

TWRK (Absorption, RWBY)

The sound of clapping rolled over the crowd, deafeningly loud, yet nothing to do with their applause.

On the stage, the contestants squatted, placed their hands on their knees, and without any further hesitation, started twerking as if possessed by some kind of ass-obsessed demon, their cheeks rippling and smacking and jiggling and slapping, serenading the crowd with their own special kind of applause. The men watching returned it and then some, though *they* were content to use their hands.

At the back of the hall, Yang and Blake folded their arms and groaned. "Look at them," said Yang. "The contest hasn't even started, and we've *already* lost."

"When you suggested we enter a twerking contest, I was expecting something a little more casual," said Blake, looking over her shoulder. She and Yang had dressed for the occasion by cramming their butts into their shortest short shorts they could find—hers was chaffing a little, but Yang didn't seem to have any complaints.

"I know!" said Yang, throwing up her arms. "What is this, the World Finals? I thought we were guaranteed to win!"

Blake threw her a frown. "Why would you possibly think that?"

"Huh?" Yang sounded as if it were obvious. "Well, I've been practicing my twerking for, like, a year now, so I think I've gotten pretty good..."

"How does that help me...?"

"...And *you*'ve got the second-fattest ass in all of Remnant, after your mom," said Yang, with a shrug. "So, you know, they should have eaten you up."

Blushing, Blake tugged her short shorts down a little.

"Anyway," said Yang. "Those guys have got the booty and the skills in one extra fat package, so there's no way we're going to beat them as we are. I *may* have a plan though."

Blake quirked an eyebrow. "And what is it?"

Grinning, Yang produced a small pink vial. "Oh, let's just say I swiped some of Weiss's Dust..."

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Yang flicked another glance over her shoulder, double-checking to make sure no one would disturb them in the alley. "Alright, we're alone."

Blake, the vial of Dust in her hand, grimaced. “Do we really have to do this?” she asked.

“How else are we supposed to win the contest?”

“I was really questioning why we have to go through with the contest at all...”

Yang rolled her eyes. “Come on, where’s your competitive spirit? You’ll never be a successful huntress if you keep acting like that. Now hurry up and take the Absorption Dust and turn into my ass! We’ve got a contest to win.” Leaning against the wall, she wiggled her booty. Blake wasn’t sure if it was meant to be inviting or if she were doing it by force of habit.

Sighing, she popped the vial’s cork and raised it to her lips, where she held it for a second, considering her life choices up to this moment, and finally downed it in one. *Dad was right*, she thought, as it passed tingling down her throat. *I should have gone into law...*

As the Dust settled in her belly, a strange wave of tingling swept from Blake’s core through her limbs, leaving her trembling. When she raised her hand again, her fingers seemed a little less stable, as if she were a snowman in the sun, slowly melting. She swallowed. She guessed it was too far to turn back now...

Bending her knees, she raised her hands and planted them on Yang’s cheeks—smaller than her own, but certainly not *small*, not by any definition. Slipping her fingers under the denim of Yang’s shorts, she held them in place for a second, breathing hard, and watching as her flesh started to spill into Yang’s own. Soon, it was impossible to tell where she ended and the other huntress began.

Yang mewled, quivering against the wall. “F-fuck, Blake, hurry up or I’ll—Nn~!” *Plip!*

Swallowing, Blake took a deep breath and slammed her head into Yang’s ass as if it were the world’s comfiest cushion, burying her face deep in her swollen cheeks and wedging it hard into Yang’s crack. The intoxicating scent of her fellow huntress’s musk struck her and overwhelmed her, making her shudder in wild lust. She wanted nothing more than to hang there breathing it in forever.

Sadly, she had a more important task. Kicking off the ground, she forced herself forward—Yang’s ass seemed to help her, drawing her inward, and no soon was she a third of the way in that it snatched her the rest of the way too. It was like diving into a swimming pool. A fat, fleshy swimming pool. And the farther she sank, the harder it became to tell what shape she was. Soon, she felt as if she were the pool as well, a small ocean of fat, plump and jiggling.

Her vision went dark for a second. When it returned, she found her perspective reversed: now she was looking out at the alley from the wall, as if she were crammed into—

A hand slammed into her cheeks, making her body wobble like the pair of sacks it had become. Blake screamed as a shockwave of pleasure passed through her.

“F-fuck, sorry, Blake. You just feel so... Nn~!” Yang’s fingers dug hard into Blake’s flesh, leaving her shuddering at the feeling of it—it felt as if Yang were fingering her—

“Fuck,” said Yang, looking back at her. “You made me *so* big. Even bigger than your *mom*. Her butt, I mean.” She massaged Blake’s cheeks, biting her lip. “Okay, okay, let’s not get carried away. We need to see how good you are at twerking, right?”

Blake couldn’t speak, but she made herself bounce as a kind of nod.

“Okay, let’s...” Stepping back from the wall, Yang bent her legs, planted her hands on her knees and paused for a second, looking back and smirking. Finally, she sucked in a deep breath and started thrusting.

Intense pleasure, hotter than anything Blake had ever felt, passed through her fat new form as she started to ripple, her two halves snatched apart and shook and finally slammed back together by the force of Yang’s thrusts. The sound of her clapping rolled through the alley, deafening, earthshaking, which was a good way to describe the orgasm wrecking her mind as well.

Sweating, Yang looked back and grinned. “We’re going to fucking *destroy* this contest.”