

Mother-Daughter Bonding (Absorption, RWBY)

The bottle of wine struck the table with a clack. "I'm just saying," said Summer, struggling to keep herself upright. "When it comes to who's the best fighter, my Ruby's the obvious answer, you—hic—know?"

"That's ridiculous," cried Raven, waving her own bottle around like she intended to throw it. "She's not even half the fighter Yang is! She's only been a huntress for, like, what? Half a year? Yang could beat her ass any time!"

Kali snorted.

"What?" said Raven, practically leaping onto the table. "What? What do you think is so funny?"

The faunus laughed. "The fact you think your daughter's extra schooling makes *her* the best fighter, when mine has been fighting since she was in diapers."

"Yeah, yeah, we all know about your little terrorist," said Raven, rolling her eyes. "Willow, what's your opinion? Yang's obviously the strongest, right?"

Willow took a quaint sip of her wine and smiled politely, which made it all the more shocking when she finally spoke. "Please. Your egregious spawn can't possibly compare to *my* beautiful darling."

Uproar. Thrown glasses. In the neighboring room, Team RWBY sat in silence, trying not to hear what they were hearing.

"Who gives a crap about their fighting skills anyway?" said Summer, picking a shard of glass out of her eye. "Let's talk about the really important stuff." She slammed her fist against the table. "Which of them is the hottest?"

The four mothers eyed each other, each waiting for someone else to speak first. "No one?" said Summer. "Fine, I'll go: my Ruby is the most fuckable piece of ass on this continent."

"Yes, on *this* continent," said Willow, sipping her glass delicately. "Not Atlas."

"Or Menagerie," said Kali, with a laugh.

Raven grit her teeth. "You think Ruby is hotter than Yang? Are you fucking with me? Those silver eyes of yours need a polish, Summer. Have you *seen* either of them lately?"

"Let's be honest," said Summer, folding her arms. "Yang is attractive, for certain, but she's also a *complete* slut. I know a lot of people like that, but it's nothing compared to Ruby's more refined beauty."

"You think your homely little daughter is more beautiful than Weiss?" said Willow.

“Do I think my daughter is more beautiful than the thinnest flagpole in all of Remnant? Er, yes? Yang might be too much, but Weiss doesn’t even meet the minimum requirements.”

“Oh, so it’s curves that are important, is it?” said Kali, face red as she pushed herself away from the table. “Well, it should be obvious whose daughter wins out in *that* department.” She turned around, giving them a big clue.

Raven rolled her eyes. “Please. You really think Blake’s fat ass makes up for her flat chest? At least my daughter is *balanced*.”

Kali’s eyes tightened. “The ass is the most beautiful part of any woman’s body.”

“I can see why you’d think that, seeing as it’s the only thing you have going for you.”

Summer took another long swig of wine. “She’s not completely wrong though. The ass is definitely the best of part of the body. Which is why my Ruby’s perky little bottom makes her so attractive.”

“Oh *stop*,” said Raven. “Your daughter’s ass is barely better than Weiss’s.”

Willow’s eyes tightened. “Some people would say a pair of small buttocks are the sign of a refined woman.”

“Some people have never tried facesitting.”

The group descended into silence, staring quietly at their drinks. “Well, there’s only one way to settle this debate,” said Summer, at last.

“Agreed,” said Willow.

Kali nodded.

“Let’s get to it then,” said Raven. “Yang, get your ass in here! And bring your friends. We wanna stick you up our butts and see who’s the best at it!”

Since their daughters wouldn’t listen, the four had to head into the other room instead. “Now hold still,” said Raven, tightening the rope tying the four girls to the couch. “This won’t take long.”

“M-mom!” cried Yang, struggling to pull away as Raven disrobed and sprinkled herself in Absorption Dust. “What the fuck are you doing?! Get away from—Mmmphf!” Her cries cut out as her mom’s ass slammed into her face, burying her nostrils inbetween the older woman’s fat cheeks. “Mmmphf!”

“Make mommy proud, Yang!” With a laugh, Raven smacked her cheeks, making her daughter scream even louder. Whining and shaking, the blonde rose from the couch, melting up and out of her clothes and restraints both, and flowing into Raven’s behind as it she were

made of porridge. Raven shuddered, screwing up her eyes and shivering as her daughter's legs kicked madly up and down, making her cheeks wobble with each furious motion.

Finally, with a resounding plop, Yang's feet disappeared into Raven's engorged ass. Her bloated buttcheeks wobbled for several seconds longer before coming to a stop, visibly larger than they had been when she'd started. "Hah!" she said, sticking it at the others. "What do you think of *that*?"

Summer, Willow, and Kali simply shrugged. The remainder of Team RWBY stared in horror. "What did you do to her?!" cried Blake. "Turn her back! Turn her—Mmmphf!"

"Sorry, honey," said Kali, wiggling her ass from side to side till Blake's head was neatly wedged between it and the couch. "I'll let you out of there sooner or later, but in the meantime, mommy has a bet to win!"

"Mmmphf!" Moaning, Blake melted just like Yang, flowing up out of her restraints like a reverse-waterfall of dough and vanishing into the depths of her mother's rear as if it were made of water. With a resounding *boing!*, the famous Bellabooty exploded, bloating into a pair of fat, jiggling globes like no-one had ever seen.

Smirking, Kali gave it an emphatic clap. "And with that, I think I can claim victory~."

"Weren't you listening, you bottom-heavy whore? It takes more than size to make the perfect ass."

"Agreed," said Willow, striding forward. "Now, let me show you a real lady's rear." Pulling down her skirt, she turned, and—with all the grace befitting a woman of her stature—slammed her butt straight into her daughter's face.

"Mmmphf! Mmmphf!" Weiss's cries petered out like she'd been chloroformed. Slowly, like her fellow teammates before her, she flowed out of her seat and into her mother's rear. Willow's cheeks rippled one last time and went still.

"Hmm, did it change?" asked Kali, cocking an eyebrow.

Willow threw her a glare.

As the others inspected their enhanced derrières, Summer turned her attention to the final member of Team RWBY. The younger Rose squirmed in her restraints, face pale and eyes full of tears, too terrified even to protest her fate.

Leaning in close, Summer stroked her chin. "Time to make mommy proud, honey." With a thin smirk, she turned, wiggled her behind, and took a seat on her daughter's face. Ruby squealed, but her protests didn't last long.

"Nn~!" Summer screwed up her eyes and shuddered, shuffling a little as Ruby fought. "Why didn't any of you say how—Nn~!—good this would feel? Ah!"

With a plop, Ruby's head slipped between Summer's cheeks. Standing, she looked back over her shoulder and watched with a smirk as her ass ate her daughter's body up like a particularly tasty bowl of oatmeal. Slurping up the last of her molten form, it jiggled a few times and with that: exploded, bloating instantly into a pair of fat, if impressively perky cheeks. "Ah hah!" she cried, giving it an emphatic slap. "What do you think of that, you stupid cows?"

She blinked to find her fellow mothers snoozing on the couch, and hiccuped. "What were we arguing about again?"