

Weiss turned the vial of Dust around in her hand, raised the instruction leaflet, and reread it again. "They... they can't be serious, can they?"

As heiress of the Schnee Dust Company, it was typical for Weiss Schnee to receive packages of Dust her father expected her to test. Normally, the types they sent her were fairly practical: a more refined form of Fire Dust, a more flexible form of Air Dust, or a new form of Gravity Dust that could support things significantly longer; types she could easily slot into *Myrtenaster* and use in the field.

This... was *not* practical. In fact, it might be the least practical thing Weiss had ever seen in her life. Raising the accompanying instructions, she read them again in the hope things might make more sense on the third try. They didn't.

"Assimilation Dust," she read. "Consumable. Enhances the body's ability to assimilate nutrients, minerals, and other essential building blocks, particularly those that contribute to a healthy glow and fuller figure." Weiss blushed. She didn't even want to imagine what it meant by *that*. "Caution: Highly Experimental. Do not exceed recommended dosage! Excessive consumption may result in bodily instability. ...What does *that* mean?"

Said dosage was one teaspoon every six hours at most, with recommendations to sprinkle on food for the best results.

Sighing, Weiss placed a hand on her stomach. Well, she supposed it *was* time for breakfast.

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Five minutes later, and Weiss had prepared her typical hearty breakfast: a single slice of unbuttered toast with half a small apple and a generous helping of black coffee to wash it all down.

Plopping her butt into a seat at the cafeteria table, she removed the vial's lid and carefully poured some into a spoon. *Now what?* she thought, staring at the little pile of glowing pink Dust. Should she just sprinkle it all over her toast? Was that a good idea, when she didn't even know what it tasted like?

Before she could come to a decision, someone decided for her. "Hey, Weiss!" cried Ruby, tackling her from behind, wrapping her arms around her in a hug, and, incidentally, knocking the spoon straight out of her hands. Dust spilled all over Weiss's food and the table both, melting instantly into the former like sugar into a hot cup of tea.

"Ruby!" cried Weiss, whirling on her with a growl. "Look at the mess you've made! Do you know how expensive this stuff is?" Some of the other students stopped talking to stare at them.

"No," said Ruby, sheepishly. "I'm guessing, er, 'very'?"

“More than very!” With a groan, Weiss struggled to scoop the Dust up and pour it back into the vial. “Urgh, now I’m going to have to use *another* teaspoon of it.” She poured out another spoonful and sprinkled it onto her toast.

Ruby slipped into the seat beside her. “What kind of Dust is that?” she asked, radiating curiosity.

Weiss huffed. “Perhaps if you’d been more respectful, I’d be willing to tell you. Since you weren’t, why don’t you figure it out yourself?” She took a bite of her toast... and almost spat it out. *Ech! I can’t believe this stuff is so sweet!*

“Aw, Weiss! Come on! I didn’t mean to spill your expensive Dust everywhere!” When Weiss still didn’t respond, Ruby slumped.

Barely a second had passed before she snapped up again. “Well, if you won’t tell me, I guess I can always read the label myself.” She went to grab the vial.

“Oh no you don’t!” snapped Weiss, snatching it away before Ruby had the chance. “The last thing I want is you spilling *more* of it.” Wrapping her hand around it, she squeezed tight. “There, just try to get at it now.” She took another bite of her toast, wincing at how sweet it was. Urgh, at least she’d get all of its nutrients.

Her skin tingled. She tried to ignore it.

Ruby’s expression drooped once more... and rose again instantly as another idea occurred to her. “I guess you’re right...” she said, standing as if to leave. “I’ll never be able to get at it now... Unless I do *this!*” With a *whoosh* and a flurry of petals, she zipped behind Weiss, raised her hands and—

Ten delicate digits slammed into Weiss’s sides and started dancing. Weiss squealed. “Ruby! Ruby, stop it, you imp! Stoooooop!” People were definitely looking at them now.

As Weiss doubled over in laughter, Ruby decided to make her move. “Got you!” she cried, grabbing at Weiss’s hand.

“Ruby, don’t!”

Ruby giggled as she pried open Weiss’s fingers. “Someone shouldn’t have let their guard down—” She stopped, face twisted in confusion. “Um.”

“What is it?” asked Weiss. “What’s wrong?”

Ruby swallowed. “I, um, I can’t let go of you.” She tugged, but her hand remained glued to Weiss’s own.

Weiss tightened her eyes. “What are you talking about?” she asked, giving a sharp pull herself.

Ruby lurched, tugged towards her. “H-hey!”

The heiress stared at her hand, face even paler than usual. She felt as if her heart had stopped beating. “On the count of three...” she said. Ruby nodded. “One... two... *three!*” They both gave a sharp tug.

