Law and murder

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**Law and murder**

by Beatonen

**Summary**

After ten years apart from her friends, Weiss starts her career as a lawyer. She got a new case, Raven Branwen. But as

she goes to meet her client, she arrives face-to-face with Yang.

**Notes**

I really don't know what crossed my mind when I decided to write this.

I have no idea.
Chapter 1

She had told her friends Blake, Ruby and Yang that she was going on vacation with her family for two weeks. But in fact, Weiss Schnee was only avoiding goodbyes; she couldn’t even think about telling her friends that she wouldn’t come back, not until her school years would be done.

She was about to enter the finest law school, and her father would be looking over her shoulder with every move she would make, every grade she would get. She couldn’t get distracted. But she hated goodbyes. So, the vacation was only a pretext. She was in fact moving to the school, preparing for her new life. She couldn’t afford friends. Too many distractions. And even though it broke her heart in million pieces, she couldn’t call them. Hearing their voices would break her resolve.

She was gone for only three days now, but she missed them already. So she took her phone. Better sooner than later, they say, she told herself. So she hastily typed with trembling hands that she wasn’t going to come back with personal reasons to her three friends. Her only friends. And after that, she curled in a ball in the corner of her dorm room, hugging her pillow, and didn’t respond to every calls or text messages of her phone. For a month, there were calls and text messages almost every day, and after that it slowly stopped. After six months, it had stopped completely. She was really sad, but every time she thought about them, she pushed it aside, saying that when she’ll become a real lawyer, she’ll find them again, and start a new life. She was going to be the best lawyer, she thought, with her precious friends by her side. She hangs on to that thought.

After two years, though, she received a call when she was in class, so she couldn’t answer. She noticed it after her class, three hours later, the notification of a missed call. Frowning, she unlocked her screen and gasped softly. A call from Yang. She shook her head. No, she told herself, I can’t get distracted. She pocketed her phone, but that night, lying on her bed, she kept staring at her phone. If she made a quick call, just to know how everybody’s doing? The next day, she was still thinking about the pros and cons of returning Yang’s call. But she made her decision. The next morning, she thumbed Yang’s name, and put her phone to her ear. But before she could hear a tone, a mechanized voice rose. ‘The number you are trying to reach is no longer in service…’ She hung up with a sigh. There goes her only chance. She was a little sad, but at the same time relieved. She didn’t know what she’d tell Yang, Blake or Ruby. In fact, it was better that way. She took a deep breath and stood. All the way to her graduation, almost eight years later, she didn’t receive other calls or messages. After graduation, she found a job, and she was just too busy to even think of a relationship; friends or romantic, she didn’t have time for both.

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“Of course, they had to send the rookie,” she mumbled, walking fast and loudly in her heels. “Of course, ‘why not?’”

Her impersonation of her lazy boss was absolutely on point, but only she could judge. She opened the file and glanced at the name. Raven Branwen. Hm. In the interrogation room 4. Great. In front of the door, she stopped briefly, taking a deep breath before putting her “poker face” mask, then stomped her foot and opened the door.

“Gentlemen, I’m sorry to announce that your pleasant conversation ends… Here…”
Weiss, whose icy-blue eyes fell at first on the two agents sitting on one side of the table, glanced at the other side to see a woman with impossibly long, unruly pitch-black hair. She was wearing red and black clothes, and the lines of her face, sharp and cold, turned towards her, but those eyes… She could recognise them even in a crowd, even though it’s been years since she last saw them. Lilac eyes stared at her sternly for a second, before returning her attention to the two agents sitting in front of her.

“Can I have another lawyer?” She asked, standing up.

Before the men could answer, Weiss grabbed her elbow and dragged her out of the room, leaving with a simple:

“No, you can’t. Have a nice day, gentlemen.”

And she dragged the dark-haired woman across the bullpen, the police station, then outside, letting go of her grip but never stopping walking.

“Who in hell is Raven Branwen and what did you do with your hair?” Weiss finally mumbled to herself, but the other woman heard it.

“It’s nice to see you too, Weiss,” she joked, but somehow her voice seemed off.

“Stop talking. We’ll talk in my car. I deserve an explanation. And a big one,” she said, glancing at the woman, who simply huffed but said nothing.

Weiss fished her car keys in her pocket, and unlocked it with a “beep beep!” Before the brunette could open the passenger’s door, Weiss opened the back door and threw her file on the seat, slamming the door shut. Then she opened the driver door and fell in the seat, closing quickly behind her. She turned her attention to the side, lilacs looking at her, waiting.

“Why have you changed your name, Yang? And what have you done with your hair? It’s… Scandalous.”

She made a circle motion with her hand, designing all her black hair, and Yang huffed again.

“It’s a long story,” she sighed, slouching in her seat, clicking her seatbelt on.

“I can’t believe it.” Weiss breathed, placing her hands on the wheel. “Of all the cases I could fall on, it had to be you. What did you do? I didn’t had time to see-”

“Like I said,” Yang interrupted, while Weiss started the car and drove out the parking lot, “it’s a long story. I have to go back to the day you… Left, to put it kindly.”

Weiss grimaced, biting her lips.

“It’s been what? Five, six years?”

“Ten, in fact,” the brunette said coldly. “And Raven is my mother. My biological mother.”

The lawyer glanced at her, surprised.

“You found her?”

Yang shook her head, looking outside.

“No, she found me. Anyway, you ready to hear the story of the fall of Yang Xiao Long, Weiss?”
She glanced at the brunette again, this time holding her gaze for a moment.

“‘The fall’?”

Slowly, Yang nodded, and then cleared her throat.

“Yeah,” she breathed, her shoulders dropping slightly.

Weiss nodded, swallowing.

“Well, it’s a long ride to my place.”

“And to explain what I did to get arrested… I have to tell you the whole story. Ten years. I will not ask why you left without even telling us. You know we wouldn’t even have tried to make you stay, if you had explained to us. You knew that. But you still—”

“Do you still wish to not ask me, or I’m imagining you’re trying to make me spill it?” Weiss interrupted, slight annoyance in her voice. “I’ll explain later. Let’s focus on you. I’m your lawyer, I have to know.”

The white haired woman still looked the road forward, focused, but she could feel the brunette’s eyes on her, cold, angry, and she felt her heart thumping in her chest. The last thing she wanted was a fight in the car, with her long lost friend. A few minutes went by, Yang never looking away, Weiss growing guiltier.

“Yang, I—”

“After you left,” she interrupted, finally turning her head to look outside, “after you send us your ridiculous message saying that you wouldn’t come back – Not even a phone call, a fucking text message. Anyway – we… Started to fall apart.”

Weiss furrowed her eyebrows, paying close attention to what the brunette was saying.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that, after a few months, we kind of started to blame each other. Because of your sudden leave.”

“What kind of nonsense is that?” The lawyer asked, taken aback. “I left on my own behalf; it wasn’t anyone’s fault!”

Yang only shrugged, looking outside.

“Well, one day, Blake blamed me, loud and clear. Saying that it was all the nicknames and our never-ending bickering that made you go, or something like that.”

If she only knew, Weiss thought. But Yang went on.

“So I blamed Blake,” she sighed, tired, as if speaking of it drained her energy. “I said that it was her fault, since she had been with these thugs, the White Fang, that she was a faunus, and you were still afraid that she was still a White Fang member, or… I don’t remember clearly, I was just… Dumb. Ruby tried to step in between us, God, she was crying so much… And then Blake and I blamed her, for,” she raised her hands in the air, exasperated, “God knows why. And then, it went downhill, you know?”

The lawyer nodded even if she wasn’t looking at her, and she continued.
“I… Began to have issues. Anger issues. At first it started with little things, like I was upset when Ruby wouldn’t tell me where she went, or when I came home and something wasn’t at the place where I left it. At first, it was only a flash of teeth, some grumble and it was it, but… as the months went on, it went bad. I picked fights with Blake almost every day, sometimes I got violent, and at some point, I…”

She stopped abruptly, swallowing. Weiss glanced at her and when she locked her eyes with her, she nodded encouragingly.

“I… Begin to have blackouts? Like I was arguing and things and I felt hot and so, so angry, and then I blinked and I’m… I’m strangling Blake.”

Weiss was beyond words. To think that Yang could hurt her best friend… She couldn’t believe it.

“When I realized what I was doing, I let go,” the brunette continued with a shaky voice. “I apologised so many times, I cried, but Blake looked at me straight in the eyes, saying that it was the last time I talked to her, that she had enough, and she left. But it only seemed to trigger something in me. One day I came home to find that there was only one cookie left in the cookie jar, and I don’t even know why, I was really mad at her, because she ate it all. It was only cookies,” she whispered, resuming. “Ruby tried to calm me down, and it- it happened again!”

The white haired woman could see Yang’s hands balling into fists on her lap, but she said nothing. There was nothing to be said.

“I had a blackout again,” she said quietly. “When I came back, I was gripping Ruby’s wrist so hard that I broke it, and I was swinging my fist to punch her. My baby sister. Again, I stepped back and apologised, but… She left me too. She didn’t wanted too, but I was a threat to her, now. But what sickens me is that I… I didn’t realised how much of a danger I was to everyone, you know?”

She sighed, slouching in her seat, her head falling on the headset as she closed her eyes.

“I thought I couldn’t get more down then that. That I was already at the bottom. But life has that fucking habit to show you how wrong you are.”

Weiss frown only deepened, the wrinkle between her eyebrows growing a vertical line and her grip tightened on the wheel.

“I was all alone, angry all the time. I was going in bars to pick fights again. I didn’t care. Trying to find someone who wouldn’t leave me. And then I… I met a guy. We started living together, but it was… so wrong? We were literally fighting, with our fists, all the time, breaking all the furniture while we had sex, even at night sometimes I woke up because he punched me in the face or something. I didn’t even know what I was doing with him. But he was the only person who seemed to ‘care’ about me.”

She pinched the bridge of her nose and bit her lip, sliding a hand through her hair.

“And then it clicked, you know. I overheard a girl at work talking about how she and her boyfriend were such dorks together, and I realised how… wicked we were. How wrong I was. I had a problem. So I started seeing a therapist. He made me talk about my anger, about when it started, and… I think he’s the only guy in the world who knows everything about you, Blake and Ruby. He was so nice. He was my only friend. I started to give up fighting all the time, but my boyfriend… even though I told him, he still went on picking fights with me, even when I didn’t fight back. I let him beat me up, he… Well. He forced himself on me. Some days I went to my therapy with bruises and broken ribs, and my therapist, his name is Aidan, he tried to tell me that he was a threat to me. I
had to break up with him, and eventually, I did. But it didn’t stop. He broke my new apartment’s door five times to get me, saying I couldn’t leave him, because I was his possession or something.”

“What’s his name?”

Yang raised her head sharply, her eyes cold.

“Why do you want to know?”

“Because I’m your fucking lawyer, Yang, you do as I say,” Weiss answered, anger boiling in her veins. “What’s his fucking name, I will find him and throw his sorry ass in jail for three thousand years if I feel merciful that day.”

A single dark eyebrow rose at that, along with a scoff.

“I think it’s the first time I hear you swear. And twice, man, you’re really fired up,” she joked.

“I’m serious, Yang. What’s his name,” she said slowly through gritted teeth. “That son of a bitch will think hell is a playground after I’m finished with him.”

Yang looked at her, the white haired woman huffing and twitching, barely able to contain her fury, the slight shade of red going down her neck and the tips of her ears. Yang gritted her teeth, exhaling through her nose.

“You’re not going to like it,” she said, barely above a whisper.

“Is it someone I know?”

“It’s… It’s Cardin Winchester.”

Weiss slammed the brake, making both of them launch forward. Yang let out a few curses, but she stayed silent, straightening herself when the car stopped. Weiss twisted in her seat to face her.

“What? You were with Cardin? What is wrong with you, he bullied us for years!”

“Everything is wrong with me, Weiss,” she sighed. “Anyway, Aidan helped me move in another city, found me a job, a place, and for a time, I was good. I felt better, I wasn’t angry anymore, and Cardin was away. But a few months later, Aidan called me, saying that he was receiving daily death threats because he helped me. So it was coming from Cardin. But he couldn’t really go against him; the Winchester’s a pretty big family that owns like half the police station in Vale, so… Cardin was coming to get me. So I… I had a thought. I remembered you were studying to become a lawyer, and who else could deal with a wealthy family except the worldwide wealthiest family? So I tried to call you, but… You didn’t pick up. But Cardin was coming, so I threw my phone away and I ra-”

“Wait,” Weiss murmured, holding her hand in the air. “Wait. It was around two years after I left, right?”

When Yang nodded, guilt sprang in Weiss’s chest, and she slowly brought her fist to her forehead, pressing it hard. She was shaking so much, literally vibrating in anger, but this time it was at herself. She slowly turned, looking straight ahead, putting her hands on the wheel, breathing slowly and deeply. When Yang opened her mouth to say something, she raised her hand again, stopping the brunette, while she undid her seatbelt with a trembling hand.

“Give me a moment, I’ll be right back,” she said, pushing on a button under the wheel.
She flew open the door and didn’t even care to close it. She opened the trunk and pulled out a baseball bat, slamming the trunk with more force than necessary. When she passed beside Yang’s side, she heard her concerned voice.

“Weiss?”

The lawyer was usually a really collected person, calm and stoic, but sometimes, she had to evacuate her anger, her stress. Weekly, she had a boxing session, punching the bag with all her might, coming back sore but all so lightened from everything. But now, she couldn’t wait. She walked to the nearest tree and swung with all her force, the metal meeting the wood making a dull sound, the shock coming up her arms and settling in her chest. It hurt, it was definitely harder than the bags at the gym, but she didn’t care. She kept hitting the tree again and again, shouting and whining, and began sobbing.

“I am such an idiot!” She screamed, hitting the tree with each word. “I knew I had to call you back, I should have call you right back, I’m the worst!”

She felt her hands hurt, her arms hurt, felt like her shoulders would fall apart with the next hit, her breathing ragged.

