

Pregnancy Dust (Hyperpreg, RWBY)

As the last of the enemy's masked faces struck the floor with a vicious crack, Ruby Rose lowered her scythe and sighed in relief. "We did it!"

"Hmmpfh! Of course we did," said Weiss, sheathing her rapier. "Was it ever in question?"

"I don't know..." said Blake, planting her ass on one of the warehouse's many crates. "You look like you were having a little difficulty with that big guy."

Weiss flushed. "I was just taking my time! It was so easy I could afford to."

"Yeah, Weiss is right," said Yang, tossing the bludgeoned body of another goon aside. "I swear these guys get weaker every time we fight them."

"Maybe they're the *same* guys," said Blake. "All those beatings should add up."

"You'd think they'd learn from the experience."

Weiss snorted. "If they had any degree of intelligence, they wouldn't be in the White Fang!"

Blake scowled.

Folding her scythe away, Ruby ambled over to the rest of them. "What do you think they wanted here, anyway?"

"They looked pretty interested in *this*," said Blake, hitting the crate she was sitting on with the heel of her boot.

"What's so special about one random crate?" asked Ruby.

"I imagine it's probably what's *in* the crate," said Weiss.

"I knew that much!"

Blake hopped off the box and walked around it, one eyebrow raised. "Hmm, there's no markings or anything."

"Well, guess we'll just have to crack it open and take a look inside," said Yang, smacking her fist into her palm. "Anybody got a crowbar?"

"Are you out of your minds?" said Weiss. "We can't just open it up! That's a Schnee Dust Company crate, not a Christmas present!"

"It's alright," said Yang. "We'll just say you gave us permission. Hey, lemme borrow your sword – that'll work." As Weiss spluttered in protest, Yang snatched her sword, stabbed it into the crate, and started working the lid off.

“H-Hey!”

“Nngh.” Yang winced. “No, it’s no good. Someone’s gonna have to grab it and pull too.”

With a sigh, Blake planted a foot on the edge of the crate’s lid, grabbed the other side, and pulled. The crate creaked; the lid raised a little.

“I can almost see inside!” said Ruby, squinting into the gap.

“H-hey! Be careful with my sword!”

“Come on, put your back into it, Blake!”

“I am!”

“Well put more in! You’ve got plenty of it!”

The crate creaked again, a little louder this time. By now there was an inch-wide gap between the lid on the sides.

“Keep going!” said Ruby, leaning closer. “I can almost see inside it!”

Yang took a deep breath and pressed down on Myrtenaster’s handle, while Blake tightened her grip on the lid, screwed up her eyes, and yanked as hard as her limbs would allow her.

“Almost there!” said Ruby. “Almost there...! Almost—”

Krrrrrr-ack!

With a crack of a splintering wood, the lid flew free. Blake flew with it, barely landing on all fours, while Myrtenaster, its blade released, went spinning into the air in the opposite direction. Squealing, Weiss ran after it.

“Well, that wasn’t too bad,” said Yang. “A part of me was expecting it to explode or something.”

“Yang, you’re so dramatic.” Ruby rubbed her hands greedily as she leaned into the box. “Everyone knows Dust isn’t *that* sensi—”

With a boom, the crate exploded.

Ruby leapt back with a squeal, raising her hands to shield her face, as a wave of sparkling pink Dust struck her and threw her back. In her panic, she inhaled, sucking the stuff into her lungs, where it went off like firecrackers. Gasping, she dropped to the ground and lay there coughing and hacking, struggling to get it out.

Several seconds passed in which the only sound was the ringing in her ears and her own echoing coughs. Finally, the Dust cleared enough for her to see again: Yang sat not far away, coughing and spluttering where she'd inhaled the stuff as well. Blake stood a little farther back, a cloth over her mouth, clearly trying to keep it out.

Scraps of wood and shards of glass tinkled to the ground all around them.

Weiss rushed over, Myrtenaster hugged to her chest. "What did you *do*?!"

"We didn't do anything!" said Ruby. It was an effort to speak, her throat felt so tingly.

