

Ruby's SLTY New Dress (Inanimate TF, Dark-ish, RWBY)

The dorm room door struck its frame with a thud.

“Ruby!” called Weiss, leaping from her bed. “Wait, come back! I didn’t mean—! Urgh!” She threw up her arms in frustration. “Why is that little idiot so sensitive all of a sudden?”

“Maybe because you keep calling her a ‘little idiot?’” said Blake, without looking up from her magazine.

Weiss threw her a glare. “I didn’t ask for *your* opinion.”

Blake shrugged.

Screwing up her eyes, Weiss massaged her temples in frustration. “This is getting out of hand. If she keeps reacting so poorly, we’re never going to be able to work together.”

“Maybe you should try insulting her less,” said Blake, flipping a page.

“I *said* I didn’t ask for your opinion!”

The door flew open. Weiss spun around. “Ruby! Look, I just want to apologize for... Oh, it’s just you.”

Yang frowned. “I love you too, Weiss,” she said, carefully closing the door behind her. “What did you do to Ruby this time? Jaune wished her a good evening, and she suplexed him through a table!”

“I didn’t do anything!” cried Weiss, flushing red with indignation. She turned away. “...All I did was try to quiz her a little.”

“And eviscerate her every time she got a question wrong,” said Blake.

Weiss whirled. “I told you I...” She sighed. “Okay, maybe I *did* go too far this time.”

“Mm-hmm,” said Yang, folding her arms. “Just this time?”

“Fine, I get it!” snapped Weiss. “I’ll do something to make it up to her. Leaving Yang and Blake to share a look of doubt, Weiss marched to her bed and started rummaging in her bedside cabinet. “My father sent me some rare Dust recently. That should serve to mollify her, surely?” She pulled out a slim vial full of sparkling pink stuff.

Blake and Yang exchanged a glance. “What kind of Dust is it?” asked Yang. “You’re not going to give her anything explosive, are you?”

Weiss shuddered at the thought. “Of course not! It’s designed to repair clothing. You simply pour it onto the damaged area, and it’ll weave new fabric out of thin air. She should

appreciate it, the way she's always tearing up that combat skirt of hers." She snorted. "Even a klutz like her couldn't possibly do any damage with it."

"That's the spirit," said Yang. "You should tell her that when you give it to her. I'm sure it'll really improve her mood."

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Half an hour later, she found Ruby sequestered in one of the most secluded corners of Beacon's labyrinthine library, hunkered over a book about a schoolgirl who snaps and murders her mean roommate.

Peeking her head around the corner of a bookshelf, Weiss swallowed. *Well, it's now or never.* She gripped the vial of Dust tighter, readying herself to step out. *Get out there and make her love you again!*

With a polite cough, she stepped around the corner.

Ruby glanced up briefly from her book, but only briefly. Looking Weiss up and down, she gave a dramatic huff and stuck her face straight back between the covers.

Weiss's face twisted into a snarl. *You little bitch!* she thought. *You're not even going to say hello to me?* With great effort of will, she managed to regain control of her expression and force it into something resembling a smile. "H-hello, Ruby. L-look, I just wanted to apologize to you about earlier..."

Ruby looked up again, one eyebrow raised. "Oh really?" she asked, voice drroll.

It took every ounce of strength Weiss had not to snap something acidic at her. "Look, I'm *really* sorry. I never should have said something so mean to you..."

Ruby arced her eyebrow a little higher, as if waiting for the 'but'.

Ignoring this, Weiss swallowed. "I-I got you a gift." She offered Ruby the little vial of Dust. She'd even gotten a nice red bow to wrap it in.

Ruby looked away with a huff, but she couldn't keep her eyes from slipping back. Or sparkling. Biting her tongue, she looked left and right and finally snatched it out of Weiss's hands with a gleeful smile. "Thanks, Weiss! What kind of Dust is it?" She turned it around in her hands, as if hoping to find a label.

Weiss sighed in relief. "Oh, it's for clothing repair," she said. "Something that even *you* shouldn't be able to—" She bit her lip.

