

SUCC PLNTs (Succ Plant TF, Futanari, Expansion, RWBY)

If you'd put your ear to the door of Team RWBY's dorm room, you would have heard something slightly unusual: a heavy, rhythmic panting, accompanied by little gasps of the sort produced by an individual in the middle of some very intense exertion.

What's this? you might have wondered. *Is someone on the other side of this door in the process of exercising? How disciplined of them! Especially so late in the evening, when so many of the academy's other students are out partying!*

And, having come to this conclusion, perhaps you would have adjusted your monocle, taken a puff of your pipe, and set off to find Watson, you clever little detective, you.

On the other hand, if you *had* opened the door – subtle as a thief, careful not to let the hinges squeak – you would have found something more suited to an entirely different kind of Victorian literature...

Squeeeeeeeeeeeak...

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On the bottom bunk of the bed, Yang Xiao Long drew in a deep breath and swallowed, struggling to keep her heart from bouncing out of her chest and up her throat.

One of her hands lay on the cover, just under the curve created by the mountain of her breasts, and in its fingers she held a simple Scroll, though the images on its screen were anything but regular (more on that later). Her *other* hand couldn't be seen, and that was for a very simple reason: it was hidden under the sheets. Sheets that, incidentally, seemed to be rising and falling, intermittently, but with an accelerating pace. *This* seemed to be tied to Yang's breathing, which was also growing faster, rising steadily towards a peak. Also, everything was very sweaty and, in general, just very wet. If you'd wanted to raise some tropical plants, you couldn't have picked a better room for it – the humidity was off the scales.

Speaking of plants...

The screen of Yang's Scroll flickered and flashed with three principle colors: one was brown, the deep brown of a clay pot; the second was green, the rich green of healthy foliage; and the third was the soft beige of flesh. Given these colors, perhaps you would have guessed that Miss Xiao Long was watching a wholesome gardening video.

...Well, you would have been *half* right.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Nnnnn~! Fuuuuuuuuck!" Slamming her fingers deep into her sex, Yang screwed up her eyes and gasped in delight. "Why are succplants so fucking *hot*?!"

On the screen, in the video she'd picked for this evening's gooning session, the succplant smacked its lips, drooling all over its own pot. With its short brown hair and smaller breasts, it was one of the less exaggerated succplants designs she'd found, but Yang didn't care in the slightest: for some reason, she found it more erotic than any she'd seen all night.

"Yes... Yes! Go on! Put your cock in it! Please...! Please...!"

On cue, a penis slid onto the screen. The succplant jerked, smacking its lips and drooling even harder and, just like that, snapped to the penis like it was magnetized. Its fat red lips slid down the shaft with a *schlup*, suckering tight, and with that, it started to do as implied by its name: *suck*. *Gluck! Gluck! Gluckgluckgluckgluckgluck...!*

Yang watched through trembling eyes, breathing a little faster with every second, lifting her Scroll up and down on the jiggling mound of her chest. Beneath the covers, her fingers danced in her sex as if playing a Toccata, picking up speed with every passing moment, until finally, she bit her lip, screwed up her eyes, whimpered and panted, and finally... finally...

With one last hard *gluck*, the succplant stopping sucking, though it continued to move, shaking a little, as the penis inside it emptied its contents. The plant's head bulged, straining to contain them, and finally, unable to hold any more, it pulled back, releasing the penis with a *schlorp* like a pulled sticker. A thick rope of semen connected its lips to the tip, while more of the stuff drooled from its mouth to water its roots.

In the same instant, right as the man with his shaft in the plant came, Yang's thumb caught her clit, and she orgasmed with a scream that would have *really* confused Sherlock Holmes, had he still been listening.

With a wild moan, she fell back, dropping her Scroll, and rested her head against the pillow, panting. Her body shone, slick with sweat, red as her younger sister. She felt as if she were on fire.

On her Scroll, the video came to an end, her beautiful succplant replaced by a slightly less erotic play symbol. She considered hitting it, but the pleasure surging through her body made it impossible to move. Lying back, she closed her eyes and breathed deep, already halfway to sleep. Sleep and dreams of beautiful plants with big tits and bigger lips, which she could slam her magical new cock into for as long as she liked. Dust, she'd cum so hard...

She released a long, sad sigh. If only succplants were real...

The dorm room door flew open with a crash. Yang snapped awake, grabbing her Scroll and hurrying to hide it beneath the sheets.

"Unbelievable! Absolutely unbelievable!" cried Weiss Schnee, marching into the dorm room with a heavy bag of luggage trundling behind her. "I cannot *believe* the state of airport security in this kingdom!" She came to a stop in the center of the room, sniffing. "Why does it smell like fish in here?"

Yang crossed her legs. "Oh, hey, Weiss. Blake was, er, eating some tuna a little earlier..."

“Again?! I’ve told you not to give her treats after dinner! You know where they all go, don’t you?!” Sighing, she marched to the window.

“What’s wrong with airport security, anyway?” asked Yang, keen for a change of topic.

“Oh, honestly! I don’t even know where to start!” Thrusting the window open, Weiss turned back with her arms folded. “I’d been in the queue for the airship for over half an hour, and I was beginning to get a little restless. So I turned to the woman behind me, and I said, ‘I certainly hope this doesn’t take any longer! I’m carrying some highly unstable compounds! If I don’t get them in a freezer soon, they could go off like a–’ She cut off, wincing. “Well, the next thing I knew, I was down on the ground with a man’s knee on my back, and everyone was yelling and oh–! It was awful!”

“Sounds rough,” said Yang.

“Rough?! They accused me of being a terrorist, Yang! I had to have a cavity search! I can still feel the officer’s fingers...” She pulled down her skirt with a shudder. “And the worst part...! The worst part is that they confiscated all of the experimental Dust I was bringing back from Atlas! That was the whole reason I went home in the first place!”

“Oof,” said Yang, inspecting her watch.

