

Into the Yangoverse (Inanimate TF, RWBY)

Yang dropped from the pipe with a scream and a wail, and landed on the glutinous mass of the cushion with a splat. Naked and sweating, her heart pounding with panic, she struggled to stand and found herself trapped, pinned to its sticky surface. "What the fuck is going on—?"

She looked around, hoping to find someone to direct her anger at, and found herself staring at, well, herself. Two other hers, identical down to the birthmarks above their sex, sat on identical cushions next to her, separated by nothing more than a meter of thin air. Yang stared at them. The other Yangs stared back at her.

"Wh-what's going on?" she asked.

"Why would we kn—?" said the other Yangs, simultaneously. They both paused, waiting for the other to go ahead and, when neither did, tried again themselves. "Why would we kn—?" Both threw back their head with a groan.

"You!" cried Yang, pointing to the one farthest away from her. "What the fuck is going on?"

"Why would we know what's going on?!" cried Yang C. "We're in the same position as you!"

"Yeah," said Yang B. "You think we dropped out of that pipe with an instruction pamphlet or something? We're in the dark too!"

"Ugh! How is this even possible?" asked Yang A, rubbing her brow. "How can there be three of us at once?"

"Maybe it's someone's Semblance?" said Yang B, cocking an eyebrow. "Like Blake's, but for other people?"

"I've never heard of a Semblance that makes clones of other people," said Yang C, frowning.

Yang (A) shook her head. "Never mind. It doesn't matter. We need to get out of here!" She tried to stand again, but her ass remained firmly glued to the cushion. She might as well have been sitting on a giant piece of bubblegum.

"Yeah, we tried that," said B and C simultaneously.

Yang swallowed. "What are we supposed to do—?"

"Nyow," said the catgirl, bursting through a door Yang hadn't even seen and straight into the room, "let's get back to business, nya. Where was I? Ah, I remember! The Yangs!" Her tail swished playfully side to side.

Yang stared at her in shock. Was she some kind of Faunus? She'd never seen one with animal ears *and* a tail before though. "Who the fuck are you? What is this place?"

"I'm Nyanya!" said the catgirl, helpfully. "And this is a prison cell!" Somehow this managed to be about as helpful as saying nothing.

"Let us go!" Yang B strained against the cushion, struggling to pull free.

"Don't worry, nya, nyou'll be able to leave soon enough," said Nyanya, smoothing out her labcoat. "But first, let's find out what nyou'll be becoming..."

"B-becoming...?"

Humming to herself, Nyanya brought her fingers together as if pinching a tiny ball of paper and stretched them apart, producing a holographic sheet covered in writing. Tapping it, she flicked, and the writing flew upward. "Hmm, let's see... Where are...? Ah, here we are: Yangs 135345, 465464, and 879762. Purrfect. Let's start with nyou, Yang 135345."

She tapped Yang C on the end of the nose. "W-what are you going to do to us?" said Yang C, biting her lip.

Nyanya giggled. "Let's make it a surprise, nya." Reaching into her labcoat, she pulled out of a slim blue wand, plasticky as everything surrounding them. "On the count of three...! One! Two!"

She tapped Yang C's head with the wand, and the hideous crackle of lightning filled the chamber.

Yang (A)'s eyes went wide in shock as the energy coursed through her clone, making her body ripple with goosebumps as it spread through her head down her spine to her toes. Yang C, of course, screamed, screamed loudly, throwing back her head and wailing as if she'd been electrocuted, which admittedly didn't seem to be too far from what was happening.

As then, as if she'd suddenly been filled with helium, she rose from the cushions and into the air, its gummy strands snapping one by one as she floated beyond their range. Still moaning, she came to a stop high in the air, and with a wiggle of Nyanya's wand, started to twist and turn, stretching out her legs and slamming her arms against her side and simply standing there, a meter off the floor and rigid as a fencepost. Her teeth, held together, chattered intensely. Her eyes shook in their orbits. Her fingers twitched. Her nipples stood erect.

Then Nyanya gave her wrist another twist, and just like that, Yang C started to spin like clay on the potter's wheel, turning faster and faster and faster, till her features were all a blur. As she spun, she seemed to smooth out too, as if all her features, all her curves and her lumps, were becoming brushed away a little more with each turn of her body. In seconds, she looked as slick and cylindrical as a stick of candy.

And still she continued to spin, shrinking as she turned, till she was barely larger than the wand that had zapped her. Finally, with one last little *zzzzip~*, the lightning sputtered out and

faded, leaving Yang C—or the object that had been her—to drop from the air with little in the way of fanfare.

It struck the ground and clattered and rolled a little, before its curving shade and the nodule near its base brought it to an abrupt, immediate stop. Yang A and B stared, sweat dripping from their faces. Was that—? Was that...?

It looked a lot like a banana, though the glossiness of its surface made it clear it was no fruit. Only as Nyanya picked it up and ran a teasing finger down its length did Yang truly understand what she was looking out. It wasn't alien—she'd owned more than one herself, in fact.

A dildo. A fat, yellow dildo etched with her own face and features, warped in wild shock. Her heart pounded faster with every second she stared at it. She didn't know whether to run for help or throw up.

"Wow, she came out pretty well," said Nyanya, slipping Yang C into her cleavage. "Hehe, nyice and snug. Nyow, let's see... Who's nyext...?"

The implication struck the two of them with the force of a high-speed train. It hadn't just been a one-off—they were both on Nyanya's dinner plate.