“Idiot, stupid, useless—”

She raised her bat again, but a larger, warm palm wrapped around hers, stopping her.

“It’s okay, Weiss. Let go of the bat.”

Yang’s voice was right in her ear, and she would have dropped to her knees if the taller woman’s arm wasn’t around her waist, holding her.

“I forgot that,” she said softly, her voice kind and warm.

“Forgot what?” Weiss snapped, still breathing heavily, her grip tightening on the bat.

“Oh, nothing. I forgot you were a lefty,” she huffed softly. “Let go, now, and breathe. I can feel your heart pounding. Calm down.”

“I can’t! Why are you so calm, anyway? I disappeared, and when you needed help, and actually reached out for me, me, I… How can you say it’s okay? It’s not! It’s not at all!”

She struggled a bit, trying to break free, but Yang was taller than her, and still far stronger than her, and she huffed angrily.

“Why aren’t you mad at me, Yang?”

Weiss felt Yang’s hand twitch against her own, but the brunette’s thumb caressed her hand, slowly sliding over her knuckles.

“I was, until I saw you like this. I know you’re mad at yourself because you feel guilty. I know you’re sorry. I know you mean it.”

Weiss struggled again, but less than before.

“Oh yeah? And how do you know that? We haven’t seen each other in ten years because I’m such a piece-of-shit friend.”

“Because you don’t give two shits about pretending, Weiss. That’s what I like most about you. If
you like it, good for it. If you don’t, you won’t pretend to like it in front of others. You’re a sincere person, Weiss. That’s why, it’s okay.”

Weiss jerked her head back on Yang’s shoulder, her face hard but her eyes filled with tears.

“It’s my job to pretend, Yang. I do it all day.”

“Maybe, but you don’t in front of people you care about. I know you.”

“Well, you’re a too kind person, Yang. Too forgiving. Why are you so kind with me? I left you! I left all of you, without a word because I hate goodbyes, and I couldn’t, I just couldn’t call you guys because hearing your voices would have broken me, and…”

She felt the handle of the bat slowly slipping out of her grasp, and she let it go, gasping.

“It’s okay Weiss. We all had a hard time. Now breathe, that’s the key.”

Another sob caught in Weiss’s throat, and she let her head fall, hanging limply for a moment, and then she reached to hold Yang’s hand.

“I missed you so much,” she murmured, tears rolling down her cheeks.

“I know. I missed you too, Weiss.”

Minutes went by. Even though it’s been ten years, Yang still smelled the same, she was as warm as she remembered, feeling so at ease with her, and she drifted off in their embrace. Until Yang spoke, softly.

“Did you read my file, Weiss?”

The white haired woman frowned, then shook her head.

“No, why?”

“So you don’t know my charges?”

She shook her head again, and Yang sighed.

“I got arrested for murder. I killed Cardin Winchester.”

Weiss froze. Promptly, she twisted in Yang’s arms to face her.

“What?”

“Well,” she said, averting her eyes awkwardly. “I ‘accidently’ killed him.”

Weiss stared at her for a few seconds, before narrowing her eyes.

“How can you ‘accidently’ murder someone?”

“Well, beat someone up, and if they die two days later because of internal bleeding, you can accidentally kill someone,” she said bitterly.

“But that’s unfair!”

“I think we should head to your house before I continue my story,” the brunette said. “Even if I don’t give a shit about myself, I don’t want you to die in a stupid car accident. Can you drive?”
Weiss looked at her and shrugged. The pang of pain made her groan, and Yang laughed softly.

“You mind if I drive?”

The lawyer shook her head as they walked back to the car, Yang carrying the baseball bat, returned it in the trunk before slipping in the driver’s seat.

“So, where are we going, Princess?” Yang asked, turning the key to revive the car.

Weiss gave her a sidelong glance.

“You don’t recognize where we’re going?”

Yang’s brows furrowed and she shook her head, Weiss pointing in the direction of a cliff, still away from them.

“Look. Don’t tell me you don’t recognise that,” she said with a small smile.

On top of the cliff there was a ridiculously large house, stark white in the darkening day, and Yang raised her eyebrows, following the direction.

“The Schnee mansion?” She asked in disbelief. “Does your father know I’m coming back with you? I’m a criminal, Weiss.”

She snorted.

“Don’t you read the news? Or watch TV, sometimes?” She said, slightly annoyed, avoiding the eyes of the brunette. “My father died four years ago, and he gave me everything. My mother wasn’t even in the testament. I was so mad. I offered her to stay, but she refused, saying that wasn’t what father’s wish was. I gave her the villa in Vacuo, you remember it, right? With the back door opening to the beach? That one. I sent the maids and Klein with Mother; if I want something, I’ll get it myself.”

“Are you telling me you live alone in that big ass mansion?”

Weiss shrugged.

“Yeah. Well, no, in fact. I have cats,” she said casually, before blushing a little. “I actually forgot about this. So please, don’t think I’m weird?”

“Okay, I won’t,” Yang promised, focused on the road.

“I have four cats. One black with bright yellow eyes, her name is Blake.”

At that, Yang’s lips lifted upward in a warm smile, the first she made since the police station.

“The other is a patchwork of colors, red, brown, black, white, with light brown eyes, her name is Ruby. I found a beautiful cat with really long, light caramel fur, and she’s always grooming Ruby, her name is Yang. She’s actually the most social, always screaming at me to pet her,” she added, sighing. “Anyway, I also have a really handsome, pure white cat with sky-blue eyes, and his name is Myrtenaster. He’s actually my mother’s cat, but he always liked me, so… He stayed,” she said, shrugging again.

Yang slightly shook her head, smiling softly.

“You are such a dork.”
Weiss blushed harder and she shifted in her seat, crossing her arms with a small grimace when she felt her sore muscles.

“I did tell you I missed you.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Yang continues her story, and Weiss arrange a meeting with Blake and Ruby

“So… What happened after you tried to call me?”

Weiss’s voice was calm, sitting on the corner of her couch with a glass of wine, Yang crouching in front of the fireplace, placing a log in it to fuel the fire a while longer. She stood, sliding her hands in her pockets, turning on her heels to face her lawyer with a shrug.

“I ran,” she said simply. “I was done fighting. I knew that if I had to do it again… I couldn’t go back, you know?”

Weiss nodded, taking a sip of wine.

“I was traveling from shelter to shelter, trying to keep a low profile, and one day… I guess I was drunk?” She said, narrowing her eyes, trying to remember. “Anyway, I was walking back to the shelter and a woman, a woman I didn’t know stepped in front of me, asking if I was Yang Xiao Long.”

Weiss raised her eyebrows but said nothing, looking at the blank expression on her friend’s face.

“You know, I always could tell what Ruby had from Dad and Summer;” she said suddenly. “I’m really happy, because Ruby looks so much like her mother, and she also have so many things from Dad, but when I look at myself…”

She made a circle motion with her hands at her face and at herself, shaking her head slowly.

“I couldn’t even tell one thing I had from Dad, except the color of my hair. But when that woman stepped in front of me… I knew who she was. Because I look at that face every day, in the mirror. I’m her fucking copy, Weiss. I look so much like her… I kinda understand why Dad always put Ruby first.”

Weiss frowned, staring at the brunette but she shrugged and continued.

“Anyway, there she was, in front of me, the long black hair and everything. She told me she knew in what kind of situation I was, and that she wanted to help. She told me I had to change my identity. And she told me that technically, she didn’t exist, so… She let me borrow her name, her look. She told me she was a really powerful figure in her world, and if someone saw me and knew Raven, they would leave me be. So…”

She shrugged again, trailing off and waving her hand to design herself.

“I moved again, she helped me with the paper work,” she added. “And after that, I tried to start a new life, and my mom disappeared again. I never had the chance to ask her why she left me when I was just a baby. And I was alone again.”

“How long have you been running from big dick Cardin?” Weiss asked, frowning.
Yang snorted, turning to the fire again.

“I don’t know… two? Three years? Maybe even four, each time I had the time to settle in and starting to feel I was okay before he came crashing and ruined my life again,” she said, sighing.

Weiss nodded, her gaze cast down, her fingers tapping on the glass she held in her hand rhythmically.

“That long, huh?” She murmured.

The brunette nodded again, but stayed quiet. They both fell silent for a couple of minutes, the fire cracking and sighing, the only noise around them.

“And you… didn’t spoke to Blake or Ruby again?” Weiss asked, not sure how the other woman would react.

She slightly turned her head in her direction, enough for the lawyer to see she had clenched her teeth, but not enough to see her face.

“No, I didn’t.”

The lawyer hummed and nodded, leaving her glass on the table while standing and walking to the fireplace beside Yang.

“I see,” she murmured again.

“Well, I didn’t until the night of the incident with Cardin,” she said softly.

Weiss looked up, the moving light of the fire creating dancing shadows on her features, but she stayed quiet.

“You know, at first I went to bars to pick up fights. After that, I went to find someone who would spend the night with me, and at some point, I went only to try and escape the shithole that is my life,” she said, holding her arms. “It was one of those nights, I was walking aimlessly, and I ended up without knowing it sitting in front of a counter with a glass of whiskey in my hand.”

She frowned slightly, her eyes empty, and spoke with a light voice, as if she wasn’t even there.

“At some point in the night I glanced at the front door and I saw… I saw Ruby and Blake coming in.”

Weiss reached her hand to take Yang’s, her fingers cold against the taller woman’s skin.

“Oh no…” she gasped.

“Oh yes,” Yang sighed. “He went to her and asked her where I was, and when she told him she
didn’t know, that she hadn’t seen me in eight years he didn’t believed her. He became violent, as surprising as it sound,” she added with a bitter laugh. “Blake stepped in front of her to protect her, but he punched her square in the face, without warning. She got knocked out cold. I couldn’t do nothing. He was raising his fist to hurt my baby sister, and he already hurt Blake. So I pushed him and stepped between them. Before I had the chance to look behind me, he punched me in the face too, I wasn’t fast enough to evade it, and I found myself sitting my ass on the floor, shaking as if it was my first fistfight. But he didn’t recognized me, and was about to grab Ruby’s collar to hit her, so I jumped to my feet and punched his stupid face so hard, he crashed on the table next to him. This time, I looked over my shoulder, and asked Ruby if she was okay. And I…”

She shook her head softly, as if seeing something unbelievable.

“I saw in her eyes… At first she was afraid, but… Somehow she recognized me and she was so relieved, you know,” she said, looking up in Weiss’s eyes with a small smile. “She knew I was the big sister Yang, not the angry thing from back then. I told her to take care of Blake, and Cardin was standing again, this time he recognized me. And he wanted to fight, of course. But he wanted Ruby to pay for not telling him, and I… I couldn’t control myself, this time. I blacked out again. When I ‘woke up’, I was lying on my front and four cops were holding me down while another one was handcuffing me, and I could hear Ruby screaming that it was legitimate defense, that they didn’t need to be so violent with me, but they didn’t listened to her. When they took me, I walked in front of her, and she looked at me with tears in her eyes, Blake holding a bag of ice to her cheek beside her. I said I was sorry, for everything. I wanted to say more but the cop pushed me to the car, and I didn’t spoke to them since.”

Weiss stayed silent for a moment, her mind racing. Yang let go of her hand and walked to the couch, sitting with a deep sigh. Slowly, Weiss turned on her heels to face her, and stared at her, a growing smile on her lips. Yang raised her eyebrows.

“What?”

“Ruby was right,” she said confidently. “It was legitimate self-defence. He hit Blake, then hit you when you tried to stop him. We just have to ask some of the witness to tell what they saw, maybe use the surveillance tape of the bar, and that’s it!” She snapped her fingers, a large grin stamped on her face. “We’ll win this case, and you could go back being Yang Xiao Long, go back to your beautifully blonde, golden mane!”

Yang smiled and scoffed, toying with a strand of her hair.

“It upset you that much?”

Weiss shrugged, walked to the couch and stood in front of her, sliding her fingers in the woman’s hair.

“I always thought you had the most beautiful hair in the world, and it makes me feel physical pain at the amount of chemical you put in it to make it so black.”

The tall woman rolled her eyes, smiling.

“Speaking of change, how did you get that scar?” The dark haired woman asked, sliding her index finger over her own left eye. “You hadn’t got that when we were at Beacon.”

Weiss tensed immediately and jerked her hands back, toying with her own hair, crossing her arms on her chest. Yang could see the smaller woman’s mouth in a thin, fine line, and she stood too.
“I’m sorry, I didn’t—”

“It’s okay,” Weiss interrupted. “But let’s just say… it’s a story for another time, alright?”

Before any of them could say or do anything more, a beeping coming from Weiss’s phone interrupted them. The lawyer frowned and quickly walked to it, taking the device in her hand and unlocking her screen. Yang saw Weiss raising a single eyebrow before tapping once on her screen, the beeping stopping.

“What was that?” She asked, suddenly nervous.

“Oh, it’s my security camera. It caught some movement on the front lawn near the gate, but it was just a deer.”

The taller woman frowned, raising a single eyebrow too.

“Isn’t it a little paranoid, to have it connected to your phone?”

The lawyer huffed, pocketing her phone.

“Well, you would be paranoid too if your father was Jaques Schnee,” she sighed. “My father always had many enemies, and they still want to get through him by hurting me.”

“But he’s dead,” Yang said, confused.

“Tell them, not me,” Weiss said back, waving at her for her to come along. “Just last week,” she remembered, pointing at the door at the end of the room, “thanks to my surveillance camera and alarm system, I had the time to call the police.”

They entered the room, and before them was a series of screens that showed the front and the back yards of the mansion, the front door and the gate, a camera in at least every hallway. Yang looked at this with confusion, then glanced at Weiss, who seemed to find this really boring.

“Still pretty sure robbers don’t bring guns and combat knives to rob a house.”

“Wait a minute,” Yang muttered. “You’re telling me that you’ve been threatened to be murdered, not just once, and you still lives alone in this fucking huge, empty mansion?”

She shook her head in disbelief, resting her hands on her hips.

