

Yang's Special Sportswear (Clothing TF, Inanimate TF, RWBY)

Yang sat and stared at the door of the cubicle, her head in her hands and her heart in her shoes. What was she going to do now?!

She'd been so excited when Deputy Headmistress Glynda had announced Beacon would be holding a sports day – it was the perfect opportunity to show the rest of the student body the rest of her stupendous body, and prove she was a better athlete than that bitch Pyrrha once and for all. She'd been so elated, in fact, she'd ordered an ultra-expensive, extra-skimpy set of sportswear just for it.

Standing, she looked down at herself, tracing the curve of the bust bulging through her school blouse and from there down to the big, delicious butt straining to escape her tight, tight skirt. It made her blush just looking at it – *fuck*, she was hot. Seeing her out there on the track, her curves wrapped in lycra, the male half of the student body would have had so much blood in their cocks they would have fainted. It would have been perfect.

...Except the stupid thing hadn't arrived. In fact, according to the delivery app, it was still somewhere in the ocean. Which wouldn't have been a problem, except she'd tossed all her old sportswear away in anticipation. Now all she had left was her school uniform, her combat clothes, and her birthday suit. All of which she'd be fine with, if not for the fact *everyone else* would show off their sexy new sportswear while she looked like the world's biggest dweeb!

From outside came the chatter and giggles of her teammates. Oh, all of their new outfits had arrived, of course. *They* were going to look hotter than ever, and they'd never let her forget it. She could already picture Weiss Schnee looking down at her, 'Ohohohoho'-ing like some smug anime princess. The *bitch!*

With a sigh, she slumped on the bench. Well, there was still *one* option left to her. And maybe there was a way to get a new outfit *and* get revenge on the smug whores outside too. Working her jaw, she grabbed her empty gym bag, wrenched it open, and rummaged inside for her trump card.

It was hidden in a secret pocket in the side of the bag, away from the eyes of any prying Rubies who might like to get their hands on it. Plucking it from its pouch, Yang held the vial up to the light: the bright, pinkish Dust sparkled like stardust.

She'd found the stuff in Weiss's drawer, of course. For all her glamor and elegance, the beautiful Miss Schnee was an absolute trash goblin when it came to storing her Dust – there were vials of the stuff all over their dorm room. You couldn't salt your food without accidentally using the stuff, as they'd all found out last Christmas dinner.

This particular vial, she'd found with a note warning no-one to touch it, which of course made her want to take it even more. According to the accompanying guide, it was a part of a line of Dust-based drugs designed to modify the taker's Semblance. This particular variety granted matter manipulation powers, though the guide was keen to stress they were limited: for one, you could only use them to transmute discrete objects into other discrete objects you were

familiar with. Also, it only worked on living creatures. Which made it pretty useless as far as the Schnee Company was concerned, but Yang thought she could see a *couple* of uses for it.

From outside the cubicle came another round of Ruby's laughter. Yang worked her jaw, turned the vial around and around in her hand, locked in thought, and finally, with a deep sigh, popped the cork. It tasted sweet on her tongue, as if she were swallowing sugar.

Tapping the last few motes out of the vial, she placed it back in her gym bag and stood, looking down at herself in curiosity. The instructions had said the Dust would take effect immediately, but she didn't *feel* any different. Then again, having a Semblance didn't feel like anything in particular in the first place, so how would you tell? The only way to know if it had worked was to get out there and try it.

The cubicle door unlocked with a click.

As she stepped out, the rest of her team stopped chatting to stare. "*There* you are," said Weiss Schnee, hands on her hips. "Why are you still in your uniform? What the hell were you doing in there?!"

Yang rolled her eyes. Weiss's tight white sports bra and shorts were the most expensive on the market, but money can't buy happiness, and it definitely can't buy curves: Weiss looked like a skeleton. Oh, it was doing what it could, but you've gotta give a chef some ingredients before he can start cooking – this one only had the chopping board.

The only part of her outfit which *was* doing its job was her sneakers, the lack of fat being less of an impediment in the feet than in other parts of the body.

"Wh-what?" said Weiss, taking a step back. "What are you looking at me like *that* for?"

"Yang! Yang!" Even as Yang put together a cutting remark for Weiss, her little sister bounded over, eyes as wide as a puppy's. "Look at how cool my new sportswear is!"

Yang looked. And gaped. "The hell...? Is that...?!"

"That's right! I got the outfit you were talking about too!" True to her word, Ruby wore a tightly-fitting red sports bra and shorts, with a practically sanguine pair of sneakers to complete the trifecta. And though she might not be as blessed in the body department as her elder sister, her new outfit took what assets she did have and claimed no small amount of dividends – looking at her, Yang couldn't help but blush.

To be frank, it was waaaaaay too much for someone like Ruby. She was tempted to find a towel and toss it over her before someone like Cardin saw.

