

RWLF

With a *thump*, the dorm room's door flew open. "Blaaaake! Yaaaaang!" Ruby's high-pitched squeal cut through the silence like Crescent Rose through Grimm. "Weeee're back!"

"Hey, Ruby!" Sitting up in bed, Yang put down the gauntlet she'd been polishing and stood to greet her sister. "Did you two get that special dust you were after?"

Stomping into the room behind Ruby, Weiss huffed. "No," she said, raising her empty hands.

Yang laughed.

On the top of her bunk bed, Blake flipped the page of her book. "I told you it would sell out," she said.

Weiss grumbled an inaudible response.

"It's okay though," said Ruby, putting on a smile. "We had fun, right? We got to walk, we got to talk, we got to, er, walk."

"I would have preferred to get the item I wanted," said Weiss, giving her a glare. She sighed. "It doesn't matter. I can just call my father and have a shipment delivered right to this room." She held up her scroll. "All it takes is one simple c--"

With a *crash*, something burst through their window.

As one, Team RWBY jumped back.

"What happened?!" cried Weiss, dropping her scroll and blinking. "Did someone just throw a *brick* through our window?"

"I-I don't think it's a brick," said Ruby, stooping to pick the object up. It looked like a ball of light blue yarn, though it was as smooth to the touch as plastic.

"Ugh!" said Weiss. "Why would someone toss a ball of yarn through our window?"

Ruby frowned. "I don't know. Maybe they--"

Before she had a chance to finish, the 'ball of yarn' *clicked*. As Ruby's eyes widened, it unraveled with explosive speed. Strings spiraled outward, catching Ruby's body and coiling around her limbs. She squealed as one wrapped around her waist and a second around her wrists. A third caught her ankles and tightened--she toppled forward, landing with a startled 'oof' on her chest.

As she lay there, groaning, the strings continued to wind around her body like a colony of plastic worms. They tugged her arms back and tied them to her feet, while another group knotted themselves into a ball in her mouth and gagged her. Eyes wide in panic, Ruby

squirmed and tried to scream, but the only sound she could produce was an incomprehensible moan.

Weiss screamed as well. She'd been far enough away to avoid being caught, but even now the strings were crawling across the room of the dorm to catch her. Squealing in disgust, she stamped on them desperately.

"Ruby!" Yang grabbed her gauntlets and slammed them onto her wrists. Just as she was about to leap into action, however, there was a *splat!*, and a splotch of something blue and gummy appeared on Weiss's chest. As the heiress cried out, the blob of gum swelled, blowing itself up into a large, meter-wide bubble. It grew larger and larger with every second that passed until at last it couldn't grow anymore and--

Pop!

Weiss's scream cut off abruptly the bubble of gum exploded, coating her body in hundreds of sticky strands. It gagged her mouth and gummed her to the floor, preventing her from speaking or moving at all, despite her frenzied protests.

Swearing, Yang threw herself back into cover.

"What's going on?!" said Blake, dropping off the top of the bed to land beside her. As one they turned their gaze to the window.

Out in the open, Ruby struggled and squirmed. "Mmph! Mmmphf!"

Yang grit her teeth. With a final glance at the window, she leaped to her sister's aid. "Don't worry, Ruby," said Yang, tearing at the string. "I'll get you out!"

"Mmmphf!"

Blake waited for a second, but when nothing struck Yang she left the cover of the bunkbed herself and ran to Weiss's side. But as she went to cut through the gum binding her teammate, something *e/se* flew through the hole in their window. Blake squeaked as it landed at her feet. It was a little box, like a Rubik's Cube, though smooth and blue as the ball of yarn.

Before Blake could react, a beam of bright pink light burst from the box and struck her. She shrieked as it coated her form--

--before vanishing, cut off mid-scream.

On the ground, the box jostled as if something inside it were struggling to escape.

"Blake!" Yang's eyes went wide. Dropping her sister's restraints, she leaped at the box--

--and stopped mid-leap, frozen in the air in a ray of pink light. It shone through the window like a sunbeam and held her trapped in its glowing embrace.

Yang! thought Ruby, struggling with renewed force. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't break free of her bindings.

As she writhed in her restraints, she heard someone outside giggling. With effort, she turned her head to the window

Hovering outside, her stylish boots purring, floated a cat faunus in a little blue leotard. In her hand, she held a slim blue wand--the beam of light restraining Yang shone from its tip.

With a laugh, the faunus poked her head through the hole her ball of yarn had made and slipped through the crack as if she were made of plasticine. Landing with a plop on the carpet of the dorm room, she studied them all with her sharp, amber eyes and released a sinister chuckle. "Wow, that was way easier than I thought it was going to be, nya!"

Ruby squealed as the faunus put a boot on her butt. "Mmmphf!"

The cat woman laughed. "They told me nyou three were pretty good fighters, but nyou went down like any nyormal humans, nya!"

"Mmmphf?!" Ruby squirmed as the faunus leaned over, stretching her slender body like taffy so they were face to upside-down-face. "I was kinda hoping nyou'd break free and we could have a fun little fight, nya, but oh well! I get paid either way!"

Ruby tried to spit out her gag. *Who are you?!*

The cat woman stared deep into Ruby's eyes, and grinned. "As if I'd tell nyou that, nya! Isn't it more fun if I keep it a secret?" Stepping off Ruby's back, she snapped her fingers.

A deep purring sounded from outside. Eyes wide, Ruby turned back to the window--and found herself staring at the strangest aircraft she'd ever seen: a flying saucer with a pair of cat's ears, all as bright blue as the faunus's leotard.