“Never thought about getting a guard dog? A security guard, something?”

Weiss shook her head, shrugging.

“I don’t want to have a dog, I already have cats. And I like my privacy. Plus, the only way to open the gate is to have my irises, and to tap the code with my fingers, with my fingerprints. Like you saw earlier, if there is any movement, I know in seconds. With one button, I have a direct line with the chief of police of Vale station, and I can shut the emergency doors of every exits.”

She pushed her hair off her shoulder, holding her chin high.

“Nothing enters without my approval.”

“How do you do this?” Yang murmured, half shocked, half impressed.

Weiss rolled her eyes and walked out the room, waiting for Yang to walk out to close the door
behind them. She walked back to the couch, taking her forgotten glass of wine from the table and took a sip, Yang walking slowly to her.

“That’s it,” she said suddenly, making Weiss look up at her, curious. “I’ll move here. Pretty sure there’s an empty room somewhere. I’m moving here, even if you don’t want to. I can’t let you live here alone with nobody to protect you.”

Weiss raised a single eyebrow, sipping her wine, before raising her chin.

“You know I can actually sue you because you said that, right?”

Yang snorted.

“You’re my lawyer, you’re supposed to help my case, not make it worst. Come on, I know you won’t mind having a little company, right?” She insisted, looking in her eyes hopefully.

“What will you do with where you live now?”

The dark haired woman shrugged.

“I’m sure that dumbass has already thrown all my stuff on the street, which is not much, because he didn’t want to have a criminal in his ‘walls’.”

Weiss raised her eyebrows but said nothing, still sipping her wine, considering. Yang jerked her head back with an exaggerated sigh, resting a gentle hand on the lawyer’s elbow.

“Do I really have to beg?” She asked, making Weiss smile a little.

“Fine,” she finally conceded, only slightly annoyed. “You can stay, but only on one condition,” she warned.

“Anything!” Immediately answered Yang, her eyes bright.

“You do the cooking, because I absolutely can’t,” she said, emptying her glass.

The taller woman laughed, a real laugh, and Weiss smiled. It was the first she heard, in so many years… Yang hold out her hand in front of her, and Weiss took it, shaking it one.

“Done!” The taller woman said, grinning. “I’ll make you those famous pancakes Ruby always loved!”

She snorted softly, smiling. She took Yang’s hand in hers, and their eyes locked, lilac eyes were bright and warm again, icy-blue not so icy, now.

“I missed you so much, Yang,” Weiss murmured, raising her hand to cup Yang’s cheek, thumbing her cheekbone.

The brunette leaned into the touch, squeezing the hand in hers a little tighter and closing her eyes, sighing softly.

“I missed you too, Weiss,” she whispered back.

They stayed like this for a moment, slowly brushing the other’s skin.

“I always thought that Blake was right, you know.”
Weiss furrowed her eyebrows, questioning.

“That because of me, you left.”

“No, don’t,” Weiss instantly reply, sharply. “It was nobody’s fault. I decided this on my own. I’m the one who needs to apologize. I’m so, so sorry for leaving you, Yang. Leaving all of you guys. I was afraid Father would be disappointed in me if I had distractions, and… I didn’t want to, but I had to leave, Yang. Do you understand? I need you to understand. I tried to leave you in the back of my head, I wanted to find you guys after graduation, but… I barely had time to sleep.”

She lowered her head, her hand falling on Yang’s shoulder, making the taller woman make a soft whine.

“This is… an opportunity to reunite, even if it’s not in the best way to find ourselves again,” she said softly. “I don’t even know if Blake and Ruby will talk to me, but… If you can have some contact with Ruby and Blake again, I’ll be fine, because at least, I’ll have you,” she smiled.

Yang opened her mouth to say something, but she only nodded, her throat too tight to let words go.

“Tomorrow I’ll find Ruby and Blake’s numbers and call them to have their point of view of what happened. Maybe if they want, we could arrange a meeting. I’ll call the bar too to have the tape. I’ll get you out of there, Yang. I promise.”

Yang nodded again and lowered her head to hide her tears, but Weiss knew better. Those bangs couldn’t fool her again. She hugged the tall woman, who buried her face in Weiss’s neck, strong arms wrapping around her. They walked clumsily to the couch and Weiss leaned her back on the armrest, Yang resting between her legs while she hid her face in the crook of the lawyer’s neck, Weiss nuzzling her hair, murmuring ‘it’s going to be okay’ and ‘I’ve got you, now’ repeatedly. She didn’t know how long the dark haired woman cried, but soon, she was lying on her back, Yang’s head resting on her chest, both of them half asleep, the cracking of the fire and the shared warmth lulling them to sleep.

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“Hello Ruby? It’s Weiss.”

Silence. Never a silence had made her that nervous before, but she knew she wasn’t alone; Yang was sitting in front of her, staring worriedly at her, toying with her fingers.

“… Weiss?” Ruby finally said. “Weiss Schnee?”

“The one and only,” she tried to joke, but her nervous laugh betrayed her.

Yang gave her a sidelong glare, frowning a little, and the grimace she made in return made Yang look even more concerned.

“Oh my God… Oh my God okay, hold on, Weiss, give me a minute,” the excited voice of Ruby went a little distant now, but Weiss still heard what the younger woman was saying. “Blake! Blake it’s Weiss! Yes, our Weiss! Yeah, I can’t believe it either! Okay, Weiss? I’ve put you on speaker! Blake is here as well! Oh my gosh, I can’t believe it! First Yang, now you!”
“Speaking of your sister, it’s actually on her behalf that I’m calling you. I’m her lawyer.”

A silence again, and then she heard… a chocked sound? And Ruby laughed really hard.

“Wow, what an amazing week,” Blake’s lower voice was playful, barely heard because of Ruby’s laughing.

“I guess you want our version of what happened?” Ruby asked, still having a hard time to stop laughing.

“Indeed,” Weiss nodded. “I was thinking maybe we could meet somewhere, the four of us,” she tried.

The silence that followed told her that maybe she had put too much luck on her side, and when Yang saw her bit her lip, she lowered her head.

“With Yang?” Ruby asked softly. “I barely recognized her, that night,” she murmured. “But she looked… different. Like the old her, you know. I think it’s worth a shot. What do you think, Blake?”

Weiss toyed nervously with her hair, waiting for the hushed tones to be loud enough to understand, her eyes locking with Yang’s.

“Okay,” she heard Blake grumble. “But if she ever as raises her voice, I’m out.”

“Alright. Do you want to tell her yourself? She’s right in front of me, looking at me with puppy eyes.”

“I want to talk to her! Put her on speaker!” Ruby exclaimed.

Weiss brought her phone in front of her and clicked on the screen, the noise of the small interference of the line filling the air.

“You’re on speaker now,” Weiss said, holding the device between her and Yang.

Lilacs looked up in fear, then down at the device.

“Hey, Yang,” Ruby hesitantly said, and Yang closed her eyes instantly.

“Hey, Ruby,” she said softly, her throat too tight to speak louder.

“Uh… I wanted to say thank you. For saving me, that is,” she laughing nervously.

“No one hurts my baby sister,” Yang said without thinking.

“Yeah, except you?”

They both heard Blake’s distant scoff, but she spoke loud enough to be heard. Yang’s face instantly darkened, and Ruby warned Blake in a hushed tone.

“I’m sorry,” Yang whispered before standing and quickly walking out of the room.

“Yang, wait!”

Weiss tried to catch her arm while standing, but the brunette was too fast and disappeared around the corner. She could hear angry whispers on the phone and she glanced at it.
“Ruby, I’ll call you back alright?”

“Yeah sure,” the younger woman answered, her voice sharp.

Weiss hung up and let her phone fall on the couch, then went out of the room to find Yang. She was walking in the hallway in direction of the bedrooms, thinking that the taller woman was hiding in hers, but she heard a door close to her left. She passed the corner and knocked softly on the bathroom door.

“Yang?”

She heard nothing, and she tried to turn the doorknob to open the door, but it was locked. She knocked again.

“Yang, please.”

“Leave me alone, Weiss,” Yang grumbled.

“Nope. Not a chance. I know you feel guilty, but you shouldn’t bear it alone, Yang.”

Silence again. Weiss sighed.

“Okay, unlock me or I’ll get a knife to unlock it. Your choice.”

Silence again. Weiss grunted, letting her head fall on the door with a small thud.

“Oh my God, how old are you, Yang? Stop acting like you’re twelve,” she said, reaching for her knife in her back pocket.

She unlocked the door fast, pocketing her knife while walking in. Icy-blue eyes looked around the room, noting that the taller woman was nowhere to be seen. Frowning, she walked in the bathroom slowly, closing the door behind her.

“Okay, Yang. Since you want to act like you’re twelve, then I’ll resolve this like you were actually twelve,” she said, still walking slowly. “If I remember correctly, you liked to hide when you weren’t feeling great. A place dark and small…”

Weiss looked quickly over the room again, then turned towards the counter and the doors in front of it. She crouched, taking a deep breath, and opened it.

“And I found you again,” she said softly to Yang, who was curled into a ball with a soft towel in her hands.

Yang glanced at her angrily, her eyes red and puffy, and she sniffed before burying her face in the soft cloth.

“Come on, Yang,” Weiss said softly, sitting on the floor. “Talk to me.”

Yang scoffed in the towel, and her voice was barely understandable.

“What do you want me to say? I feel awful, as usual. I feel like a fucking monster, Weiss,” she said, looking up in blue eyes. “I don’t know what else to do than hide, so nobody can see me.”

“Yang…” Weiss sighed, not really knowing what to do. “Listen, we’ll go see Blake and Ruby and you could show them that you’re okay, now!”
“I don’t even know if I could look them in the eyes,” Yang grumbled.

“Well, you did with Ruby,” Weiss raised a single eyebrow.

“I wasn’t even facing her, it’s easy to just… glance over my shoulder.”

Weiss hummed sceptically, and she stood up suddenly, walking out the bathroom. Yang’s eyes followed her until she wasn’t in her sight anymore, then buried her face again in the towel, closing the small door. Until she heard Weiss come in again, and the door flew open again, a smiling Weiss sitting in front of her. She frowned.

“It’s all set!” The lawyer said. “Tomorrow at 1 pm, we’ll meet at a little café downtown.”

Yang’s eyes widened in fear.

“Tomorrow? B-But it’s too soon, I mean-”

“Quiet, you,” the smaller woman interrupted her, resting a comforting hand on her arm. “It’s all going to be okay, Yang. You’ll show them, right?”

Their eyes locked for a couple of seconds, before Yang looked down, humming. Weiss smiled and patted her arm.

“Good. Come on, now, we have to go to the grocery store, if you’re going to cook. I have absolutely nothing, here.”

Yang sighed but still, slowly, with Weiss’s comforting words, she inched closer to the door and finally, she was sitting on the floor with Weiss, who was holding her hand. She smiled fondly at her.

“Perfect. Look at you, Yang,” she murmured, her fingers ghosting over the tall woman’s face. “You’re all grown up, now,” she joked. “If you really were twelve, you’d stayed in there for three days at least.”

Yang smiled a little and huffed.
The meeting doesn't go as well as Weiss had thought.

“Here we are!” Weiss exclaimed, parking the car on the side of the road in front of the café. She looked at her wristwatch and let her hand fall on Yang’s thigh, which was really tense.

“And we’re early. Come on, now, breathe. You told me that was the key,” she said, joking.

Yang’s lilac eyes were staring at the café, the figure of stillness, when she suddenly seemed to deflate.

“I can’t, Weiss. I’ll stay in the car.”

The lawyer frowned, surprised.

“What’s that? Yang Xiao Long, admitting defeat? Don’t be like that, we’re not even there. I’m pretty sure we’re the first. Don’t give up without trying like that, Yang.”

She said nothing, still staring at the front door. Weiss sighed, getting out of the car, closing the door behind her, and walked around it to open Yang’s, offering her hand to the brunette.

“Come on, Yang. We have to go,” the lawyer murmured softly, waiting.

Their eyes locked for a moment and finally, taking a deep breath, Yang took Weiss’s hand and got out of the car. They crossed the street, and before they entered to café, the tall brunette glanced inside through the window, and saw Blake and Ruby, waiting for them at a table. Yang’s breath caught in her throat and she stopped dead in her tracks, Weiss being pulled back because she still held her hand.

“Weiss I can’t, I can’t do this,” she said, clutching her hands. “What if they hate me? What if they ask me to leave? I can’t take this, Weiss, it will break me, I can’t do this…”

She was about to cross the street to go back to the car, but Weiss squeezed her hands in her own, to keep the brunette from running away.

“Hey, now, calm down, Yang, it’s going to be alright. I’m with you, okay?” She insisted, trying to make eye contact. “Look at me. Good that’s it, breathe, now. That’s it, deep and slow. Okay, Ruby just saw you, so you can’t go back but listen,” she said, tugging at the hands in hers a little. “I’m with you. It’s going to be alright, okay?”

Yang swallowed hard, glancing at the window to see that indeed, Ruby was looking at them with a small, encouraging smile. She looked back at Weiss and nodded sharply, and the smaller woman nodded in return. The lawyer was still holding the brunette’s hand when she pushed the door open, to be sure she wouldn’t run away and, well, moral support. When they were closer to the table, Blake and Ruby stood up and they looked at each other for a moment.
What an odd reunion.

Finally, Ruby jumped in Weiss’s arms to hug her, and the white haired woman had to let go of Yang’s hand to hug her back. Blake, always a bit timid, just touched her elbow but smiled still, and they all sat, Blake and Ruby on one side, Blake facing Weiss and the sisters were face-to-face. But Yang was looking everywhere except at them. Mostly, she kept her head lowered, her hair partially hiding her face, her hand on the table in front of her, silent and listening.

“So, how did you find her?” Blake asked without giving a single glance at Yang. “You’re her lawyer, right?”

“Yes, I am,” Weiss nodded. “In fact I didn’t even know it was her. She changed her name,” the lawyer said, looking at the mass of pitch-black hair.

