

Butt-based Bet Timeline 2 Follow-Up (Absorption, Inanimate TF, RWBY)

A strange sound passed through the halls of Beacon, rolling down the corridors and turning heads in every dorm. It resembled, in a certain sense, a wobbling—the kind of sound produced by something large and flexible rippling in the air: *Bo-woing! Bo-yoing! Bo-woing!* It had an element of *bounce* to it.

Accompanying this strange sound was a second, slightly more normal one: a clapping, as if two great sacks of something soft yet firm were slapping against each other. Each clap followed a bo-woing, as if the clapping were by a byproduct of the bouncing, and was followed by a bo-woing in turn as the whole sequence started all over.

Also, a third sound: Weiss Schnee moaning in frustration.

“Urgh, this is ridiculous!” she cried, struggling to pull her skirt down over her Callipygean new rear. “I can’t go *anywhere* like this! The second anyone looks at me, they start to... Urgh!” She threw up her arms in a sigh of defeat.

Looking back, she brushed aside her skirt and fixed her swollen new rear with a scowl. “This is all *your* fault,” she said, words icy. “If you hadn’t suggested that stupid bet...!”

“My fault?!” Weiss’s rear, two extra-large helpings of extra-fatty pudding currently crammed into a pair of panties far too smaller, wiggled in frustration. “You were the one who agreed to the stupid thing!” Blake sounded as if she wanted to test her claws on Weiss’s ankles. “Besides, you really think you’re suffering the worst?”

Weiss blushed. Over the course of the last three weeks, she’d been deliberately avoiding thinking what Blake must be suffering, not least because she’d been a handful of steps away from suffering it herself. She didn’t know exactly what it was like to be another girl’s ass, but from what she’d gathered, it wasn’t pleasant.

“You know what the worst part of this whole experience is?!” cried Blake, her voice growing louder and more indignant with every word out of her mouth. “The—Mmmphf! Mmmphf!”

Weiss slammed her into the wall and squished her flat as a party of male students approached. “H-hey,” she said, as they passed. “Nice weather we’re having, isn’t it?” They threw her a strange look and carried on without responding.

She waited until they’d turned the corner before she stepped away from the wall. As she did, her ass dropped, taking several long seconds to stop jiggling. “...Weiss!”

“I’m *sorry!*” cried Weiss, throwing up her arms. “What do you want me to do? Do you *want* people like them looking at you?”

“Oh my God, Weiss, it’s been three whole weeks! Everyone knows you have a fat new ass—no one even cares anymore! Why are you so obsessed with hiding me?!”

Weiss blushed even redder than before. “I—”

“You’ve been treating me like I don’t even exist, Weiss!” Blake shook in frustration, making her cheeks clap against each other loudly. “You won’t let Ruby or Yang see me either! And the only time you speak to me yourself is to complain!”

“How can I possibly let Ruby and Yang see you?” cried Weiss, knowing her voice must be audible in every room along the corridor, yet unable to make herself lower it. “You’re... you’re so—” She came to an abrupt stop and folded her arms, blushing in embarrassment. “You know what the two of them are like! If I gave them the chance, they wouldn’t be able to keep their hands off of you!”

“That’s crazy! You’re just projecting! Just because you’d want to get your hands all over Ruby’s ass if I were stuck in there!”

Weiss’s blushing went critical. “I would *not* want to get my hands all over Ruby’s ass!” she snapped, all but ready to give her own butt a slap. “What are you implying?!”

“Nothing you don’t already know,” said Blake, darkly. “Fine, if you want to prove me wrong, that you’re *not* completely ashamed of me, why don’t you head straight back to our dorm and tell Ruby and Yang to take a look at me?”

Several seconds passed in silence. A bead of sweat dripped from Weiss’s head and fell to the floor with a plop.

“Weiss?”

“One second, I’m thinking!”

“Because if you’d like to admit you’re wrong, you can always—”

“Fine, I’ll do it!” Weiss snarled. She gritted her teeth. “Urgh, this is the worst...”

Kicking open the door of their dorm, she strode straight into the room, where she found Ruby and Yang resting on their respective beds, chatting happily. They went silent as she entered, and slack-jawed when she turned and dropped her panties. “Go on!” she said. “Touch it! I know you want to!”

Ruby and Yang exchanged a glance. And shrugged. “Okay,” they said, simultaneously.

“Wh-what?” said Blake. “Wait, no—! This wasn’t—!”

“Come on, Ruby,” said Yang, leaping off her bed. “If she wants us to touch her fat new ass, let’s touch it. You take the right cheek, and I’ll take the left.”

“You got it, Yang!”

“W-w-wait,” said Weiss, turning redder and redder with the second. “You’re not actually going to—Ah! Ah! Oh my—!”

Taking half of Blake in their hands each, the two squeezed tight and pulled them apart, earning a scream of pleasure from the unfortunate former faunus. “Nnn~! No, wait! You weren’t supposed to—Ah!”

Grinning, Ruby and Yang gripped her harder, tugged her apart, and squished back together with laughs of delight, rubbing her two halves against one until so they slipped under and over and squeezed, deformed.

Blake could only squeal, her body and mind wracked with pleasure. “Weiss, make them stoop! Make them stoop!”

“I can’t!” cried Weiss, screwing up her eyes. “Nnn~! Oh, God, it feels so good! Harder! Harder! Do it moooore!”