

The Yangover, Part 2 (Various Inanimate TFs, Expansion, RWBY)

Yang's new sportswear squeaked as she neared the mirror. Cocking her hips, she blew herself a kiss and grinned as her reflection returned it. Oh yeah. She was going to knock the guys at the gym dead twice over.

She ran her hands down her front, shivering as they sank into the nylon-covered tits, and onward down to her stomach, at which point she turned to get a good look at her backside. When she wiggled it in the glass, she couldn't help but frown though. Was it just her, or was it looking a little larger? Maybe she needed to lay off all the milk and cookies.

Shrugging, she turned to go. She could spend all day looking at her body in the mirror, but she needed to actually hit the gym if she wanted to keep it.

Outside, she closed the door with a sigh. She couldn't believe her teammates *still* hadn't shown up. Where *were* they exactly? Were they all in the bathroom, throwing up or something?

That was a silly thought, but the more she turned it around in her head, the more likely it seemed. Ruby had drunk a *lot* of alcohol. She decided to take a peek in the restroom on her way to the gym.

Firstly, however... She crossed the hall and rapped on the nearest door. Maybe JNPR would know where her team had gone.

The door swung open, baring an empty room, its light flickering. "Hello...?" said Yang, poking her head in. "Hello?"

When no-one responded, she flicked the light off. Maybe everyone had gone out together? But that just made them leaving her on her own even worse! She grit her teeth – when she found them, she was going to make their heads hurt even worse than hers.

Just as she was about to leave, something on the floor caught her eye. She snatched it up: an empty candy wrapper, still flecked with a few pieces of chocolate. Bright red and, when she turned it over, plastered with Pyrrha Nikos's face. Yang rolled her eyes. *The smug bitch has a brand deal with everyone.*

Strangely, her face was screaming this time. Yang thought about that as she tossed it in the waste bin, but it made her head hurt, so she decided not to focus on it.

The restroom proved to be just as much of a bust as JNPR's dorm. There was no-one in there at all, little sisters puking their guts out or otherwise. What there *was*, was an assortment of random objects, rolls of toilet paper, handwash, and even – Yang blushed, and for some reason it made her head hurt even harder – a strip of condoms.

"The hell happened in here?" Bending down, she picked up the nearest object, a roll of toilet paper in a variety of colors – yellow and white, and red and black and blue – and turned it

around, as if it might provide some kind of answer to her query. In the end, she rolled her eyes and tossed it into a sink. Where were the janitors today? Beacon's custodians were normally impeccable.

Leaving the restroom behind, she set off again, massaging her head and trying to ignore the squeaking of her sportswear. Was it just her, or did it feel a size too small all of a sudden? She looked around to check no-one was watching – they weren't, it was a ghost town – and pinched her bottoms, pulling and releasing them with a snap that made her ass jiggle for almost twenty seconds. *Fuck*, it looked fat. She needed to get to the gym *stat*.

Hurrying on, she reached the dorm's common room... and came to an abrupt stop, looking around with her brow furrowed. The place was empty, as devoid of life as a Grimm-infested wasteland. Strange – it was normally pretty busy at this time.

Stranger still, it was full of random objects. As in the restroom, they littered the floor like someone had passed through with a hole in their shopping bag. Unlike the restroom, there was little logic to them: she saw half-eaten snacks, bottles of soda, even a pornmag.

Double-checking she was alone, she grabbed the latter. *Fuck*, it was a gay one. And the guy on the cover looked surprisingly like Lie Ren – she wondered if they were related. She flipped through it, blushing a little redder with every page, and finally tossed it. She... she had more important things to focus on...

First on the list: where the hell was everybody?! Why was Beacon practically deserted? Surely they hadn't *all* decided to throw a big party without her?

A splitting pain struck her head. She rubbed her temples and groaned. Something had happened last night, she was sure of it. Weiss had mentioned something, something important. Some new kind of Dust she was testing. Maybe it had done something...? Like, something to make people flee the academy or something. Or maybe it had...?

Her sportswear emitted another plaintive squeak... which abruptly transformed into an earsplitting *rrrip!* Freezing, Yang looked down and shrieked. "What the fuck?!"

Not only had her bottoms split, but her top had as well. Squealing, she struggled to cover her exposed curves – there was a long tear in both halves of her outfit, perfectly aligned with her cleavage and her asscrack. F-fuck, she hadn't been imagining it – she *was* bigger!

After the initial shock, the damage didn't look too bad though. Actually, the tear in her top looked pretty good, like a cleavage window. The one in her pants was a little harder to justify, but hey, at least she had the curves to pull it off now.

She snickered. Maybe that was how Nora felt whenever *she* tore a pair of pants, the fatass.

An empty can of soda, bright pink, rolled past her feet. Yang ignored it.