Ruby frowned.

“What? Why?” She asked, more to her sister than to Weiss.

But when she saw that Yang wasn’t going to answer, Weiss spoke for her.

“It’s kind of a long story, I’m afraid,” she smiled graciously, kicking Yang’s ankle under the table.

Ruby’s frown only deepened, but she only shrugged.

“What’s her name, then?”

“It’s Raven Branwen.”

“Really,” Blake huffed, sarcastic. “Why did you change your name, Yang? To forget?”

Weiss didn’t even need to see her face to know that she had gritted her teeth, and she saw Ruby elbowing the faunus in the ribs with a warning glare.

“It was for her protection, actually,” Weiss answered, a little more coldly than she wanted.

Ruby stared at her sister, this time with much more concern.

“Why, what happened?”

Weiss raised her eyebrows, turning slightly to the brunette.

“I… I’m not sure Yang wants me to answer that…” She trailed off.

After many deep breath, Yang’s voice rose.

“I got a boyfriend and he got violent,” she said simply.

At that, Blake snorted, crossing her arms on her chest and sat back in her chair.

“Well, aren’t it a perfect fit,” she scoffed.

Before Weiss could say anything, Ruby twisted in her seat, to glare at the faunus, hardly.

“Blake, be nice! You said you would give her a chance!”

“I changed, Blake,” Yang interrupted. “I’m not angry anymore. I don’t want to hurt you, or anyone, anymore.”
“It’s not because you say it now that it will change the fact that you _strangle_ me! Me, your best friend!” Blake exclaimed, slamming her hands on the table.

Ruby and Weiss made a little jump and blinked, surprised by the sudden outburst of the usually calm and collected faunus, but Yang jumped to her feet, stepping back to make as much distance as possible between her and Blake.

“Yang?” Weiss called softly.

Because what she saw in those big, widened lilac eyes was something that she thought she would never see in those. Fear.

“What’s that, Xiao Long?” Blake said in a low tone, standing, avoiding the gripping hand of Ruby. “Are you afraid of _me_?”

“Blake, stop it,” Weiss ordered.

But the faunus was so mad, her cat ears flat against her skull. Every step she took towards Yang, the taller woman made two steps back, but eventually, her back hit the wall and Blake could catch up.

“I thought about this day, you know. I thought about what I would say to you. But now, I’m just so _mad_,” Blake hissed through her teeth. “You’re not supposed to be the one who’s scared! You,” she said, tapping her index finger on Yang’s chest, hard, “are not the victim, I am! Why on _Earth_ are you afraid of me?!”

“I’m not afraid of you,” the taller woman murmured, so only the two of them could hear, and she closed her eyes. “I’m afraid of me. I don’t want to hurt you again. You, or anyone. I’m tired of this,” she breathed, opening her eyes to look into amber ones. “Do what you want with me, I don’t care. Beat me, strangle me, kill me. Oh please do, just end this. I can’t take it anymore,” she whispered, her voice cracking.

Yang was limp against the wall, the back on her head hitting the wall with a small thud when she let it fall, leaving her throat exposed to whatever was coming. She was so exhausted of living, now. She wanted to sleep and never wake up. She saw Weiss and Ruby grabbing Blake’s arms, dragging her back, but she couldn’t hear what they were saying. She was focused on those bright amber eyes, looking at her with mixed feelings, sadness, anger and… something else that she couldn’t identify. Or that she was too lazy to identify. Suddenly, she felt like the weight of the world was put on her shoulders, and even walking was hard to do. She pushed open the café door, crossing the street slowly without even looking on both side, Weiss catching up soon after.

“I want to stay in the car,” was the only thing Yang said.

Weiss quickly obliged.

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It sure didn’t go as well as she thought. After she left Yang in the car, Blake left too, saying she needed some time alone. It was awkward, being left alone like this. Ruby quickly told Weiss her version of the bar fight involving Yang, saved Weiss’s number on her phone, apologised for Blake’s behavior and left soon after. Weiss sighed, walking slowly to cross the street. She knew Yang wouldn’t be easy, what she feared happened because of her, insisting for the brunette to come along.
She shook her head, then glanced in the car and frowned when she saw nobody in the passenger seat. She opened the driver door to look at the back seat, but nobody there too. Her wrinkle between her eyebrows deepened.

“Where did she go?” She whispered to herself, sliding her hands in her hair tiredly.

The city was huge, and there were so many places to look…

“I’m right here,” Yang murmured nearby.

Weiss’s eyebrows shot up and she looked at the back of the car again, closely, and she saw Yang, sitting on the car floor, between the back of the front passenger’s seat and the back seats, holding her knees against her chest, her forehead on her knees and her hair falling around her, the perfect camouflage for the black leather of the seats.

“Wha- How can you even fit in such tiny places? It’s a mystery,” Weiss grumbled to herself.

She sat behind the wheel, closed the door and turned her head towards the brunette.

“How are you feeling, Yang?” She asked softly.

“Can you ask another question?” Was the immediate answer.

Weiss nodded sharply.

“Look… I know you’re hurt, but you have to sit with your seatbelt on if you want us to go,” she said as-a-matter-of-factly.

Yang growled under her breath and didn’t even bother to use the doors, climbing her way to the front of the car to sit in the passenger’s seat and clicked her seatbelt on.

“I really hope you enjoyed that meeting,” Yang mumbled, her arms crossed over her chest and looking outside.

“I really didn’t, Yang,” Weiss murmured, her eyes focused on the road. “I’m sorry. I dragged you along without even knowing how they’d take it.”

The taller woman shrugged.

“I don’t care, anymore.”

Weiss glanced at the woman sitting beside her quickly, frowning.

“How do you feel?”

“I just want to die, honestly,” she whispered. “I’m so tired, Weiss. I don’t even think I have any more tears to shed.”

The lawyer said nothing, but she reaching her hand to take Yang’s, running a thumb on her knuckles.

“For ten years, I thought that the right thing for them was to hate me. I thought I was okay with that, because I thought I deserved it, but… I can’t. I can’t take it anymore,” she murmured. “I just want some peace. Is it really too much to ask? I’m tired of being alone, but I’m scared I hurt someone I care about again. But then you found me,” she said, squeezing the hand that was in her own. “You didn’t know what I did, but you treated me like you used to, like you always had. I let my guard
down. You made me believe that it was going to be okay, that I was okay. You made me walk in
that damn café.”

Her breathing was ragged and her voice trembling, but her hand was soft and gentle against Weiss’s.

“Do you… hate me?” The smaller woman asked, unsure.

Yang let out a deep sigh, seeming to regain control of her breathing, and a warm thumb ran on
Weiss’s fingers.

“I don’t think so,” she said, shaking her head softly. “I’m too confused to know what I’m feeling for
sure. The only think I know for sure is that I don’t want to be alone again, even if it’s for one
person.”

“I never wanted to hurt you, Yang, I just… wanted to make things right,” Weiss murmured. “I think
Blake needs time, Ruby too.”

The taller woman snorted bitterly.

“Time? They had like eight years. Isn’t it enough time?”

Weiss shook her head, frowning.

“No, not that,” she insisted. “They need time after what they saw today,” she said, squeezing her
hand a little longer. “You changed a great deal, Yang. That’s a lot to take in, even for Ruby.”

“I had to,” Yang breathed. “It’s not like I had a choice.”

Weiss nodded, not knowing what to say.

“We’ll figure it out, Yang. I promise.”

“Don’t promise things you can’t control, Weiss.”

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“I know, Ruby, but it’s been three days,” Weiss said, struggling to keep her phone between her
shoulder and ear. “She doesn’t even get out of her room to eat, sometimes I wonder if she would
have peed in the room if there wasn’t a bathroom.”

“Again, what do you want me to do?” Ruby asked, concerned. “She barely looked at me, and now
I’m not even sure she’ll look in my direction at all. I don’t think I can help you, Weiss.”

The lawyer sighed, taking a cup of hot coffee in each hand and walking slowly down the hallway.

“But we have to do something, Ruby,” she whispered. “I can’t stand seeing her like this, and I know
that you’re concerned for her. I just… I don’t know what to do, anymore.”

She heard Ruby sighing, then she heard muffled talking, like Ruby had put her hand on the device.
Then she heard the younger woman clear her throat.

“Okay, I’ll think of something and I’ll call you back.”
“Thank you, Ruby,” Weiss said before hanging up, letting her phone slide in her pocket, her wrists guiding it.

She walked slowly in the hallway and stopped at Yang’s door, taking a deep breath, then banged on the door with her foot.

“Open up, Yang, I have two cups of coffee and I don’t intent of drinking them both,” she said loudly to be heard through the door.

She expected a grumble, maybe a shout of protest from Yang, but when the door opened almost instantly she gasped in surprised. Before her was Yang, her eyes red and puffy, her hair was a mess, and she was still wearing her tank top and short shorts, her sleepwear. Weiss looked at her and frowned.

“Were you asleep? It’s three in the afternoon! It’s not even early in the afternoon!”

Yang shrugged, not seeming to care.

“I heard you talking to Ruby,” she said, her voice hoarse.

She cleared her throat and opened the door wider to let Weiss in. The lawyer walked in, even more surprised that the taller woman would let her in the room, and she frowned when Yang closed the door, leaving them in the dark. The lawyer quickly found the nearest bedside table to leave the cups then walked to the closed curtains, pulling them open.

“What are you, a vampire? It’s sunny outside, how can you even stay in your room?” She mumbled.

“What are you, my mom?” Yang retorted, slightly annoyed.

Weiss stopped, then turned on her heels slowly, putting her hands on her hips.

“Look, Yang, if you are not pleased by me worrying for you, then you can take your things and go. You’re under my roof, must I remind you,” she said, much more annoyed than Yang.

The taller woman sat on the edge of the bed, closing her eyes and let her head hang like a dead weight.

“I know, I’m sorry. I’m sorry, I’m just… dumb.”

“You’re not dumb, Yang, you’re just trying to push me off,” the smaller woman said, walking to the bed to sit next to Yang. “You do it on instinct, it’s to protect yourself, apparently.”

Yang raised her head slightly to look at Weiss, frowning, with questioning eyes.

“My therapist once said that I do the same thing,” she shrugged.

The black head stood straight in surprise.

“You see a therapist? Why?”

“I used to,” the white haired woman shrugged again. “I was the same as them, alone with all the stress and anger and lack of sleep of every student at school, except… They didn’t have my father on their cases every minutes of their lives. She advised me to take a time in my week to “let go” of my anger or stress by visualising it, then punch it. That’s why I got my weekly boxing session.”

Yang nodded, still frowning.
“Why don’t you see her anymore? You’re able to control it?”

Weiss snorted, standing up and walking to the window, her arms crossed on her chest and a small smile dancing on her lips.

“Well, not exactly… I stopped seeing her, because I tried to have sex with her. Even though she was interested, she was afraid of losing her job if she did, so we stopped meeting each other, and I was too lazy to find another therapist.”

Black eyebrows shot up so high it was nearly touching her hairline.

“Wow, that was… something I did not expect at all,” she breathed to herself.

“Why?”

The question came instantly, making Yang jump by the amount of annoyance it was holding. She looked up to see Weiss slightly turned in her direction, her eyes looking at her in a cold stare.

“I mean,” she back pedaled, “I dunno, it wasn’t something that sounded… ‘You’, you know what I mean?”

This time, Weiss turned on her heels to completely face her, her arms still crossed but her shoulders were tense.

“Why, you think I’m just a cold woman who doesn’t need love or sex from time to time? Is that it?”

Yang stood up promptly, holding her hands up before herself in a peaceful motion.

“No, no no no, that’s not what I meant! I’m sorry,” she sighed, rubbing the back of her neck. “I just-I don’t know, I always saw you so professional and all, I just… I’m sorry if I offended you, Weiss. I forgot how to “words”, I think,” she tried to joke.

Weiss took a deep breath, closing her eyes and relaxing slightly.

“I’m sorry, Yang. My boxing session is tomorrow, but… Many things happened, and you make me worry so much, I’m…” she trailed off, throwing her hands in the air to try and express herself.

She walked to the bedside table and took her cup, drinking a long gulp without even flinching, then sets it down, sliding her hand into her hair with a sigh.

“Maybe you forgot how to ‘words’ in those three days, but I forgot how to ‘social interaction’ in those ten years,” she mumbled tiredly.

Yang gently grabbed her elbow and pulled the smaller woman into her arms without resistance, wrapping her arms around her, resting her cheek against alabaster hair.

“It’s okay, I’ll give you a class of ‘social interaction’,” Yang whispered in her ear playfully. “I’m sorry for being such a pain in the ass, Weiss. I didn’t want to be a burden, but… I fell apart.”

Weiss hummed, appreciating the large, warm palms running up and down her back, soothing the ache that took residence between her shoulder blades over the past week. Suddenly, a thought came to her mind that made her snort, making Yang look down, curious.

“Did I ever tell you you were my favorite? Between Ruby, Blake and you?”

That made her laugh, loudly, and she squeezed the smaller woman against her.
“What? How can that be? We were always bickering, arguing over every little thing!”

Weiss smiled and laid her head on the taller woman’s shoulder.

“I know, but… If you knew how much I missed it. When I picked up that ugly cellphone case – You know the one you brought for my birthday? With that snowflake? And you kept calling me that and made snow puns every time I walked in the room? That one. – I was always smiling because I could still hear you, but… You weren’t there.”

The taller woman kissed the top of her head, holding her closer to her.

“I’m not going to apologise, because you left without telling us.”

“I know,” she murmured, rubbing her face on the soft fabric of Yang’s tank top.

“But I know how you felt,” she said softly. “For like two or three months, I worked in a cellphone shop and we were selling that case. And every time I was walking past it, I was starting to giggle in the middle of the alley, a smile plastered on my face.”

“That is making me… Ridiculously happy.”
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

That's gay, Weiss. Really gay.

“You mean to tell me you have an *entire* gym at home?”