Fortunately, Ruby was too entranced by the Dust to take any notice of her. "Clothing repair? That's perfect! I *just* got this massive tear in my skirt! Let's test it out!" Leaping out of her chair, she raised the torn edge of her skirt, popped the vial's cap, and went to pour some of the Dust on the damage.

Unfortunately for the two of them, it was at exactly this time that a librarian happened to poke her head around the corner. “Keep it quiet in here!” she yelled.

With a startled squeal, Ruby snapped upright, flinging the bottle high into the air.

“Ruby!” cried Weiss, as the bottle spun above them.

“I’m sorry! Quick, help me catch it!” The two raised their arms—

—and squealed as it sailed straight between them, slamming straight into Weiss’s head with a *dink* and a *crack*.

As Dust—*expensive* Dust—rained down on her like Tinkerbell’s dandruff, Weiss’s eyes tightened in anger. “Ruby! You little idiot! I went to all the trouble of getting an expensive gift for you, and you immediately screwed it up! How is it even possible for you to be such an enormous klutz?”

Ruby backed away, arms raised to shield herself. “W-Weiss, I’m sorry, I—”

“That’s what you always say!” cried Weiss, advancing on her. “Why can’t you stop messing things up, you stupid little—?!” Her voice caught; she froze.

Ruby opened her eyes. “W-Weiss? Are you okay?”

No, you idiot! I can’t move! Weiss felt as if every nerve in her body had been replaced with thread—she couldn’t do anything. Trembling furiously, she fought to regain control, but no matter how hard she focused, she couldn’t move more than a millimeter.

“W-Weiss?” Ruby took a step towards her, and Weiss’s legs decided they’d had enough of standing straight. With a silent scream, she dropped to the ground like a doll and lay there on her back, teeth chattering, limbs twitching.

“Weiss!” Ruby went to run for help, but before she could, something strange happened. Weiss felt it first: a tingling in her limbs, as if all those threads she’d been thinking about had suddenly turned to electrical wires. She screamed again, flapping and gaping like a fish out of water.

What’s happening?! she thought, struggling to regain some control of her disobedient body. What is that Dust doing to me?! She wanted to scream in frustration, but her throat refused to obey her. All she could do was lie there and twitch and... float into the air?

Blinking in surprise, Weiss found herself eye-level with an equally startled Ruby. Sudden fury overwhelmed her. “This is all your fault, you little—” She stopped, shocked her mouth had actually opened this time. Unfortunately, it wasn’t satisfied with simply opening a little: as Weiss stared in horror, it grew wider and wider, yawning like the mouth of a cave. She tried to scream, but all that came out of her expanded throat was a terrified little whimper.

While her mouth expanded, her limbs did much the opposite: stretching wide, angelic, her arms and legs twitched and collapsed like towers with no foundation. Fingers folded into hands and toes sank into feet, at which point all four crumpled in on themselves without warning. Weiss wailed in horror as her limbs vanished, leaving only empty holes in their place.

Ruby covered her mouth, eyes wide in shock. Weiss wanted to scream at her. This was all her fault, but she couldn't even emit a word. All she could do was squirm, squirm and hope the strange transformation would stop.

Naturally, it accelerated. She wailed in horror as she felt a strange new feeling in her sex. It was like she'd leapt into a nice hot bath, except only one part of her body could feel it. And the transformation couldn't have picked a worse spot to focus on: as the heat in her groin grew more and more intense, Weiss screamed and struggled and squirmed.

Ruby squealed.

Forcing her gaze downward, Weiss squealed as well. The Dust had spread the stumps of her legs, and between them her pussy had grown like her mouth, yawning wide enough to swallow her own head, let alone anything she cared to put in it. As she moaned, it grew wider and wider, assimilating the holes at the ends of her thighs and leaving her entire body ending in a single enormous gap. She wailed, terrified her insides would fall out of her.

Fortunately, the Dust didn't seem to have anything quite so gory planned. Instead, shimmering in the dim light of the library, her skin rippled and turned pale as her hair, bright white and soft to the touch, almost like... like...

