

SEX & THE SHITTY

BIWEEKLY STORY #48

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“We’re lost.”

“You mean we’re *very* lost, Ruby.”

During a night off in Ironwood’s care, Ruby and Weiss had decided to go out to see what the night life in Atlas was really like. Blake and Yang had offered to come with them at first only to bail when the red and white duo *were already there*, so they’d been left to wander on their own. But Atlas? It wasn’t quite their speed.

For Weiss it reminded her of her life growing up. High-minded nobles that thought wealth was the most important thing in the world flooded the bars and clubs as the shops nearby closed for the night. It was gross. They only thought with their wallets and their dicks, while their wives came along as accessories to their perversions.

And for Ruby? Well, this wasn’t her scene. It was all too *adult*, too *fancy*. She had such a humble background that it was difficult for her to vibe with this kind of environment in any capacity. Other than becoming easily distracted by the bright lights that was.

The duo had stepped into an alley behind a club to take a breather from the bustling streets. “**It really is a wonder they can carry on as if what’s happening in Mantle isn’t any of their concern.**” Weiss grumbled to herself as she stared out at the street while leaning against the wall. There was the election, not to mention the hardships everyone down below was facing. It was *gross*.

“Yeah, I--” Ruby had been *about* to agree with Weiss’ assessment, when their surroundings changed completely. **“H-Huh!? Where are we!?”** Weiss was still leaning against a wall, but it was a wall inside of a building. In fact it was *inside* of the club they’d been lurking outside.

Weiss was equally as confused and panicked, but wasn’t allowed much of a chance to follow up before a man’s voice boomed from a nearby doorway. **“Oi! I thought I ‘eard a couple of wench’s chit-chattin’ outside. Good timin’, we needed a new gig fer the stage tonight and I think you’ll do nicely with a few edits.”** At mention of a ‘stage’, the sound of men cheering past the door could be heard. This was a club?

“I don’t *think* so. You must have used a Semblance to move us in here, right? That’s kidnapping according to Atlas law. We’ll be leaving *and* making sure James Ironwood charges you accordingly.” Weiss had an immediate answer, her gaze narrowed at the hulking shadow of a man. She and Ruby both knew something was shady here, and that a prompt retreat was within their best interests, but...

“That so, then? Ironwood, hm? So you must be some o’ his little pets? Perfect! Maybe you both need more than the basic package.” The man clapped his hands, and the two girls instantly saw nothing but *darkness*.

When the light returned, Weiss was alone. Not only was she alone, she was standing in a completely different room. It was a small booth of a space with only a vanity table, a mirror, and a chair. **“A changing room?”** She’d seen plenty of them back when she used to perform. What was going on here? Was it an illusion? A teleportation Semblance? It was always dangerous when going up against an enemy you didn’t understand.

All it took was a single step of her heel to realize something was very wrong though. **“What the-- HE TOOK MY PANTIES!?”** With her thighs rubbing together beneath her skirt, Weiss was very aware of how unusually airy it was between her legs. There was no silk whatsoever - she was going commando. **“That son of a--!”** But the once heiress stopped herself. If she lost her cool and spat out such crude things it wouldn’t be very befitting of her personality.

Even though, somehow, **cussing the man out sounded like a *great idea*.**

She quickly moved to the door to storm out and teach the one who’d imprisoned her a thing or two, but not only did the doorknob not turn

she ended up eating the door itself since she'd been moving so quickly. **"What the *FUCK*?! I mean... *AHEM*... what on Remnant!?"** Her anger boiled over and she cursed, which was odd because doing so wasn't typical of her behavior at all. Problems with her family aside she thought she'd been raised better than that, *but...*

"Something is *wrong* here. I don't feel... *great*." Disoriented? It was like that, and as she pondered it the pores all across her body had begun to emit a coat of sweat that brought her skin to glisten. Her heart raced and her breaths turned to panting. Not because of something simple like overheating or being ill. She'd felt this before. It felt exactly like exhaustion. Like she'd just pushed her body to the limit, and the sweat was a natural reaction to moving her mortal shell. Even though she hadn't.