“Fortunately, in their *paranoid haste*, they forgot to check my purse.” She gave the little bag a shake. “So I was able to keep the handful of vials I had in it. Unfortunately, they were the least valuable ones, the ones I didn’t have space for in my luggage.” She sighed. “Honestly, look at this stuff.” She held one up. “Lip Growth Dust? *Lip Growth* Dust?! Who’d ever want to use anything like that?”

Yang jerked upright in bed. “L-Lip Growth Dust?” she asked, unable to keep the tremor out of her voice.

“Yes, that’s right. I mean, honestly, who would ever–?”

“W-what else have you got in there?” said Yang, slipping out of bed.

“Hmmm? Oh, well, just more of the same really.” Rummaging around, she pulled out another vial. “Breast Expansion Dust. Insatiable Thirst Dust. ...Penis Growth Dust. Semen Production Dust. *Plant* Dust.” She rolled her eyes. “Honestly, they’re completely– Yang, do you mind taking a step back? And perhaps taking a shower?” She pinched her nose. “Ugh, are you sure it wasn’t *you* eating that fish?”

“Weiss,” said Yang, grabbing her hands. “I want to borrow your Dust.”

“B-borrow my Dust?” Weiss’s eyebrow caught an airship of its own. “What could you possibly want to borrow Dusts like *these* for...?”

Yang, swallowing, flicked a glance back at her bed and the Scroll visible poking out of the cover. “I– I just–” She wet her lips. “...I’d like to perform a science experiment.”

“...What *kind* of science experiment?” said Weiss, suspiciously.

Yang grimaced. “A botany experiment?”

Weiss looked her up and down, clearly taking special note of her dishevelled hair and crumpled top and the fact she wasn’t wearing any pants or, for that matter, underwear. “I seeeeee...” She shrugged. “Well, that all sounds legitimate to me. Here you go.” She pressed her purse into Yang’s hands. “There’s a chemistry set in my drawer, if you’d like to mix them. Try not to cause *too* many explosions – Homeland Security said if they ever heard from me again, they’d put me on the no-fly list.”

“Thanks,” said Yang, accepting it with a smile. “Don’t worry. I’ll be *incredibly* careful.”

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As Weiss went to wash away the psychological damage of the TSA’s searches, Yang grabbed the chemistry set from her drawer and plonked it on the desk. Snatching Weiss’s purse from under her arm, she planted it beside it, and, extracting the vials of Dust from inside it, carefully placed them beside the set. There were eight in total: Lip Growth, Breast Expansion, Insatiable Thirst, Excessive Drool, Plant, Penis Growth, and Semen Production Dust.

Pushing the last two vials to the side, she grabbed the rest and uncorked them. Lip Growth, Breast Expansion, Insatiable Thirst, Excessive Drool, and Plant Dust... That sounded like all the things that make up a succplant to *her*. One by one, she uncorked them and tipped their contents into the Dust mixer, pausing only to sniff the Breast Expansion Dust and wonder if she should save a little for later. In the end, she shrugged, tipped it all in, and set the device to work with a punch of a button.

Twenty minutes later, it went off with a little *ding*, and Yang hopped off her bed to find the container brimming with a thick, sweet-scented pink Dust. Leaning in, she gave it a sniff, careful not to inhale *too* much, and winced at just how sickly it was. “Ugh, why is this stuff always *pink*...?”

Rummaging in Weiss’s drawer again, she found a dartgun and a set of empty projectiles. Cracking them open, she tipped her new mixture into one, loaded it into the gun, and raised it with a grin. Now all she needed was something to test her creation on...

On cue, Weiss returned from the bathroom.

“Ugh,” she said, massaging her asscheeks. “This must be how Jaune felt after exams.” Tugging her towel a little tighter, she huffed. “Yang, are you finished with my purse?”

“Sure thing, Weiss,” said Yang, tossing it to her.

As the Schnee heiress searched inside, rummaging and squinting, Yang picked up the dartgun and took aim with wild eyes and a shaking hand. Her finger hesitated on the trigger, however: could she *really* reduce her own friend and teammate to a slutty plant with a desperate urge to cock suck? Assuming the Dust worked – it might turn her into something worse, like... like... Well, honestly, Weiss was already pretty bad. No matter what the Dust did, it would probably be an improvement.

With a shrug, Yang squeezed the trigger. And with a thin *thwip*, a needle-tipped dart full of Yang's special new Dust flew from the gun and stabbed Weiss Schnee right in the left cheek of her poor, abused little butt.

"Ow!" With a squeak, Weiss clasped her ass. "Yang, what the fuck are you– *Gluck!*" Weiss blinked. Scowling, she smacked her lips. "Why did I just– *Gluck!*" She jerked back, her eyes wide in shock. "Yang, what did you– *Gluck! Gluckgluck! Gluck! Gluckgluckgluck!*"

As Yang watched, eyes wide and pussy soaking, Weiss Schnee's lips plumped up like a life raft, swelling into a fat, pale pink ring and smacking, smacking like she was trying to punish them for something.

"*Gluck! Gluckgluck!*" Eyes wide, Weiss grasped at her lips, squeezing, pinching, and poking as they grew larger and larger. "*Gluck!*" She stumbled back, almost tripping over her own dropped purse, and as she did, her face stretched like her lips were stuck to the air. "*Gluck! Gluckgluck!*" By the time it stopped, she had a long, almost canine snout, capped with the ring of her lips, so that it resembled a–

Yang bit her own lips, heart beating like a drum. *F-fuck!*

As she stared at her elongated face, Weiss's eyes tightened. With a furious glucking, she released her lips and marched, her hand raised and her fist clenched to punch Yang in the face.

She made it halfway there. A meter or more away from her, she came to a sudden stop, looking down at chest and blinking. "G-gluck...?" Her bodice trembled, two little pinpricks poking through the fabric. "G-gluck?!"

Bowwing! Like a pair of giant springs, Weiss Schnee's boobs burst out of her top, ripping through her bra and her blouse alike to bounce around in the air, fat and jiggly.

Yang cocked her head, biting her lip a little curiously. Even with this boost, Weiss's lips were a little small as far as succplants went, but hey, she wasn't complaining.