Realization dawned like the sun over an arctic snowscape. If Weiss had still been able to speak, she would have screamed, but as it was she could only tremble in horror. *No! This can't be happening! I can't be turning into clothing!*

As her body flattened and thinned and generally hollowed out, Weiss's facial features slowly sank into what was now her back and her bodice. Her mouth, already enormous, continued to grow wider, forming a long, deep neckline and an equally ridiculous back.

With that, what little animacy remained to Weiss's altered body collapsed, and she fluttered out of the air like the piece of fabric she'd become: a white, sparkling, backless dress, ridiculously slutty. Inside, she wanted to scream in panic. *Ruby! What have you done to me?!*

Ruby caught her before she could hit the ground. "W-Weiss?" she asked. "Weiss, are you in there?"

Of course I am, you idiot! Now get your filthy hands off me and fix this! ...Ruby! Ruby, are you even listening?!

Ruby wasn't. A strange look had overcome her face: a blush, a sparkle to the eyes, a faint smile. It almost reminded Weiss of hunger.

Ru—?

Ruby thrust her against her chest, stifling Weiss's protests instantly. Fabric folded over and over itself, Weiss could only scream in lust as an orgasmic fire raged through her form. She screamed—it felt as if she were touched and groped all over.

Looking around, Ruby took a deep breath and stuffed Weiss into her bag. Weiss screamed again as everything went dark, leaving her trapped in a tiny, erotic hellscape. *Ruby!*

For several minutes, Weiss lay trapped, with little choice but to lie there and stew in her own raging hormones. Ruby's folding of her had bent her mind as far out of shape as her body, and she wanted nothing more than to release the tension inside her.

Finally, she heard another *zip*, and light spilled back into Weiss's life again. If she'd still been human, she would have leapt out and grabbed Ruby by the collar. *What are you doing, you little—?!*

Instead, Ruby grabbed her by the collar. Gripping her tight—her touch sending little shivers of pleasure rolling through Weiss's fabric nerves—she held her up like any normal dress.

Ruby! Looking around, Weiss realized they were in the woman's restroom. What exactly was Ruby planning to do here?

"Weiss..." said Ruby, as if in answer, "you look so..." She turned around, giving Weiss her first good look at herself.

Oh my Dust... I— Even if Weiss had been able to speak, she didn't think she'd have actually been able to say anything. What could you even say when you found yourself in a situation like this?

On the other side of the glass, Ruby held a slender white dress, the kind a... less-than-wholesome woman might wear to a less-than-wholesome party. Seeing it, Weiss struggled to find words. *That's me?! That skimpy little piece of trash is me?!*

"Weiss..." said Ruby, sounding like she wanted to cry for an entirely different reason. "Look at you! You're so beautiful!"

Urgh! Weiss wanted to throw up. *Of course you find me tasteful. Hurry up and find some way to turn me back! This is your fault, remember!*

Ruby, of course, couldn't hear her. Wiping a tear from her eye, she sniffed. "Thank you, Weiss. This is the best gift ever!"

E-eh? What is she talking about? What is she talking about?! How can she possibly think I intended this?!

Raising her so they were face to, well, bodice, Ruby gave Weiss a smile that seemed a lot more sinister than happy. "Do you know how long I've been waiting for an opportunity like this, Weiss? Enduring all those little taunts and criticisms. All those times you called me a dummy... Oh, I'm going to have so much fun. *Thank you, Weiss. You're the best friend ever.*"

Oh no. Ruby! Ruby, wait! Don't--!

Giggling, Ruby rushed into one of the stalls and hung Weiss on the door as she hurried to strip off her dress. Hanging over her, Weiss could only watch in terror. *Ruby! Please, you can't be serious!*

It took Ruby only seconds to get down to her frilly, heart-printed underwear. Laying her other clothes on the toilet lid, she plucked Weiss off the door and held her up again, unable to keep herself from giggling in the process. "You know what the best part is, Weiss?" She smirked. "You look like you'll fit me *perfectly.*"

And just like that, she seized the edge of what had been Weiss's pussy, stretched it wide, and forced her arms and head inside it.

