

Yang Xiao Long in Pinocchio

“Welp, today’s the day. Academy break starts here!” Ruby cheered, knocking over one of Weiss’s cases.

“Calm down, will you? It’s only a two-week break,” Weiss sighed.

Yang chuckled, “Oh, let her be after all your spending time with her and Penny over the break.”

Ruby tilted her head, “Ain’t you coming home?”

“Nah, I’m going to have much more fun,” Yang said, flashing her Scroll with an acceptance ticket.”

Weiss quickly snatched the Scroll eyeing the ticket, “Pleasure Island. Eighteen plus adults resort island.”

“You seventeen, though,” Ruby pointed out, “Hardly an adult.”

“But I can pass for it and already have. How else do you reckon I got the ticket,” Yang replied, “Besides, I’m more adult than you pipsqueak!”

As Yang took back her Scroll, Weiss rolled her eyes, “You’re meant to be a Huntress. A keeper of justice and peace, not someone who lies about their age,” Weiss stated, looking disappointed.

“Oh, lighten up, Ice Queen! There’s no harm from booze, partying, and maybe bar fights!” Yang said, pocketing her Scroll.

“Fights!” Penny cheered, “I’m combat ready may I go?”

“Sorry, Penny,” yang replied, “Adults only. besides, I need someone to keep Ruby out of trouble, and she said you’re her best friend.”

“Best friend? Am I really Ruby’s best friend?” Penny asked, looking at the trio.

Yang grabbed her bag, chuckling, “Yep, I overheard Ruby mention it.”

She walked out of the dorm, laughing at the sound of Penny interrogating Ruby as Weiss and Ruby protested.

“Yep, this is going to be fun!” Yang told herself.

The clear crystal sea lapped gently against the boat's sides as it came into port., a ramp lowered down onto the dock, allowing the passengers to disembark. Yang glanced around at the various students and adults heading up toward the large brown buildings on the island's hill. The hot sun beat down upon her as she walked toward the building. She sighed, popping on a pair of orange lensed shades; dropping her bag to remove her jacket.

"Yep, nothing but peace, quiet and fun," she told herself, picking up her bag.

As she neared the hotel, she could make out a short woman with brown hair guiding the adults into the hotel. Yang huffed, throwing her back at the woman's feet.

"Just put it in my room. I need a strawberry sunrise," Yang called, walking over to the bar.

The woman pouted, glaring at the blonde Huntress before smirking, her eyes turning from emerald green to bright pink.

Yang strolled into the bar, throwing the doors open. She removed her shades and placed them on the bar as she leaned against them. She scanned the open spaces of the warm brown bar just waiting to be bustling with the guests. Yang turned to face a woman with shaggy brown hair and messy clothes, popping up from behind the bar.

"Strawberry sunrise, no ice," she ordered, tapping the bar.

"No sunrise, only beer," the bartender retorted, slamming a mug of frothy beer onto the bar, "All inclusive, no money."

"Okay," Yang muttered, "Fuck it, YOLO, right?"

She grabbed the mug and began to drink the beer, chuckling at the tingling feeling of the liquor sliding down her throat. Her eyes landed on a nearby pool table.

"Why not," she shrugged, sipping on her beer.

As she went to move away from the bar, the woman cleared her throat, placing a lighter and cigar on the bar.

"YOLO, right," the woman droned before walking away

Yang burped as she placed the beer mug on the pool table alongside an ashtray; she eyed the racked balls closely before shrugging and grabbing a pool cue. Her eyes quickly scanned over

the rules written in chalk on the blackboard. Finally, she popped the cigar in her mouth, lighting it up; she gagged and coughed at the intense smoke choking her throat.

“Woah, momma!” Yang exclaimed, pulling the cigar from her mouth, “That sure has a kick a bit like me.”

She walked back to the pool table, placing her cigar into the ashtray, the ash falling from the burning tobacco.

“I honestly love this place. Having fun and no Weiss nagging in my ear,” Yang said, grinning as she bent over the pool table, lining her shot up.