"How about nyou?" said Nyanya, pointing to Yang B.

"M-me?" Eyes widening, Yang B pushed herself back against the wall, unable to keep her gaze off the dildo between Nyanya's tits. "W-wait! You can't—"

"Too late! I'm already doing it!" With a laugh, Nyanya aimed her wand at B, and—

Zzzzap!

Yang A threw herself backward, her entire body trembling, as she watched her second clone take a lightning bolt to the face. Screaming, Yang B went rigid, her entire body rippling with the force of the energy coursing through it, making her eyes bulge and her hair rise and her fingers twitch and shiver, arcs crackling between them.

Pulling back, Nyanya peeled her off the cushion and raise her in the air, where she held her suspended and moaning much like Yang C before her. With a twist, she slammed her arms against her sides and forced her legs together, squeezed so intensely tight that it became difficult to tell where one began and the other ended.

"Nnn~! St-stop! L-let me—!" Nyanya twisted her wrist, and Yang B's protest cut off with a scream of ecstasy so loud it made Yang A flinched.

Raising her wand high, Nyanya brought it sharply down, and like clay in the potter's hands, B found herself squished to half her former height, exaggerating her curves and leaving her looking like some kind of lewd gremlin. As she squealed in surprise, the catgirl flicked her

wand to the side, leaving Yang B to moan as she collapsed horizontally as well, squished inward so her body lost its shape entirely, ending up as a kind of shapeless lump.

Nyanya smirked and flicked her wand again and again, from up to down and side to side, striking B with one slap to the body after another. Under this assault, Yang slowly compacted, taking on a harsher, more cubical shape with clear edges.

Finally, Nyanya gave her wand an enormous twist, B's mouth stretched wiiiiide open, and with that the lightning came to an end. B dropped, striking the ground with a gigantic crash.

When A dared to open her eyes, she found her clone gone, replaced by nothing more than a brightly-colored public waste bin. It still had her face, its eyes wide in frozen shock.

Giggling, Nyanya plucked a candy wrapper from her pocket and stuffed it into the former Yang's mouth, chuckling as if at some hidden joke as she did so. "Puuurfection."

Licking her lips, she turned to Yang, who flinched in shock. "And then there was one, nya."

Yang forced herself back, pressing her spine against the wall behind her, shaking and sweating and desperate for escape. Heart thudding, she eyed the door through which Nyanya had emerged, hoping to slip past her to freedom, but it had vanished, become another seamless part of the wall. Biting her lip, she eyed the pipes above. M-maybe she could climb back up one and—?

"Sorry," said Nyanya. "Time's up." She tapped Yang on the nose. "Boop!"

Lightning surged through Yang's head, down her spine, and into her loins, which it ignited like a stick of dynamite. She screamed, all but leaping out of the cushion, her nipples erect and her pussy squirting like a hose.

Nyanya whipped her wrist back, and like a fish caught on the hook, Yang flew out of her chair and into the air, coming to a stop a meter above the floor, her entire body trembling like a tuning fork.

"Nyou're going to really enjoy what we've got planned for nyou," said Nyanya. Giggling, she turned her wrist once more, leaving Yang to scream even louder as the beam flared and the energy coursing through her body intensified a thousandfold.

As if someone had grabbed her head and her feet, she found herself snapped taut, pulled so tight she could barely breathe, let alone scream anymore. All she could do was float there, caught in the wand's invisible grip, as Nyanya licked her lips and gave it another turn.

In an instant, Yang found herself crushed flat. It happened so fast she didn't even have time to understand until she looked down and found her once impressive chest reduced to a 2D image of itself. An instant later, the ecstasy of it struck her all at once: she screamed and shook, shaking her flattened body like a flag in the wind.

Nyanya flicked her wand again, and just like that, Yang's body folded in half, slamming her face into her feet and leaving her squirming even harder as everything went dark. She could feel her boobs pressing into her thighs, and it was ecstasy, orgasmic. She wasn't sure if she wanted it to stop or get worse.

As she struggled, she found herself flipped and folded again. And again. And again, her body crushed and turned inward on itself so many times that she found herself unable to see anything. It felt as if every part of her were touching every other part of her, and the ecstasy of it was better than anything she'd ever felt. She wanted nothing more than to scream and cum, to scream and cum louder than she ever had in her life.

And then, just like that, it was over. Blinking, she found herself standing in a kitchen, a quaint, normal kitchen of the type you could find in any middle-class household.

Looking down, she found herself no longer naked, though not by much: instead of her clothes, she wore nothing more than a skimpy apron seemingly tailored specifically to show off her curves.

Just as she was about to tear it off, the doorbell rang. "Oh!" she cried, mouth moving on its own. "That must be the plumber I ordered!" She hurried to the door, despite her best attempts not to, her body jiggling with every step—

She opened it to find herself facing another her, dressed like a plumber "Morning, ma'am," said Yang D. "I'm here to plug your leak."

Yang's eyes dropped to D's crotch and the fat bulge straining through her jeans. "Mmm~," she said, biting her lip. "Come inside. I'll show you where it is."

W-wait! No, stop! I don't want to— Heelp!

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Bending down, Nyanya snatched the porn mag up and flicked casually through it, enjoying of Yang's bedtime adventures.

"Nya, that went pretty well, nya." Snapping it shut, she flicked a glance at her non-existent watch. "Wow, look at the time! I better hurry up! We've got so many more Yangs to process!"