Weiss screamed as a bolt of ecstasy surged through her form, coursing through her nerves to slam straight into her mind and blow apart her every thought till she could barely whimper in delight. *Nnn~! Ruby!*

Still giggling like a demon, Ruby thrust her arms through Weiss's armholes (a process which left Weiss pleading for mercy), seized her hem, and tugged her down till her head emerged from Weiss's mouth with a pop. "Ta-da!" Ruby burst into laughter. "Wow, Weiss, you fit me almost perfectly! Well, you're a little tight. But otherwise, you're perfect!"

Weiss scream. It felt like she'd speared herself on the world's largest dildo, a sextoy so large it had passed all the way through her body and come out of her mouth. Every time Ruby moved, she felt her body rubbing against her, setting off a surge of fresh, irresistible pleasure. She couldn't bear the ecstasy of it. She couldn't bear it at all.

Gathering up the rest of her clothes, Ruby slipped back into her boots and exited the cubicle. Examining herself in the mirror, she cupped her breasts and grinned. "Wow, look how well you show off my body, Weiss~."

Weiss could only groan. It felt as if Ruby were playing with *her* breasts.

Cocking her head, Ruby frowned and spun around. "Hmm," she said, "I really need a strapless bra for this. Well, I can always go without in the meantime." Reaching back, she unclasped her bra and squirmed her way out of it. "Perfect."

Weiss squeaked as Ruby's nipples jabbed into her, starting another pleasurable wave of tingling. Oh Dust, it felt as if she were sucking on them.

Giggling, Ruby jumped on the spot, making her boobs bounce in Weiss's embrace and leaving the new dress screaming in pleasure. "What do you think, Weiss? Should we go have some fun together?"

Weiss could only moan in pleasure.

The city of Vale glimmered in the night, a thousand tiny points of light fighting against the darkness. Striding through the Dust-lit streets, she shivered to feel her new dress shifting around her, the soft white fabric clinging tightly to her curves. Sensing the cold, she flushed in sudden embarrassment—she'd never shown so much skin in public before.

The two of them weren't the only ones out tonight. The streets thronged with young men and women with brightly colored hair and excessively skimpy clothes. Ruby couldn't look left or right without catching a hint of hard, tanned pecs, or the curve of a passing woman's boobs.

Of course, the attention wasn't just flowing in one direction: striding onward, Ruby found herself the recipient of more than a fair share herself. Men and women alike flicked her their gazes in her direction, eyes sliding over her chest and her backside with lascivious slowness. Clutching her purse, Ruby blushed at every glance she happened to catch. She'd never felt so attractive.

To say Weiss was having slightly less fun was something of an understatement: *Ruby! When I get out of here, I'm going to stick your head in the washing machine!*

Ruby, of course, couldn't hear her.

Strolling on, she soon found her eyes drawn to something other than a young man's backside: the neon sign of a nightclub, burning like coiled lightning. *SLTY*, read the sign. Ruby wondered if it were aimed especially at Beacon students.

Approaching, she found herself at the back of a lengthy queue, the last in a long line of young men and women looking to engage in wholesome nightly activities, like having their ears destroyed by obnoxiously loud music. And sex.

No sooner had she joined it than the bouncer removed his glasses and squinted. "You," he said, jerked his thumb at her. "Red. You can come in."

Ruby blinked in surprise, blushed as she realized what was happening, and strode out of the line like freshly recognized royalty. The rest of the queue glared at her in envy.

Weiss was inclined to sympathize. *What are you acting so proud about?! You know why he's letting you in, don't you?*

Ruby didn't respond. Grinning and blushing, she strode past them the bouncer and into the neon abyss of the nightclub, flinching a little as the force of the music struck her. Around her, Weiss flinched too, her stretched-out body feeling the wavelengths of the song with all the

efficacy of a radio dish—it permeated her, made her ripple and pulse like the skin of a drum. It tugged her nerves, already so taut, and made her want to throw back her head and scream at the torment.

