

Weiss's Dust Gun, Part 2 (Inanimate TF, RWBY)

The leather of Blake's altered body squeaked as Weiss leaned back, rubbing her butt into one of the egregiously plump cushions.

In one hand, she held a cookie shaped strangely like a young woman—bringing it to her lips, she bit off the head with a crunch. Unusually, no matter how much of it she ate, there always seemed to be more of it.

In the other, she held a fat cock. Now, as she took another bite of her delicious Ruby cookie, she wrapped her hands around her shaft, squeezing tight, and started to jack herself off as if she'd been doing it all her life. If Yang had any complaints about this treatment of her new body, she didn't air them.

For the next few minutes, Weiss nibbled and jacked and chewed and wanked, her little breasts rising with her breath as she sated both her appetites at once. Finally, plopping Ruby's feet into her mouth and swallowing with a gulp, she gave herself one last intense stroke and came all over the upholstery, spraying a fat line of semen across Blake's dark purple leather. "Oops," she said, studying it with a smirk. "*That's* going to be a pain to clean off."

A quick shower later, she emerged from the bathroom with a sigh and grabbed her Dust gun with a frown. As much as she'd enjoyed playing with her teammates' new bodies, she had to admit she was growing a little bored with them. Tapping her chin, she frowned in thought. Maybe it was time to try something else.

Cocking her Dust gun, she made her way to the door and marched out into the corridor, uncaring that she was dressed in little more than a towel. Why would she bother putting on clothes when she could just make some new ones, after all?

Strolling through Beacon's halls, a big grin on her face, she took aim and fired at the first student she encountered: a mousy brunette with wide hips. A quick *phwap* of a dart, and the girl crumpled in on herself, instantly reduced from living human being to a slender white dress. It was a little skimpy for Weiss's tastes, but she was in the mood to show a little skin. Slipping it on, she marched onward, her Dust gun swinging with every step.

Phwap! A bespectacled member of the Beacon Robotics Club froze with a squeal of terror as a dart slammed into her heavily-laden sweater. With a moan, she lost her clothes and crumpled into a simple scroll. Folding it, Weiss tucked it into her pocket.

Phwap! A colorfully-haired girl filming herself on her own scroll screamed as a dart struck her breast and her clothing ignited. As if in surprise, she spread her arms and spun herself into a normal, everyday fan, perfect for keeping cool in the summer.

Phwap! A curvaceous professor, body crammed into a tight-fitting blouse and skirt, screamed and turned brown, falling to the ground as a simple bar of candy. Picking it up,

Weiss scanned the wrapper and discarded it with a moan of disgust. “Ew, honeynut! I **hate** honeynut!”

Leaving the dormitory behind her, Weiss strolled out into the wider school, her Dust gun ready to fire at a moment’s notice.

Just as she was about to take a break, she heard a familiar voice and turned the corner to see one Emerald Sustrai walking in her direction. At the sight of her, the transfer student came to an abrupt stop, her eyes wide in shock. “What the fuck are you wearing?”

Weiss didn’t bother to answer her. Raising her gun, she took aim at her chest and squeezed off a shot before Emerald could do anything about it. As the dart slammed into her chest, Emerald looked down in shock, looking like she couldn’t even believe what was happening. “What the fuck?! What have you—Nnn~!” She threw back her head and screamed as the Dust took effect, writhing like she’d been electrocuted.

As the Transformation Dust spread through her body, Emerald’s veins turned a bright pink, and her skin started to shimmer a very similar color, dripping beads of bubblegum sweat. Holes appeared in her uniform, shining, and as the Dust’s power spread, they became larger and larger. Soon, her outfit came apart like a moth-eaten rag, falling in large scraps to the floor. Her nipples poked out erect, and her pussy dripped like a leaky tap. “Nnn~!” Eyes tight, Emerald struggled not to scream. “What are you doing to me?!”

Weiss simply laughed.

With a sudden squeal, Emerald flipped into the air, and her legs snapped back, leaving her oozing pussy the highest part of her body. Its juices continued to flow, trickling down her stomach to her face, where she could do little but struggle not to swallow them.

Her arms slammed tight to her sides and her legs to her back, and slowly, slowly, Emerald’s body began to inflate, taking on a glossy green color as it did so. Instead of growing endlessly, however, Emerald found herself squeezed into a new shape, as if her body had been trapped in a giant, invisible mold. The majority of her body assumed a cylindrical shape, her face and other features flattened into the side of it. Her pussy, on the other hand... As if pinched by a pair of pliers and tugged, it stretched upward, up and up and up, forming a tall chimney atop her cylindrical new form. Emerald screamed for every second of it, of course.

Slowly, her skin took on a translucent new hue, revealing the fluid sloshing around inside her. A label appeared around her body, smothering her flattened face completely, and with that she started to shrink, collapsing till she was barely a foot in height.

Finally, just as it seemed things must be over for her, a cork from thin air and slammed straight into her pussy, stretching it into a fat ring even as it plugged it tight. Emerald’s screams cut off abruptly.