"Oh, no, I'm sure you didn't," said Weiss. She drew in a breath, clearly intending to do a big, dramatic sigh of disdain... and doubled over, coughing like the rest of them. "Agh! What is this stuff?!"

Blake crept forward, cloth still held over her face, and rummaged in the ruins of the crate. Finally, she produced a half-burnt sheet of paper. "Schnee Dust Company Lot #05092027. "WARNING: Unstable. Handle with Caution." She tossed it with a sigh. "...Little late for that."

Weiss lurched. "Lot #05092027?" She scrambled back away from the crate, looking even paler than normal.

"Wh-what?" said Ruby. "What is it? What's Lot #05092027?"

Weiss swallowed. "Lot #05092027 is a, um... Well, it's a fertility aid."

"A fertility aid?" said Yang. "You mean, like—"

"It's meant to help you get pregnant," said Weiss, blushing.

"Pregnant!" said Ruby. She hid her head in her hands, face red as her cloak.

"Relax," said Yang. "It's only a fertility aid, right? We'll be fine, so long as we don't bump uglies with anyone."

"Um," said Weiss.

Blake raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean 'um'?"

Weiss pressed her fingertips together, looking awkward. "Well... One of the problems with Lot #05092027 is that it was, well, *too* good at its job."

"What do you mean *too* good?" said Yang.

Weiss chewed her lip. "*Too* good, as in, if you take too much, you can get pregnant *without*, um, bumping uglies."

Ruby felt suddenly very sick. "Wh-what do you mean?"

Yang grabbed Weiss by the collar. "How much is too much?!"

The heiress winced. "Anything more than a teaspoon's worth."

Ruby paled. "H-How much did we take?"

"We didn't take any!" said Yang. "We just– We just breathed a little in, that's all. Definitely not a spoon's worth. We'll be fine so long as we don't accidentally fuck anyone."

"Um, actually..." Weiss struggled to meet their eyes.

Yang shook her. "What?"

"Testing found it was even *more* effective aerosolized..."

"H-how much more effective?" said Blake.

"About twenty to fifty times..."

"What the fuck does that mean?" said Yang, sounding like she might throttle her. "How can a fertility aid be twenty to fifty times more effective?! What, does it cause twins or something?"

Weiss struggled to pull away. "Er... Well, that's an understatement, really."

The thought made Ruby feel queasy. As Yang shook more details out of Weiss, she stumbled over to the nearest wall and leaned on it, panting for breath. Her stomach felt like a witch's cauldron, bubbling and frothing. She wanted to eat a whole buffet *and* throw it straight back up again. "G-guys..."

Yang stopped shaking Weiss. "R-Ruby?"

"Guys..." All of a sudden, her cincher felt so tight. Too tight – she could barely breathe.

"Guh... guh..." She dropped. Yang and Blake rushed over and grabbed her. Holding her by the arms, they guided her over to the center of the room and supported her as Weiss hurried to undo her cincher.

When it finally came off, it was like removing a month-old bandage: relief was warm and immediate. She leaned on Yang, sucking in air to refill her lungs, and her stomach, free of her cincher, bulged into the open, fatter than she'd ever seen it. She looked like she'd eaten every cookie in Vale and drunk all the milk to boot. She'd never felt so full before.

As she stared, her gut pulsed, and with a creak of stretching skin, grew that little bit larger. In an instant, fat was no longer a fitting word for it – she looked practically pot-bellied.

Sweating, she wrapped her arms around it. With every moment, the tension and the weight became that little bit worse. She felt like a balloon being pumped full of water.

And then, just as she thought things couldn't get any worse, something inside it kicked.

Ruby stopped breathing. "I— I— I—"

Yang swiveled on Weiss. "H-how do we stop it!"

"W-we can't stop! Once it takes effect, you have to let it run its course!"