This time, they managed to pull their hands apart. Unfortunately, what they didn’t achieve was separation: between their palms remained several thick threads of gooey flesh, like the strands you see between pieces of bubblegum. The vial of Dust sat stuck in the middle.

Weiss’s heart stopped beating. Wh-what was going on? Was it the Dust?

“W-Weiss?” said Ruby, face pale. “Wh-what’s—?”

Swallowing, Weiss pried the vial out of the strand connecting them and squeezed it in her free hand. Was this a side effect? Had she overdosed without realizing it?

Flicking a glance around, Weiss stood and stepped closer to her, taking Ruby’s hand tight in her own again. “We’re going back to our room,” she said, as calm as she could manage. “Just hold on to my hand and pretend everything is okay. We’ll figure out what to do when we get there.”

Ruby’s eyes dropped to their hands. She blushed. But in the end, she nodded.

Hand in hand, the two scurried out of the cafeteria, trying to ignore every glance they earned on the way.

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Slamming the door behind them, Weiss collapsed against it with a sigh of relief. Their little trip was finally over—she’d never been so embarrassed in her life.

Beside her, Ruby had gone as red as her cape. Drawing in a deep breath, she coughed awkwardly. “Wh-what now?”

“Hold on the door frame,” said Weiss. “We’ll use it as an anchor.” Nodding, Ruby grabbed the wood. Steeling herself, Weiss took a deep breath and tried to pull away from her.

She made it all of three steps before it became impossible to go any further. “Urgh!” she cried, “it’s like we’ve got one of those awful traps on our fingers!”

“W-Weiss, what do we *do?!?*” cried Ruby, sounding like she might burst into tears at any moment.

Weiss winced. “I’ll have to call my father,” she said, shuddering at the thought, “have him send over a specialist to take a—”

The door flew open, slammed straight into Ruby's back, and promptly sent her flying straight into Weiss. With a pair of squeals, the pair tumbled to the floor.

"Hey, sis!" cried Yang, stepping into the room with a smile on her face. "So, I hear you and Weiss are dating now—Woah." She slammed to a stop, face red.

"What did you stop for?" asked Blake, slipping into the room behind her. "What's...? Oh."

Groaning, Weiss looked up. Something was weighing on her nether-region. ...It took her a second to realize it was Ruby's face.

Blake and Yang shared a look. "Wow, you're moving quickly," said the latter, turning red. "We'll just, er, leave you two lovebirds to..."

"Yang!" cried Weiss. "Help us! We're stuck!"

Blake blinked. "What do you mean by stuck, exactly?"

Barely a second later, Ruby tried to pull herself away from Weiss's crotch. It was like she'd slammed her face into a sheet of glue: thick strands of flesh connected her features to Weiss's groin. Flesh and nylon as well, Weiss realized to her horror—whatever the Dust was doing to them, it was also affecting her pantyhose.

"Mmmphf! Mmmphf!" Mouth stretched into a long line and glued to Weiss's groin, Ruby somehow managed to make her panic audible. "Mmmphf!"

"Ruby?!" cried Yang. "Weiss, what's going on?!"

"She's stuck to me! Obviously!" cried Weiss. "Help me pull her off!"

Blake and Yang shared another look before rushing forward and grabbing Ruby by the arms. Together, they struggled to pull her away, to literally peel her face off of Weiss's groin, but it was like trying to get a stubborn sticker off a parcel: no matter how hard they pulled, she remained connected.

Weiss noticed the tension a little too late. She could feel herself being pulled up into the air by the rope of Ruby's face, but she didn't realize what it meant until Blake and Yang lost their grip.

With an elastic snap, and Ruby's head slammed into Weiss's groin like a dodgeball—*Squelch!*—making her scream as the greatest pleasure she'd ever felt rolled through her. Falling back, she collapsed.

"Ruby!" cried Yang.

Moaning, Weiss sat up and opened her eyes to the strangest sight she'd ever seen: Ruby lay between her legs, head buried in her crotch up to her neck, as if she were bobbing for

apples in the depths of Weiss's vagina. Muffled screams of panic sounded from the depths of Weiss's sex. Heart pounding, she bit her lip. *Nn~!* Worst of all, it felt good.

"Weiss!" cried Blake, looking horrified.

Weiss winced. "Get my scroll!" she snapped. "If we call my father, he should be able to—"

*Glorp!*

The three of them stopped talking. As one, all eyes turned to Ruby's body. All of a sudden, the struggles and moans had stopped, and as they watched, she seemed to turn a little runny...

"R-Ruby?" said Yang.

Before their eyes, Ruby melted like ice cream in the sun, clothing and all. For a moment, she remained where she was, a little looser of shape, but otherwise the same. Then in one single, sudden motion, she shot forward, slurped up by Weiss's body like a pint of beer down the throat of an alcoholic. With a *plip*, she vanished entirely.