Slowly, the former student started to descend. Before she could strike the ground and shatter, Weiss snatched her out of the air. In her hand, she held a simple bottle of green

white, and a rather cheap kind at that. Popping the cork, she tipped a sip, frowning at the acidity of the taste. It wasn't bad, but it certainly wasn't something'd like to drink in any particularly large amount. Maybe she could use it for cooking.

Tucking the bottle under her arm, she went to move on, but before she had a chance, someone else turned the corner: "_____"! said Neo, in that highly-recognizable voice of hers. "_____! _____?!"

With a frown, Weiss shot her in the tit. Neo stumbled backward, eyes wide in shock, silently screaming as the Dust started to take effect. Like Emerald before her, she soon rose into the air, her veins shining a bright pink and her clothing already disintegrating as her sweat turned acidic. Soon, she was floating naked, her short, slender body glistening, her eyes rolled back, and her tongue lolling out in a scream of utter delight.

Taking her arms and her legs, the Dust spread them wide, before suddenly and abruptly folding back up again. Her legs it tucked up against her chest, and her arms it wrapped around them. Her face, it aimed ahead, fixed in place and unable to move more than a millimeter.

Now, like Emerald before her, the Dust took Neo in her hands and crushed her, smushing her body as if it were made of clay. As Weiss watched in curiosity, the other student compacted, crushed, from a balled up human being to a cuboid of flesh barely longer than a foot. Her eyes, flattened into her face, rolled back in lust. Her pussy dripped, splattering the floor with the product of her pleasure. Her skin shimmered and changed, freezing her expression as she hardened into plastic. What once been pale flesh turned to white plastic, and a wrapper wove itself around her, tricolored: chocolate, strawberry, and vanilla. A rim appeared around what had once been her back, and with that, Neo dropped to the ground with a sad little clunk.

Placing Emerald on a bench, Weiss bent down and picked the tub of ice cream up. 'Neopolitan' read the name on the label. "...What a generic brand." Nonetheless, she ripped off the lid to reveal the ice cream inside, all three tastefully-arranged flavors of it. Rummaging among her victims for a spoon, she dug it into the dessert and plopped it into her mouth. "Not bad." No sooner had she swallowed than more of the stuff appeared.

Popping the lid back into place, she tucked the tub under her arm with Emerald and went to move on. But as she strolled through Beacon's courtyard, she couldn't help but scowl at what a pain it was to carry so many items. Couldn't one of the people she'd transformed have turned into a bag?

Just as she was about to start tossing people aside, she turned the corner and stumbled upon who other than their own deputy headmistress Glynda Goodwitch, marching towards her with no idea what was about to happen. "Good morning, Miss Schnee," she said, hips swinging as she walked. "...Are you planning a party?"

"Something like that," said Weiss, and shot her in the boob. Glynda squealed and jumped back in surprise, the dart protruding from her breasts like some kind of mosquito. Unlike the

others, she was smart enough to rip it free, but unfortunately for her it didn't make much difference: its payload had already been delivered.

Even as Glynda drew her wand, the Dust coursing through her body overwhelmed her. With a scream, she dropped to her knees and knelt there shaking, her veins burning a brilliant pink and her clothing already dissolving. In seconds, she was as naked, her incredibly curvy body on full display for anyone who wanted to see it. In any other situation she'd probably have been embarrassed, but unfortunately for her all she had the power to focus on at the moment was the pleasure roaring through her nerves. "Nnnn~! Ah! Ahhh!" Her eyes rolled back. Her tongue lolled. Weiss smirked in amusement.

Rolling onto her back, the deputy headmistress spread her legs wide and then some, twisting them a full 180 degrees till her feet met with her hands. Between them, her vagina and her anus stretched and fused and continued stretching, forming a large slit through the center of her body. And as if it were sucking in air, she bloated, inflated into a fat mess of herself. Even her torso thickened, other parts of her were shrinking, shrivelling, till they were barely thicker than her wrists: her head sank into the flattened neck of her cylindrical new body, while her arms and legs fused into a pair of straps, tight and stretchy.

For several seconds more, she continued to spasm and warp as the Dust twisted her body. Her skin turned a pale white and smooth, while her limbs-turned-straps turned on a shade of black. Purple ribbons spiraled around her, the perfect accent.

Finally, her former clitoris hardened into a zipper attached to the zips of her former labia, and with the Dust's influence faded, and Glynda was gone. Where she'd been was nothing more than a generic, dumpy duffel bag...

...Perfect for carrying all of Weiss's things. *Wow*, she thought as she snatched it up. *How convenient!*

Unzipping it, she hurriedly stuffed all her new creations inside, from the bottle of Emerald to the tub of Neo, not to mention all the others she'd struck before them.

Throwing the straps over her shoulder, she set off with a grin, her Dust gun swinging in her free hand. And the best part was: it had so much left for everyone else she wanted to transform!