Yang was standing in the doorframe, her eyes wide open from the view of the many machines and weights that was waiting to be used. Weiss put her bag on the floor and shrugged.

“Yeah. I have more money than I know what to do with it, so I kind of brought it. I mean, it’s useful. It’s not like I wasted it, because before you came along, I worked out here for an hour or two every day. But I don’t really use the machines; I’m more of a runner type.”

“Then I’ll use them!” The taller woman said excitedly, rubbing her hands together. “Oh man, you know where to find me from now on, this’ll be my home!”

Weiss snorted and rolled her eyes, taking her foot in her hand, bending her leg behind her, jumping in place a little to keep her balance.

“What are you doing?” Yang asked, rising one eyebrow.

“I’m stretching, Yang. It’s what you do before working out.”

She frowned.

“Isn’t it supposed to be after?”

The white haired woman shrugged, before doing the same thing with her other leg.

“I always did it before, and I can still run twelve miles.”

“Are you saying you run twelve miles for *fun*?” The pitch black haired woman asked, removing her shirt to put a tank top on.

“You know I can ask you the same about lifting weights, right?” Weiss asked with a little smile.

“Yeah, but… *running,*” she said, disdainful, walking towards the dorsal machine.

Weiss shook her head and laughed softly.

Since Yang wasn’t going to face the court for at least a month (the official date hadn’t been decided yet) they had all the time to collect evidences, which were many, to make the court closes Yang’s case as ‘not guilty’. And while Weiss was at work, Yang did what she told; she almost lived in the gym, now. The both of them begin to have a routine, Weiss finding that living with a happy Yang was easy, and she enjoyed more than she liked to admit.
Her cats were used to Weiss alone, so they never showed up in Yang’s presence, but having someone to actually talk back to you was so much nicer. Yang was surprisingly an early person, making breakfast every morning, Weiss waking up to the smell of fresh coffee and pancakes, hearing Yang signing to herself, making her smile every time before she left to work. They started to get used to slouch in the couch in the late evening, watching a movie or two, Weiss cuddling Yang because the taller woman seemed to radiate heat, before they got to sleep. Weiss liked that, having someone to return to at the end of the day, someone who would make her laugh and smile, someone who would start to run a hot, bubbled bath for her because they knew she had a long day… Weiss didn’t like to stop and think about it, frankly, because she knew all too well what she was doing. She was falling in love with Yang. But she was sure the attentions the taller woman gave her were simply to take care of her, since she wasn’t paying to live here or something. So she just never thought about it, and pushed the thought to the back of her head. But sometimes, it was hard to push back, because, well, she had to say, she always thought that Yang was the most beautiful girl in the world, and… Yang aged with even more beauty, and the dark haired woman was a pool of energy, now. Always smiling. They began to do things together, like training, and Yang convinced Weiss to start cooking. Sometimes, Yang would stay by her side, correcting her and helping her, and sometimes, Weiss picked a receipt and cooked it alone, and Yang was the judge. Like that day. Weiss was walking down the hallway with the receipt in her hands, frowning, to the gym where she was sure Yang was. Entering the room, she started talking without looking up.

“Hey Yang, we don’t have any carrots, do you think something else will… do…”

She had looked up mid-sentence, her eyes falling on the sweaty but nonetheless powerful back of Yang, who was only wearing her sport bra. She was glad that the taller woman was listening to some music with her earplug, because she didn’t know what she would have done if Yang had looked at her after her lame sentence final. But since Yang wasn’t aware of her presence… Weiss stayed out of sight behind the taller woman, looking at those shoulders, the shift of those back muscles, toned arms… Even if Yang wasn’t doing exercises with her legs now, Weiss could see how much they were strong, skin sliding on muscles slightly at the shift of the woman’s arms, and icy-blue eyes looked up at the back again. Now that she was looking at it with attention, she could see scars running on her back, not much, but a couple still. Most of them were small, straight lines a tad paler than the tan Yang always had, but one scar in particular was bigger than the others. Under her right shoulder blade, there was a line swaying down to her hipbone, the scar rosier than the rest, and Weiss was pretty sure that if she runs her fingers on her back, she could feel the bump of that one scar. Then Yang bended forward and Weiss could see another one, sticking out from the hem of her shorts, right at the end of her spine. It was much smaller, almost as large as a thumb, but the fact that it was right on her spine made it clear it had been dangerous. The woman turned slightly, and Weiss frowned. There were three scars in the curve of her left hipbone, like some kind of three fingered animal had clawed her. But then, she saw Yang’s front, and she had to hold her breath. Yang was… absolutely gorgeous. Even if her breasts seemed to jump out of her clothing, which was much to Weiss’s displeasure, her toned abs, the light creating curves and lines in all the right places, going down smoothly to the belly button, then the last inches of skin making a perfect “V”, finishing its course under the hem of her shorts. Blue eyes slowly looked up, trailing on those abs again, running over strong shoulders, to slowly climb that powerful but still graceful neck, those full, smiling pink lips and jumped into lilac eyes… Yang was looking at her.

“See something you like?” She asked, her voice low and playful.

Weiss could feel her blush burning her face, squeezing the receipt against her chest nervously, her breath caught in her throat. The taller woman laughed, walking to her slowly.

“You like muscles, princess? Then look at this!”
She bent her arm upward, flexing, making her bicep bigger in a second. Weiss couldn’t stop looking, her eyes following the lines of the muscles and the veins running under the skin. She only wanted to touch it. With her fingers and her lips. She bit her tongue, hard, spun around on her heels and walked quickly out of the gym, practically running to the nearest bathroom to splash cold water on her face. When she felt her face was about to crack, she took a towel and buried her face in it, drying it and mumbling things in the soft cloth.

“Weiss!”

She looked up enough that only her eyes poked out of the cloth, and she saw Yang stopped in the doorframe, thankfully wearing a tank top and longer shorts.

“I’m sorry if I embarrassed you, I was playing around,” she said, concerned. “Are you okay?”

Weiss only nodded, and the taller woman began to toy with the end of her hair, caught in her ponytail.

“So… You like muscles, or… you saw the scars?”

Weiss straightened her back. What do I do, she thought.

“Hum. Both,” she said quickly. “Which makes me think about that one,” she said, carefully walking to the woman, who hesitantly turned her back to her.

Weiss lifted the shirt, her towel forgotten around her neck, and ran her ice cold fingers on the warm skin of Yang, making her twitch. She followed with the tip of her index finger the biggest scar, the one under the right shoulder blade and finishing on her hipbone.

“What happened?” She asked softly.

“He wanted to let his mark on me,” she said in a flat tone, her back tense. “To let my next lovers -if I had one, of course- know that I was his, but I didn’t let him, so… all the scars are his, or because of him.”

“This son of a bitch.”

Weiss’s voice was so low, so hoarse by restrained anger and hatred that Yang raised her eyebrows and looked over her shoulder, but she felt Weiss’s soft lips on her scar, the gesture soothing her tension, and she closed her eyes.

“You’re not his. You’re no one’s possession.”

Yang took a deep breath, keeping her eyes closed.

“I know,” she murmured.

She felt Weiss’s lips travel on her back, leaving soft kisses over her scars, ice cold fingers drawing patterns on her hot skin. But suddenly, the smaller woman straightened herself, cold hands leaving her back. Left from the soft and loving touch, Yang let out a soft whine and looked over her shoulder, behind her, and saw Weiss, clutching her arms with a bright blush, a shocked look on her face.

“Hey, it’s okay, Weiss,” Yang soothed, turning around and taking Weiss’s hands in hers, kissing her knuckles. “It’s okay.”
“No, it’s not!” She exclaimed, jerking her hands from Yang’s gentle grip. “It’s not! What am I doing?” She mumbled to herself, burying her face in the towel.

“And why it’s not?” The taller woman asked, inching closer.

“Because… Because I didn’t want to stop,” she said, shame heavy with every words.

Yang shrugged.

“Then why did you stop?”

Weiss jerked the towel from around her neck, twisting it in her hands nervously.

“Because… I… Wait, what? You… don’t you want me to stop?” she asked with a small voice.

Yang shook her head softly, and she gently took the towel from Weiss’s hands, throwing it behind her without breaking eye contact, and took the smaller hands in her large ones.

“No, I didn’t want you to stop,” she murmured.

She looked at the mixed feelings in those blue eyes, emotions going and changing on Weiss’s face, and Yang couldn’t help the small smile she had when she leaned over to gently ghost her lips against Weiss’s. She heard the small gasp the lawyer made, and it was with little surprise she felt the smaller woman kiss her back almost instantly, a cold hand cupping her cheek. Yang backed Weiss against the wall gently, moaning against the white haired woman’s mouth when a cold hand slipped under her tank top and traveled all the way up her abs to ghost her fingers on her sport bra. Large palms slid their way down Weiss’s back, then squeezed firmly on the curve of her ass, making the lawyer gasp in her mouth, then they slid under it, lifting the white haired woman to her level, making it easier to fully kiss her. Slender legs wrapped themselves around the taller woman’s waist, and Weiss peppered kisses all over Yang’s neck, nipping and softly biting, Yang’s hands cupping the cheeks of her ass tightly, close to her. With a grunt, Yang started to walk in the hallway, and entered the first bedroom they came across, not even bothering to close the door. They were alone anyway.

Yang gently set Weiss on her back on the bed and straightened herself to remove her tank top, but a small hand caught her wrist.

“No, let me,” Weiss whispered, her voice raspy.

Gently pushing her back, Weiss made Yang stand in the middle of the room, and slowly, kissing every inches of skin, she removed Yang’s tank top and short. Now she was standing, shaking a little, her eyes closed, in her underwear, waiting for the next sweet kisses. Weiss took a couple of seconds to look at her, eyes half lidded. The taller woman wasn’t moving, trying not to breathe too hard, and Weiss frowned when she saw that Yang was tense. She wondered if the taller woman had other lovers after Cardin, because the dark haired woman seemed to be afraid. She gently took Yang’s hands and kissed her palms.

“Hey, it’s alright, Yang,” she said against her skin. “I’m not going to hurt you. I promise.”

Yang’s eyes shot open, and she opened her mouth to say something but Weiss tugged on her hands and kissed her softly.

“Stop apologising, you dunce,” she murmured with a small smile. “Just let me know if I do something wrong, okay?”
Weiss was petting her head, sliding her fingers through black strands and massaging the skin of her skull, behind her ears and the base of her nape.

“I want you to stay here,” Weiss said softly.

Yang frowned, raising her head, resting her chin between Weiss’s breasts.

“I’m not going anywhere, Weiss.”

“I don’t mean now,” she continued, opening her eyes to look down in lilacs. “I mean after your case is closed. I want you to stay here forever. I mean, if you want to, of course,” she added quickly, letting her head fall back on the mattress.

Yang straightened herself on her elbow and inched closer to her face, kissing her chin.

“Like I said, I’m not going anywhere, Weiss. Why would I go?”

She shrugged, still petting her hair and her back.

“I don’t know, maybe you’re using me and you really changed a lot. I’ll never know.”

“Look at me, Weiss.”

Blue looked down in lilac. God, she was so serious.

“I will never leave you. Never. Mark my words”.

They stared at each other for a moment and Weiss nodded slightly, her head falling to the mattress.

“You should be the one telling me you won’t leave me. Again,” Yang murmured bitterly.

Weiss tensed, her hands stopping in their tracks.

“Yang…” She started softly.

“Never mind. I shouldn’t have said that,” the taller woman mumbled, burying her face in the crook of her neck, kissing the popping vein hidden there.

But Weiss wiggled from under Yang, making the taller woman whine softly. She cupped the woman’s face with her small hands, staring directly into those beautiful lilac eyes.

“Listen to me, Yang. I will never ever leave you again. Mark my words. Okay?”

Yang’s jaw clenched tightly as she nodded silently, her eyes slowly filling with tears. Weiss kissed her eyes, her nose and finally, her lips.

“I won’t leave you again. I promise.”
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Weiss shares a bit of her past to Yang.

Later, Ruby come for a visit.

She woke up slowly, being pulled out of her slumber for an unknown reason. She felt warm, and for the first time in a really long time, like she had enough sleep. She sighed softly, and she felt what had woken her up; a large, warm palm ghosting over her side, up and down. She smiled when she felt a soft kiss on her shoulder.

“Good morning,” murmured Yang against her skin.

Weiss hummed, moving closer to Yang, stealing her warmth, her eyes still closed.

“Don’t you mean ‘Perfect morning’?” She said, half-asleep, with a devilish grin.

She heard Yang laugh softly, kissing her shoulder again and snuggled close, hugging the smaller woman.

“You are absolutely right. Perfect morning, Weiss,” she said playfully.

The white haired woman smiled and rolled on her stomach, her face buried in the pillow. She felt Yang’s hand again, traveling on her back, the touch soft and gentle.

“I never knew you had a tattoo,” the taller woman said, curious.

With the tips of her finger, she ghosted over the black ink, drawing the snowflake, stark against Weiss’s milky skin, right between her shoulder blades.

“It looks like the snowflake on the cellphone case,” she said, thoughtful.

Weiss mumbled something in the pillow, moving a little.

“What?”

Lolling her head to the side, Weiss sighed.

“I have to find a way to erase it, or to modify it. I’m tired of having that target on my back.”

Yang frowned, her hand stopping the gentle touch.

“What do you mean, a ‘target’?”

“That snowflake is the Schnee emblem,” the smaller woman said, her voice a little hard. “Every Schnee of the family gets one at the age of fourteen, to let people know who we are. I didn’t want one, but Father…” she sighed. “Father was the law. At least, I could choose where I wanted it, so I choose somewhere nobody would see it. Father had his on his right hand, so every time he would shake a hand, they would see it.”
She huffed, her eyes open now, fully awake. She pushed herself on her elbows.

“That was a stupid move, let me tell you. He was too easy to find.”

They fell silent for a moment as Weiss sat, pilling the pillows behind her back so she could lean on it, Yang doing the same. Then, Yang gently took Weiss’s hand.

“Did you love him?”