With a thunderous strike, Yang drove the tip of the pool cue into the white ball, sending it hurtling at the balls, scattering them in all directions whilst the orange five ball, rolled into the top corner pocket.

“Too bad I can’t use *Ember Celica*,” Yang muttered, twirling the cue around, “Be a lot more destructive and fun.”

She moved around to where the white ball had landed, popping her cigar in her mouth as she lined up the shot on the brown seven ball. She reared her butt into the air, focusing her aim and controlling her breathing whilst a small, thickening nub grew out of her lower back, growing longer as she drove the pool cue’s tip into the white ball. The ball careened across the table whilst the nub grew longer and thicker, hanging over her shorts and arse.

The white ball struck the brown seven with the ball rolled off to the left, bouncing off the centre-right pocket’s cushion whilst the white ball ricocheted up the table. Yang sighed, watching the lack of ball entering the pocket.

Yang flicked the ash from her cigar onto the floor as she moved around the table, lining up her next shot, swaying her hips with her tail following her movements whilst it grew a dark brown tasselled tip with a matching coat of dark brown hairs grew out of the skin.

Parts of her blonde hair, around her fringe, darkened to match her fur. Her ears twinged slightly, throwing her shot off, causing the white ball to miss the brown seven ball instead striking a striped red eleven ball.

“Fuck me,” Yang groaned, chuckling slightly, “I would never miss a shot. Schnees are precise!” she mocking said, cocking her hip as she twisted her voice in a bastardised version of Weiss's.

She took a couple of puffs on the cigar, her ears stretching and widening, pushing through her hair as coarse dark brown hair grew out of her ears on all sides. The tips reshaped into points whilst her ears took on a slight curve on the sides.

Yang rested her cigar in the ashtray, taking a moment to have a few heavy swigs of her beer. As she burped, her stomach growled, fine hairs sprouting out of her tightening, pinching skin; her belly swelling outwards. She grunted as she leaned over to line up a shot, her rounding belly pressing into the table as it continued to expand.

Her mini shorts tightened along with her brown belt as her arse cheeks swelled and hips thickened, steadily growing wider. Her yellow thong began to peek around the black of her shorts as her shorts rose between her buttocks.

“Feels like these shorts are camel toeing the fuck out of my yang!” Yang grumbled, attempting to take a shot.

Pops and cracks filled her ears as she cried in agony; her hands dropped the cue. Her middle fingers thickened, with the nail becoming blacker as it overgrew the nail beds. Her remaining fingers and thumbs retracted back into her swelling hands.

Yang staggered back from the table, holding her hands up as the dark nails expanded, curving into a hoof-like shape.

“My..hands,” Yang groaned, jumping as her shorts tore straight down the middle exposing her yellow thong even more.

She twisted herself around, shrieking in horror as her eyes caught sight of her expanding butt and tail hanging limply over them. Instinctively she moved her hands to grab the tail and remove the foreign object from her body but found her new hooves lacked the functionality to catch and grip. As she turned back around, she moaned, noticing the size of her belly.

“Okay, who's the bastard that drugged my drink. Very funny arsehole tricking me into thinking I'm transforming!” Yang called out, looking around for the bartender.

Her belt snapped into four pieces as her thong and shorts tore apart, flakes of black and yellow fabric and brown leather scattering the floor. Yang wobbled slightly as her thighs began to expand. Free from the cloth prison, Yang's genitals shifted with her vagina thickening as it slid behind her, parking underneath her puckering, darkening anus. Dark brown hair sprouted out of her thighs as they kept swelling with fat and muscle until they matched the size of her arse cheeks.

“Why is it getting worse? Is this what the hipsters call a bad trip?” Yang muttered to herself, watching her arms getting hairy and thicker.

“Oh no. Hipsters may call it that, but this is all real, Yang.”

Yang's eyes narrowed at an orange-haired man leaning against her cane, observing her transformation, “Torchwick!”