Trembling, Weiss raised her hands and cupped her engorged assets, squeezing them and screwing up her eyes and squeaking. Finally, just as it seemed she might be enjoying herself a little too much, her gaze snapped back to Yang. She flushed, and with a furious gluck, threw herself at her.

Sadly, it was her lower half's turn to betray her: with a squeak of surprise, she dropped like she'd slipped on a banana, landing with a splat on her bloated new bosom. "Gluck!"

Grimacing, she struggled to push herself back up, but when she straightened her arms, they folded like paper, crumpling under her weight and refusing to straighten out again. Raising them, she and Yang stared, the former in horror and the latter in lust, as Weiss's delicate, pale arms turned green all over, thinning till they were no thicker than, oh, say, a common leaf. "G-gluck...? Gluck?! Gluckgluckgluck?!"

Weiss's arms weren't the only part of her going green – slipping out of the chair, Yang stood and saw the rest of the heiress's body had taken up environmentalism too: everything beneath her head, save her breasts, as a matter of fact. Her legs and her feet became a little browner than the rest of her, and as they changed, they split, breaking into tens of tiny little roots.

It occurred to Yang that succplants, being plants, need soil. Wincing, she looked around and, failing to find a convenient bag of the stuff, ended up running around, searching for something to use as a pot.

In the meantime, Weiss continued to change: her body shriveled, legs disappearing up her skirt, while her head slid down into her neck. Finally, with one last gluck, her eyes closed tight and vanished, and with a pop, she vanished into her own clothes. Yang could only stand there and stare at the crumpled pile on the floor as the blouse in its center bulged, producing intermittent smacking sounds.

"W-Weiss?" she said, creeping forward. Fuck, her pussy was on fire. "Weiss?"

"Gluck...!"

Bending down, Yang pulled away Weiss's skirt and her panties and, rummaging in her blouse, found something that felt like foliage. Big, squishy foliage. Heart thudding in her chest, she pulled it out.

"Gluck," said Weiss Schnee as Yang held her up. "Gluck." A big glob of saliva dripped from her fat, donut lips and fell to the carpet of the room with a gigantic *splot*. Her leaves shook. Her dangling boobs swung like a pair of overswollen fruit.

Yang, cradling her roots, simply stood there and stared at her. "I... I did it! It worked! Succplants are real! Succplants are reeeeeeeeeeeal!"

"Gluck!" said Weiss. Possibly she was just as thrilled.

"Alright... alright... alright..." said Yang, looking around and blushing as she tried to figure out what to do next. "Alright... Just... just wait here for a second." She planted (heh) Weiss on her bed next to her Scroll and rushed out of the dorm room, returned quickly to put on a pair of pants, and rushed out again, heart pounding with the exertion. Ten minutes later, she was back again: a big bag of soil in one hand and a stack of plant pots in the other.

Dumping them on the bed beside Weiss, she hurriedly set about planting her. Finally, scooping a handful of firm, rich soil over her roots, she stepped back to admire her work. "Gluck," said Weiss Schnee, drooling over the edge of her pot.

Yang's heart did spirals in her chest. "W-wow, Weiss," she said, struggling to breathe right. "You'd look great on the windowsill..." She laughed, low and hollowly, and her eyes slid across the room to the desk, where the last two vials of unconfiscated Dust remained waiting. This time, it wasn't Weiss who had to take them.

Taking one in each hand, she raised them and gulped. Should she mix them, or...?

"Gluck!"

Yang jolted. No, there was nowhere near enough time for that. At this rate, she was going to cum just standing here. "Bottoms up, I guess." She popped the vials' corks and, without further fanfare, threw back her head and downed them in one. They tasted salty as they trickled down her throat.

Licking the last few drops out of the vials, Yang cast them aside and stepped back, licking her lips and wondering what to expect. Would it take effect straight away, like it had for Weiss, or would there be—?

Her clitoris exploded.

With a scream, Yang thrust her hips at the far wall and moaned, shaking all over, as the iron rod in her pants stretched them till they threatened to tear. Stumbling back, she struck the wall and, with a gasp, fumbled to remove them. The sight that greeted her when they finally hit the floor left her standing there in shock all over: her clit had grown to the twelve inches long and at least a quarter of that thick, pulsing and shaking as if it were about to pop. As she stared, biting her lip and trembling in shock, veins wove their way up and down its length, and its head, previously so smooth, hardened into a mushroom-like cap.

It twitched, and from the tiny hole in its head sprang a fat bead of thick, translucent liquid. Biting her lip, Yang touched it, and when she pulled her hand back, it stuck. Curious, she plopped it in her mouth – it tasted salty.

Her swollen new shaft continued to grow for several more seconds, finishing at a mighty fifteen inches and at least a quartet of that wide, so long and so hard it looked more like a cannon than anything you'd expect to see on a human body. Finally, with a pop, two equally gigantic testicles dropped into existence beneath it. Cannonballs, to load the mighty gun above.

"Holy fucking shit, I have a penis," said Yang Xiao Long.

Curious, she touched it. And immediately dropped to the floor, screaming, as an orgasmic ecstasy tore through her body and mind and left every inch of her vulnerable body twitching. Precum spurted from her shaft in great gouts, splattering the floor in thick puddles, and when she panted for breath, her balls swung, pulsing and throbbing. The tension in her shaft was like a crystalline spike wedged from glans up to her brain, painful yet, in its own way, immensely pleasurable. It felt as if the slightest breeze would be enough to make her orgasm.

“Gluck!” said Weiss Schnee, with sudden intensity. “Gluck! Gluckgluckgluck!”

A spasm passed through Yang’s cock. She bit her lip again, breathing heavily. “Wh-what is it?” she asked, recalling the way people talked to their plants in her videos. “Do you smell something you like?”

“Gluck! Gluckgluckgluckgluckgluck!” Weiss’s lips smacked loudly. She was drooling everywhere now, flapping her leaves like a seal begging for a treat.

Struggling to her feet, Yang ambled forward like a drunk, struggling not to cum from the swinging of her balls. “What’s that...?” she said, grin threatening to slice her head off. “...It’s my cock? You want me to...?”