Ignorant to Weiss's plight, Ruby marched on, slipping her slender body through the crowd of men and women talking and dancing and grinding, her mind set on an instinctive quest to reach the bar. As she walked, more than one person happened to bump into her—some accidentally, some intentionally. Weiss moaned as butts and hips and breasts slammed into her stomach and her chest, making her already taut form vibrate even harder. She squealed.

Finally, Ruby reached the bar. Plopping her ass on a stool (and crushing part of Weiss's poor, suffering body beneath it in the process), she waited to attract the attention of the bartender.

"One, um, *Semblance of Taste*, please," she said as he approached her.

As Ruby drank, Weiss clung to her body like the rag she'd become, sucking up all the moisture from Ruby's increasingly sweaty body. The nightclub had a dank, heady air, and the more Ruby drank, the hotter her body became. Weiss could hear the younger huntress's heart pounding faster and faster as the alcohol catalyzed her excitement.

Before long, a tanned young man happened to slip into the seat beside her. Weiss flicked his muscular body a cautious glance and found his eyes lapping up Ruby's own like she was a pile of chocolate-chip cookies. Internally, Weiss groaned. *Please don't say I have to witness this.*

Scarcely a minute passed before the prick made his move. "Hey, there," he said, leaning closer to Ruby. "Can I buy you anything?"

Ruby looked at him and blushed (Weiss felt her heart pounding even faster and, oh Dust, what was that heat between her legs?)

"Oh, er." Swallowing, Ruby managed to look everywhere but at her new friend's eyes. "Oh, it's okay, you don't have to—"

"Please," said Mr. Subtlety, "it's nothing really."

Ruby blushed even redder. "W-well, in that case... I'll have another *Semblance of Taste*."

John Smith smiled widely. "Two *Semblances*," he said, signalling the bartender. Turning back to Ruby, he gave her a smile. "Name's Mauve," he said. "I'm guessing yours is Beauty, huh, angel?"

If Weiss had still had a stomach, she would have thrown up.

Ruby, of course, ate it up like the sappy, fairy tale-reading teenaged girl she was. "Ruby," she said, politely.

“Ah!” Mauve threw up his arms. “I should have guessed. I could tell from across the floor you were a gem.”

Ruby’s panties went into meltdown.

The bartender arrived with their drinks soon after. “So,” said Mauve, studying his own, “you come to this place often?”

“Oh...” Ruby blushed. “Actually, it’s my first time.” She giggled sheepishly. “I just felt like going on an adventure.”

“No kidding,” said Mauve, taking a little sip of his drink. “You got me real fooled, Ruby. I woulda pegged you for a real experienced clubber. ...Say, is that Pyrrha Nikos?”

“Where?!” Eyes wide, Ruby spun to face the dance floor.

What are you doing?! cried Weiss. You know Pyrrha!

Ruby turned back, looking disappointed.

“Sorry about that,” said Mauve, sounding neither sorry nor particularly caring in general. “Must’ve been my eyes playing tricks on me.”

Studying Ruby’s drink, Weiss couldn’t help but notice it looked a little fizzier than it had twenty seconds ago. *Oh fuck me—*

Naturally, Ruby grabbed it and chugged half of the thing down barely a second later. “W-wow,” she said as she swallowed, “I don’t remember this—” She hiccuped. “—being so strong.”

“No kidding,” said Mauve.

Around Ruby’s body, Weiss found her wearer’s heart go into overdrive. The heat emanating with her panties seemed stronger with the second too, as if a forest fire had started in the brackens of her legs. The taste of salt from her armpits made Weiss want to retch.

“S-so,” said Ruby, slurring her words a little. “Are you a huntsman?”

“I prefer to think of myself as a predator,” said Mauve, teething glinting. “Say, how do you feel about a little dance?”

“A little dance?” Ruby hiccuped just as her glass reached her mouth. Weiss squealed as some of the drink landed on her.

“Yeah!” said Mauve with a laugh. “Come on, it’ll be fun!” Grabbing her wrist, he dragged her away from the bar and over to the dance floor.

Weiss felt Ruby's heart race even faster as the younger huntress found herself caught in the open between a crowd of far more experienced and far more confident clubbers, like a rabbit in the midst of a pack of wolves. Gulping, she took a cautious step backward towards the bar.