"Hey, why aren't you wearing yours?" said Ruby, finally catching up with the rest of them.

"Er..."

“Late delivery?” said Blake. She sat in the corner with a sports magazine, her smug smile just barely visible. “I told you shouldn’t have thrown away your old one...”

“Sh-shut up,” said Yang, struggling to focus. Blake’s outfit might not be as sexy as Ruby’s, but then Blake could have looked sexy in a potato sack. Her thighs emerged from her sports shorts like two thick clumps of a sausage bursting out of their casing, while her sports bra creaked like it contained the rest of the pig. Yang didn’t dare to imagine what her ass must look like. “I just... I just left it in the room. It won’t take me long to get it.”

“Uh huh,” said Blake, dropping her eyes back to her magazine.

“You left it in our room?” cried Weiss. “Then why didn’t you go and fetch it before now?! We’ve been sitting here and waiting for you for twenty minutes!”

Hearing her whine, Yang remembered her plan and why she’d picked it in the first place. If *she* didn’t get to look good on sports day, no-one did. Especially not Weiss fucking Schnee.

“Look,” she said, feigning embarrassment, “I’ll tell you, but it’s kinda embarrassing.” Ruby cocked her head; Blake looked up from her magazine.

“Oh, this’ll be good,” said Weiss, striding towards her. “Go on, then,” she said, raising her hand to her ear. “Don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone...”

Yang leaned in close, as if to whisper to her. “The truth is... I...”

She stomped on Weiss’s foot.

A spark, like static electricity, passed between them on contact. Weiss leapt back with a squeal and clasped her foot, screwing her eyes up in pain. “Yang, you bitch!”

Without pause, Yang turned and grabbed her sister. She’d intended to be a little gentler with her – after all, Ruby *was* her little sister – but then she remembered how much Ruby would have upstaged her, and with a scowl, she drew back her hand and spanked her hard on the ass. *Zzzip!*

“Ow! Yang! What was that for?!”

As Weiss massaged her foot and Ruby rubbed her burning butt, Yang turned her attention to Blake, who’d lowered her magazine to stare in incomprehension. “Yang, what the hell are you doing?”

Yang smirked. It was too late to back out now – she might as well go all in. “I’m gonna grope you, Blake. I’m gonna grab those big tiddies of yours and squeeze!”

“What the fuck?!” Blake dropped her mag and scrabbled back, pressing herself against the wall. Unfortunately, her introversion was her undoing: in choosing the most isolated spot in the changing room, she’d cornered herself – she had nowhere to go as Yang rushed her, fingers wiggling.

“Gotcha!” Throwing herself at her, Yang wrapped her hands around Blake’s breasts and squeezed, digging her fingers deep into the lycra-coated melons.

“Nnn~! Y-Yang!” Blake screwed up her eyes and scrabbled back, but she didn’t have the strength to escape her. *ZZzzap!*

Behind her, Weiss squealed. Yang released Blake and turned to see. Weiss had snapped straight, aiming her head at the ceiling and opening wide, like a snake trying to swallow an ostrich egg, while the rest of her body paled, turning the same bright white as her hair. She shivered and trembled, struggling to form words, and shriveled till her clothes sagged around her. With one final moan, she fell writhing to the floor.

Now Ruby screamed as well. Her legs gave at once, and with a gasp she struck the tiles. Lying there, she trembled, eyes shaking in their sockets, as her feet shot out of her shoes and crumpled into her legs, which collapsed in turn into her thighs. Her sports shorts fell free, as did the underwear beneath them, and the holes between her legs expanded, growing inhumanly wide. She threw back her head in another scream, and it cut off abruptly as her mouth copied them.

Blake gasped. “Wh-what the fuck did you do to them?!”

Yang shrugged. “My sportswear didn’t arrive, so I’m turning you guys into the replacement.”

“You’re turning us into clothes?”

“Basically.”

“We-we— Y-you’ll turn us back after, right? It-it’s not permanent, is it?”

Yang opened her mouth to reply and found she didn’t know the answer. “You know, I never thought to check that.”

Blake’s jaw dropped. Before she could say anything else on the matter however, her arms snapped upright, straight, as if she were terrified Yang would shoot her. “M-make it stop!”

Yang shrugged. “Sorry, I don’t know how. Besides, I still need something to wear!”

“Yang!” A spasm passed through Blake’s body, and her legs snapped upright too, as if she were trying to touch her toes. Unlike her arms they didn’t stay that way for long though: just as swiftly, they bent back, curling at an impossible angle till her feet met up behind her. Her arms bent too, arching over her shoulders to touch her ankles, and she slid forward, off the bench to the floor, where she lay shivering, staring at Yang through large, tearful eyes.

It made her laugh. “Don’t be such a *pussycat*.”