The question was barely above a whisper, breathed, and Weiss took a deep breath before squeezing the larger hand in hers.

“Of course I loved him, he was my father,” she finally. “It’s just… I didn’t like how he was doing his things, how he treated people. Even family members. He did a lot of things that I’m still not okay with, as a person, as a lawyer… and as a daughter.”

Yang stared at her, confused, and the lawyer kept her eyes down, avoiding an eye contact. Sitting to Weiss’s left, Yang saw the smaller woman bit her lip multiple times, as if she wanted to tell her something but couldn’t. Then it clicked, in Yang’s mind, and she gently cupped her cheek, ghosting a finger on the scar over her left eye.

“Your father did this, didn’t he?” Yang murmured, sadness and concern filling her eyes.

Weiss closed her eyes as she felt the soft kiss over her eyes, swallowing, but said nothing, her silence an evident answer. The taller woman pulled her into a hug, rocking gently back and forth.

“What happened?” Yang asked softly, entwining her fingers with hers.

“It was a long time ago, Yang,” she murmured, her thumb caressing the brunette’s hand. “It can’t be undone.”

The taller woman nodded, kissing the top of her head.

“You don’t want to talk about it, I get it. But you know you can trust me, right?”

“Of course I trust you, you oaf,” Weiss said, gently slapping the brunette’s arm. “Do you think we would be naked in my bed if I didn’t?”

That made Yang smirks a little, kissing again the top of her head.

“Way to change the subject,” she said, chuckling a little. “But I hope you tell me someday.”

Weiss hummed, still in Yang’s arms for a minute, then turned her head towards Yang’s.

“There is one thing I never pardoned him, though. I… I have a sister, Winter. She’s older, almost twelve years apart.”

Yang’s eyebrows shot up, surprised.

“You never talked about her.”

“It was because I couldn’t,” Weiss answered, wiggling out of Yang’s arms. “Father banished her, or so to speak, when she refused to be the heir of the company. Nobody could talk to her or talk about her. She was still living with us, but… Always alone. She took her meals alone, because Father wouldn’t allow her to our table.”
“No offense, but your father was a jerk,” the taller woman snapped. “How can you do that to your own child?” She whispered.

Weiss huffed, pulling the covers on them to keep warm.

“Oh, don’t worry, I know,” she said. “But even if Father had forbidden it, at night, I was always sneaking into Winter’s room. We had so many years apart, we were so different… I loved her so much.”

‘’Loved’?’ Yang asked, frowning.

“She was gone on my 8th birthday. I stormed in her room to thank her for the gifts she had put on my bed, but when I got there… She was nowhere. No more clothes. All her stuff was gone. I asked Father where she went, even though his warning, but he never told me. Even now, I don’t even know where she is. She could even be dead, for all I know” she said tiredly.

Yang hummed quietly, wrapping an arm around her shoulders and kissed her temple.

“What were the gifts?” the brunet asked after a moment of silence.

Weiss took a deep breath, resting a hand on the brunette’s elbow and patting a little, thoughtful.

“I’m kind of glad you asked. I kept them,” she said, crawling to get out of bed and walked, naked, in the hallway.

Yang, still sitting in bed and waiting, was toying with the covers. After a moment, she started to get out of bed to go find Weiss, but she heard quick footsteps coming in the hallway, the bare foot kind of clapping against the wood. Weiss entered the room, this time wearing a pale blue silken bathrobe loosely wrapped around her, the knot around her waist tied limply and looking like a single breeze would make it come undone, but she had a small box in one hand, and a black cylinder case in the other, almost three feet tall. Weiss let the case fall on the bed, then sat on the edge with the box on her lap.

“She gave me a card,” she said, opening the box and revealing an envelope that she took.

She gave it to Yang for her to read, while Weiss tossed and search something in the box, jewelry, wristwatches, necklaces, rings were shining in the pale light of the sun filtered by the curtains. It was a simple card, a note wishing Weiss a happy birthday. It was short, almost as if it was written hastily, but it was heartfelt, Winter’s handwriting impeccable. A single “W” signed the card in the right corner, down the page.

“There it is!”

Victoriously, Weiss pulled a… it looked like a broch, but not quite. When Yang furrowed her eyebrows, questioning, Weiss laughed.

“It’s a hair tie. Well,” she corrected herself, looking at the piece of shining metal, “it’s to make it… prettier. Here, I’ll show you.”

She fished a white hair tie in the box, then cradled all her hair in her hands, pulling it up into a high, off-centre ponytail, quickly sliding the hair tie from her wrist into her hair to keep it from falling, then took the gift and tweaked with the base of her ponytail. Weiss let out a huff after a small “click” had been heard, indicating it was in place. She glanced at the mirror on the wall for a second, adjusting it, then stood and put her hands on her hips with a smile, holding her head high. The metal piece was shining, sitting in alabaster hair and looked like a small crown on her head.
“How do I look?” Weiss asked, happy to share her gifts with Yang.


Weiss scoffed, rolling her eyes with a smile.

“It was kind of the point,” Weiss chuckled, glancing at the mirror again. “She always said I acted like royalty, and wanted me to feel like one. She even called me princess a few times. I think you would have liked her,” she added, winking. “And she gave me, last but not least…”

She went to the case, unzipped it, and pulled out… a rapier. A beautifully, really magnificent piece of work, real-blade-shaped rapier. Weiss stood beside the bed, swishing the blade before her, trying to get used to the weight.

“A sword?” Yang exclaimed, incredulous. “Your sister gave you a sword?”

“It’s a rapier, mind you,” Weiss corrected her gently. “I was taking fencing lessons, and always complained that I wanted my own blade. It’s just a shame I had to stop my lessons a two years after,” she mumbled, her fingers running the lengths of the blade, inspecting it. “It’s a piece of art.”

“Why don’t you hang it somewhere? I mean, I never saw other rapiers, but I can tell it’s really beautiful.”

Weiss straightened her head suddenly, her eyebrows furrowed.

“I never thought of that,” she nodded. “I’ll hang it, someday.”

She sighed, still inspecting the blade, but her face had darkened, her brows still furrowed making a wrinkle between snow-white eyebrows. Yang stood, pulling the covers with her to keep herself somewhat decent, and wrapped an arm around her, kissing her head.

“I’m sorry, Weiss,” she said against her hair. “We’ll find her someday, okay?”

Weiss hummed, reaching to entwine her fingers with Yang.

“I don’t know how you never talked about your sister,” Yang said after a small silence. “I mean, I’m always talking about Ruby. She’s… She’s so precious to me.”

“I know, Yang,” she said, squeezing her hand lightly. “But you, how did you do it?”

“Do what?” she asked, raising her eyebrows.

“After Summer’s death, you practically raised Ruby, even if you were still a child,” the lawyer said. “How did you that? I just… I don’t think I would have been able to.”

“At first I was like I used to be, still a child,” the taller woman started. “I was playing in my corner with my toys, and in our yard, remember? Our house in Patch? Well, there’s many holes and elevations, and Ruby was barely walking, and I remember seeing her trying to climb the stairs, and I glanced at Dad, and he was only looking at the large, like he was alone. And at that moment, Ruby fell and hurt herself, and she started crying. And I looked at Dad again. He didn’t even look her way, he was still as a statue. I called him, saying Ruby was hurt, but he didn’t even listen. It was then I realised that Dad wasn’t there with us even if his body was. I realised I had to take care of Ruby.”

She fell silent, staring at nothing for a moment, and Weiss took the large hand to her lips to kiss it gently.
“I tried to be the responsible adult she needed,” she said, her voice thin. “I tried my best to raise her right; I tried so hard to be there when dad wasn’t. She’s the most precious thing I have, Weiss. And even so… I still hurt her…”

“Yang-”

“I don’t know if I’ll ever forgive myself, Weiss,” she finally said. “To have raised my hand on my best friend and my baby sister, I…”

Her breath caught in her throat, and she brought a shaky hand to her mouth, trying to control her breathing.

“You still can make it up to them, Yang. Little by little, you’ll forgive yourself.”

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“Hey Weiss! I’m at the gate!”

“Already?” She asked, surprised. “You’ve always been fast, but I guess some things don’t change,” she laughed. “Just come in, I’ll fetch Yang.”

“Okeydokey! See ya in five!”

She clicked on the screen, opening the gate, then pocketed her phone, walking slowly in direction of the gym where Yang was surely hiding. It had been a week since she started her relationship with Yang, and so far, everything was good. So, she had a thought. She had called Ruby when the brunette was working out, wanting to surprise her, and they both were in a mix of emotions: anxious and excited. Weiss wanted Yang to reconnect with her sister, and Ruby wanted the same but they didn’t know how the tall woman would react. She was so lost in thoughts that she didn’t realised she walked past the brunette, still wet from the shower, until her voice rose, echoing in the hallway.

“What’s with the grim look, Weiss? You’re concerned about something?”

The white haired woman jumped, surprised and Yang stopped dead in her track.

“I’m sorry,” she said, her voice lower, “I didn’t mean to scare you. Are you okay?”

She walked slowly to her and took her hands gently, her thumb running over her knuckles.

“Yes, I’m fine, I was just… Thinking. It’s alright, Yang,” she said, and she brought their hands to her lips to kiss the tanned skin of the taller woman’s hand. “Come now, we have a guest.”

She tugged gently on Yang’s hand, bringing her to the living room, Yang’s face going from soft to suspicious.

“A guest?” She finally asked. “Who is it?”

“You’ll find out soon enough,” was the only answer the smaller woman gave her.

They entered the living room, and in the middle of it was Ruby, standing, toying nervously with her hands until she saw them.
“Her there!” She said, waving in their direction.

“Fast as always,” Weiss said with a small laugh. “Hey Ruby, it’s nice to see you.”

The smaller woman looked up to look at Yang’s face, but she didn’t had time; the taller woman turned abruptly on her heels and started walking down the hallway, fast. When Weiss was about to call her, she saw Ruby run after her sister and catch her by the elbow to stop her.

“Yang, please,” she said. “I’m here to see Weiss and you.”

“Leave me alone,” the taller woman hissed through her teeth.

She started to walk again, her elbow slipping from Ruby’s grip, but the younger woman heaved a hand on her sister’s shoulder, making her spin around to face her.

“Look at me, Yang.”

But the taller woman kept her head on the side, her jaw clenched. Weiss noticed that Ruby was a few inches smaller than Yang. Ruby was so tall, now, she thought. The last time she saw her, Weiss could look Ruby in the eyes without looking up.

“I said look at me. I’m not going anywhere, not until you look me in the eyes and you hear me out.”

Ruby’s voice was hard, filled with an authority unknown from Weiss and Yang. With a frustrated sigh, the youngest pushed her sister against the wall, holding her shoulders, and inched her face closer to try and look into lilac eyes.

“Please, Yang. Sis, look at me,” she was pleading now, but Yang was stubborn. “Why can’t you look at me, damn it? What are you afraid I’ll do? Huh? What are you afraid to see?”

There was a silence, so heavy, it seemed like the sound of their breathing was echoing in the entire mansion. Weiss only looked at them, saying nothing. She didn’t want to interrupt Ruby, but to see so much pain in those usually bright, happy silver eyes broke her heart. She was toying with her hands, her hair, anything to keep herself busy to try and stay out of this.

“I’m afraid that I’ll see that you’re angry at me. I’m afraid that you hate me.”

The raspy voice of Yang filled the air, followed by the soft laugh of Ruby.

“Look at me, Yang,” she said again, softly.

Slowly, lilac eyes looked up, to finally settle in silver ones.

“Does it look like anger to you? Or hate?” Ruby asked. “I’m not here to be angry at you, Yang. I’m here to see you, because you changed. You protected me, that night, like you used to. You looked at me like you used to. Not that angry thing from back then, it was the real concerned look, the ‘protective-big-sister’ look. I’m here to see you because you came back, Yang. You did it. And I’m so, so proud of you. Welcome back, sis.”

The chocked sob of Yang seemed to be on cue. At the same time, Yang’s knees didn’t seem to be able to lift her weight, and she fell to her knees along with Ruby.

“I’m so sorry, Ruby, I’m so, so sorry…”

Yang repeated these words over and over again, unable to stop, tears rolling down her cheeks without restrain. Ruby tried to catch them, she was crying too, and every time Yang apologised, she
responded ‘I know, Yang, I forgive you’. The youngest sister wrapped her arms around the other woman and slowly rocked both of them back and forth, nuzzling in the pitch-black hair. Slowly, with eyes filled with tears, Weiss walked back to the kitchen, then to the balcony to give them a little privacy. She took a deep breath, leaning her elbows on the marble of the ramp, the cool and fresh air of the early summer breeze cooling her down a bit, making her mind clearer. She gave herself a pat on the back; it was her idea that Ruby came alone. Blake would be more difficult, she thought, and Ruby had finally obliged. Blake was working today, anyway, the red head had said.

Weiss stayed outside for a long time, but she didn’t care. The weather was good, and the view was beautiful; it was enough to keep her mind off, making her feel at peace. Sometimes, she did ask herself why she still lived at the mansion, but then she walked to the balcony, and there was her answer. The sun was long gone, hidden behind the mist-blue mountains, then sunk into the ocean when warm, large palm rested on her lower back, then slid on her hips, making her jump a little.

“That is a nice view,” Ruby’s voice rose from her left.

“The mountains or the beautiful woman on the balcony?”

The playful voice of Yang was right above her head, and she let her head fall backward with a snort. She looked at the big smile and bright eyes and she felt a weight being lifted from her chest, it seemed.

“How do you feel?”

She sighed happily, kissing her forehead and resting her chin on it.

“A lot better, I must say.”

Weiss twisted in her arms, facing her, and she ghosted her nose on the taller woman’s chin.

“Really? That’s good, really good.”

“Ruby told me you called her, that it was your idea. Thank you, Weiss.”

She rested her forehead against Weiss’s, looking into each other’s eyes, lips only inches apart.

“You’ll thank me later,” the lawyer winked, ghosting her lips against Yang’s.