As Ruby stared, barely believing what she was seeing, the saucer tilted back, exposing its underside, and a beam of pink light shone from a hole in its center. It lit up the room, making Ruby's skin tingle. Everything vanished in the brightness of its glare, and she felt a terrible sense of vertigo, as if she were falling. "Mmmphf!"

An instant later, the light faded, and the dorm room was gone. Looking around in panic, Ruby found herself lying on the floor of a room sculpted of the same blue plasticky stuff that restrained her. Her teammates and the faunus sat beside her.

Humming softly, the faunus flicked her wand and sent Yang's prone form flying into the corner of the room. With another casual motion, she caught the rest of them in its beam and flung them after her. Ruby could only squeal as she landed on her sister.

An instant later, the air around them shimmered, and four walls of fizzling pink light appeared around them. Struggling to her feet, Yang stood and slammed her fist against one. Her punch rebounded as if she'd struck steel.

On the other side of the room, the faunus approached a console covered in big, blinking buttons and tapped a handful with a claw. Ruby felt their cage lurch as the aircraft jolted into motion.

Now the faunus held her wand to one of the fluffy ears atop her head. "Hey, guys," she said. "Nyeah, it's only me. I got the girls the boss wanted. I'm heading back nyow."

Turning to face them, she smiled. "Say, what does the boss want them for again? ...*Really?* Nyo way. How delicious~." Laughing, she licked her lips.

Looking up at her, Ruby shivered.

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She wasn't sure how long they lay there in the end. Her in her bindings, Weiss stuck to the floor, Blake jostling in her little box. Only Yang was free to roam, though there was little she could do except pound the walls of their cage--her attempts to free them soon proved futile.

On the other side of the cage, the faunus in the leotard sat and spun in her chair, occasionally tapping some of the keys of her control console. Every now and then, she would glance in their direction and flick them an insidious smile and a wink. Each time, Ruby failed to keep herself from shivering.

What was she planning to do to them?

"Nyothing," said the cat woman, suddenly. "*I'm nyot planning to do anything with nyou, nya.*"

Ruby blinked. *Y-you're not?*

"Oh nyo," the faunus continued, approaching the cage and putting a hand on the glass. "It's my contractors, the people who sent me to catch nyou four, who are going to play with nyou. I'd love to have some fun with nyou myself, of course, but..." She licked her lips and leaned in close. "...They want nyou as virgins, nya."

Ruby's eyes widened; her face paled. With renewed vigor, she struggled against her restraints, moaning through her gag till she was utterly out of breath.

The faunus only laughed and walked away.

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After what felt like an hour, the purring ceased. Tears dripping from raw, red eyes, Ruby looked up. Only now the sound had gone did she realize she'd stopped hearing it.

Humming softly, the faunus stood. “Well,” she said. “It looks like our time together is at an end, nya.” She chuckled. “I don’t imagine nyou’ll enjoy nyour nyew lives much, but I know a lot of people are going to enjoy *nyou*.”

Raising a hand, she snapped.

With a *vwoorp!*, a little hole opened in the center of the floor and four strange objects floated into the craft: light blue spheres the size of beach balls, each orbited by four smaller orbs that gave them the appearance of a cartoon cat’s paws.

As the strange spheres approached them, the walls of Ruby’s cage melted away. She squealed as one of the spheres stopped above her, and a beam of pink light shone from its palm. It covered her body and dragged her up into the air. She struggled, but she couldn’t resist it in the slightest.

Beside her, the other cat’s paws picked up the rest of her team, and as one they retreated to the hole in the floor. The faunus waved at them as they passed. Ruby wanted to scream at her.

With Team RWBY tight in their grips, the cat’s paws dropped out of the saucer.

Falling with speed, they descended into a gigantic packing facility sculpted out of the same smooth plastic substance as the aircraft they’d just left. Hundreds of glassy pipes dangled from the ceiling, while conveyor belts of solid light like their cage crisscrossed the vast floor like a spider’s web, each lined with a queue of terrified people. The sight made Ruby’s heart pound hard in her chest. *Where are we?!*

Between the lines of scared people ran cat women exactly like the one who’d kidnapped her and her teammates. The sight threw every assumption she’d had made so far into question. This wasn’t Torchwick--this wasn’t the White Fang. This wasn’t like anything on Remnant. Who *were* they? What *was* this?! She wanted to burst into tears and scream in frustration.

The cat’s paws carried them down to an empty belt, where a catgirl in a blue catsuit stood waiting to receive them. “Hmm,” she said, as the paws came to a stop in front of her, “so nyou’re the special set of humans the boss ordered, huh? Well, I guess I better get nyou stamped for the express line fast, nya.”

She snapped her fingers, and the cat’s paws deposited them on the belt. Ruby squealed as she struck it--instead of being hard, it was loose and sticky as bubblegum.

As Ruby struggled, the faunus stuck a hand into her bountiful cleavage and extracted one of the slim blue wands their kidnapper had used. Twirling it round her finger, she turned it on Ruby--with a *zzzap!*, pink light shone from its tip. All at once, Ruby found herself free to move again. Her bindings were gone.

As she gasped, stretched, and generally enjoyed being able to flex, the catgirl proceeded down the line, unsticking Weiss and unboxing Blake too.

“Blake!” cried Yang, as their teammate popped back into existence. “Are you okay?”

“I-I’m fine,” said Blake, looking as though she’d just spent a month in solitary confinement. “W-Where are we?! What’s going on?!”

Weiss, freed to speak again, took the chance to vent her frustration. “How dare you!” she snapped, glaring at the catgirl beside them. “Let us off this-this *flytrap* right now!”