Ruby massaged her belly and moaned. By now, she was visibly gravid – no-one could think she was anything but pregnant, and at the sight, waves of strange sensation rolled through her, half-physical, half-emotional. She couldn't make sense of what she was seeing. It was fake, it had to be. It was someone's else... Or... Or... Or... She couldn't be pregnant – she *couldn't* be! She was only— She hadn't planned to, until— She hadn't planned to at all! She'd never even thought about it before! She'd just assumed it would all come with—

The thing inside her kicked again. She moaned, feeling faint. Her head was as much as crucible as her gut. She wanted to throw up. She also wanted a hamburger.

"What the fuck are we meant to do then?!" cried Yang.

Weiss fumbled for her scroll. "I-I'll call my dad! He'll send a specialist, or, or, or..."

"Yeah, you do that," said Yang. "You do that, before I—"

And she doubled over, clasping her belly and grimacing as her jacket creaked with sudden tension. "Shit. Shit. Shit." With gritted teeth, she fumbled to undo it. Freed, her belly sprang into the open, fat and round as a melon at the minimum. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

Blake hurried to get her own corset off. "Are we all going to—?"

Weiss winced again. "I-it probably depends. How much did you all breathe in? The more of the stuff you took, the more—"

A splintering pain in Ruby's gut. She doubled over with a moan as her swelling stomach stretched her arms wide around it. When she finally dared to open her eyes again, she whimpered: it had reached the size of a beachball. And she could feel things moving inside it. Two things. No, three. "I-I—"

Yang's eyes darted between her and her own swollen belly. "How pregnant are we going to get?!"

Weiss stammered her reply. "I-i-it really depends! In the tests, one of the volunteers took a 4000mg dose – just enough to include pregnancy if taken orally – in aerosol form. And she ended up with..."

"How many?!" cried Blake. She clutched her own gut, which had already swollen to the size of a basketball and seemed a little larger with every moment.

"Twenty," said Weiss.

"Twenty?!"

Ruby's eyes rolled back; everything went blurry for a second. When she came to again, Yang was squeezing her hand, muttering reassurances, though they weren't really working. Her belly felt like a giant bag of sand strapped to her body – it took all the strength she had just to stay standing. And the kicking...! The kicking...! "Nnnn~! Oh... Oh... Oh...!"

"G-go get help!" cried Blake, as her globe of a gut pulsed.

Weiss stared for a second, sweat beading on her brow, and with a final nod, turned and sped towards the exit.

She never made it. Halfway there, she doubled over with a moan, clutching her stomach just like the rest of them. By the time she stood straight again, she had a nice, pregnant curve: three months in, if Ruby were any judge. "N-no! No, not me too! I didn't inhale it! I didn't inhale it!"

Ruby's belly met her knees, and as they pressed into it, stretching her already over-strained skin even more, she lost what little strength she had left. With a moan, she slid to the floor, and ended up lying on her own pregnant gut. It must be the size of a beanbag by now – just how many babies were in it?

One of them kicked. Ruby whimpered.

Blake and Yang were faring a little better than her, but not by much: the former looked like she was seconds away from giving birth to triplets, while Yang's strained, reddened belly looked like it held twice that.

Her eyes dropped back to her own stomach. By now, it was even bigger than a beanbag, and growing so fast it was visible to her eyes. Screwing her own tight, she moaned as its pulsing edge reached her feet and lifted them off the floor, putting all of her weight on the fat, jostling sack. It had no trouble supporting her.

"S-someone help!" cried Blake.

Her gut churned; she wanted to vomit. Her skin, flushed, strained to near-tearing point, sent pang after pang of torturous pain to her head. Her nipples, harder than she'd ever felt them, poked against the fabric of her top, threatening to punch through it, and now there was a strange sense of wetness too, almost as if... was she lactating? Her eyes snapped open just in time to see the first bead of milk seep through the fabric. "Nnnn~!" Were her boobs getting bigger too?!

"Weeeeeeeeeeeiss?!" Yang's legs were bent and her stomach was on the ground. She had her arms around it, trying to lift it without success. "Do something!"

Weiss stood with her legs bowed like she was riding a horse, rubbing her beachball of a gut and whispering to herself. "I'm going to be a mommy... I'm going to be a mommy..."

"Weiss!"