“Oh my God, I feel like a cock block,” Ruby said loudly, looking at the view far away. “Or, whatever’s the term for a woman. Anyway, so you two really are together together?”

Weiss twisted in Yang’s arms again with a bright blush, having forgotten Ruby’s presence. She cleared her throat and Yang let out a little laugh, rubbing the back of her neck.

“Uh, yeah, we’re together together,” the taller woman answered with a smile.


“Shit, I owe Blake five bucks,” the younger woman mumbled under her breath, but Weiss heard it.

“What?”

Weiss burst made Ruby look at her with a sorry smile.

“Blake betted five bucks that you two were together, because at the café you were holding hands and all, but I couldn’t believe you two could actually be together.”
“What? You two made bets?!?”

Yang roared a laugh while Weiss blushed furiously, Ruby shrugged helplessly and said a little ‘sorry’ that made the lawyer roll her eyes and walked back inside, leaving a laughing Yang and a confused Ruby behind.

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Ruby stayed until late evening, but the sisters were so happy to find each other again, they wouldn’t stop talking. Ruby told them about the house they bought, her and Blake, how they got married three years ago, after four years together, about how Ruby proposed to Blake, where they had gone for their honeymoon, about their dog Crescent -That Blake was still a bit unused to, even after three years-, about Blake’s cat Shroud, about everything. She was always talking with a smile, a laugh always nearby, and Yang listened to her with big, attentive eyes, but still, her smile was a tad sad, thinking about everything she’d missed. It was when Ruby asked to her sister what happened after she left that Yang’s smile dropped.

“I… It’s a long story, and it’s already late…”

It was Ruby’s turn to drop her smile, her eyebrows raised.

“Oh… Uh, yeah, I guess…”

Both of them started to stand until Weiss grabbed both their hands, looking up at Yang, still comfortably sat in the couch.

“I think that she deserve to know, Yang,” she said softly. After a moment of hesitation, the taller woman sat again with a deep sigh, and Ruby slowly sat back too, mild concern on her face. The taller woman looked at her sister sternly for a couple of seconds, silver locked with lilacs, and Yang sighed again.

“Very well, then,” she finally said, and Weiss rested her hand on her thigh. “To say it quickly, after… you left,” she said, her eyes dropping to Ruby’s wrist, “I felt abandoned and angry, and I started picking fights with everyone. And I met a guy, well, I already knew him, but… anyway. He got violent, I started to see a therapist, and I didn’t want that violence anymore. I didn’t want to fight anymore. But the guy was… persistent, if I may say, and he kept coming back, so I had to move, but he always found me one way or another. And one day… I found my biological mother. Well, she found me.”

Ruby’s eyebrows shot up high, exactly like her sister.

“You saw her?” She said gently, taking her sister’s hand and squeezing it gently.

“Raven Branwen. That’s her,” she said, then let a silence settle for a moment. “You know, Rubes, you look so much like Summer… Did I ever tell you that?”

Ruby smiled a little bit, tilting her head to the side slightly.

“No, never, but I think Dad did,” she said. “I always thought he was just being nice with me. For real, I look like her?” She asked, discreetly clutching her shirt.
Yang squeezed the hand in hers tightly with a smile, running her thumb over her knuckles.

“Yeah,” she breathed. “You have her eyes, her nose, her cheekbones… now that I look at you all grown up, you even have the same eyebrows,” she laughed softly. “You also have her generous heart, her never ending energy…”

She shook her head a little, huffing.

“You look exactly like her, Ruby. The only thing you got from Dad is your chin,” she said with a wink.

That made the younger woman laugh and the lawyer smile, and then Yang talked again.

“I never saw anything aside from my hair from Dad, and… When I saw her, Ruby, I knew who she was, because I look at her face every single day. In the mirror. Just put my hair black and that’s it. I look exactly like her, it’s almost funny,” she trailed off.

Ruby frowned, squeezing her sister’s hand.

“So she found you…”

The pitch black haired woman nodded, her eyes staring at nothing.

“What did she say?”

“She said she knew my situation and wanted to help,” she shrugged. “She gave me her name, her look, we did the paper work, and then poof! I was alone again. I didn’t even had time to ask her why she left me when I was just a baby,” she finished, shrugging again.

“I see…”

“Then I lived in relative peace, until I got in that bar where you and Blake were, and that stupid dumbass was there at the same time,” she said angrily, releasing her sister’s hand.

Ruby was fast, always. It didn’t take long for her to connect the dots. She was looking at her sister with a frown, and slowly, her wondering face turned into a suspicious one.

“Yang.”

“Hum?” She answered, looking everywhere but at her little sister.

But it only gave her the answer.

“Oh my God, Yang,” she breathed, mortified. “Your violent boyfriend… was Cardin?”

“Weiss nearly killed us in a car accident when I told her, I think you’re taking it quite well,” she mumbled, looking at the tips of her shoes.

That earned a warning glare from the lawyer, but she stayed silent. Ruby suddenly stood, a puzzled look on her face.

“I think I need a moment,” she mumbled.

She nodded to herself and walked to the balcony, disappearing from view behind the curtains. Yang signed, sliding a hand through her hair.
“What do you think she’ll say?”

Weiss shrugged, taking the taller woman’s hand in hers.

“I really don’t know, but I can say that it won’t be that bad.”

Yang raised a single eyebrow.

“And what makes you think that?”

Weiss shrugged again, this time with a smile.

“It’s Ruby, Yang,” she said simply.

The taller woman snorted and nodded, and they waited in silence, Yang toying with Weiss’s fingers, amazed by how small they were, until Ruby got back, walking slowly to sit back in front of her sister.

“It’s almost my opposite,” Ruby said suddenly.

“… What?”

Yang and Weiss glanced at each other, both of them surprised.

“I had a happy life, with Blake,” she said looking up. “You had a lonely, violent and sad life,” she trailed off.

Yang raised her eyebrows, lowering her head curiously.

“You’re not mad?”

Ruby snorted.

“Why would I be? What is done is done, it’s all in the past now,” she said, standing. “The only thing I want for you to do now is to know what I have: a happy, loving life. Okay?”

Silver eyes glanced at Yang, then at Weiss, and came back to Yang.

“I just want you to be happy, now, Sis,” she said with a smile, dropping a hand on top of her sister’s head, playfully ruffling her hair. “You deserve it.”

The taller woman swallowed thickly and nodded.

“I’ll try my best,” she murmured.

“Don’t try, just do it,” Ruby winked, then looked at Weiss. “Help her along the way, would you?”

Weiss inclined her head with grace, acknowledging the task, her hand squeezing Yang’s.

“Always,” she said solemnly.


Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Yang is free of charges, and they go to Blake and Ruby's house to celebrate.

After an incident, Blake and Ruby notice the scars on Yang's back

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Raven Branwen, the jury as declared you… Not guilty!”

The wooden hammer knocked once on the desk, and everyone stood. Weiss looked over at Yang with a large smile, taking her hand. With all the noises of the people getting up and leaving and the people entering, it was too noisy to talk, and Ruby waved to them, saying she’ll wait outside. Weiss gathered her things quickly, gripped Yang’s hand again and they walked out of the court room and outside, Ruby waiting on the sidewalk. She smiled and walked to them when she saw them.

“I’m so glad it’s over!” She exclaimed, hugging her sister tightly. “So, what are you gonna do now?”

Yang was smiling too, holding her sister’s elbows.

“I think the first thing I have to do is stop dying my hair black,” she said with a glance to her side, seeing Weiss close her eyes and raise her fist in victory. “And I’m hungry.”

Ruby looked at Weiss’s demeanor, her eyebrows furrowed.

“You don’t like her hair?”

“I always liked her blonde hair,” Weiss nodded, taking a strand of black hair between her fingers. “Besides, right now, she’s Raven Branwen. I want you to come back being Yang,” she added, looking up in lilacs.

Yang nodded with a smile, brushing the back of her finger on the lawyer’s chin tenderly. Ruby glanced at the both of them.

“What about we dye your hair blond? So when it grows back, it will already be blonde?”

Both the lawyer and the brunette looked at her.

“Yes!” They said in unison, making Ruby laugh.

“Alright! What about we go to the store, by that thing, then go to the grocery store to buy food and we go to my place and have a victory party?” She asked with jazz hands, a large, excited smile on her face.

Yang glanced at Weiss, unsure.

“But Blake-”
“Blake will behave, this time,” Ruby assured. “So? What do you think?”

Yang was toying with Weiss’s hand, thoughtful, and after a moment, she glanced at Weiss, their eyes locking, and she nodded.

“Okay,” she said softly. “Okay, we’ll do that.”

“YES!” Ruby shouted excitedly, her fists in the air above her head. “Okay, I’ll call Blake!”

She took a few steps to the side, turning her back while she pulled her phone from her pocket and tapped on the screen, pulling it to her ear.

“I don’t know if it’s really a good idea,” Yang murmured to Weiss, and the lawyer took her hand.

“I think it is,” Weiss objected. “It’s been a few months since the episode of the café, I think she thought it through. Plus, Ruby probably talked about you all the time,” she added, squeezing her hand.

Before Yang could say anything, Ruby finished her conversation with Blake, smiling.

“Alright, it’s all set! We just have to satisfy Blake’s needs, now.”

Weiss’s eyebrows shot up.

“And what is it?”

Ruby turned to Yang, a smile tugging the corner of her lips.

“She wants you to make your kickass salmon like you used to.”

A large grin was stamped on Yang’s face, and she nodded vigorously.

“That I can do!”

It was still early in the afternoon when they arrived at Ruby’s house. It was small but cozy, a tall tree in the front lawn. Ruby wouldn’t stop babbling about everything, and Weiss smiled softly. Ah, Ruby. They entered the house with their arms full of bags and let them on the kitchen table, then Ruby took them for the ‘Grand Tour’. Ground-level, there was the living room, the kitchen, a dining room that connected with the kitchen and a bathroom. There was also a glass-door in the living room leading to the back yard. Upstairs was the bedrooms, Ruby’s schematics room and Blake’s computer room. Downstairs, it was all open, and it was a gaming room: pool table, TV with consoles, board games with a small table, and many more. Yang was ecstatic, so was Ruby. And when Weiss mentioned she never played pool before, the two sisters gave her a sidelong glance.

“You mean to tell me you don’t know how to play pool, but you know how to use a sword?” Yang said, earning an annoyed glare. “A rapier, sorry.”

“What?” Ruby said, looking at Yang, questioning.

“She took fencing lessons, and she have a rapier at home,” Yang shrugged, making Weiss roll her eyes.
“I was eight! It was to teach me discipline and patience!”

“You never told us before,” Ruby mused, her hands on her hips.

“Like I said, I was eight,” she huffed, passing them to climb the stairs. “It was kind of a touchy subject when I knew you guys, that’s why I never told you.”

“Why, what happed?” Ruby asked, following her.

Weiss glanced at Yang, biting her lip.

“It’s a long story,” she sighed, and walked to the kitchen to take the goods from the bags.

“What is a long story?”

Blake closed the front door behind her in running gears, sweat covering her face as she looked at Weiss with a questioning look.

“Hey Bab-Blake,” Ruby corrected herself, walking to the faunus to kiss her quickly. “The story of why she never told us she had fencing lessons.”

“Oh, that?” Blake scoffed. “I knew she took fencing lessons.”

Ruby gasped, looking at Weiss with an accusation look.

“You told her?!”

“I… don’t recall telling anybody,” Weiss mumbled, unsure.

Blake stretched her arms above her head, grunting, then she sighed.

“Oh, you didn’t tell me, I just figured it out,” she said, before leaning towards Ruby. “I’m going to shower, I’ll be back in ten.”

Weiss frowned, thinking about what had gave her away while Blake climbed the stairs quickly, Ruby’s eyes following her.

“I wish I could join you!” She said loud enough for her wife to hear it.

“You still can, but it’s going to be awkward really fast for our guests,” the voice upstairs replied, playful.

Ruby snapped her fingers comically, but her face changed from amused to complete horror.

“Crescent what aRE YOU DOING?!”

Yang glanced over her shoulder and through the glass-door, there was a tall, dark dog, wagging its tail with something in its mouth. Something with feathers. Ruby quickly stepped outside followed by Yang, Weiss staying secured inside.

“Oh my God, is that a bird?” Ruby asked to the dog. “Crescent, we talked about this,” she scowled, shook her head, her hands on her hips. “Drop it.”

The dog happily did what he was told, dropping the bird on the ground then sat, still wagging his tail. As Ruby crouched to check on the bird, it twitched and she jumped back, gripping her sister’s arm.
“IT’S STILL ALIVE YANG WHAT DO I DO?”

At that moment, the bird, who was laying on its back, wings half open, jumped to its feet, chirped a little, opened its wings and took off in the sky, the dog looking at it without moving, his tongue falling over his teeth.

“Oh,” Ruby breathed simply. “You actually didn’t kill it this time,” she said to the dog. “You listened to me! Who’s a good boy?”

The dog whined, his tail wagging faster, stepping excitedly in place.

“Yes, you are!” She exclaimed before taking a step to pet him.

Weiss had the time to put the food away and opened a bottle of wine, exploring the many cabinets of the kitchen to find a glass, and she was looking outside at the sisters playing with the dog and talking, leaning her hip against the counter with her arms crossed over her chest. She was so happy to see them together, like they should be. Yang was laughing at Ruby’s joke while throwing the ball and Weiss smiled, chuckling softly.

“They’re having fun, you should join them.”

Weiss jumped a little; she hadn’t heard Blake walking beside her. The faunus touched her arm with an apologetic look, but Weiss waved and grimaced.

“I don’t really like dogs, so… I’ve got a friend,” she said, raising her glass with a small smile.

Blake huffed, smiling too.

“You’ve got two friends, then. I agreed to a dog because Ruby was going to bring him back either way.”

Weiss laughed softly, and Blake walked in the kitchen to take a glass and poured herself some wine, then came back and stood beside Weiss.

“How are you?” The faunus asked the lawyer. “It’s been a while. And, last time we saw each other I wasn’t really…”

She shifted a little glancing to her quickly.