“Nyoisy,” said the catgirl. And without another word, she grabbed a sticker and slapped it over Weiss’s mouth.

“Mmmphf!” Weiss’s eyes went wild, as much in fury as in shock.

“Much better,” said the faunus, suppressing a grin. “Nyow for the rest of nyou, nya.”

As Ruby struggled to pull free of the belt, the catgirl approached and slapped a slipper on her thigh. Moving down the line, she placed another on Blake’s butt and a fourth on Yang’s chest.

“Hey!” cried Yang. “Get this off me!”

Ignoring her, the faunus proceeded to a nearby console and pulled a lever. “Have fun at Beibu’s, nya!”

With a purring sound, the conveyor lurched forward. Ruby squeaked as it knocked her off balance, slamming her chin into the sticky surface of the belt. Groaning, she struggled to raise it again.

Looking up, she saw one of the pipes dangling from the ceiling moving into position above them like a fisherman’s line. As she came to a halt at the end of the belt, the tube stopped above her, and she felt an intense suction tugging on her hair, as if she’d stuck her head into the end of a giant vacuum.

Just as she thought the suction was about to rip her hair off, Ruby felt the belt release its grip on her skin. She shot up--straight up--screaming.

Like a giant straw, the pipe slurped her straight up its length and on towards the ceiling. As she flew, combat skirt flapping, Ruby had time to take in the scale of the facility beneath her anew--there must be hundreds of people on those belts--thousands. The sight made her heart hurt.

Behind her, she heard Weiss’s muffled screaming.

A second or so later, she passed into the ceiling, and everything went black.

They flew onward through the darkness for several long minutes. For the first few, Ruby's fear grew greater and greater, till she was sweating and flailing in the air. What was going to happen to them? For all she knew, this pipe led straight to the incinerator...

As it became clear they weren't going anywhere fast, however, Ruby's terror dimmed to a dull panic. She had time, flying through the darkness, to think back to what the catgirl had said.

'So you're the girls the boss wanted.' ...No, they weren't going to the incinerator. Someone wanted them. And someone wanted them *virgins*.

A fresh spike of terror passed through Ruby's form. She shuddered, eyes wet.

Seconds later, a light appeared ahead of them. Ruby's heart pounded as the pipe curved--tight--and they flew screaming downward, out of the tube and onto another conveyor. Ruby groaned as she struck the sticky belt. Behind her, Weiss gave a muffled cry of her own, followed shortly by Blake and Yang.

"Wh-where are we?" said Blake.

Ruby looked around. The room they were in was much like the previous in color and texture, though it was far smaller, with only the one conveyor that they were riding. Ahead sat a cage like the one they'd been trapped in on the first catgirl's craft.

As she tried to figure out what was happening, the belt lurched forward, throwing Ruby off its end and straight into the box. She gasped to find she passed through its walls as if they didn't exist.

Leaping to her feet, she tried to jump out again. Instead, she slammed into a wall as solid as brick. Pulling back, she moaned in frustration.

A series of 'oof's sounded as the rest of her team landed in the cage beside her.

"Wh-what *now?!'*" said Blake, looking around, eyes wide.

As she spoke, the rims of their cage rippled and rose, the plasticky substance stretching high to form walls and a ceiling. Ruby gasped as it closed, trapping them inside it.

Behind her, Weiss ripped the sticker off her mouth and screamed in frustration. "What the hell is going on?!" she cried, tears dripping from her eyes. "They can't do this to us!"

"I-I don't think we can stop them," said Blake.

With a shudder, their box started to move. Ruby shivered again, and Yang pulled her into a hug.

"Wh-where do you think they're taking us?" said Blake, eyes wide with fear.

The other three shared an awful glance. “The--the woman on the saucer,” said Ruby, trembling all over, “she said she needed us to be virgins.”

The atmosphere of the box seemed to drop several degrees in temperature.

“Wh-what?” Blake looked around, eyes wide, pupils dilated. “You-you can’t be serious?!”

Ruby quivered and covered her eyes. Yang hugged her tighter.

“She--the faunus on the saucer--she was just taunting us,” said Weiss, sounding as if she was trying to convince herself more than anyone. “You saw how many faunus were down there--this is clearly some kind of White Fang operation. They must be kidnapping us to ransom us. It’s the only thing that makes sense.” She looked between them all, her eyes begging them to agree with her.

At the mention of the White Fang, Blake visibly jolted. “They--the White Fang, th-they don’t have tech like that.”

“They must have! Who else would have so many faunus in one place?!”

Blake flinched and looked away.

“Look,” said Weiss, as if laying out a deal, “they’re just going to hold us hostage until my family agrees to pay, that’s all. I promise they won’t harm us.”

Blake, eyes downcast, picked up the sticker Weiss had ripped off her mouth. “Item:,” she read, voice heavy, “Sexual Relief Station. Destination: Substore-69X, Store-01, P-Hentai.”

Ruby’s own eyes snapped to her. “S-sexual relief station?” she asked, looking around wildly. “Wh-what does that mean--?”

“I--” Weiss opened her mouth to respond and found no words with which to do so.

“It *sounds* like a fancy way of saying ‘sex slave’,” said Blake, voice dark.

Another chill passed through the four of them.

“N-no,” said Weiss. “No, that can’t be right. Look, this is a routine kidnapping. They’re going to hold us hostage and blackmail my family for a ransom. That’s all--”

At this, Blake leaped to her feet. “What kind of kidnapper slaps stickers on people?!” She marched over to Weiss and thrust the sticker in her face. “They’re treating us as objects, Weiss! Objects to be sold, not people to be ransom!”

