

Butt-based Bet: Blake's New Butt (Inanimate TF, Absorption, RWBY)

Throwing the door shut behind her, Blake slumped into the apartment, took three steps forward, and collapsed onto Yang's bunk with a groan of exhaustion. What a workout...

As she lay there on her back, her arms spread as if she wanted to make a snow angel, she heard a muffled groaning from underneath her. Sucking in a deep breath, she released it slowly. "Oh. Right. How could I have forgotten?" She rolled onto her side with a sigh.

Weiss gasped for air like a drowning woman. "Thank you!" she said, somewhat snarkily. "I was hoping you'd understand how important it is not to crush me by this point."

"Uh huh," said Blake, standing and making her way to the apartment's kitchen area. She wondered if they had anything for her to drink. Ideally, a barrelful of vodka. Failing to find some, she settled for a cold glass of milk instead.

"Ugh, what are you doing now?" came Weiss's voice, rising and falling as she jiggled furiously. "You better not be drinking coffee! If we have to go to the toilet *again*..."

"Relax," said Blake, rolling her eyes. She'd almost have savored the opportunity to punish Weiss again, if not for how annoying she knew she'd act during it. She took a sip of her milk and suppressed another sigh. Why had she even agreed to that stupid bet in the first place? Of all the people she could have stuck in her ass, why did it have to be Weiss?

"Are you done?" snapped her rear, cheeks clapping with the force of her voice. "When are you going to take these ridiculous exercise shorts off? Don't you know how painful they are?!"

Not half as painful as listening to you, thought Blake. "Relax, I'll take them off right now." Tossing back the remainder of her milk, she made her way back into the main room and grabbed a slightly looser pair of shorts from her wardrobe. Laying them on the bed, she grabbed the pair she was currently wearing and started to pull them slowly, slowly down, allowing the top of her asscheeks—Weiss's cheeks—to poke into the open air like the top of two fat muffins.

Just as she was about to get them over the curve, she heard the creak of the door opening again, followed by the sound of a very familiar voice.

"Hellooooo? Blaaaaake? Blaaaaake? Are you in there? Are you—?" A deep inhalation. "Blake, you are in here? And is that—?"

"Oh no," said Weiss.

Groaning, Blake turned to find Ruby standing in the doorway, clasping her cheeks so tightly it looked like her head might pop. "...Hey, Ruby."

"It issss!" In a flurry of petal, Ruby zipped across the room, stooped, and grabbed Weiss's cheeks like a smothering aunt torturing a young niece.

"Mmmphf! Mmmphf! R-Ruby, let go!"

Ruby simply smushed her cheeks together and giggled. "Wow, you can talk too? What's it like being Blake's butt, Weiss? Is it as fun as it looks?"

"No, it's not fun, you rose-scented dullard! Let go of me this instant!"

Ignoring her, Ruby pulled Weiss's cheeks apart and smushed them together over and over, until at last Weiss's protests collapsed into a slurry of moans, broken and pleased. Giggling, Ruby leaned in closer, rubbing her face against Blake's ass. "Mmm, you're so much softer and huggable this way, Weiss."

"Nnn~! L-let go!"

"Er, Ruby," said Blake, face almost as red as her teammate's cloak. "Could you... um, maybe loosen your grip just a little?"

Ruby snapped away, blushing herself. "Sorry, Blake." She rubbed her head. "I got a little carried away there."

"J-just don't let it happen again," said Blake, trying to block out Weiss's fading moans of pleasure. The urge to stick her hands down her own pants was unbearable.

As Ruby disappeared into the kitchen, Blake finished replacing her shorts with a looser pair. Looser was a relative term, of course—after adding Weiss to her ass, none of the pants in her closet could possibly be described as loose. All of them were varying degrees of tight, and some no longer fit her at all.

Releasing them with a snap, she threw herself onto Yang's bunk and shuffled herself hard into place, intending to muffle Weiss's complaints before she had the chance to make them.

"Mmmphf! Mmmphf!"

"Oh deal with it," said Blake, rummaging for a book. "You were the one who wanted to make this stupid bet in the first place."

No sooner had she found her page than the door swung open again, and the more top-heavy member of Team RWBY slipped into the room, a grin on her face. "Hey, Blake," said Yang, marching over with a grin. "How's Weiss coping?"

Sighing, Blake rolled onto her side, freeing Weiss to speak. "I told you not to do that!" she cried. "It's not comfortable!"

"Huh, that's funny," said Yang, kneeling down to get a better look at her. "You'd think an ass as fat as you would have no trouble getting comfortable."

Blake actually felt Weiss blush.

“Sh-shut up,” said Weiss, clearly wishing she still had eyes to look away.

Yang’s grin only grew that much wider. “Look at you,” she said, raising her hands and sinking her fingers deep into Weiss’s fat cheeks. “I thought Blake had a fat ass before, but this is ridiculous! I don’t think there’s anyone in the world with a booty quite as thick as this. Well, maybe your mom, Blake, but even she’s not still this firm.”

“B-Blake—” Weiss struggled to speak as Yang mushed her cheeks together, rubbing them round and round and side to side. “M-make her st—”

Face a deep red, Blake ignored her, opting to flip to the next page of her book instead.

“Mmm~,” said Yang, leaning even closer. “I’d love to have an ass as thick and round as you, Weiss.” she giggled. “Hey, I wonder what it sounds like when I slap you.”

At this, both Weiss and Blake squealed in shock. “Y-Yang! Don’t—!”

“Too late!” Raising her hand, Yang drew back and—

Weiss and Blake both squealed in pleasure.