get back–

Something slammed into her back. She struck the floor with a scream and rolled over. Ruby stood over her, her deep red scales gleaming in the sunlight, slathering like a dog. The half-a-cookie lay on the ground, ignored. She'd tricked her.

Yang could only stare at her. "Clever g–Oof!"

Ruby's foot pressed into her chest. "Rrrrag! grrrrrot rrrrrrou, Grrrrrang!"

Yang flinched. No. No, it wasn't fair. It couldn't end this way. It wasn't fair! She didn't want to be a stupid, slutty dinosaur!

Ruby stepped back and sauntered off, seemingly unconcerned with her. Where her claw had met Yang's chest, there was a clear mark, almost like a birthmark, only – Yang swallowed – yellow.

She scrambled back to her feet. She had to do something. Escape. Find a cure. Anything but stand around as she turned into a fucking dinosaur!

As she ran for the visitor center, the patch of yellow spread over her breast, flowing down her boobs and across her shoulders and up her neck. It itched, itched intolerably, and when she scratched, the skin came away in tiny flakes, revealing hard yellow scales like sulfur beneath it. "No!"

She reached the main street. Blake stood in her path, semen dripping from between those big purple cheeks even as she stretched her ridiculous neck in search of her next mate.

Seeing her, Yang froze. She couldn't become something like that. She couldn't. She couldn't. She–

A wracking spasm passed through her body. She dropped to her knees with a squeal and lay there moaning. The brilliant yellow scales had spread down to her hands now, and as they tingled and twitched, they thickened into fat, elephantine feet with thick nails. *Nnnooo! Nooo!*

Her back creaked, snapping and popping, as her skeleton switched to a quadrupedal posture. She gasped, jerking and thrusting her hips. Her coccyx burned: with great effort, she managed to turn her head just far enough to see the stem of her growing tail. F-fuck, it was already so large!

Another wave of wracking change rolled through her. Yang gasped as her clothes tightened, threatening to cut off her breathing. The pressure was particularly intense in her chest, which felt as if it had been bound in the world's tightest corset. Looking down, she panted as her top bulged, growing fuller and fuller, until at last, it tore with a giant *rrrip*, and out sprang her breasts, big and fat around and scaled in gleaming topaz. She stared as they swung, and the unbearable pleasure of their jiggling rolled through her. They were still growing. *They were still growing.*

Her boots split with a pair of pops as her feet morphed to match her hands, and her arms and legs rippled as they swell with muscle to support them, drawing her shirt and her pants tight around them and finally tearing through them outright. It was almost a relief to be free of them.

With great effort, she managed to raise her head. She could still see the visitor center in the distance. If she could just get there, she could... could...

Groaning, she raised one of her columnar new feet and took an experimental step. When it struck the ground, it did so with a thud that almost left her too startled to take another.

The visitor center wobbled. She took another step towards it. There was something pointy and yellow in the bottom of her sight now – it took her a second to realize she'd sprouted a horn. She took another step, sucked in the air for a scream. It came out as more of a bovine moan, and mid-cry her lips stretched and hardened into something resembling a beak. She clacked it in terror, chittering like a parrot.

With every step she took, her body continued to swell. Her pants finally gave in and burst, freeing her thick new ass to jiggle in the open, and her gigantic boobs grew just as fat: pressed against the ground and squeezed between her forelimbs, they shocked her with pleasure each time she so much as moved.

The ecstasy of it coursed down her spine and settled in her nethers. Her anus and her vagina no longer felt like separate things – instead, there was only a single, burning hole, and the heat of it roared through Yang's flesh and made her brain boil like a broth on the hob. All of a sudden, it was difficult to remember why she was so interested in the visitor center. Wouldn't it be better to turn back and let a nice, strong male mount her? There was one now: a nice, big Ceratosaurus with a cock like a tree trunk and balls sized to match.

No. No. She couldn't— She wasn't a dinosaur, and she definitely didn't want to be fucked by one. She was a human. A human. A human.

Only...

She stood there for a second, smelling the semen still oozing from its member – he'd just finished with the white-scaled T-Rex, and he was looking for a new partner.

The last of her long, golden locks fell from her head, and in their place sprouted a frill like a paper fan, wide and golden. It caught the air like a sail, arresting her for a moment. Then, just like that, she was back into motion, marching towards the Ceratosaurus as fast as her stubby legs would carry her.

They stood by the barrier, waiting for the all-clear.

Nora couldn't contain her excitement. "I can't believe we're going to get to fight dinosaurs!"

"I c-can't even believe they're real," said Jaune, feeling a little less enthusiastic. He'd been a massive fan of dinosaurs as a child, but there was a big difference between reading about them and having to fight them. They were even scarier than Grimm! "I thought they were just a story."

Pyrrha gave him a comforting smile. "I wonder where they all came from?"

"Maybe they all came out of the secret underground dinosaur world!" said Nora.

"I doubt that," said Lie Ren, flatly.

The Commander waved them over. "Alright, you're clear to go in. Remember, you're to catch them alive. And under no circumstances allow them to touch your exposed skin!"

Jaune pulled his protective gloves on a little tighter. "Got it," he said. "Everyone ready?"

The rest of JNPR nodded; the technician pulled a lever, and as one, they stepped through the gap in the barrier.

On the other side, they found themselves at the entrance of the visitor center. Someone had smashed the glass doors, so it was easy to get inside. The lobby was a mess. It looked like a pack of wolves – or more likely raptors, he guessed – had been through the place. The restaurant area was even worse: Beacon's dining hall had looked better after last term's foodfight. There was a strange smell in the air too – salt?

A discarded jacket lay on the floor. Jaune picked it up with a frown. It almost looked like Yang's. RWBY hadn't been at the park, had they...?

"Holy fuck," said Nora, who'd gone ahead. "Guys, you have to see this."

They all hurried over to the exit and stared with her through the shattered glass of the door. "Holy crap," said Jaune.

Before them lay a veritable dinosaur orgy. Tyrannosauruses, Stegosauruses, Ankylosauruses, every type of dinosaur he could name – they filled the main street of the park, coupled up and screwing with no apparent care for species. He saw a pair of Dilophosauruses spitroasting a Carnotaurus; a Spinosaurus clapping the cheeks of a bright yellow Triceratops; a big black Dreadnoughtus fucking a deep red raptor of some kind – it was so small in comparison it might as well have been a fleshlight. Half of them, the females he supposed, were visibly pregnant. One Brachiosaurus in particular could barely move for its belly.

"Gross," said Ren.

"I dunno, I think it's kinda hot," said Nora, chewing her lip.

"Come on, guys," said Jaune. "Let's at least try to take this seriously. What's the plan?"

"Perhaps," said Pyrrha, "we should start with the most dangerous."

"The most dangerous," said Jaune, wincing. "Alright, I guess that would be one of the—"

The floor shook; dust spilled from the ceiling. They froze.

"What was that?" said Nora, sounding a lot less enthusiastic all of a sudden.

The floor shook again. Jaune stumbled, fell to his knee. Pyrrha hurried to help him up.

As he grabbed her hand, some primordial instinct buried deep in the lizard part of his brain compelled him to look up.

The visitor center had a grand glass ceiling, and through it something stared at them, features distorted by the glass. He squinted, struggling to make sense of it. Whatever it was, it was big – he was surprised the roof could bear its weight. "Guys, I, er I think maybe we should—"

With a crash, the T-Rex fell through the ceiling and landed on them in a flurry of claws and snow white scales.