In the face of Blake’s fury, Weiss trembled, eyes wet, and sank into herself. Covering her face, she sat there and whimpered. Soon, Ruby heard the sound of sobbing.

Seeing Weiss of all people reduced to tears, Ruby quivered. Soon fresh tears were streaming from her own eyes.

“R-Ruby...” said Yang, her own eyes wide with the onset of panic. She snapped her gaze to Blake. “Wh-what do we do?”

Blake slumped, looking as if all her energy had gone out of her. “What are we supposed to do?”

“I--” Yang shut her mouth.

As the group settled into silence, the movement of the box ceased, and a low, insistent purring filled the air, just barely loud enough to be heard.

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They sat there in the box for maybe another hour, though the silence and isolation stretched that short span into eternity.

Having drowned Yang’s chest in her tears, Ruby found she had no more energy left to cry. The sheer panic she’d felt in response to Blake’s outcry had faded, replaced by a dull terror that made her jerk in response to every slight noise instead.

The faunus’s words echoed in her mind. *Sex slaves... Sex slaves... Sex slaves...* Every few minutes, she would whimper, involuntarily.

Beside her, Yang sat silent, her hand around Ruby’s own. Nearby, Weiss sat in a corner and sobbed, makeup running down her cheeks. In the other corner of the box, Blake sat with her arms around her knees, looking shell-shocked. All trace of emotion had vanished from her face.

Finally, just as Ruby thought the tension would kill her, the omnipresent purring they’d been hearing for the last hour stopped. As one, the group snapped awake. Ruby whimpered. Weiss moaned.

For several minutes, there was silence.

At last, their box jolted, and Ruby felt fresh tears wet her eyes as they set into motion again.

For several agonizing minutes, their cage bobbed and jolted and shook as if in the hands of a particularly clumsy giant. In time, they slowed to a stop, and Ruby heard someone talking outside.

Just as she was about to speak up herself, the walls of the box trembled, and with a sound like tape being peeled, it disassembled itself as swiftly as it had formed, melting into a puddle of blue plastic beneath them.

Ruby watched, stunned into silence, as this liquid plastic flowed out from under them, congealed into a little blue cube, and sat there on the smooth blue floor of wherever it had carried them.

Looking around, Ruby took in the shelves stacked with strange objects, the holographic signs offering incomprehensible deals, and the giant window lying ahead of them. Staring through the glass, her eyes boggled at what they saw. Catgirls swarmed past them in tens and hundreds, peeking in windows and carrying heavy bags. Sweat ran from her brow; her heart pounded in her chest. Was--was this a *shopping center*?

“Oooh~, nyou’re just as hot as I was expecting, nya~.”

Ruby snapped her gaze around and found herself looking up at yet another cat faunus. This one was dressed as a shop assistant, with an apron and a clipboard--and a nametag that labeled her as ‘Beibu’.

Seeing her expression, ‘Beibu’ giggled. “Aww, and nyou’re just as cute too. I’m so glad to see so, nya. That’s one of your big selling points, nyou know? Nyou’re cute, she’s proud, *she’s* got a fat ass, and she’s got big boobs.” She passed along them, from Ruby through to Yang, tapping each of them on the head in turn. “Nyou make an excellent set, nya.”

“S-set?” said Ruby.

“Exactly, nya! Nyour little group has something for everyone’s tastes! Say a horny twintail passes by and sees a cute thing like nyou through the window. Well, she’s gonna have to come in and try nyou and then she’ll wanna buy something similar. Oh, and if she doesn’t like cute girls, maybe she’ll like busty ones instead. So she’ll see nyour sister here--” She gave Yang’s boobs a squeeze. “--and come in to try her instead, nya!” She laughed.

Ruby released a little sound, too faint to be called a whimper.

“Nyow,” said Beibu, ignoring this entirely, “let’s get nyou in place.” Reaching into her chest, she withdrew a slim blue wand of her own. “Hold tight, nya!”

With an electrical screech, light burst from the wand’s tip. Ruby barely had time to scream before it struck her, passing through her to Weiss, then Blake and Yang. As they wailed, she found herself thrown into the air and across the room to the window, where four slots stood waiting in the floor for them.

Straightening them out with a twist of her wrist, Beibu brought her wand down and slammed them into the holes in the floor like four plugs into four matching sockets. As they landed with a series of gasps, the floor panels warped and rose around their feet, clinging tight to their soles. Ruby squealed and tried to pull free, but the tile was as strong as the belt, if not stronger.

Breathing hard, she took in her surroundings. Beibu had placed them so that anyone looking in would see them in their proper order: first Ruby, then Weiss, then Blake, and finally Yang.

Just as she'd said, she wanted passersby to see all of them. ...That way, they were guaranteed to see something they'd like.

Ruby found herself crying again.

"Ugh!" said Yang, struggling to pull her feet free. "Is that it?! Are you just going to leave us here like this?!"

"Oh nyo!" said Beibu. "Well, nyot 'like *this*', anyway. There's still one final touch I have to make before we're finished." She giggled. "Since nyou spoke up, I guess nyou can go first, nya."

As Beibu approached her, Yang paled. "W-wait," she said, struggling even harder. "What are you going to do? What are you doing?!"

Beibu giggled. "Sssh," she said, "just hold still, nya." And without another word, she leveled her wand at Yang's chest.

An ear-splitting *Zzzap!* filled the store. Ruby could only stare, frozen in horror, as a bolt of intense pink lightning struck her sister's trapped body. As it arced over her flesh, Yang screamed and thrashed and struggled to pull free. A little wet patch appeared in the seat of her shorts, and something thick and clear started to drip through the fabric.

