

RWBY: The New Boy

It was good to be back! The sun was shining bright in that big blue sky over Beacon Academy, the summer breeze whipping by. As fun as her vacation was, Yang was beginning to miss this place; coming home early just to surprise everyone (and by surprise everyone, she really meant playing a sisterly prank on her sister). However, she was met at the gate by headmaster Ozpin, his impeccable timing catch her complete surprise.

“Good afternoon, Yang. Trust you had fun on your summer vacation.”

“Yeah, course I did!”

“Good, good. I was hoping I’d catch you first honestly.” He paused to fix his glasses. “Starting today you’ll have a new teammate.”

“Seriously? I thought rules were a team of four?”

“Yes, well...” He put on a humored grin. “He’s not exactly a fighter, more like a...motivator, so to speak. In other words, he doesn’t count. Take good care of him, would you?”

“Uh, yeah sure.” Yang replied, watching him turn and take his leave back to the academy.

“Oh, and don’t be surprised about the ears.” he threw in as he departed. “One of those fauna types.”

Yang scratched her head. She had plenty of questions, but she wasn’t about to argue with the academy’s headmaster. Instead, she started for her room; thoughts dancing on her head with just who this new team member was and, in the process, getting giddy...mostly just hoping it was another person she could tease.

However, when she arrived in the room she and her team shared, she found not a soul there. She scanned the room once, twice, thrice, yet not a soul seemed here. She took a moment to ponder and knowing this new teammate was a fauna, Yang figured it was another cat-like similar to Blake. She looked again but to no avail. She gave up with a sigh then, going to draw to start putting her clothes. As it soon as it did, she let out a shriek and hopped back.

Resting in her clothes drawer was a small mouse boy sleeping soundly. Flustered and creeped out, Yang grabbed the boy and yanked him out (and startled again with just how light he

was). The poor mouse boy, jerked from a deep slumber, found himself staring in the fearsome glare of Yang Xiao Long. A nervous, confused squeak was the only thing that left his little lips.

“What were you doing in my clothes, you little creep!?” Yang demanded.

“I-I was just sleeping!” He frantically answered. “A-All the beds were taken s-so I um, improvised!”

Yang stared silently, her grip tensing, then relaxing with a sigh. She took him over to the bed, setting him down beside her and groaned.

“I was hoping for a cat.” She mumbled. “Not a neera.”

“I-I’m sorry.” Her stuttered anxiously. “Anyway, I’m Mouse. Um, would you like help with your things?”

“No thanks, I can do this myself.” replied Yang, hoisting herself and getting to work putting away her clothes. While she put her things away and made her portion of the room just the way she liked it, her stomach grumbled and growled with a painful pang of hunger. This wasn’t helped by the strawberry aroma filling the air, which, after some detective work, she found was stemming off their new ‘teammate’. Slowly licking her lips, she eyed the short young man hungrily. The cogs in her mind started to clink and clank with devious thoughts. It wasn’t hard for a Neera to go missing and after the bouncing the pro’s and con’s, she came to a decision.

He was on the menu, whether he wanted to be or not.

“So um, do you want me to make you something?” He nervously asked.

“Oh, don’t worry, I have something with him already.” retorted Yang, grinning from ear to ear.

“O-Ok.” He said, assuming she had snacks...at least, that was until she suddenly spun around and tightly gripped his arms and pulled him into a powerful embrace. With a squeak, he exclaimed. “Hu-Huh!? Wha-What are you doing?”

That was answered with several slimy licks across his face, each gathering such a wondrous flavor with every stroke. After getting a taste, she looked down on him with that mischievous grin and giggled.

“Should’ve left with you had the chance.” With another grumble in the gut, Yang opened

wide and let loose a foul, crass belch right in his face; the poor boy coughing immediately from the stomach stench now wafting in his face.

“Oh, sorry about that.” She said with a lustful air. “There’s a lot more where that came from.”

“Wha-”

Opening wide again, Yang crammed the mouse boy’s head down her throat. Immediately he struggled and thrashed for his life, but the Neera was so small and pathetic, it was hardly a challenge to get him down! In five heavy gulps, his little form lurched down, down, down; curling up inside the rancid pit of her stomach. Yang hardly had to do a thing, her powerful throat doing most of the working dragging him down and curling up inside the tight chamber, a chamber of which was now making her belly swell outwards from her bare midriff. She could feel him as he squirmed around, shouting and pushing the walls of his prison out, creating handprints across the pale orb of a tummy.

“Phew, you were-**BWORRRUAP!**-delicious!” She cooed, flopping back down on the bed. “Heh, good thing the others aren’t -**UURRROOP!**- here. I can be as nasty as I-**BURAP!**-want...well, not like I was really trying not before.”

As she chuckled to herself, her stomach wiggling with its thrashing prey. Inside, the acids coated his body, melting his clothes away and burning his skin with a fierce and fiery pain. The minutes came and went like the wind for Yang, though eternally slow for Mouse as he succumbed the digestive process and broken down into nothing more than a thick, nutritious paste. It was a gassy process for Yang, constantly letting out one ferocious belch after the next before eventually dozing off; leaving her gut to loudly gurgle and churn.

Several hours later, Yang stirred from her sleep. She sat up and stretched with a cute yawn, then looked down at that hunk of pudge where her perfect set of abs used to be (though she knew they’d be back) Then from the corner of her eye, she noticed something twitch. She quickly turned her head, then jumped with a shriek. There, laying next to her was the boy she just devoured and digested like a piece of steak. Now here was, alive and unharmed like nothing ever happened! She thought on it for a moment and in the foggiest respite of her memory, she

recalled quite a high number of their species could reform post-death. She couldn't remember the details, but it was all enough to bring up such devious ideas. With a wicked smile, she cuddled up to the mouse boy, whispering mischievous words.

“You and I are going to have a *wonderful* time.”