

White in the Butt, Part 4 (Absorption, Butt Expansion, RWBY)

Four weeks had passed since Weiss Schnee's disappearance, and no-one had noticed.

Heading back to their dorm, Blake turned the corner and came face-to-face with Jaune.

"H-hey, Blake! Is, um, Weiss with you?"

"Who—? Oh, um, yeah, lemme just..." Retreating round the corner, Blake summoned her Shadow, plucked Weiss's clothes from her bag, and hurried to dress it in them. The result was an impeccable failure: she looked just like Blake in Weiss's clothes. And yet...

She stepped back around the corner. "Here she is..." said Blake. "Weiss Schnee! Say hello to Jaune, Weiss!"

"Hello to Jaune, Weiss!" said her Shadow.

"H-hey, Weiss," said Jaune, looking her up and down and blushing. His brain didn't seem to have caught the change in Weiss's figure, but his penis had certainly noticed the difference. Blake had seen him eyeing her Shadow's ass several times now.

"D-do you think m-maybe you'd, um..." Jaune blushed. "Maybe you'd like to go on a date later?"

Blake rolled her eyes. For the first time in her life, she was actually starting to sympathise with Weiss. Maybe she should just let him fuck it and get it over with. "Gee, sorry, Jaune, but I think Weiss is kinda busy at the moment. Lots of exams and stuff, you know, Schnee business."

"Oh, um, okay."

Geez, *what a dweeb*. "Sorry. Anyway, we've gotta get going. Say goodbye to Jaune, Weiss."

"Goodbye to Jaune, Weiss." And with that, they slipped into their room and slammed the door on him. Blake fell against it and dismissed her Shadow with a groan.

"Tough day?" said Yang, sitting on the floor.

Well, *technically* she was sitting on the floor. Really, it was more like she was sitting on her ass – with Weiss stuffed in the thing, it was so big you could use it as a beanbag. Just thinking about it made Blake want to—

She realized she hadn't answered. "Yeah, I guess. Look, this whole 'Weiss is totally not an ass' charade is getting *really* hard to keep up."

"Well, yeah... *Of course* it's hard to convince people Weiss isn't an ass. Her whole thing is being an ass."

Blake winced. "And that's not the only thing getting hard. Jaune *really* wants to fuck my Semblance."

"So? Let him."

"When she vanishes, I get all her memories, Yang."

"Oof, nevermind. Let's hope it's just a passing crush then."

"Somehow I doubt it." Pulling up a chair, she took a seat next to Yang – amazingly, she was still sitting lower than her. "How's Sleeping Booty, anyway?"

Yang groaned. "Oh, no, don't bring her up. You'll make her–"

Yang's ass rumbled. She sighed. "Now look what you've done."

Blake watched with a thin smile as Yang stood, revealing her gigantic ass in all its jiggling glory. She wasn't wearing any pants, of course – there weren't many pants that fit her anymore, and the few that did were hardly comfortable. Reaching back, she forced her arm deep, deep into her crack and, after several minutes of struggling and wincing, extracted with a pop a large, yellow buttplug.

"Fin—" Yang's cheeks slammed shut again. "Mmphf!"

Yang rolled her eyes. "Hold them open, will you?"

"With pleasure." Sinking her hands deep into Yang's big, meaty cheeks, Blake tightened her grip and wrenched them apart again.

"Finally!" said Weiss Schnee, her regal voice emanating from Yang's less-than-regal butthole. "How *dare* you keep me plugged for so long!"

Blake rolled her eyes. "What do you want Weiss? Why'd you make us unplug you?"

"What do I want? What do I *want*?! I want to be human again, you cat-eared cretin!"

"We're working on it," said Blake. They weren't.

"You better be!"

"It's our main focus." It wasn't.

"Hmmpfhf, very well. In the meantime, I have some... *complaints* regarding my current living quarters."

"Complaints? Living quarters?" Yang reached back and pinched a cheek. "D'ya think my ass is a hotel?"

“As if I’d be so delusional! Even the slimiest motel would treat a guest better than you treat me!”

“You aren’t a guest, you’re fucking assfat!”

Weiss sniffed. “Well, I’ve never been so insulted!”

“I find that difficult to imagine, what with you being *Weiss Schnee!*”

Blake held up a hand for silence. “Come on, Yang. Let’s hear her out.”

“Really?”

“*Thank you,*” said Weiss. She coughed to clear her rectum. “Now, let’s see... First of all, I can’t *stand* your underwear. You need to buy something softer and less pinchy. Secondly, you need to wash me more often! Do you know how sweaty I get?! Third, I resent the amount of time you spend sitting on me – would it kill you to stand a little? Fourth: you should lie on your *front* when you sleep! And finally, worse than the rest by far: you really need to eat more fi–”

Blake released Yang’s cheeks; Weiss cut off with a smack.

“The hell?” said Yang. “You were the one who wanted to hear her out.”

“Yeah, but then she started talking.”

“Mmmmphf! Mmmmphf! Mmmmphf!”

Blake and Yang shared a glance. Finally, with a big roll of the eyes, Blake spread Yang’s cheeks again.

“*Thank you!* I–”

“Alright, Weiss, listen up,” said Blake, “‘cos I’m only gonna say this as many times as I have to: I am *sick* of your complaining.”

“The absolute cheek! How dare–”

Blake slapped her. Yang squeaked; Weiss gasped and went silent. Minus the wobbling and the wibbling, which lasted for almost a full minute.

“If I hear another word out of your, um, anus,” said Blake, thrusting a finger at said anus, I’m going to *fuck* you!”

“F-fuck me?!”

“...Literally! With this strap-on!” She produced a large, purple strap-on.

Weiss squeaked. "Okay! Okay! It won't happen again, I swear! J-just put the strap-on away, please...!"

"Good," said Blake.

A moment passed in silence, broken only by the clapping of Weiss's cheeks.

Finally, Yang cleared her throat. "Holy shit, Blake. Is that a real strap-on?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah, I went back to the warehouse."

Yang smirked. "You know, it's a kind of a turn-on seeing you take charge like that."

"R-really?" Blushing, Blake rubbed her thighs together. "Well in that case, why don't we...?" She wiggled the strap-on.

"W-wait a second," said Weiss. "You said you wouldn't-!"

"That sounds like a complaint to me!"

Schlup!