"Yang!" cried Ruby and Blake, almost simultaneously.

Beibu twisted her pen, and Yang's screaming stopped. She froze, ceasing to move at all. Only her eyes continued to shudder, wild and panicked, in their sockets.

In silence, Yang bent her knees and leaned forward, sticking out her butt and placing her hands on her shoulders. The position left her breasts dangling, her cleavage on full display, while her hair flowed over them like a pair of golden waterfalls.

Now, as she stood there, eyes still spasming wildly in their sockets, a shiver passed through Yang's body from her feet up to her head, and where it passed, her body *changed*.

Ruby's own eyes opened wide. She couldn't believe what she was seeing.

Firstly, the light flattened Yang's clothes against her body, pressing them into her skin so hard that if not for their color, it would be difficult to tell where flesh ended and fabric began.

Next, Yang's legs fused together into a single thick limb, before pumping up into a large, cuboid pillar. It had a glossy texture, less like flesh *or* fabric and more like a big lump of sheeny plastic.

"Y-Yang!" cried Ruby.

The change continued upward. As it reached Yang's torso, her behind and breasts quivered. In a matter of seconds, they tripled--no, quadrupled--in size, the former tearing a hole in her

shorts to wobble in the air, while the latter popped out of her top, her nipples fat as dinner plates. They jiggled a little before settling into stillness as a wave of something like varnish washed over them.

Swelling with the second, Yang's assets squeezed the rest of her torso between them till it was barely visible at all. Poking through the gap, her arms spasmed and warped as well, thinning and bending into a pair of little handles. An instant later, a second pair sprouted from the sides of her butt.

H-handles?! Ruby wanted to scream, but her mouth refused to open.

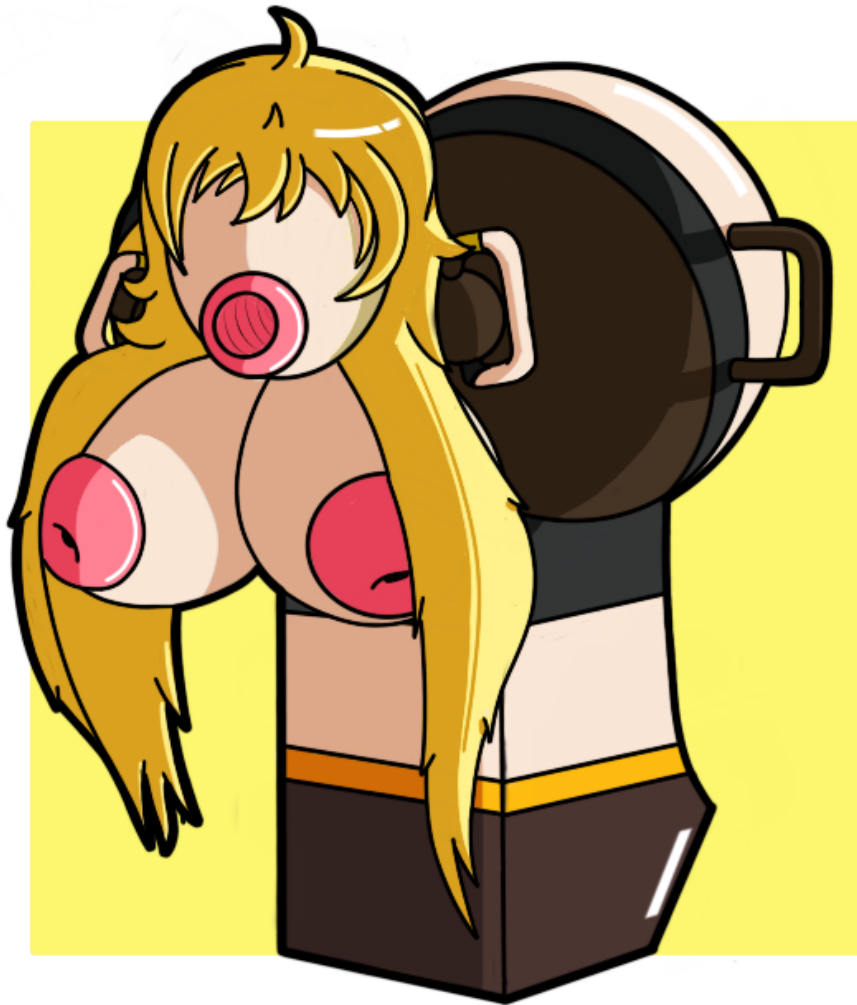
Now the wave of transformation reached Yang's head, and her mouth opened wide, her lips puffing and rounding into an inflatable 'O', like a chubby pink swim ring. Atop her head, her much-loved hair hardened into nothing more than a layer of plastic.

The last thing to change was Yang's eyes. For a few seconds, they remained, wide and shaking in obvious fear...

...before they faded--just like that--erased from existence alongside everything else on her face. Only her lips remained, pumped up and round.

With a *zzzip!*, the pink light faded.

Where Yang had been sitting was a strange piece of plastic, half a doll, half a pillar. It showed no sign of movement, of life, whatsoever.



Ruby's heart pounded in her chest. "Y-Yang...?"

"Oooh, perfect, nya!" said Beibu, stepping forward and slapping her on the ass. "Nyou make a perfect sex relief station. My customers are going to love fucking nyou, nya~."

To Ruby's right, Weiss screamed.

"What have you done to her?" cried Blake, tears dripping from her eyes.

Beibu cocked her head. "Hmm, weren't nyou listening, nya? I made her a sexual relief station, nya. Don't nyou know what that is?"

Blake stared at her, trembling.

