

Merchandizing Dust (Furniture/Clothing/Food TF, RWBY)

Ruby Rose flew through the dorm in a flurry of petals, reaching her door so fast she almost crashed through it. Kicking it open, she threw herself into the room, tripped, and ended up with her face in the carpet. “Weiss!” she cried, pushing herself off the floor. “Weiss! I’m here! I got your message! What is it you... want to... show me...?”

She trailed off, looking left and right and blinking. Where was everybody? Weiss had only sent her the message a few minutes ago: she said she’d just had a package of special new Dust arrive, and she wanted to show the rest of them how it worked. Which was great! Ruby *loved* testing new types of Dust...!

...Only where were they?

Like tennis balls, Ruby’s eyes bounced from one side of the room to the other and back again, desperately seeking a sign of her teammates. Just as she was about to give up and go look for them in the toilets, her eyes settled on something which *definitely* hadn’t been there when she’d left the room in the morning: a large black beanbag, plump and glossy, rested on Blake’s bed. For some reason, it reminded her of a butt.

Approaching, she grabbed it and yanked it down to the floor. In the process, it spun, giving her a look at the other side. Ruby blinked. “Is... Is that?”

Plastered to the other side of the beanbag, at the perfect height for you to take a seat on it, was Blake’s face, her eyes rolling back and her tongue lolling out of her mouth, as if she were enjoying the world’s most delicious lollipop. Squinting, Ruby gave it a poke. Why would Blake have a beanbag printed with her own face? Was it a prank from Yang or something?

On closer inspection, the beanbag wasn’t the only strange item present: on Yang’s bunk sat a slender box with a picture of a steaming omelette on its cover. Beside it, a picture of Yang, grinning and throwing the camera a thumbs-up. “Curiouser and curiouser...” said Ruby, stroking her imaginary beard.

Intrigued, our amateur detective turned to Weiss’s bunk, and sure enough, she found one final item there: this time it was a pair of tiny white panties – literal tighty-whities. Instead of the classic teddy bear, they had a tiny image of Weiss’s face, flush with embarrassment. Picking them up, Ruby stretched them and frowned. They looked like they were just her size.

An open vial of Dust lay on its side next to the panties, its contents scattered all over the cover. “Uh oh,” said Ruby. “I better fix that, or Weiss’ll blame me for it.” Grabbing the cork, she hurriedly stoppered the bottle and blew the rest into the gap between the bed and the wall, where it would hopefully go unnoticed for the rest of all existence.

Wiping her hands at a job well-done, Ruby raised the bottle to her eyes and squinted at the label. “*Merchandizing Dust*? What does *that* do?”

Placing the vial back on the bed, she shook the question out of her mind. Well, she wasn't finding any answers here. There was nothing else for it: she'd have to go and look for her teammates in the toi—

Her stomach rumbled.

—*or* she could stay and wait for them here, while enjoying a delicious omelette? Yes, on second thought, she liked that option a lot more.

Grabbing the omelette box from Yang's bed, she rushed over to the dorm room's microwave. Extracting the omelette, she realized it had a face on it as well: this one had been painted in ketchup and looked like her older sister. Shaking her head — Yang could be so silly sometimes — she tossed it into the microwave and set it to cook.

As she waited for her meal, she returned to Weiss's bed and picked up the panties again. Flicking a worried glance at the door, she hurried into the bathroom, where she wasted no time dropping her stockings and the plain black panties beneath them, and sliding her bright white new pair up her thighs in their place. They might be Weiss's, but she couldn't imagine Weiss was actually going to wear them — even *she* wasn't that egotistic — so she couldn't object if Ruby wore them instead.

Besides, the thought of having Weiss's face so close to her special place made her want to... *Nn~!*

By the time she'd calmed down again, the omelette had finished cooking. Smoothing out her skirt with a blush of embarrassment, she rushed back to the microwave, extracted her meal, and, grabbing some cutlery, searched for a place to eat it.

Her first instinct was to climb up to her bunk and eat it there, but she didn't want to risk spilling it. So instead she dropped herself into the beanbag, slamming her butt straight into the image of Blake's face. It made a satisfying squeaking sound as it deformed to absorb her weight.

Wiggling her butt a little deeper, Ruby planted her plate on her lap, picked up her knife and her fork, and started to tear into her elder sister's face. The omelette made her squirm, screwing up her eyes and shivering in delight, as it melted on her tongue — it was just so *cheesy!* They must have put a whole cow's worth of milk into it.

It didn't take her long to finish it. As the last forkful slid down her throat, Ruby dropped her cutlery with a clatter and lay back and rubbed her belly with a sigh. In seconds, she was half-asleep.

As she tumbled into slumberland, she managed nonetheless to think one final sensible thought.

She really hoped her teammates weren't gone for *too* long...