Ruby's belly shook and grew a little larger, raising her a little higher atop it. It was like lying on a waterbed, a big, jostling waterbed, except it was part of her too, and she could feel it, feel its straining skin and the things kicking inside it, and—

Her gut pulsed, making her boobs bounce atop it. Ruby moaned and buried her face in her bust. "Make it stoooooop!"

Yang moaned as she disappeared behind her belly. Blake gasped, struggling to wrap her arms around her own.

Weiss, looking left and right, made another feeble dash to the door. She made it three meters before the weight of her gut overwhelmed her, and she sank, whimpering, to the floor.

Ruby barely saw it. Her focus was on her own issues, namely the terrible pain in her chest as her breasts strove to copy her belly. "Nnn~! Nnnnn~! Stoooooop!" Her bodice was soaked, soaked and strained, dripping like a damp cloth, and with every second its fabric seemed a little tighter.

At last, with a terrible *rrrip*, her boobs tore free of her top and sprang into the open, swollen to head-sized fullness and squirting great gouts of milk from nipples like little red mountains. With a gurgle and a groan, her belly swelled again, already filling with more babies to drink it.

Ruby whimpered. How many was she carrying now? A hundred? Two hundred?

And just when was she going to stop *growing*?!

It took a while, but in the end the Dust's effects started to slow, and Weiss regained enough sense to grab her scroll and call for help.

"Well," said the Schnee Dust Company's hired doctor, taking his stethoscope from Weiss's belly. "You're definitely pregnant."

"We know that, you imbecile!" Resting on a crate with her arms around her belly, Weiss looked like nothing more than an expectant mother waiting for her waters to break. "What are we supposed to do about it?!"

Stepping back, the doctor scratched his beard and turned to survey the rest of them.

Blake stood not far from Weiss, leaning on her own gut for support. It had finally stopped growing at the size of an exercise ball, shaking and jostling like a sackful of kittens.

Yang, on the other hand, lay on her back, moaning, hidden almost entirely by her giant, three-meter wide stomach. And the equally massive breasts flopped swollen and leaking beside it. “Nnn~!”

Finally, the doctor turned to Ruby. Lying atop the gigantic globe of her belly, which had finally ceased growing at roughly ten meters in diameter, it was difficult for her to hear what the man on the floor was even saying. That her face was buried in her own breasts, each of which had grown as large as a small car and was constantly leaking, didn’t help.

“Well,” said the doctor at last, “before we make any rash decisions, why don’t we tally up just how many children the four of you are carrying? Now, I don’t exactly carry an ultrasound machine on my person, but it should be easy enough to guesstimate...” He produced a notepad and a pencil and made a few quick calculations. Finally, he pointed at Weiss:

“Sextuplets.”

Weiss made a kind of squeaking sound.

The doctor turned his pencil on Blake. “You, I’d say, are carrying approximately 80 or so.”

Blake’s jaw dropped. “E-eighty?!”

The doctor, however, had already turned to Yang. “For you, I’d say...” He shook his head. “Around 300.”

Yang’s response, whatever it was, was muffled by the weight of her own body.

Finally, the doctor turned to Ruby, moaning atop the mountain of her gut, and stood there for several seconds simply scratching his beard and looking up at her, working his jaw and shaking his head. “As for Miss Rose here...” He studied his notes again, squinted, frowned, and finally, with a deep breath, looked back up.

“...Approximately three thousand, three hundred, and fifty.”

As the word left his mouth, a silence settled over the room. One by one, they turned what he’d said over in their heads. Not least of all Ruby, who could barely understand what she’d heard. 3350? 3350 *babies*? 3350 babies were going to come out of *her*?! That wasn’t– It couldn’t–! It wasn’t possible! It couldn’t be– It couldn’t– He had to have made a mistake!

A long, low moan escaped Ruby’s lips.

“Wh-what are we supposed to do now?” said Weiss.

“How are we supposed to fight Grimm like this?!” cried Blake.

“Mmmphf!” cried Yang. “Mm-mmmphf!”

The doctor folded his hands behind his back and studied them all thoughtfully. “Well, put it this way,” he said. “Just think of how happy you’ll be when they all leave for college.”