She reached the bed, her penis hanging barely a foot over Weiss’s head. Once, the Schnee heiress would have been disgusted to the core by this, but now she smacked her lips and flapped and stretched her stem, fighting to get closer.

Yang, looking down, took in a long, deep breath. Her cock was so hard you could have used it as a pickaxe. “Okay, Weiss~. Open wiiliide. It’s time for me to ‘water’ you~.”

“Gluck! Gluck!”

Yang took a step closer – no, not even a full step, just a half one – and with a *schup*, Weiss Schnee suckered to her penis.

“Nnnn~! Ah! Ah!” Yang jerked back with a gasp, almost wrenching her cock out of Weiss’s mouth in the process – she almost felt better than growing the thing in the first place. Her thick, plump lips wrapped tight around Yang’s shaft, she slobbered and sucked and worked her way slowly down it, gliding down Yang’s rod till the entire thing was immersed in her tight, wet, bell-like head. The warmth of her drool was indescribable; the tightness of her lips, beyond comparison. Yang felt as if she’d taken her shaft and thrust it into a little portion of heaven. “Nnnnn~! Nnnn~! Oh Dust, Dust! Fuck!”

And then Weiss started to suck, and Yang *really* lost control of herself.

Like a desperate dog at a nice, meaty bone, Weiss slobbered and slurped and slid up and down her, each movement sending a fresh jolt of ecstasy coursing down Yang’s shaft and up her spine to rattle her brain about in her head. Legs trembling, she struggled to stay standing, and all the while Weiss continued to suck, harder and harder, faster and faster, wetter and wetter, till Yang could no longer bear it at all. Grasping her pot, she dropped, falling to the ground with a long whine of pleasure and lay there on her back with the plant between her legs, letting it suck at her shaft like it was a lollipop.

Yes... Yes... Hands tight, Yang screwed up her eyes and whined like she was being tortured. *I was right... I was so right... It feels so good! It feels so goooooood! Succplants are... succplants are...*

Gluckgluckgluck!

Succplants are amazing!

Finally, her strength flagged – she could hold it in no more. Throwing back her head for one final, gigantic scream, Yang bucked her hips, grunted, and came like a fire hydrant. Weiss Schnee's bulbous new head swelled, struggling to contain the influx of semen being pumped into it.

At last, just as it seemed she might pop, the succplant pulled back, allowing a thick stream of Yang's cum to spill from her mouth onto her boobs and her soil. The rest she swallowed, slamming her lips tight and throwing her head back like a professional. Big bulges slid down her stem – mouthful after mouthful of semen – and with each one, she seemed a little plumper.

Yang, lying there on her back and panting, barely able to see her over the rising, falling wave of her breasts, drew in a deep breath and swallowed, loudly. She wanted to stand, but it was like all her energy had left her body with her semen – she almost felt as if *she* were the succplant, lying with her roots out, all weak and exposed, on the floor. She'd never had an orgasm like it.

After several minutes of lying there like this, listening to Weiss swallowing between her legs, she finally regained the strength to stand. Her limbs ached. Her heart ached. Her *balls* ached. She wanted a fucking soda.

Placing Weiss back on the desk, she stepped back and looked down on her for a second, her hands on her lips and cock high between her legs.

"Gluck," said Weiss Schnee, swallowing one last mouthful of semen.

Yang threw up her arms. "Screw it! Let's go again!" Grabbing her by the hair, she dragged Weiss over to the bed.

The door of the dorm room opened with a creak, and into the room poked a pair of furry ears – or, no, my apologies, a bow. "Yang?" said Blake Belladonna, slipping the rest of her head through the gap as well. "Yang, are you in here? ...Yang?"

Just as she was about to assume her teammate had left the door unlocked by mistake, Yang Xiao Long stumbled out of the ensuite, struggling to pull her pants up. "Hey, Blake!" she said, sounding a little flustered. "How was the party?"

Blake closed the door behind her with a grimace. "I've been to better." She sniffed. "Yang, why does it smell like compost in here?"

Yang jerked. "Jeez, Blake, I know I made a mess in there, but you don't have to *comment* on it. I already sprayed some air freshener. Rude."

Blake blinked, blushing. “I— I didn’t mean to imply—”

Yang opened the window and tutted at her.

Chastised, Blake hurried to her bunk. Yang remained sitting by the window, and as Blake unpacked, she got the strangest impression her teammate was staring at her butt. Not that this was unusual – she’d caught plenty of people staring at the famous Belladonna rear, Yang included, but something in the intensity of the look worried her. Frowning, she risked a glance over her shoulder, and sure enough, Yang’s eyes snapped instantly away from her.

After a couple more rounds of this, Blake had finally had enough. “Yang, what’s going on with you today? Did Weiss imply you were a prostitute again, because we *know* you weren’t actually out there looking for customers – you don’t have to convince us.”

Yang swallowed. “N-no,” she said, covering her crotch. “Who says there’s anything wrong with me?”

Blake studied her suspiciously. “What’s wrong with your pants?”

“H-huh?”

She took a step forward, squinting even harder. “What’s wrong with your pants? Are you hiding something in them?”

Yang went red. “Of course not—”

“Because it looks like you’ve got a whole banana stuffed down them.”

Yang blushed. “I’m just happy to see you!” She blinked. “No, wait! It *is* a banana!”

Blake grabbed her arm and ripped it off her crotch, freeing Yang Xiao Long’s giant, fifteen-inch cock to spring off her thigh, tenting her pants in the process.

For several seconds, the two of them simply stared at it. Finally, Blake broke the silence. “Yang, why do you have a penis?”

“Wh-why do you have such a fat ass?!”

It was Blake’s turn to blush. “Don’t change the subject,” she snapped, covering her cheeks.

“I—”

Before Yang could answer, Blake’s ~~ears~~ ribbon twitched. She turned to the bathroom. “What was that? It sounded like someone smacking their lips...”

“It’s probably just the plumbing!”

Ignoring her, Blake marched for the ensuite. Something smelled fishy here, and it wasn't just Yang's cock. She *knew* she'd smelled compost, and it was coming from...