Before she had a chance to flee, Mauve slipped behind her, and both Weiss and Ruby felt him against her simultaneously.

Oh my Dust, is that his—?! Weiss almost gagged. Especially when Ruby's groin flared even hotter.

"You like that?" asked Mauve, wrapping his arms around her. Caught between his crotch and his hands, Ruby gave only a feeble moan and sank into his grip as if she were melting. "Yeah, I thought you would."

As Weiss watched in disgust, Mauve's hands danced up her front, skittering swiftly towards her bodice. With shameless speed, he seized Ruby's breasts and squeezed, making her moan even louder. Weiss could only groan in disgust. *Urgh! Get off her!*

Mauve did nothing of the sort. If anything, he ground even harder, running the bulge between his legs against Ruby's ass so hard Weiss could practically taste it through the denim. Ruby gave him nothing but support, cooing and moaning so loudly some other clubbers turned to look. The fire in her sex had become an inferno, and Weiss couldn't bear the stink of her increasingly sweaty form.

"Having fun?" asked Mauve, tweaking one of Ruby's nipples.

Ruby made a sound that barely counted as a word.

Whatever it was, it was affirmative though, because they didn't remain on the dance floor for much longer after that. Weiss could only tremble as Mauve led Ruby giggling and hiccuping across the floor to the men's restroom, where the scent of urine caught Weiss's nose and made her want to vomit even more. Kicking open a cubicle, Mauve wasted no time in pushing a pliant, mewling Ruby inside and pawing at her body. As his hands roamed, lascivious, up and down Ruby's form, Weiss found herself white with fear, and not just because it was her natural color. *St-stop! Ruby, stop him!*

Digging his hands deep into the fabric of her bodice, Mauve visibly drooled as he tightened his grip and tugged.

Horror splintered Weiss's mind. *Stop!* she cried, a terrible pleasure-pain surging through her nerves. *Stop! Stop! Before you—!*

Rrrrip!

Weiss could only stare, frozen in horror, as her body tore open and Ruby's unsupported breasts spilled out into the open. For an instant, she felt nothing at all, nothing at all save a terrible, cold horror.

The next, ecstasy tore through her with all the jagged mercy of a knife, ripping apart her sanity in a single brimming moment of utter, orgasmic lust. She screamed, thoughts exploding. If she'd still been human, she would have collapsed, her tongue lolling out and her eyes rolling backward.

Ruby, unaware of her outfit's fate, could only slump on the toilet, eyes glazed, as Mauve ripped the last of it off of her. Casting the ragged scraps aside, he pulled down his pants and guided his cock out of his underwear.

At the sight of it, some renewed sense of awareness returned to Ruby's expression. Eyes wide and drooling, she threw herself forward, seizing Mauve's shaft as if it were the yummiest thing she'd ever seen. He, for his part, grabbed her by the shoulder and thrust, slamming his cock straight into her eager, waiting mouth.

Lying there on the floor of the cubicle, soaking up piss and worse from the tiles, Weiss could only groan as her sanity returned to her. *This can't be happening*, she thought, looking up at the awful sight above her. *This isn't fair...*

If she'd expected some deus ex machina to save her from her awful fate, she didn't receive it. Instead, fate left her to lie there, torn and wet, as Ruby slurped at Mauve's cock like the most delicious popsicle and he, pulling back, thrust and thrust as if trying to nail her head to the wall.

At last, he gave a grunt and pulled free. Grabbing his cock, he aimed it right at Ruby's face, and with that he came, blasting her with a thick torrent of semen. Ruby, moaning, opened her mouth and drank up every fat white drop that happened to flow into it.

Chuckling, Mauve bent. Weiss squealed as he snatched one of the drier parts of her up, raised it to his shaft and—

She squealed as his sticky, cum-slathered tip slammed into her, a battering ram into a mind already on the verge of permanent damage. Pleasure lanced her, pleasure and disgust—she screamed, though of course no one could hear a word of it.

Ruby! she thought, as ecstasy washed away what little remained of her sanity. *This is all your fault, you idiot!*