The catgirl laughed. "It's okay--lemme explain: a sex relief station is... Well, it's a little like a trash can, only instead of nyour trash nyou put nyour cum in it, nya."

Blake could only gape at her.

“Anyway,” said Beibu, “I nyeed to hurry and finish the rest of nyou, so I guess nyou can be nyext, nya!”

“Me?!” Blake’s eyes opened wide. She thrashed and wiggled, struggling to pull herself free of her slot. “N-no, no! You can’t do this to us! Please, you can’t--”

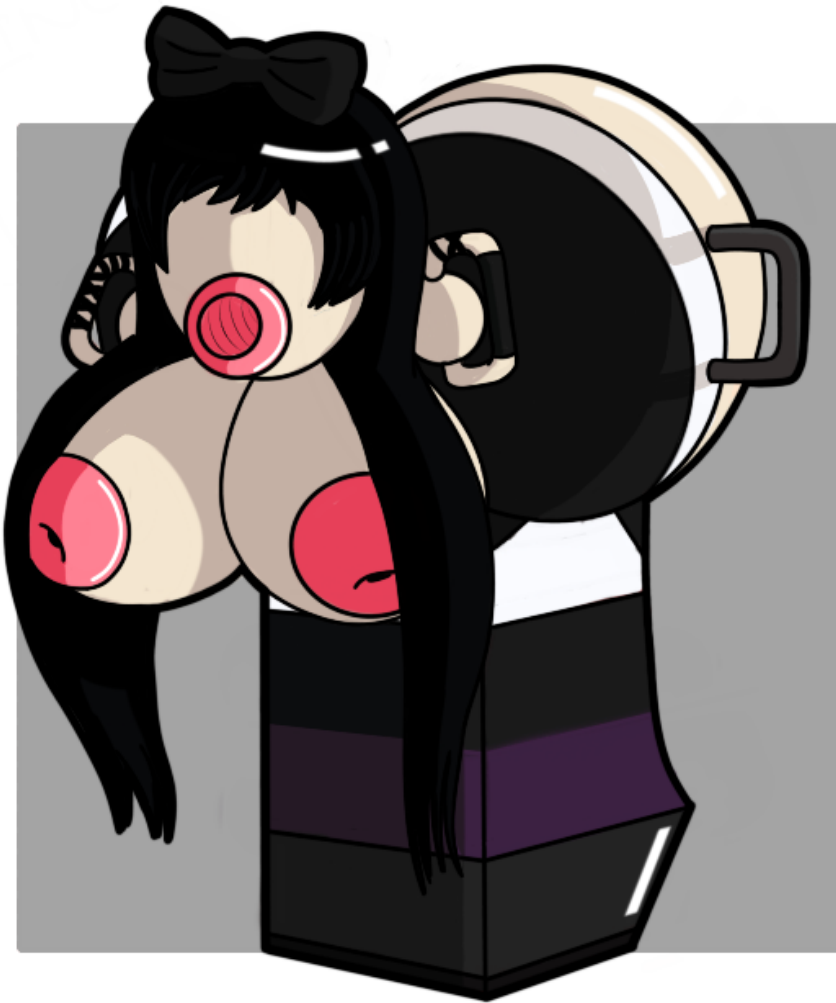
Zzzap! Blake screamed as the pink lightning rolled over her. Juice seeping through her shorts, she started to change, just like Yang before her.

First she bent over, putting her hands on her shoulders and sticking out her butt. Her clothes tightened, squeezed hard into her form till they looked more like tattoos than fabric.

Next, her legs fused together and expanded to fill the cuboid of the pillar they were becoming. A wave of glossiness accompanied this change, and as it reached her torso, her breasts and butt exploded, bursting free of her top and bottoms and jiggling in the open air of the store, all while Blake’s amber eyes shook in embarrassment. As her assets expanded, her arms shriveled into a pair of simple handles, while a second pair sprouted from the sides of her butt.

Now the transformation reached her face, and her lips pumped up into a single fat ring, while her eyes quivered one last time in horror before fading out of existence.

And with a *zzzip!*, the light died away.



“Aaaand that makes two,” said Beibu. “I think I know which of *this* station’s holes is going to see the most use.” She giggled. “Anyway, which one of nyou wants to be nyext, nya?”

As Beibu turned to them, Ruby stood shivering in silence. Weiss, meanwhile, screamed in horror. “No, no! You can’t do this to us!” Fat tears poured from her eyes. “Please!”

Beibu cocked her head, and smiled. “Well, I guess it can be nyou, nya.” Raising her wand, she stepped forward.

Weiss’s eyes widened. “No! N-no! Get back! Get back! Don’t touch me! Don’t--”

Zzzap!

Weiss’s screaming filled the store.

Like the others’ before hers, of course, it only lasted a few seconds. The pink light of Beibu’s wand seized her muscles and froze her solid, leaving only her eyes to tremble in fear. They locked onto Ruby, who shivered at the sheer terror she saw in them.

Weiss's transformation was much like Blake's and Yang's. She bent over, her clothes fused with her plasticizing flesh, her legs swelled into a pillar, and her tiny assets exploded in size, bursting out of her dress to jiggle in the air. Swollen disproportionately, they made her look like a parody of her former regal self.

As her handles formed, Weiss's eyes shook with fresh panic, staring at Ruby with a desperate, pleading expression. Tears still streamed from them, running over her bloated curves.

A moment later, Weiss's delicate lips puffed up into a fat round hole, and with a final look of fear, her eyes vanished. The change was over.



“Aaaand that makes three,” said Beibu, squeezing one of the former heiress's swollen nipples. “Mmm~, people are gonna love fucking a haughty bitch like nyu, nya.”