Her hand tightened on the handle of the door. She twisted it, pushed it open—

—and came to an abrupt stop, blinking in confusion. "...Yang, why does this plant have *tits*?!"

Something stabbed her in the ass; Blake almost hit the ceiling. Looking back, she squeaked to a dart sticking out of her pants. "Yang, what the fuck?!"

Yang lowered the dartgun with a smug little chuckle. "Sorry, Blake. I kinda wanted to try out your ass before I did this, but, well—" She shrugged. "I'll settle for your lips. Especially once they're finished changing."

"F-finished changing?" A terrible chill spread through Blake's body, as if someone were pumping her veins full of liquid nitrogen. Flowing from the dart, it filled her ass in an instant and, as she clasped it in shock, poured out into the rest of her. "Y-Yang?" she said, hugging herself and shivering. "J-just what have you— *Gluck!*"

Blake blinked. Looked down. Squeaked in shock. "G-gluck?"

Her lips smacked, fat and round and plump as a lifering. She looked like she'd just had them injected with half a liter of filler. "G-gluck!" When she pinched them, it felt like squeezing a ring of sausage.

As Yang burst into laughter, throwing herself back into her chair and covering her eyes in amusement, Blake smacked her lips in fury and stomped towards her, ready to beat the antidote out of her if necessary. "Gluck! Gluckgluckgluck!" *If you don't stop this this second, I'm going to—*

But with every step she took, movement seemed a little harder. The chill from the dart had become all pervasive now, and it wasn't just her lips suffering the effects of it: as Blake watched in shock, her face stretched like someone had pinched her lips and pulled hard. Even when they released her, things didn't snap back though.

"Hey, Blake, why the long face?" said Yang, all but rolling in laughter. "Oh, hey, looks like that's not the only part of you that's getting bigger..."

A sudden tension in her chest. Looking down, Blake squeaked to see the bodice of her blouse rising, pushed out by the mountain of breastfat welling beneath it. Nipples leading the charges, her boobs surged, bloating till her bra and blouse creaked with the strain, and finally, unable to bear any more, tore with a tremendous *rrrip*. Her breasts, swollen into a pair of fleshy basketballs, sprang out into the open and bounced like they were made of rubber. Blake squeezed with a giant *gluck* of horror.

"Wow," said Yang. "You're actually starting to look balanced."

Blake, sweating, wrapped her arms around her new boobs and squeezed, shivering as her fingers sank deep into their firm, fecund flesh. The contact alone was erotic – pleasure surged through her core and left her whimpering, unable to bear it. “G-Gluck! Nnn~!”

She stumbled forward, struggling to stay on her feet, and it took her a second to realize it wasn’t just the weight of her new chest bringing her down to the floor: through shaking eyes she watched as a wave of greenness spread across her body, starting with her neck and spreading rapidly downward, leaving only her head and her chest untouched. And as if this wasn’t bad enough: her fingers, tingling, snapped out of the depths of her boobs and slammed together, squeezing so tight it started to hurt. As she watched in utter horror, they fused, digits melding into a single large green leaf, and the arm behind thinned into a slender stem to support it.

Her chest tightened, crushed, and as she gasped, struggling even to breathe, the world started to wobble around her. She threw herself at the wall, intending to grab it, but her hands were no longer good for catching anything more than sunlight. Sliding down it, she struck the floor, her legs unable to support her. Looking back, she gasped: “No!” They were gone, replaced by nothing more than a set of branching roots, thin and brown, and when she tried to kick them, all she achieved was making them shake a little.

N-no! No! I can’t be turning into a plant! I can’t be! In a panic, Blake thrashed, desperate to grab onto something, to clamber back up to the feet she no longer possessed. With every second, the world seemed a little larger, and the flood of saliva pouring out of her mouth seemed to be flowing a little faster. All of a sudden, the strange scent pervading the room seemed less disgusting and more... enticing.

The last thing she saw – with her normal eyes, at any rate – was Yang, approaching her like a marauding giant. As she bent down, Blake blinked, and with that, her eyes fused into the bell of her head and were gone forever. Hands caught her breasts, squeezing them from the sides, a pleasant vice, and as she screamed inside in pleasure, she found herself hauled into the air, lips smacking madly. “Gluck! Gluckgluck!”

Her vision returned as Yang placed her on the desk. Lying there in a pile of her own roots, unable to move much more than her lips, Blake could only rest her head on her new chest and watch as a smirking Yang disappeared into the bathroom and emerged with a pot and a trowel and a large bag of compost. A few quick scoops, and she turned back to Blake, picking her up and quite literally planted her in it. Blake squirmed, wanting to squeal, as her roots pressed into the soil. *Yang! Yang, you cow! Don’t you dare! Don’t you da–Nnn~! Oh! Oh Dust, why does it feel so– Nnn~!*

Yang simply chuckled in amusement.

Finally, patting down the soil, Yang stepped back, put her hands on her hips, and looked down at Blake proudly. “Wow, you came out great, Blake.”

Yang, you bitch! Turn me back! Turn me back or I’ll...! “Gluck! Gluckgluck! Gluckgluckgluck! Gluckgluckgluckgluckgluckgluck...!”

“Heh, it almost sounds like you’re trying to say something. You know, I guess I don’t know if it’s still really you in there, or if the Dust makes your brain as planty as your body. Weiss didn’t seem all that smart afterward. Then again, she didn’t have much going up there anyway.”

You turn Weiss into a plant too?!

“Anyway,” said Yang, bringing her hands together in a clap. “Let’s get to the *fun* part.” And licking her lips, she dropped her sweatpants.

The thing that sprang out of them rooted Blake to the spot as surely as she’d been turned into a, well. Fifteen inches long, a quarter of that in width, and pulsing so virilely with veins it raised serious questions about Yang’s blood flow, its appearance struck Blake like a bullet to the temple. *H-How did you get s-such a big...? G-get it away from me! Get it away!*

Chuckling, Yang took another step towards her. “Come on, Blake. Open wiiiiide~. You know you want it~.”

Blake squirmed, straining to pull her roots free of the soil, but they were snugly planted, and between them and the weight of her boobs, it was impossible to move. *N-no! No! Stay away from me! Stay away! Stay—*

And then she caught it.