Back in the middle of the changing room, Ruby and Weiss were barely recognizable. Rummaging in the latter’s sportswear, Yang found a pair of shriveled white things, vaguely

shoe-shaped, with human mouths for holes and a single eye each, which stared at her in terror.

From Ruby's, she extracted a flimsy red sheet of what felt like human skin with a pair of eyes, each just as wide in terror as Weiss's. Picking it up, Yang shook it, earning a few feeble whimpers from the largest hole, which was the mouth (the others were slightly less wholesome). Its skin was changing with the second, turning a deep shade of red, and by the time she finally dropped it, there was barely any sign of its former humanity remaining.

Yang returned to Blake, who was also looking a lot flimsier these days. The Faunus's boobs had grown even larger, which perhaps wasn't surprising, because the rest of her body was losing mass with the second. Even as Yang approached, her stomach collapsed, folded out of existence, and her limbs flattened till they were barely thicker than a finger.

Her head had sunk halfway into her chest, but she still had a mouth for the moment: "Y-Yang, please! Make it stop!"

Yang slipped an arm through her strap, earning a scream, and yanked her into the air. "What's the matter, Blake? Don't you want to touch my boobs anymore?" The would-be-bra's eyes went wide; Yang laughed even harder. "What, do you think I haven't noticed those sly little glances of yours? Come on, Blake, this should be a dream come true for you."

Blake clearly wanted to shake her head, but she didn't have much of one left. Sinking into her bodice, it vanished, pumping her boobs up, and leaving only her terrified eyes to stare out of what would soon be her band. Not that they'd last much longer either – a wave of blackness soon spread over her form, painting her altered flesh the same dark, inky color. For a few more seconds, she squirmed, fighting to regain her humanity, and with that, her eyes shut, her breasts flattened into cups, and she went limp, as inanimate as any other sports bra.

"Perfect," said Yang, tucking her under her arm.

Ruby and Weiss had finished changing too now. In Ruby's clothes lay a pair of dark red sports shorts, eager to be stretched by her ass, while Weiss's abandoned outfit held nothing but a pair of white sneakers, bright and ready for the track.

Picking them both up, Yang winced at the thought of how mismatched her outfit was – the other athletes were going to think she'd scrouged it out of her teammate's spares. Still, transformative Dust users can't be choosers, she guessed. Or something.

She stripped off, kicking off her shoes and unbuttoning her blouse and unhooking her bra, and tossing everything onto the bench, where she gathered up her former teammates and inspected them, wondering who to try on first.

She went with Ruby in the end. After all, she was their leader. Pinching her sister's mouth, she gave her a stretch and slipped a leg inside her. It was a struggle to get her all the way up over her ass – Yang might not be as big as Blake in that department, but she still had plenty back there – and only with much tugging and grunting did she finally achieve it. *Snap!* By

comparison, Weiss was much easier to get on, which made sense – she'd always had a big mouth, after all.

Finally, it was Blake's turn. Picking her up, Yang couldn't help but feel a thrill of anticipation. "Ready?" she said, holding the sports bra to her mouth. "It's what you've been waiting for~." She had no idea if Blake or any of the others could actually hear her, but it was fun to pretend if nothing else.

Throwing the bra over her head, she slipped her arms through the straps, grabbed its band, and with a grimace, tugged as hard as humanly possible.

It wasn't enough. It was like trying to drag a boulder over a mountain with nothing but a rope. She barely got halfway before she had to take a break and catch her breath again.

Several more tugging sessions later, she finally decided enough was enough. Despite aiming for a bra that fit, Blake just hadn't had enough material for her.

Well, whatever. Blake was covering *most* of her boobs anyway – sure, her underboob was pretty visible, but underboob was always fashionable, and besides, it wasn't like anyone seeing her would be able to think hard enough to complain anyway.

She glanced at the mirror, cocking her hips and stretching her arms. *Not bad*, she thought, running her hands over her curves. Sure, the mismatched colors were annoying, but no-one was going to care about that, not when she started running.

She made for the door. As she reached it, however, someone else happened to enter the room:

"H-hey, this isn't the boys' room," said Jaune, seeing her and freezing.

Her eyes fell to his pants and the enormous bulge inside them. "Heeeeey, Jaune. Come here for a second..."

Yang threw back her head and took a deep swig of her energy drink. *Ah, refreshing~.*

Tossing the empty bottle in the trash, she made her way to the track. The first event on today's schedule was the 100 meters, which would certainly put her new sportswear to the test.

Pyrrha and Nora and the rest of the competitors were already waiting for her at the starting line. "Hey!" she called, hurrying over. "Sorry, I'm late!"

"What the hell's up with your outfit?" asked Nora, who was lucky Tact wasn't one of today's events. "Did you scrounge it off the rest of your team?"

Yang laughed, but internally she made a note to transform Nora into dogshit.

“Where’s the rest of your team anyway?” asked Pyrrha.