Weiss stared, heart pounding, as a ripple swept through her body, starting with her groin and rolling all the way to her head and her toes. She shivered, feeling a little lightheaded.

"R-Ruby?"

Yang screamed.

Sweat pouring down her face, Weiss leapt to her feet and hurried into the bathroom, where she dropped her tights and her panties and pulled up her skirt to expose her sex. Her vulva glistened in the glass, looking slightly plumper than normal, but otherwise unchanged...

...except for the strange new patch of dark, red-tinged hair resting above her labia.

Weiss's heart picked up its pace. Breathing deep, she dropped a tentative hand to her sex.

"R-Ruby-?!"

As if in response, her lower lips twitched. Just a little. Just enough to make her think she might have imagined it.

"R-Ruby-? R-?"

Liquid spurted from her sex as if someone had turned a faucet. She squealed and slammed her legs shut, but all this achieved was making the stuff run down her legs.

As she stood there staring at her reflection, the bathroom door burst open and a furious Yang flew in. "Weiss!" she cried. "Where-?" She skidded to a stop, eyes locked on the little bush between Weiss's legs. "R-Ruby?"

Blake's head poked over Yang's shoulder. "Weiss, what the hell is going on?!"

Her panicked voice snapped Weiss back to reality. “St-stay away!” she cried, dropping her shirt and backing up. “D-don’t touch me!”

“What the fuck have you done to my sister?!” cried Yang. And before Weiss could stop her, she’d grabbed Weiss’s arm.

“No!” cried Weiss, struggling to pull away. “No! No! Let go of me, quickly! Before—”

Hearing her panic, Yang released her. Or tried to, anyway: when she pulled away, thick strands of flesh and cloth kept her connected to the sleeve of Weiss’s uniform. She stared at them, mouth agape.

“No!” cried Weiss, pressing herself into the corner. “Get away!”

Chest rising and falling with her rapidly quickening breath, Yang took a step back, stretching the threads between her and Weiss till they refused to grow any longer.

“Wait!” cried Weiss, recognizing what was about to happen only a moment before it did. “Don’t—!”

*Snap!* Yang’s feet lost their grip—the threads between them retracted. With a scream of surprise, Yang shot straight into Weiss’s chest, planting her face between her breasts like she wanted to motorboat her.

The back of Weiss’s head struck the tiles of the bathroom with a crack. Stars filled her sight, little twinkling stars and blackness. When her vision returned, she found herself staring at the top of Yang’s head: the blonde’s face was buried in her chest, her beautiful hair spilling over Weiss’s sides. Their muffled moans filled the bathroom.

Breathing deep, Weiss watched in horror as her friend’s form grew steadily quieter and sloppier, the yellow of her hair running into her white like an egg yolk sliding around the albumen.

Finally, with a *plip*, Yang vanished into her chest like a boot into mud. Weiss screamed as her body rippled like a puddle in a rainstorm, pulsing as if something inside them were fighting to get out. Even as she watched, her boobs swelled like they were being inflated, straining her blouse as they fought to grow larger.

With a *ping*, one of her buttons gave. Another swiftly followed it. Fat spilled through the gap this created, and still her boobs kept growing, growing, growing, till her bra gave with a snap.

By the time the growth stopped, Weiss’s boobs had grown to over ten times their former size. Unlike Ruby’s mass, which seemed to have vanished, all of Yang’s had been retained, converted into two beach ball-sized sacks now jiggling on Weiss’s chest. Trembling, she wrapped her arms around them and hugged herself tight, afraid her body would fall apart at any second. It certainly felt like it.

She and Blake shared a glance. Heart pounding, Weiss leapt to her feet and ran for the door.

“Weiss, wait!” In her panic, Blake clearly wasn’t thinking clearly—she wasn’t quick enough to block Weiss’s path, but she did try to grab her once she’d passed. Her hand rustled Weiss’s skirt and scraped her ass... and stuck there, glued in place.

Weiss skidded to a stop and looked back with a scream. “No! No, not you *too?!?*”

Blake stared at her hand in horror. “I-I—” She tried to pull away, but all she succeeded in was dragging Weiss back with her.

“Stop!” cried Weiss. “Stop it, before you—”

She tripped over her own heels. Stumbling back, she slammed assfirst into Blake’s face. *Splat!*

Weiss felt as if she’d landed on the world’s comfiest cushion. Only the sound of Blake’s muffled moans told her any different. “Blake!” Grabbing the sink, she dragged herself to her feet and looked back in horror. Blake’s face remained glued to her butt like a fly on a trap. “No! Nonono!” This couldn’t be happening.

Tears pouring from her eyes, Weiss hurried for the door, dragging the unfortunate, flailing Blake behind her. She barely made it back into the dorm room before exhaustion forced her to stop. Between the new weights on her chest and Blake clinging to her butt, she barely had the strength to walk.