With a final giggle, the catgirl turned on Ruby.

At the sight of her smile, Ruby trembled and whimpered. “Please,” she said, “please, don't do this...” She held up her hands, pleadingly. Tears dripped from her eyes to land on them. If she could have dropped to her knees, she would have.

“Aww, what’s the matter?” said Beibu, wiping away Ruby’s tears. “Don’t nyou wanna be a sex relief station, nya?”

With a whimper, Ruby shook her head.

“Aww, but just think of all the yummy cocks nyou’re going to get to take! The second the store opens, nyou’re gonna have one in your mouth, one in nyour pussy, and another in nyour anus. Before nyou know it, nyou’re gonna be full of tasty semen!”

Ruby quailed. “I-I-I don’t want--”

“Sssh,” said Beibu, stroking Ruby’s hair. “Don’t be scared, nyou’ll come to enjoy it soon, nya!” She giggled. “They all do eventually~. Nyow, hold still.”

She raised her wand, its tip glimmering pink.

Ruby’s eyes widened in fresh fear. She tried to take a step back, but of course she was unable--the floor clung tight to her feet. “Please!” she cried, tears pouring from her eyes. “Please, don’t--don’t--!”

The lightning struck her like a hammer against an anvil. She screamed and lurched in her restraints as it coursed through her flesh, setting every nerve in her body ablaze. As it reached her vagina, she felt an intense burst of pleasure, and her terrified screaming changed drastically in tone. Throwing back her head, eyes rolling back in their sockets, she wailed loud at the ceiling. Juices spurted from the depths of her skirt.

Why did it feel so good? Why did it feel so *good?!*

As she drew in a breath to scream again, Ruby found herself bent over and held there, tight. She struggled to move, to open her mouth and scream again, *anything*, but no matter how hard she tried, Beibu’s wand’s grip remained firm.

Slowly, unwillingly, Ruby raised her hands and placed them on her shoulders. As the light locked them in place, she wanted to scream.

All at once, she felt an intense pressure from every side of her. Feeling as if she’d been punched in the gut, Ruby tried to cry out, but all she could do was watch as her clothes tightened and tightened, as her boots became a layer of black around her feet, as her combat skirt flattened into another around her waist. Her corset squeezed her chest so hard it hurt.

Worse, she could feel a tingling in her feet, and sensing it, she remembered what had happened to the others. It was starting--it was starting! She was going to turn into an awful toy like them!

Tears dripped from her quaking eyes to join her juices on the floor.

As the tingling reached a peak, Ruby felt her legs fusing together, the flesh of one melding with the other as they merged into a single thick pillar, her boots and pantyhose already turning glossy as plastic. She tried to scream.

Slowly, insidiously, the transformation spread upward. Soon it reached her groin, slamming her thighs shut forever, and Ruby whimpered as she felt the tingling spread into her chest and rear.

All of a sudden, a terrible pressure formed in her breasts and butt. It grew with the second, overwhelming her with its strength, till only the wand's pink light could keep her from moaning in mixed pain and ecstasy. Just as she thought it would keep growing forever, something burst, and Ruby felt a sense of relief that was almost orgasmic. The cool air of the store on her breasts and butt was incredible.

Forcing her eyes down, Ruby saw her little chest had swollen immensely. She'd always hoped she might become as big as Yang, but never had she imagined herself being as large as this. As her swollen boobs jiggled on her chest, her fat nipples shining rose red, Ruby felt like throwing up. She was so big it was disgusting.

She couldn't look over to see, but she could *feel* that her ass was just as disproportionately large. She wasn't a person anymore, just a horrible *toy*.

Now the tingling resumed in her arms, and she felt them compacting, shriveling, curving into handles. A similar tingling in her butt told her another pair had sprouted there. Handles, handles for someone to hold as they... as they *used* her.

She sobbed in frozen silence.

As her arms finished changing, Ruby felt the tingling turn its attention to her hole. Her mouth, her vagina, her anus--all started tingling intensely, and the feeling sent wave after wave of incredible pleasure rolling through her body. Her eyes shook, spasmed. If she could still have moved, she would have been shaking and moaning.

Looking down, she watched her lips puff up till they were fat and round as a life ring. She could feel the same happening to her other holes too. They were all plumping up, turning into fat, *fuckable* doughnuts. She wanted to break down and weep.

Finally, her vision blurred for a second before resolving, and though she could still see, Ruby realized her eyes were gone. She couldn't feel them in the slightest.

Zzzip! The pink light died away, and Ruby found herself standing in the cool air of the store. She was bent over still, but there was no pressure on her legs and spine. Her breasts, though swollen, didn't hurt despite the way they were hanging. Why would they, of course? She had no flesh and bones left to hurt--she was plastic now. She was a toy, a toy for someone to *fuck*.

She wished she still had eyes. She wanted so desperately to cry.



“And *that* makes four,” said Beibu, bopping her on the plasticized top of her head. “Wow,” she said with a giggle, “nyou four look even better nyow nyou’re finished, nya. Mm-mmm~, I’m sure all those horny twintails outside are just going to looove nyou.”

With a final giggle, the shopkeeper vanished.

Trapped where she stood, face locked forward, Ruby stared through the window at the shopping mall beyond. Even as she watched, a couple of catgirls caught sight of them and bounced towards the window, big grins on their faces. There were bulges in their hot pants--big, throbbing bulges.

Ruby desperately wanted to run, but all she could do was stand there as the catgirls outside ogled her and her teammates through the window like a group of sharks circling a diver’s cage.