The musk. The scent. The delicious, irresistible, incomparable smell of Yang’s sweaty, unwashed penis.

She stared, struggling to comprehend her own feelings. *Wh-what—? Why—?*

A bead of precum dripped from the tip of Yang’s penis and struck the desk with a splot, and at the sight of it, Blake’s remaining resistance exploded. At once, the drool pouring out of her mouth became borderline tidal. With a gluck, she jerked towards, smacking her lips and flapping her leaves in a desperate attempt to get closer. *Please! Oh Dust, please! Yang, I want it! Yang! Yang!* “Gluck! Gluckgluck gluck! Gluck gluckgluckgluck! Gluck! Gluck!”

Smirking, Yang approached. “Here you go~. Eat up, Blake~.”

Like a starving man, Blake threw herself at her, opening wide, drooling all over, and wrapping her thick, ring-like lips around the length of Yang’s penis. Sucking hard, she forced herself down it, sliding her mouth from one end of the virile shaft to the other and leaving the whole thing coated in her saliva. When she pulled back, she tasted precum on her lips, salty yet sweet. Yang’s cock throbbed inside her, throbbed and twitched, just waiting to release, and it made her want to suck it even harder.

With a furious smacking, she gave into her instincts, sliding her lips down Yang’s shaft and pulling them back and sliding them down it to start the process all over again. Yang wasn’t satisfied with *just* letting her suck, however: tightening her eyes, she pumped her hips as

well, and soon they were working together to do their best impression of a well-lubricated piston. “Nnn~! Nnnn~! NN~! Oh Dust! Oh Dust! Nnnnn~!”

Blake, not to be outdone, tightened her lips and started sucking even harder. “Gluckgluckgluckgluckgluckgluckgluck!”

“Nnn~! Nnn! Oh Dust!”

“Gluck! Gluckgluck! Gluckgluckgluckgluck!”

Time passed in a state of dreamlike timelessness. And as Blake worked her lips up and down Yang’s length, coating the throbbing cock inside her with layer after layer of saliva, she found herself sinking into a state of utter ecstasy, mind melting in delight. *Oooh...! Ooooh...! Ooooh...! Yes! Yes! Yeeeeeeeeeees!*

Finally, Yang came.

With one last intense suck from Blake, her teammate drew back her hips, thrust, and with a wild scream of pleasure, emptied her swollen nuts. Semen *poured* into Blake’s mouth, filling her cheeks and stretching them wide as she struggled to swallow, and the taste on her non-existent tongue was like nothing she’d ever tasted. *So salty... So creamy... Mmmmm~. More! More!* Even as she gulped it down, fighting to swallow as much of it as she could without dripping it all over her boobs, Blake smacked her lips, desperate for more.

Pulling her shaft from Blake’s mouth with a sound like peeling tape, Yang stumbled back, her chest rising and falling in exertion. “Holy fuck, that felt good,” she said, pausing to break the line of semen still connecting her to Blake’s lips. “Not bad, Blake. You’re even better than Weiss.”

Blake was a little too far gone to feel real pride at this, but on some level the statement made her feel good, if only because it implied Yang was more likely to use her. *Please! Give me more semen! Give me more semen! Yang! Yang! Give me more coooooooooock!* “Gluck! Gluckgluckgluckgluck! Gluckgluckgluckgluck! Gluck! Gluck! Gluckgluckgluckgluuuuuuuuck!”

Folding her hands behind her back, Ruby leaned forward and squinted at the door with a grin. “What’s this? There’s a strange scent coming from our dorm room! How curious!”

Pulling herself back up to her full height, she puffed her imaginary pipe, adjusted a missing monocle, and scratched her chin as she considered what to do next. “Perhaps there’s been some manner of accident! Weiss is always making a mess with her Dust – mayhaps this time she’s gone too far and made a complete disaster of it. ...What do *you* think, Watson?”

Watson didn’t know, on account of how he didn’t exist.

“Mmn, mmn, good point, good point,” said Ruby, taking another puff of her pipe and breaking immediately into a cough – it was a bad habit, and she really must stop imagining she had it.

"Well," she said, once she'd recovered. "I suppose there's only one way to find out, isn't there, my dear Watson?"

He would presumably have agreed, had he actually been real.

Taking a few steps back, Ruby drew in a deep breath, raised her arm, and shoulder-tackled her way through the door just like Sherlock Holmes himself would have, probably – she'd never actually read those books.

The first thing that struck her on the other side was the *smell*. The room *stank*, and not just of the usual things: there was a strange, salty scent in the air, as if someone had opened a window onto a busy harbor – Ruby could practically hear the seagulls squawking. There was another smell beneath it too, a kind of florid, composty smell that Ruby normally associated with greenhouses and gardens. Had Yang taken up gardening or something?

Yang lay in her bunk, flicking through a magazine. "Oh, hey Rubes."

"Yang?" said Ruby, sniffing the air. "What's that smell?"

"I took up gardening," said Yang, with a shrug.

"Oh." She guessed that explained *that*. "Wait, no it doesn't. Since when do gardens smell like the ocean? What are you planting? Kelp?"

Yang snorted. "Come on, I'll show you," she said, snapping her magazine shut. Rolling off the bed, she marched over to the bathroom, holding the door open and gesturing for Ruby to follow her inside.

"Er, okay..." said Ruby. Yang better not have filled the bathtub full of seaweed – it was hard enough to get Blake in there as it was.

"Ta-da~!" said Yang, holding out her arm.

Ruby traced it to the sink and came to a stop, blinking in shock. In the sink sat two... she wanted to say they were plants. They had most of the features of plants: stems, leaves, pots, et cetera. But they also had hair – one white, one black. And *boobs*. *Dust*, they had boobs...

"Wh-what are they?" she said, looking back. "Wh-why do those plants have... boobs?"

"Don't you recognize them?" asked Yang, placing her hands on Ruby's shoulders.

"Recognize them? What do you mean? Why would I recognize...?"