“… Talkative.”

Weiss nodded, sipping from her glass before answering.

“I’m fine. We won, by the way,” she added, pointing towards Yang. “She’s free of charges. She told me she’ll go back being Yang Xiao Long.”

Blake raised her eyebrows, staring at her for a couple of seconds.

“I asked how you were and you talk about Yang?”

Weiss glanced at her, tapping twice on her glass with her finger.
“Sorry, it’s just… my well-being is so entwined with her, so sometime…” she waved her hand in front of her, indicating herself. “But I’m really fine. I’m good. In fact… I’ve never felt so happy in my life,” she said, almost surprised by that.

Blake nodded, sipping her wine.

“Ruby told me you two were together.”

“Yes, we are. And Ruby told me that you two made a bet,” she said, slapping playfully the faunus’s arm, who was smirking. “It’s actually because I’m with her that I’m feeling so good.”

Blake hummed, nodding again.

“How is she?”

It was Weiss’s turn to stare at the faunus for a couple of seconds, but she answered anyway.

“She’s fine,” she answered. “I didn’t saw her like you did, when she was… Angry, but… She always has been kind and gentle with me. She’s not the same as before, back when we were at Beacon, she’s more… careful, with people. But she’s recovering. Now that her case is closed, there will be no need to bring her past as regularly, now.”

Blake nodded again, staying silent. Weiss tapped on her glass again, looking outside.

“Sometimes I wonder if everything would have happened if I had stayed,” she murmured. The cat ears on top of Blake’s head twitched, indicating that the faunus had heard.

“Why did you go in the first place?”

The question was asked coldly, amber eyes staring at her, and Weiss took time to swallow, glancing down.

“I… My father-”

“You father,” Blake nodded harshly, interrupting. “I should have known,” she added, sipping at her glass.

Weiss stared at her, hardly. She clenched her teeth a few times to try and calm herself, tapping her glass yet again.

“What is it, Blake? Are you angry because I left?”

Blake opened her mouth but closed it, exhaling through her nose. She walked to the table beside them, and made a gesture to Weiss to join her while she sat. Blake toyed with the foot of her glass for a moment, then looked up.

“It’s not really you leaving that hurt me,” she started. “It’s that you gave us no reasons. No explanations. I couldn’t understand why you left. I… Being an orphan, every time someone leaves without explanation, I think it’s because of me, so…”

Her cat ears were down, but not in an aggressive way. She just looked so miserable, turning her glass on itself with one finger, looking down.

“Oh, Blake,” Weiss whispered, reaching a hand for her to take. “I never meant to hurt you by leaving like that. I just… I hate goodbyes. I know it’s a lame excuse,” she said, already raising her
hand to shush the faunus. “I had to leave, because my father would have been… disappointed in me. And I couldn’t call you to tell you guys, because… if I would have heard your voices, it would have destroyed me. Do you understand, Blake?”

After a moment, Blake reached her hand and took Weiss’s offered one, squeezing lightly.

“I heard about your father,” she said without looking up. “I’m sorry for your loss.”

Weiss grimaced, downing the rest of her wine.

“Oh, don’t be. He deserved it.”

Blake raised her head to look at her, when there was a screaming outside, and both of them jumped to their feet, running to the glass-door.

Yang was curled into a ball, clutching her stomach, and Ruby was kneeling beside her, talking to her. Blake quickly opened the door, jogging to them.

“What happen?” Weiss asked, concerned, kneeling beside Yang.

“It was an accident,” Ruby said, a little panicked, as she grabbed the dog’s collar to keep him with her. “We were pulling on the metal bar to try and make it fall,” she explained, pointing at a rusty metal bar bursting out of the ground.

“I told you to not touch that,” Blake sighed.

“I know, I know, but I thought Yang is stronger than us, so maybe she can pull it out, but… She was pulling and pulling and… I don’t know, the bar slipped? And it came swinging back to her, and it hit her stomach.”

“I’m fine,” Yang coughed, still clutching her stomach.

She tried to sit and she grimaced, grunting.

“Come on inside, I’ll take a look at it,” Weiss ordered, taking her hand and pulling on it.

Yang glanced at her, then grimaced again when Ruby pulled on her elbow to make her stand. Blake opened the door for them, and Weiss asked Yang to sit on the island in the center of the kitchen, there was a better light, she said. Pulling up her shirt, Weiss could see a red line, almost four inches large, already turning purple and puffy, and from her belly button to her left ribs. Weiss carefully touched around the bruise on her ribs, despite Yang’s hisses and grunts, to make sure there wasn’t a broken one. She asked Yang to pull her shirt higher so she had more room, and the lawyer glanced at Ruby and Blake to ask them to fetch ice, or at least a wet cloth, but they were both staring at Yang’s back. Shit, Weiss thought. The scars.

“Yang?” Ruby asked, taking a step towards them.

The brunette looked over her shoulder to answer, but when she saw them staring, she jumped down the island and pulled down her shirt, suddenly remembering, and turned around to face them.

“They were scars, weren’t it?” Ruby asked softly, still walking closer to her sister.

“It probably was just a scratch, Rubes, I’m fine,” she said quickly, her reassuring smile trembling on her lips.

Ruby stopped in front of her, staring at her.
“Why are you lying to me?” She asked, sounding hurt.

“Ruby-”

“Let me see,” she said, reaching a hand to pull her shirt up, but Yang stepped back, waving her hand.

“It really was just a scratch, Ruby, there’s no need to worry, it’s-”

“Let me see!”

Ruby stepped forward again and tried to pull her shirt again, but Yang still stepped back, until her back hit against the glass door.

“Come on, Yang, let me see,” she insisted, still trying to pull the brunette’s shirt.

“No!”

Yang was wiggling, trying to avoid the hands of Ruby, and Weiss could see the panic growing in Yang’s eyes.

“Ruby, that’s enough,” Weiss said, trying to step between them.

“No, I want to see!” She said, forcing Yang’s arms to move so she could pull her shirt.

But Yang slapped her hand away.

“No, stop touching me, I said no!”

Her voice was filled with fear, trembling and pleading, and Ruby stopped, holding her slapped hand to her chest, looking up at Yang, surprised. The brunette glanced at them, her breathing ragged, and she opened the glass door behind her, walking outside quickly to the end of the backyard.

“Yang!”

Weiss followed her, closing the glass-door behind her and told Blake and Ruby to stay there. She then quickly walked to Yang, who was standing with her hands on her hips, desperately taking deep breath.

“I can’t breathe, Weiss,” she whined, “I can’t-”

Her voice caught in her throat, letting out a strangled noise instead, her eyes wide and her breath raspy. Weiss took her hand, and tried to look her in the eyes.

“Look at me, Yang, keep looking at me. Good, that’s it. Okay deep breaths, do it with me alright? In,” she said as she inhaled deeply, Yang trying to do the same. “Out,” she says as she exhaled, still holding Yang’s eye contact. “That’s it, what a champ,” Weiss encouraged her. “Let’s do it again, alright? In… Out…”

Blake and Ruby were looking at them from inside, Ruby still holding her own hand.

“I never meant to hurt her, Blake,” she murmured, her eyes filled with tears as she looked Yang
Blake nodded, wrapping an arm around her wife gently.

“It was, indeed. And I’m sure she won’t be mad at you, Ruby.”

“It’s not a question of being mad at me, Blake! Look at her! I caused her a panic attack!”

Blake returned her gaze outside, Yang leaning her hands on her knees and breathing deeply as Weiss rubbed her back, still talking to her.

“What happened to you, Yang?” Ruby murmured, holding her hand a little tighter against her chest.

Blake sighed, holding her wife tighter as she kissed her temple. The faunus kept her eyes on Weiss, who was always talking, smiling encouragingly, holding her hand, rubbing her back. She has the patience of a saint, Blake thought. Then again, she glanced down at her wife, frowning slightly, she would do the same if it was Ruby.

“She’s lucky to have Weiss,” she commented softly.

Ruby nodded, and let go of her hand to hold Blake’s.

“Yeah, she does. She’s always talking about Weiss, it’s kind of cute,” Ruby smiled a little.

Blake hummed, huffing a little.

“Weiss did the same, earlier.”

Ruby smiled, a real one this time. Then she looked up in amber.

“Did you talk with her?”

The faunus nodded, sighing.

Ruby squeezed her hand, smiling, and leaned to kiss her on the lips tenderly. She brushed her nose a couple of times against Blake’s, then returned her attention outside.

Yang’s breathing had returned to normal, and now she was just breathing with her eyes closed, still holding Weiss’s hand.

“How are you feeling?” The soft voice of the lawyer pulled her from her reverie.

She looked down into icy-blue eyes, those beautiful eyes that she loved so much. She smiled a little, nodding.

“Better,” she answered simply.

Then she stayed silent for a moment, her brows furrowed as she was thinking, and sighed, her shoulders slouching slightly.

“Do you think I should tell them?”

Weiss looked at her for a moment, and pulled Yang’s hand to her lips, kissing it gently.
“That’s you choice, Yang. I can’t tell you what to do,” she said gently.

She nodded again. She gently pulled the smaller woman to her, wrapping an arm around her waist, holding her close as she breathed her scent.

“What did I do to deserve you?” She asked in a soft murmur, kissing her softly.

Weiss hummed in the kiss, cupping her cheeks and thumbing her temple.

“You deserve to be happy,” she murmured back simply.

Yang huffed, kissed her again and after a decided taking Weiss’s hands and squeezing it lightly, she started walking towards the house, still holding Weiss’s hand. As soon as she opened the door, Ruby jumped in her arms, hugging her as hard as she could.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry I’m sorry I’m sorry I didn’t mean to I was worried I’m sorry Yang I ju”

Yang pushed her away gently from her, smiling a little. She took a step back, glancing to Weiss who gave her an encouraging smile, and she took a deep breath. She pulled on her shirt and removed it, then turned her back slowly, Weiss walking to her discretely. Ruby gasped softly. Of course, the biggest scar was impressive, but it didn’t erase all the smaller scars, and even though it didn’t cover her entire back, there were still many of them. Blake’s face was unreadable, but she was holding Ruby’s hand tightly in hers. After a moment, Ruby’s voice rose.

“Was it because of your violent boyfriend?”

Yang looked over her shoulder quickly and nodded. She didn’t know why Ruby hadn’t say Cardin’s name. It was sure she had told Blake.

“Are they all from him?”

This time, it was Blake that was asking. Yang nodded again.

The faunus nodded silently. Yang glanced at Weiss again, the lawyer smiling lightly at her, and the brunette put her shirt back on, slowly. Before turning around to face her sister, though, she spoke.

“Now you saw it. Please, don’t ever mention it again.”

She turned on her heels, a small smile trembling on her lips.

“Who’s hungry?”

Weiss was laying on her back in bed, staring at the ceiling in the dark. Yang’s deep breathing told her she was still sleeping, and she should be, too. But she couldn’t fall asleep. The evening at Ruby and Blake’s house had gone without another incident, Ruby babbling happily the entire evening. No, she was worried about Yang. She lolled her head to the side, looking at the sleeping face of the newly blonde, Weiss and Ruby dying her hair while Blake took silly pictures. The panic attack hadn’t left her indifferent. She remembered Yang saying that Cardin raped her, probably on multiple occasions. Weiss closed her eyes, not wanting to think about the amount of violence she lived with him. Even in her sleep, she was still slightly frowning, her lower lip advanced a little, making her pout. Weiss smiled, chuckling softly. She rolled on her side to face the blonde. The moonlight
filtering from the curtains gave her a silver-looking skin, bare from shoulder to hips. Yang sleeping on her stomach, lightly leaning on her knee, and Weiss looked at her. She gently ghosted her fingers over the blonde’s side, running all the way up to her shoulder, then slide down to her hip, drawing patterns on her skin. Her fingers butted on the clawed-like scar on her hip, and Weiss hesitated. She ghosted her fingers over it, and moved closer, wrapping an arm around the blonde’s frame as gently as she could. She buried her face in the blonde’s neck, breathing her scent, feeling her warmth, and she couldn’t believe someone could hurt Yang. That woman deserved better.

“Weiss? What is it?”

Yang’s half asleep voice rose, a low and raspy grumble, Weiss feeling the vibration on her cheek.

“It’s nothing, Yang. Go back to sleep.”

Yang pushed her gently, brushing her fingers on Weiss’s face.

“Are you crying? You’re crying and it’s nothing?”

The blonde pulled the smaller woman into her arms, kissing the top of her head.

“What is it, Weiss? A nightmare again?”

“No,” the lawyer said, nuzzling in her neck. “I just… I was thinking about how much you suffered, and-”


“But you deserved so much better!” Weiss protested, hitting her softly with her fist.

“Yeah, well maybe we’ll have a divergent opinion on that,” she said tiredly. “You should sleep, Weiss, it’s really late and you’re working tomorrow.”

Weiss sighed, letting it go for tonight. She could feel the blonde already falling back into slumber, so she settled against her, having a full body contact with the taller woman. She brushed her fingers over her lips, her nose, her eyebrows, her chin. She loved looking at Yang when she slept. She was so still, but full of life at the same time. Weiss leaned over to kiss her chin, then, softly, Yang’s lips.

“I love you,” she murmured against the blonde’s lips, her eyes closed.

“You really mean it?” Yang asked in the same hushed tone.

Weiss jumped slightly and opened her eyes, surprised, and she saw Yang’s devilish grin, her eyes still closed. Weiss smiled and softly, tenderly, kissed her again.

“Yes, I really mean it,” she answered.

Yang’s arms tightened around her, the blonde leaning her head to hide her face in Weiss’s neck, trembling.

“I love you too, Weiss,” she whispered.

The lawyer kissed her head softly, petting her hair, and settled to be more comfortable, drifting to sleep, knowing she was in the arms of the woman of her life.
Thank you for reading this!

I still don't know if I'll do an epilogue, like a silly pool party or whatever. Just something happy and full of fluff to close this thing

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