At last, with a little *ding!*, the store’s door snapped open, and a horde of horny catgirls rushed in.

In seconds, one was on Yang. Squeezing her plasticized chest, she laughed at something only she could hear and pulled down her shorts to reveal a hard, veiny cock. Before Ruby could *think* to shout 'No!', the catgirl grabbed Yang's handles and thrust, slamming her throbbing rod into Yang's puffed-up mouth. A squeaking sound filled the air as she pumped, in and out, in and out, balls swaying rhythmically beneath her shaft.

As Ruby screamed for them to stop, another pair approached her teammates. "Wow, look at this one's butt!" said one, smacking Blake's rear. In moments, she had her cock in Blake's ass.

Another had her eyes set on Weiss. "Oooh," she said, "nyou're like a princess, nya. Oooh, I bet nyou must hate that nyou're going to lose nyour virginity like this. Don't worry, I'll make sure nyou enjoy it at least! A royal hole like nyours deserves a perfect cock like mine!" Soon, another *thwap-thwap* joined the chorus. Weiss's body shook.

As Ruby begged for them to stop, she felt a hand on her own breasts, and her lost heart seemed to stop beating.

"Aww, look at nyou," said the tanned blonde in front of her, bending so they were face to smiling face. "Aren't nyou cute, nya? Oh, and nyou're a virgin too! I can't believe I'm going to be the first to use nyou, nya!"

N-no, thought Ruby, N-n-n-no! Please!

The catgirl moaned in sudden pleasure. "That's the stuff," she said, stroking her bulge. "Nyour scared little thoughts are *such* a turn-on, nya." Before Ruby knew it, the catgirl had slipped behind her. She felt hands on her rear-handles--it was an intensely strange feeling.

Something poked Ruby's vagina, and if she could still speak, she would have deafened everyone present with the intensity of her scream. *NO! NONONONO! Please, please, please, please, don't! Don't! DON'T!*

With a giggle, the catgirl entered her.

AIIII!

As the catgirl's throbbing cock plunged into her plasticized sex, a spear of hot pleasure slammed straight into the core of Ruby's mind. If she could move, she would have thrown her head back. If she still had eyes, they would have rolled backward in their sockets. If she still had a tongue, it would have lolled out of her mouth, and if she could have still moved her lips, she would have gasped and panted in ecstasy.

Drawing back, the catgirl laughed and thrust again--the second spike of ecstasy came just as fast as the first. Ruby reeled in the face of it, her mind deforming under the pressure. *She's stretching me so much!* All her thoughts had turned red hot and molten. She could practically feel them dribbling out of her ears.

Extracting her cock again, the catgirl thrust inside her once more, pulled out, thrust in, pulled out, thrust in. Soon, she'd settled into a rhythm, and the sound of Ruby's rubber pussy squeaking filled the shop. *Squeak! Thwap! Squeak! Thwap! Squeak! Thwap!* Her swollen cheeks rippled with every impact.

Each time the catgirl thrust, pleasure rolled through Ruby's form, making her want to whimper and moan, half in ecstasy, half in horror. With every pump, the sensation grew stronger, till soon she could think of nothing more than the fat shaft in her pussy.

After several minutes of pumping, the catgirl breathed deep and picked up speed. Ruby, in her state of tortured bliss, felt the woman's cock throbbing inside her, its length pulsing with pent-up energy.

Finally, the catgirl gave a final, titanic thrust, and with a yowl that sounded over all the other noise in the shop, she came. As a tidal stream of semen poured into Ruby's pussy, the balloon that had been inflating inside her finally popped. She screamed in her head as an explosion of pleasure shook her, blasting through her mind with the sheer intensity of its force.

As the catgirl extracted her dripping cock, Ruby's pleasure died from an inferno to a little sullen blaze. *Mom...* she thought in her brief flashes of sanity. *Mom, help me...*

"Ahh," said the catgirl. "What a perfect fuck, nya. I hope nyou enjoyed it as much as I did."

Mommy... thought Ruby. *Help!*

"Nyow, let's try nyour other holes, nya. I can tell nyou're dying to have a cock in them as well!"

*

It was over an hour before Beibu found the time to check in on her new display.

As she approached them, clipboard in hand, a smile lit up her face, and she came to an abrupt stop. "Wow," she said, putting her hand on her hip and chuckling. "Nyou four have really been having fun, huh, nya?"

Even if Team RWBY had been animate, they still wouldn't have been able to answer. Semen *poured* from their mouths, along with all their other holes. Yang and Blake still had cocks in them now--the twintails laughed and gave Beibu a wink as she approached. Weiss, on the other hand, had *two* catgirls in her: they were riding her like a seesaw, thrusting one after the other.

Stepping closer, Beibu found something that made her laugh all over again: someone had taken a marker pen and doodled lewd remarks all over Ruby's body: 'WHORE', 'SLUT', 'FUCK ME' (complete with an arrow pointing to her anus). They'd also drawn some wide, pleased eyes on her face, and started a tally on her breasts of how many times she'd been

used. There were sixteen notches by 'MOUTH', twenty by 'ANUS', and thirty-three by 'PUSSY'. Sure enough, the latter was practically clogged with semen.

Leaning in close, Beibu's ears twitched as she tuned into Ruby's thoughts. What she heard made her laugh again--the trainee huntress's mind was as leaky and defaced as her body.

...M-om... Mom... Mommy... H-h-help... Ooooh...

Chuckling, Beibu patted her on the head. "Hang in there, Red! Nyou've still got a whole week left before we take nyou out the window!"

With a final laugh, she turned to leave.

Behind her, Ruby whimpered in her head.

M-Mommy... Help me...