Hadn't she?

Memories suddenly struck her. Recollections of **dancing on a stage in a dark room**. The spotlight was focused on her, and **in response she'd given a wiggle of her ass**. **Eyes of the audience were entirely on her, and that was fine**. After all... **"I'm the kind of sexy bitch that deserves that attention!"**

Weiss' stomach lurched after the memory subsided and she realized the words that had just left her mouth. **"No... No something is *very wrong* here. I need to find Ruby and fast!"** But how could she get out? Her sword was gone and she couldn't seem to activate her Semblance. She was trapped here, at the mercy of her captor. But any intention of fleeing quickly came to a halt after she spared a glance in the mirror.

It was *wrong*.

Weaved among her long braid of Schnee white hair were strands of bubbly blonde. A gold to rival Yang's, and those strands were also shorter; they did not reach the full length of the braid. Every length that had been dyed followed a similar pattern: earn color, shrink to a shoulder length. It spread, the phenomenon jumping from one hair to the next until so many of them had shortened that the braid no longer held and unraveled in a wild mess.

"My hair!? *White totally wasn't my color, it was super fugly*." Wait... What was she even saying? She was talking like some vapid prissy girl, spouting out overly casual lingo. Keeping it suppressed was possible (for now), but at the same time with each no revelation the shock allowed an opportunity for what was building within her to bubble up. And it was a *very dominant force*.

Fingers patted down the front of her dress as speckles of red began to appear against the white and blue. **“That’s strange…”**, she began, **“I don’t remember putting on this shitty dress! How the fuck am I gonna get dick looking all prissy like this!?”** Hands jumped up to cover her mouth, in the process noting the lips that had spoken those words were somehow larger and poutier than she’d been anticipating.

Her nails were longer and painted crimson, any sign of blemish completely robbed from her fingertips as skin found a regenerative trait that was almost superhuman. Even the scar that was sliced across her left eye came to rise, skin repairing to the point that the cut she’d received from the knight back then hadn’t even occurred.

Weiss couldn’t process what was happening fast enough. Before long her dress wasn’t just entirely red, but it had simplified in design as well. With a crimson skirt that was cut in the middle of her thighs, the sleeveless, strapped dress was all that remained of her previous, much more complicated ensemble. A pair of golden bracelets on either arm jingled as she moved her hands, and crimson hoop earring dangled from exposed ears where golden hair, now wild and only reaching to her ass, allowed them to breathe.

“Eep!? What the FUCK!?” There had been a strange, almost pleasurable sensation within her loins all of a sudden. It was like her innards had widened from repeated, constant use; **actually wasn’t that exactly what had happened? What was strange about a proud slut’s pussy being well worn? It was a point of motherfucking pride!**

Taking a step as she wobbled thanks to the sharpening incline of her crimson heels, the weight distribution of her body now felt a little *off*. Bare thighs still glistened with freshly shed sweat, but they also bulged into more conspicuous shapes that suggested sensuality, while her ass firmed and bubbled up to push out the back of her already short skirt. **An ass that wouldn’t quit was perfect for shaking, and suddenly Weiss was thinking about all of the times her cheeks had been spread wide so she could take some stud’s throbbing meat up her ass--**

“That didn’t happen!” What were these indecent memories? They were recent too, like she’d been fucked hard right before she’d even gotten up on stage to dance! **But wasn’t that the usual though? Getting fucked whenever, wherever? That was preferable; why not feel the best you can whenever you can?** In fact, guided by this new fixation on sexual intimacy, Weiss found herself sitting in the chair and spreading her legs. **“Now I’m all hot and bothered and there’s no assholes around to fuck! Gal’s gotta do herself sometimes, I guess.”**

She began to vicariously finger herself with long, slender fingers, all while the fixing of her dress tightened around her chest. She certainly wasn't getting bigger there, but there was a bouncy firmness to her bosom that created the illusion that maybe there were a size bigger. The structure of her face likewise began to change as moaning ensued from her desire to self-climax, with wider, teal-colored eyes and long lashes, with a much more narrow jaw line. But it was the amount of makeup that appeared that really spoke to how drastically different she was in body in mind, for the thick applications seemed tactically placed to make her look less like a girl of eighteen (*as she now was*) and more like a woman just a tad older.