“Oh, they’re just really sick,” said Yang, with a shrug.

“You don’t sound very worried about them.”

She shrugged. “I’m sure they’ll get better sooner or later.”

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The instant the starter pistol sounded, Yang lurched into motion. For Weiss, this was both relief and the promise of further torture.

Her new body was paradoxical: she lay on her front, with her face pressed against the track, crushed into the rubber by the weight of the fat cow wearing her. Yet, she also had her mouth around Yang’s feet, wrapped tight around them and the sweaty socks that adorned them, stretched till nerves felt like snapping twice over, and in such a way it felt as if Yang’s feet had been forced all the way down her anus and vagina too. Even little movement was agony and ecstasy in equal and appalling measure. She wanted to cry.

Then Yang raised her, raised her high, high, higher, till the coarse orange surface of the track lay half a mile away from her (even as her other half was pressed directly against it), and just as she started to squeal at the height, down she went again, down, down, down, down, till at last—

—she struck it with a titanic smack, sending an explosive crash of mingled pleasure and pain rolled through her warped, erogenous body.

She had barely an instant to react before Yang raised her other half, and the cycle started all over again.

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The circle of Ruby’s torment had a less discrete beginning and end than Weiss’s, though it was no less torturous for it. Wrapped around Yang’s hips, her mouth and her lower holes stretched almost to tearing by her waist and her thighs, she felt as if she’d break at any moment – simply existing was agony. Then Yang moved, and Ruby gained a whole new appreciation for what that word meant.

It wasn’t just the tightness of her holes: they at least were elastic, if not quite as much as she wished. The rest of her body wasn’t half as flexible, and when Yang raised a leg, it pulled half her body with it, leaving Ruby screaming as if Yang were tugging her nipple. A half second later, she released her, of course, but only to pull her side, a feeling equally terrible.

Worse than the tugging and the shifting of her body against her sister’s, however, was the sweat. By the time Yang had finished the sprint, she was soaked, and Ruby, her face crushed into her asscheeks and her groin, had no recourse but to suffer the stench of it,

even as her extra-absorbent fabric drank up every last drop. *Ew! Ew! Ew! Yang! Yang, take me ooooooooooff! Yang!*

*

A little higher up, Blake Belladonna wasn't doing much better. Actually, she was doing a lot worse. Unlike Ruby, Blake wasn't as bothered by Yang's sweat. She was drinking up plenty of it, of course – pit sweat *and* boob sweat, in equal amounts – but with her flattened, fabricized body wrapped around Yang's chest – or most of it, at any rate – she had little brainpower to spare for anything but the weight of Yang's boobs.

And there was plenty of them to hold. Blake had never dared to ask Yang what cup size she was, but if she'd had to guess now, she would have run out of alphabet. Yang's boobs were boulders, hills, mountains. Worlds. They were certainly her world, and as the fat, jiggling orbs bounced inside her, threatening to pop out at any second, she could only scream at the utter torment of holding them. No strength training could have possibly prepared her for the weight of the awful things.

Or, worse, the way they moved. When Yang ran, they bounced like they were spring-loaded, flying up and down and up and down and stretching and releasing Blake's fabric till she almost wished they'd tear her apart, simply to get it all over with her. Her former arms and legs strained, fighting to keep her Yang inside her, and the constant cycle of tension and release, tension and release, threatened to drive her to insanity.

Finally, Yang reached the end of the track, and as she slowed to a stop, the jiggling slowed with her, till it was only her breathing keeping Blake moving. That was bad enough, but it was the respite Blake needed.

Oh... Oh... Thank Dust... she thought, as she regained something resembling sanity. *Please let it be over. Please let it be over... Yang! Yang, take me off! Please!*

"Phew, that was tough!" said Pyrrha, cheerily. "I can't wait for the 400 meters!"

Blake squeaked. *No. No, no more! Please!*

"...Ew!" said Pyrrha. "Who let their dog poop on the track?!"

Yang leaned against the lockers and sighed in relief.

What a day – she couldn't remember the last time she'd been so exhausted. It had been worth it though. All those cute guys in the stands hadn't been able to keep their eyes off her.

Just as she was about to start undressing, a pain in her bladder made her wince. *Ugh, I forgot all about that energy drink. How long has it been since I last used the restroom again?*

She made her way to the changing room's toilets, dropped Blake, and planted her ass on the seat. As she pissed, she thought about the Dust and how it worked again. Now that she thought about it, its effects should have worn off by now. Yet Blake and Weiss and Ruby were all still her gymwear. Did that mean they were stuck that way forever? Or could she turn them back if she too just took some more Dust, assuming Weiss had left any more for her. Then again, it would only work on living creatures, wouldn't it? She might not be able to turn them back anyway.

She thought about this as she wiped herself.

"Eh, whatever. I'll figure it out another day."