And then she did. The hair. The comparative size of their busts. Even the sound of their smacking lips was disconcertingly familiar. "W-Weiss...? Blake?! What-?"

Something very hard poked Ruby in the buttcheeks.

She froze, turned instantly just as rigid, and a bead of sweat dripped from her brow and to the floor, striking the tiles with a tiny *splat*. “Y-Y-Yang? Wh-what’s—?” She struggled to look back and see what it was, but her neck seemed to have turned into ice all of a sudden – when she tried to turn, it practically creaked. “Y-Yang?”

Yang licked her lips, her eyes on Ruby’s butt. “You know, Ruby. Your ass might not be as big as Blake’s, but that’s okay.” She kicked the door shut. “I bet your screaming will more than make up for it.”

“Y-Yang?” Sweating, Ruby fought to pull free, but her sister simply gripped and pushed her across the room to the sink, where the strange plants sitting by the taps snapped up in their pots and started smacking their lips. “Y-Yang?! What are you—?!”

As her belly struck the edge of the sink, the strange plants sitting inside it sprang to renewed life, swinging their heads around and smacking their lips as if desperate for something to suck on. Ruby, caught between a sink and a hard place, squirmed in a feeble attempt to escape, but all she achieved was making the thing in her butt even harder. “Y-Yang!”

“Aren’t they cute?” said her sister, resting her head on her shoulder. “They’re just like a pair of big, hungry babies.”

“H-Hungry?” Dragging her eyes away from Yang, Ruby squeaked to see the plants’ mouths aimed at her chest, drooling an ocean of saliva – no wonder Yang had put them in the sink. “Wh-what do you—?”

“Well, why don’t we give them something to suckle on?” said Yang, and as Ruby opened her mouth to ask what she meant, Yang forced something inside it. Ruby squealed as the thick, sweet-tasting substance landed on her tongue and trickled down her throat. “Mmmmpfh! Mmmmpfh!”

As the Dust settled in her gut, a sudden tension struck her chest. Yang released her mouth and lowered her hands to her bust instead, cupping her boobs and working her hands in circles around her nipples as they poked, harder than ever, through the fabric of her top. With every second, it seemed a little tighter, painfully tighter, until at last, just as Ruby could bear it no more—

Pop! Rrrrip!

Her bra straps snapped, and her top tore open, and through the gap in the curtain of fabric sprang two swollen mounds of breastfat even more generous than her sister’s. Ruby stared, her jaw agape and her eyes wide in shock, as they spilled out of her clothes and out into the open, thick and firm and round and erogenous, bouncing like a pair of fleshy beachballs.

Striking the sink they came to an abrupt stop, and before she could even process what had happened—

“Gluck! Gluckgluck!”

–Weiss and Blake latched to them and started to suck.

“Nnnnn~! Nnnnnnn~! Ah! Ah!” Ruby slammed her eyes tight and squirmed and squealed, unable to bear the hundred tiny pangs of pleasure each suck of the plants’ lips brought her. “Nnnn~! Yang!”

“What’s wrong, Ruby?” Her sister’s hands slid down her waist and came to a stop on her skirt. Slipping inside it, they seized her pantyhose and started to tug. “Aren’t you enjoying yourself? Well, maybe you’ll enjoy this a little more.” Ruby’s hosiery tore with a rip, and Yang wasted no time in pulling down her panties as well. Soon her fingers settled, cold, on Ruby’s exposed buttcheeks.

“Y-Yang?! Nn~! What are you–?”

With a *schlup*, Yang stuck something hard and rigid and veiny straight up Ruby’s butthole. “Nnn~!”

With a squeal, Ruby grabbed the sink for support and moaned, her eyes rolling back and her tongue lolling out of her mouth. “Nnnn~! Ah! Ah! Ah!” Between the pleasure assaulting her front and the ecstasy crashing into her back, she had nowhere to go – she was trapped, and with every second it became worse. “Nnnn~! Y-Y-Y–”

Smirking, Yang pulled back her hips and thrust again, even harder, the iron rod of her cock striking Ruby with a slapping sound. And pulling back, she did it again, and again, and again, each time a little harder than the last, till Ruby’s giant new boobs were jiggling with the force of it. Not that this stopped Weiss and Blake – if anything, they simply sucked even harder.

As Ruby panted for breath, fighting desperately against the orgasm growing inside her, Yang popped the cap of another couple of vials and, before Ruby could stop her, forced their contents into her mouth – she had no choice but to swallow them. “Nnn~! Nnnn~! Y-Yang, what are you doing *now*–?! Smack!” Blinking, Ruby stopped panting to look down and gasp as her lips swelled like an inflatable life raft, pumped into a thick, fat, luscious pair of smackers, and rendered speech impossible. “Mmmmpfh! Mmmmpfh!” As if their thickness wasn’t enough, her mouth filled with saliva too, and before she knew it, it was pouring out of her lips and all over her swollen boobs. “Mmmmpfh!”

Yang simply smirked and thrust a little harder.

With every pump of her sister’s shaft, the knot in her groin grew that little bit tighter, until at last, Ruby could hold it in no more. With a great, if somewhat muffled moan, she came, and the strength went out of her legs and she dropped, whimpering, pulling her nipples out of Weiss and Blake’s mouths in the process. *Plop!*

“Ugh, already?” said Yang, cock still hard and erect.

Flat on her back, panting and wet, Ruby drew in a deep breath and moaned as she struggled back onto her knees. “Mmmphf... Mmphf...” *Yang, please... I–*

“Here,” said Yang, planting Weiss between her legs. “Enjoy.” And before Ruby could even ask what she meant, the plant’s fat lips snapped straight to her sex, sucking just as eagerly as she had been with her nipples.

Ruby jerked so hard she almost cracked her head on the sink. “Nnnn~! Nnnnnnn~! Mmmmmphf! Mmmmmphf! Mmmmmphf–” *Schlup!*

Grabbing her hair, Yang thrust straight into her mouth. “Holy fuck, Ruby. You’re already drooling so hard!”