Studs are much more likely to approach for a fucking if I present myself that way. It was sound logic, but it just wasn't sound logic for Weiss. In fact, as she moaned and moaned more of her perception was altered with each subsequent plunge of fingers. After a moment she couldn't remember her childhood, nor being raised in Atlas at all. Heaven? Did such a place exist? *Well yeah, duh. I got thrown out of it.* And her name? Panty...? *A cool fucking name!* But more than anything her mind just filled up with *horny shit*. Fingering herself wasn't doing the trick, she needed to find a real man.

“WHEN THE FUCK IS SOMEONE GONNA LET ME OUT OF THIS SHITHOLE ROOM!?”

Ruby had been luckier in the sense that when her own situational awareness had shifted, she hadn't been confined to a tiny room. In fact, this place was much more spacious. **“Huh? Where am I? Weiss? WEISS!?”** It looked like she was in a system of hallways, but more than that she was in a small enclave that was lined with couches and vending machines. Were they still inside the club? Then this was probably a rest area for patrons, right?

But where had Weiss gone? They'd only been together just a very short moment ago but now they'd been separated? No, she had to be here somewhere, right? If anything the past few years had taught Ruby, it was to never give into the what-ifs! *But why am I so interested in finding that slut? She's probably off grinding some rando anyways.*

Ruby blinked. **“E-Eh!? Why did I think that?”** The tone of it had been both salty and disinterested, two things the young Huntress absolutely wasn't. Especially when it came to her bestie Weiss! But on some strange, fundamental level it almost felt like the nature of their dynamic had been irreversibly altered.

In the meantime something was beginning to happen to her coveted Silver Eyes. They weren't looking nearly as silver as they should have been, with a vibrant color finding itself mixed in until it completely embodied the coloration of her irises. It was a bright teal, one that perfectly matched Weiss' own eyes elsewhere in the building. But from Ruby's perspective it had only been cause for a quick rubbing of her eyes, and even then as she rubbed she hadn't noticed her lashes were now *much* longer and thick with mascara.

Things were happening to her Huntress outfit as well. Her leggings, for example. Typically wholly black, horizontal stripes of purple had begun to paint themselves across their surfaces as they instead unraveled from around her ass and panties to become a pair of **stockings** that could be pulled down at any time. But that wasn't even all in terms of how very unusual this all was.

The flesh beneath the stockings was begging to convulse, forcing Ruby to suddenly take a seat and look past the skirt of her dress. "**Huh!?** **What the *fuck* happened to my leggings!?**" She'd just cursed, but somehow she felt very disinterested in addressing it. Ruby had always been told she wasn't allowed, so doing so felt very... freeing? The difference in her clothing was more alarming, as was the feeling that her upper legs had a *pulse*.

Every time they throbbed it was like she could see the flesh of her thighs beneath thickening, but in fact the girl was beginning to fill the seat she was resting in quite enthusiastically in other ways as well. Since she was sitting on her ass and her thighs were already throbbing she'd mistaken a similar sensation in her butt as just a rippling effect from the thighs themselves, but it was actually a separate phenomenon.

Her cheeks began to rise, now-striped panties not caught up in her ass crack by the mercy of the fact that her undergarment had already transformed as her sitting posture was irreversibly altered by a higher seat of fat. Bulging in her butt and thighs, in turn, forced her hips to widen and while she had plenty of room on either side of her in the chair when she'd first sat down, those hips and thighs were now pressed up against the chair's armrests from sheer size alone.

She'd become very bottom-heavy to start, but it wasn't by the grace of muscle. It was a very attractive look, but it was also evident that the pudgier nature of her fatty tissue was born more from dietary choices than exercise. In fact, much of Ruby's muscle mass had departed and left her body looking somewhat squishy even though she was feeling stronger than she ever had.

