

## **Neo's New Ass, Part 2 (Absorption, RWBY)**

Seagulls squawked and wheeled overhead, smudges of white and black on a bright blue canvas, as Team RWB crept through the docks, their eyes open and alert, if not necessarily hopeful.

"Ugh, this is getting ridiculous," said Weiss, coming to a stop leaning against the wall of a warehouse. "We've been around this place twenty times now, and we *still* haven't found any sign of her. How many times do we have to look?"

"Do you have a better suggestion?" said Blake. "The *only* clue we have to go on is that she was at the docks when Neo kidnapped her. If we're going to look anywhere, it has to be here."

"Ugh!" Throwing up her arms, Weiss slumped in defeat. "Why did she have to get kidnapped *here* though?!"

"What's wrong with the docks?" said Ruby. "Mmm-mm, just smell that fresh sea air! It's just like being on the beach!"

A pair of muscular sailors in the middle of a brawl burst through the door of the warehouse, their tattooed bodies demolishing a crate of fish as they passed. Sailing through the air, a stray salmon landed with a smack in Weiss's face and slid slowly into her cleavage, leaving a trail of slime in its wake.

"...We could get ice cream!" said Ruby, on the off chance this would help.

Weiss's eye twitched.

"I guess it wouldn't *hurt* to try somewhere different," said Blake, who knew how to pick her battles. "Let's watch the video again and see if there are more clues in it." Before Weiss could object, she nodded at Ruby, who plucked her scroll from her pocket and snapped it open, fingering the screen till she found the relevant video. As Weiss dried herself off with a discarded treasure map, Blake and Ruby huddled together, squinting at the screen.

With a tap of a finger, the video started to roll. On the screen appeared a small, concrete room, like a prison cell, though there were no bars or anything else to indicate that. Before they had chance to study it more, however, something slid into view, filling the screen and then some. It looked a little like the Moon, if the Moon were all in one piece or something stupid like that.

But what it mostly looked like was a gigantic ass. Like, a genuinely stupidly big ass. It was the kind of ass that, if you saw it in public, you'd insist on taking a photo of, just to have everyone online claim it was obviously photoshopped or AI. It was an ass so big it didn't fit onscreen no matter how far away the camera was. It was an ass that, when it clapped, was mistaken for an earthquake. It was an ass that filled chairs without having to sit down. You could have held your daughter's quinceañera in it.

It only *mostly* looked like a gigantic ass though, and this was because of the pair of terrified violet eyes seemingly superglued to its curves. As Ruby and Blake watched, they trembled, full of tears, pleading for their help.

Finally, a pair of hands, as visible against the globes of the ass as the Great Wall of China from space, reached back, grabbed its cheeks, and with much struggling dragged them open. Instead of the puckered starfish you might expect, it revealed a pair of plump lips—the mouth kind, not the lower kind, just so we’re all on the same page here. Currently, they were pleading for their freedom.

“Nnn~! Oh please, please let me out, I can’t take it anymore! Ruby! Blake! The other one! Please, you’ve got to help me! I’m at the—”

Before she could finish, a fat dildo, its girthy length striped pink and white and brown, slid onto the screen and slammed through her mouth, turning her pleas of mercy to sloppy, wet choking sounds.

With a smug chuckle from offscreen, the video ended.

As Ruby folded her scroll away in silence, Blake sighed. It wasn’t anything she hadn’t seen before, but it was still disappointing. They had next to nothing to go on.

Weiss had just about finished wiping the fish slime off her face. “Well,” she said, in the imperious tones of someone who expects everyone else to do their work to the highest of standards, even as she does nothing. “Did you notice anything new?”

“No,” said Blake defeatedly. Ruby shook her head too. “Let’s head back and get something to eat. We can pick up the search again afterward.”

Together, the three of them set off back along the dockside. As they walked, however, Ruby jerked as if someone had pushed the button on her vibe.

“What is it?” asked Blake.

“A new message,” said Ruby, flicking at her scroll. “Neo’s sent us a new video...”

“Oh, *wonderful*,” said Weiss, plopping her butt on the side of an open crate of herring.

Blake huddled up next to Ruby, who hit play. This time, the aforementioned gigantic ass (see description above) was already onscreen, its cheeks spread wide to reveal the terrified lips between them as they worked their way through the latest round of pleas. “Help me! Please, I can’t take it anymore! You’ve got to come to the—”

Before she could spill her beans, Yang’s mouth dropped, fast, slamming right onto the point of the thick pink buttplug placed carefully between her cheeks. Large even by comparison to her swollen new rear, it slammed into her and filled her, earning a giant if somewhat muffled scream. “Mmmphf! Mmmmpfhf!”

With a smack, Neo released her cheeks. Ruby and Blake got one last look at Yang's pleading eyes before the video ended.

"Great," said Blake. "That was even less informative than the last one!"

"Wait," said Ruby. "Look." Replaying the video, she paused it right at the start. "Look, they're not in that weird cell anymore!"

Blake leaned closer. "You're right. It looks like they're in some kind of hotel bathroom."

"What's the nearest hotel?" said Ruby.

Blake scratched her chin. "Weiss'll know. Weiss?"

"We've got a clue!" cried Ruby, practically bouncing on the spot. "Weiss, you won't believe it! We've got a clue!"

She turned, but Weiss was nowhere in sight. Nor was the crate she'd been sitting on. "Huh. ...Maybe she went for ice cream?"

Blake squinted suspiciously at the nearest ship—having just finished loading, it was steaming swiftly away from them. "Hey," she said to a passing dockhand. "Where's that ship going?"

"Madagascar," said the dockhand.