“Nnn~!” As Yang’s virile member filled her mouth, its rock hard tip crashing into her throat, Weiss’s lips worked her sex, sucking on her clitoris as if it were a third nipple. Ruby could only slam her eyes tight and shiver, unable to bear the tidal wave of ecstasy crashing through her system – she hadn’t even overcome her afterglow yet.

Finally, just as Ruby was about to cum again, Yang stopped. “Ugh, you know, this just isn’t working for me. I thought it would be enough, but I guess I’ve got to go the whole way... Sorry, Ruby...”

As her sister’s cock shot out of her mouth, drawing a small stream of precum and saliva with it, Ruby stared with wide, uncomprehending eyes. “Mm-mmmphf?” *Wh-what?*

With a grin, Yang produced one last vial of Dust – this was one bright green. “Open wiiliide.”

Ruby, squealed, struggling to stand and escape, but she’d barely managed to get to her feet than her sister slammed the open end of the Dust vial through her lips and emptied its contents into her mouth. “Mmmphf!”

As the Dust flowed down her throat and settled in her stomach, a tingling chill passed through Ruby’s form and left her goosebumped all over, as if she’d stepped into a winter storm. She squeaked and tried to hug herself, but it was like someone had hollowed out her arms: as she watched, they fell limp, refusing to rise. Her legs weren’t doing much better: they were already weak from Weiss’s sucking, but now they felt as if they were made of paper. She didn’t think she’d be able to stand even if she weren’t in the middle of a bout of cunnilingus. “Mmmmmphf?!”

Tightening her grip on her hair, Yang pulled back and thrust into her once more. “Come on,” she said, gritting her teeth. “I’m trying to get off here.”

As the weakness in her limbs spread through her form, Ruby sank slowly to the floor, dragging Yang down with her. Her lips, suckering tight to her shaft, sucked tighter, leaving Ruby whimpering as her face stretched to stay attached – it seemed a little longer with every moment.

Her fingers, tingling, turned green and melded into a pair of bright green leaves, while the arms behind them shriveled till they were nothing more than stalks. Her neck, too, and her torso, suffered much the same, wringing themselves like a rag till nothing was left but a

single thick green stem. Beneath, her legs split into roots, long and brown and branching, and snatching away the pleasure of Weiss's lips just as she was about to orgasm.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" As Ruby dropped, Yang grabbed her by the boobs and wrenched her off the floor, squeezing her tits hard as she pounded her mouth even harder. Ruby squeezed her eyes shut, still moaning, though with every second it was less one of horror and more one of pleasure:

Nnnn~! Nnnn~! Oh! Oh! The smell of Yang's virile shaft was stronger than ever now, and with every second, the salty scent of her semen grew stronger, no longer disgusting, but intoxicating, more appealing than anything in the world. Just like that, she no longer wanted to spit it out, if anything, she wanted the opposite – she wanted her sister to put as much of it into her mouth as she could. *Nnnn~! Oh! Oh! More! More! Please, Yang! Please! Please! Cuuuuuuuuuum!*

With a gasp, Yang tightened her grip on Ruby's boobs, pulled back her hips, and thrust one final, intense time. She came with a grunt, penis firing off like a hose, and as her semen filled Ruby's mouth, all she could do was close her eyes and moan and smack her lips, desperate for more of it. "Gluck gluck. Gluck gluck."

Extracting her cock from Ruby's mouth with a long, wet schlup, Yang stepped back and took a deep breath, her face flush. "Wow," she said, "that was even better than I expected." Raising Ruby to her face, she grinned. "Why don't I get you planted, and then we can do it all over again?"

"Gluckgluckgluckgluuuuuuuuck!" *Please! Please! Please! Pleeeeeeeeeeeease!*

Glynda Goodwitch approached the door of the dorm room with a frown, her nose wrinkled in disgust. Reports of strange sounds and even stranger scents had been coming to her office all morning, and now she was here at the source herself, she was beginning to understand why. Wrinkling her nose, she knocked. Ugh, it was like she was back at the docks, selling her services to sailors again...

"Come in," called someone on the other side. With a frown, Glynda opened the door and stepped inside.

She didn't know what she *expected* to see, but it certainly wasn't what she found: plant pots filled the rooms. Tens and tens of plant pots. They covered the floor, the bunkbeds, and the desks and the cupboards and the window sill, but as high as their number, far stranger still was their appearance: each had a pair of large, fleshy fruit, like a pair of human breasts, and each was capped with a layer of colorful leaves, like human hair. Some of the styles seemed oddly familiar to her.

And there, in the center of these erotic embryophytes, sat Yang Xiao Long, naked as the day she'd undressed, a virile member throbbing between her legs, tall enough to almost reach

her chin. Staring at it, Glynda suddenly realized why the salty scent in the air was so familiar to her. She wasn't smelling the sea, she was smelling—

"Oh, hey, Miss Goodwitch," said Yang, rummaging in the drawer beside her. "I was wondering how long it would take for you to arrive."

"What in the name of Oz is this?!" cried Glynda, drawing her wand. "What are all these... things?!"

"Succplants!" said Yang, sounding genuinely enthusiastic.

"S-suckplants?" said Glynda.

"Yeah! You know, like, plants that suck cock." She picked up a red-haired one, and its lips snapped straight onto the head of her erect member. "Wanna see me fuck one?" Glynda could only stare, frozen in shock, as it suckled away like it was trying to milk her. "Nn~! Fuck, that feels good."

For a moment or two, Glynda's jaw simply opened and closed in shock. Finally, she closed her eyes and clenched her fists and took a deep breath to regain control of herself.

"Absolutely not! Miss Xiao Long, this is an absolute disgrace! You're going to put some clothes on right now, and then you're coming with me straight to the headmaster's office to—"

The dart struck her right in the tit, just above the left nipple. With a squeak, Glynda recoiled, struck the door, and slumped to the ground gasping.

"No thanks," said Yang, peeling the red-haired plant off her cock and standing and striding over to her. "Well, I *am* going to come with you. Or at least around the same time you do, anyway."

Her cock dripped onto Glynda's pale cheek, and a strange sense of hunger welled in the deputy headmistress's belly.

She smacked her lips. "G-gluck?"