But Ruby herself? As she stood once more after forcing her hips out from the confines of the chair, she was overwhelmed with a mixture of detrimental sensations. *Exhaustion* - as made evident by the fact she just wanted to go lay down somewhere. *Hunger* - as made evident by a rumbling in her tummy. It wasn't just any hunger though. She was craving sweets, and so her gaze turned to the many vending machines scattered around the rest area. **"I really want a super huge fucking chocolate bar."**

It was evident more was happening to her outfit as she began to walk towards the nearest machine to inspect its contents. Her combat boots, for example, had turned into a pair of simple, black mules. The pleats of her skirt had ironed out as well, and now the skirt was a short, black cut with lacy white trim. It certainly looked more *gothic lolita* than it had before. As it connected to her top, the top soon changed to match. Simple and black with puffy sleeves, accessorized with a white collar and blue, it somehow seemed a little loose against Ruby's frame.

At first, anyways. Because Ruby was less of a critical thinker than Weiss was, she'd so easily gotten caught up in her new personality and demeanor and was staring at the vending machine with longing. **"Of course I have no fucking money, but in that case... Yah!"** A firm believer, typically, that rules should be followed, the girl was quick to deliver a roundhouse kick to the glass on the machine. It shattered instantly, speaking to the new strength she possessed, and Ruby leaned forward to scoop out all of the sweets she could carry.

The weight upon her chest seemed to increase while leaning forward, a chest that had grown quite a bit since she first began attending beacon growing even further and rapidly as she was too preoccupied filling her arms with chocolate bars. **"Score! Now to pass out on the couch with a full stomach until Panty finally finishes."**

Yet the chocolate in her arms was being pushed out of the way as the cups of her gothic lolita dress were quickly filled in. B-cup, C-cup, until they finally reached a sizable pair of D's that were once again bolstered by dietary fat. Surprisingly none of this weight plagued her tummy, but as Ruby's thoughts dictated: *everything I eat goes to my tits anyways*. A notion that her sister Panty disagreed with.

"Wait... Panty? Aren't I waiting for... It was someone else, wasn't it? Shit! What was her name again?" After dropping her candy pile beside the couch she was planning on laying on, confusion struck as she tried to remember why she was here. Panty... had been invited to dance, hadn't she? And being the stupid slut she was, she'd agreed. They were new to this world and needed a paycheck. Meanwhile she, *Stocking*, had opted to just wait it out. Dancing seemed like a hassle

and she wasn't one to overtax herself with literally anything. Yeah, that all sounded right.

Even though it wasn't. But as new memories erased her recollections of her family, her life growing up, her time at Beacon, along with pretty much everything; the final changes to her body settled into place. The blacks of Ruby's hair brightened to purple while the red streaks essentially took on magenta hues as the length was quick to sprawl out. Luscious, well-kept locks spilled down her shoulders with a ridiculously straight styling as the fringe of her bangs took a neat, hime-cut style.

This new haircut suited her new sense of fashion quite well, with the magenta underside to her hair accentuating the darkness of her costume. Her facial features matured even if she wasn't exactly getting older - well, she was 1700 in angel years now, but that was still 17 physically - and rounder cheeks with ripe and kissable lips spoke to her dietary preferences. Candies, baked goods! If they were sweet, she would eat them! Sex was good, but sweets were better.

Things would be a lot easier to deal with if Panty had realized that too.

“And here comes the slut now. Nice afterglow, you ho. How many were in that gang bang?” About five minutes had passed, and Stocking was now laying on the couch with about twenty to thirty candy wrappers sprawled out all around her, chocolate on her lips. She'd heard footsteps and looked up to find her sister looking exhausted. Weird, not satisfied?

Panty rolled her eyes. **“Oh SHUT THE FUCK UP, Stocking. It was a motherfucking SCAM! There weren't any guys waiting for me, so I had to do it myself!”** Ah, so she masturbated. Stocking couldn't help but snicker. **“I SAID SHUT THE FUCK UP!”**

But this tale isn't over. Not yet. After all, there were still two Team RWBY members left... and two demons that would be perfect for them to become.

TO BE CONTINUED?