Looking back over her shoulder, she watched with trembling eyes as Blake’s form turned as runny as Ruby and Yang’s. Liquified, she melted into Weiss’s ass with disgusting ease, body and clothing alike slurped up in a matter of mere moments. Weiss watched her cheeks slam shut, rippling, before—

To the sound of tearing linen, her ass exploded, thick blobs of fat bursting through the holes in her tights as they tore. By the time the swelling stopped, she had a butt to match her bust: a complete hourglass figure and a dripping pussy for a bonus.

Reaching back, Weiss fondled her swollen new rear with a moan, wondering if the way it shivered at her touch was all in her mind or some kind of response.

Leaping to her feet, she ran jiggling for her drawer and searched desperately for the vial’s instructions, scanning their contents with shining, silvery eyes. *Come on! Come on! There has to be some way to reverse this!*

There wasn’t. But as she went over the instructions again, the line ‘sprinkle on to food’ set off a chain of explosions in her mind. When Ruby had spilled it... her toast had been right in its path... and it had been so *sweet*. How much of the awful stuff had she eaten?

Swallowing, Weiss reread the warning: Highly Experimental. Do not exceed recommended dosage! Excessive consumption may result in bodily instability. *Body instability*. What did that even—?

Her swollen new figure rippled as a little bomb went off in her sex. Biting her lip, she hurried back to the bathroom, leaving a trail of juice in her wake as she hurriedly stripped off.

Back in front of the bathroom mirror, Weiss threw aside her busted bra and stared at her reflection, unsure whether she was dreaming.

Her skin rippled as if something inside her were banging it with a hammer. Weiss whirled around, heart pounding. Her boobs and butt took several seconds to catch up. What was happening to her?! She—she was imagining it. She had to be. Her heart thudded. Nn~! She felt like she was going to explode.

As in on cue, her body pulsed, flesh rippling like the skin of a drum, and a firecracker went off in her head, throwing stars into her sight. Claspng her temple, she stumbled forward and grabbed the sink, looking up at herself in the mirror and moaning as her face started to twist. The spasms rolled down her body and inflicted her entire form, contorting her like a clay doll in the hands of an obscene potter, until at last—

*Glorp!*

—her body, overwhelmed, could no longer hold itself together.

With a splosh, Weiss collapsed into a puddle of flesh and clothing on the floor, bubbling like a geyser about to burst.

Slowly, trembling, the puddle rose into a pillar and reformed into something resembling a human shape, though it looked more like some ancient fertility idol than Weiss or any of her teammates. For several seconds, it simply stood in front of the mirror and trembled and shook, the colors of clothing and hair and eyes spiraling around its surface.

Finally, it raised a dripping arm and seized its titanic chest, running them down its body and over all its incredible new curves. In the process, it seemed to give itself definition: its skin stopped running; its clothing settled into a final shape; features pushed their way out of the mud of its face; and hair sprouted from the back of its head, long and curly.

When she ran her hand through it, she left color: long blonde locks, with a handful of highlights in white and black and red. When she ran her hand over her skin, it shivered and tanned. When she opened her eyes, her irises had turned a mirroring silver.

*Ooooh...* Weiss groaned as something resembling consciousness returned to her.

*Weeeeeiss? What's going on...?*

Dimly, Weiss recognized Ruby's voice



*Where are we?* asked someone else—Blake. *What have you done to us?*

*Urgh! I feel so... jiggly!* cried Yang. *What the hell is going on, Weiss?*

Wincing, Weiss opened her mouth to respond... and watched, stunned, as her reflection stroked her face lovingly.

“Is this really me?” asked the woman in the mirror, voice unlike any of their own and yet at the same time like all four simultaneously. “I’m so beautiful...”

*H-hey!* Weiss cried. *Who gave you permission to use my mouth, you... whoever you are?*

The woman in the mirror didn’t respond. Instead, she raised her hands and ran them down her body, clearly eager to explore her new curves. Yang squealed as her fingers reached her. *Nn~! Ah! Weiss! Tell us what’s happening?!*

*Is it the Dust?* cried Ruby. *And why—Nnn~!—why does my mouth feel so sticky?*

*You think your mouth feels bad?!* cried Blake.

Trapped in her own skull, Weiss tried to raise a hand and found her body refused to obey her. The most she could do was make a finger twitch, and even that required all of her concentration. She swallowed. *I-I think we might be in a little trouble.*

*Wh-what does that mean?* asked Ruby. In the mirror, the woman they’d become slipped her fingers between her legs. Ruby screamed, and not entirely in horror.

“Nn~!” Biting her lip, the woman in the mirror smiled at her reflection. “Oh yes... I think I’m going to enjoy this~.”