“Ah, so you do know me. Though when I run this place, I’m normally called the Coachman,” Roman replied, winking at Yang.

“Of course, I know you your Vale’s most wanted asshole!” Yang snapped, “What do you think you’re doing to me!” She doubled over as cracks sounded out from within her body

“Turning you into a fiery donkey,” Roman bluntly replied, “You see, donkeys are a much-needed asset in Vale and what better way than to get rid of the stubborn and the weak than to make donkeys out of them. I was hoping you’d have brought your friends, but you’ll do for now.”

Roman toyed with a small jade pendant with an engraving of a donkey, watching as the yellow tube top started tearing around Yang’s body. Her shoulder blades snapped, pressing into her skin as they widened. Her back muscles spasmed, expanding like balloons around her thickening spine.

“I..may be in pain,” Yang grunted, “But I can still....sock you.”

She stumbled forwards, yelping as her hips cracked violently, throwing her upper body forwards and forcing her to land on her front hooves.

“Can’t stand up!” Yang grunted, trying to push herself up as her hips cracked into their new alignment.

“Not very bright, are your firecracker. Have you ever seen a donkey on two....oh wait, Faunus exist. Scratch that thought,” Roman said, grinning.

Yang’s breasts jiggled as her upper body widened, her chest barreling outwards as her ribs expanded to accommodate her growing organs. Her breathing deepened due to her lungs growing whilst Yang stared between her front limbs, tears forming in her eyes at the sight of her breasts sinking into her chest.

Roman chuckled, “All that work to be a strong athletic and dare I say toned fighter, and now you have a hairy chubby body, my dear.”

Yang screamed as her wide shoulder blades snapped into alignment, her spine snapping shortly after. Her calves began to shorten as twin bulges formed in the toes of her boots. Concealed by her shoes, Yang’s toes, one by one, retracted back into her feet. Her boots tightened painfully around her lengthening, swelling feet, the balls of her feet stretching slightly as curved black nails grew out of them. The seams joined the sole of her shoes to the rest snapped, unable to contain her feet. The thick black hoof nails erupted from the fronts of her boots as her heels rose into the air, dragging the torn boots with them.

Two dark lumps of flesh swelled out of her lower abdomen, long dark teats growing from them. The new skin pinched as the lumps swelled up, mirroring Yang's former breast size.

"I always forget the bigger the tits, the bigger the udders. Maybe I'll get some extra money by selling her as a breeder," Roman pondered, stroking his chin.

"You are not selling me as a breeder!" Yang snapped, "I will not be fucked like an animal!"

"Oh, poor confused animal," Roman retorted, "Livestock doesn't get a choice or voice."

"I'm...not live...stock jerk!" Yang said, straining as her neck swelled, lengthening as a thick black bristly mane sprouted from the back of her neck whilst dark brown hair grew across her neck.

"You're sure you look like one," Roman quipped, pulling out a cigar.

"Fuuu...cccckkkk...HEEEHAAW!" Yang brayed deeply.

Her hair shortened into her scrap, blending with the growing fur coat. Violent cracks emitted from her skull, her nose flattened into her face whilst her nostrils flared to asinine proportions, broadening across her face. Yang's lips darkened into a dull brown as her mouth and nose pushed outwards, the bones cracking, taking out on the familiar donkey snout shape. Within her mouth, newer block-like teeth grew, her human teeth growing to match.

"Heeehaaw...heehaaaaw," Yang brayed as her tongue swelled.

Roman stroked the pendant, causing it to glow. A faint green glow appeared in her lilac eyes, changing them into a dull dark brown. The donkey's legs wobbled slightly before the creature collapsed, blacking out.

"Can't have you fight back now, can we," Roman stated, pulling out his Scroll and pressing a few buttons, "Neo, I have another one for the mainland; needs boots removing oh and make sure to contact the breeding farms please." Roman pulled out his zippo lighter, sparking it to light his cigar as he pondered, staring at the donkey, "The others are sure to come looking for her; maybe I can get some new animals out of them; after all, money makes the man!"